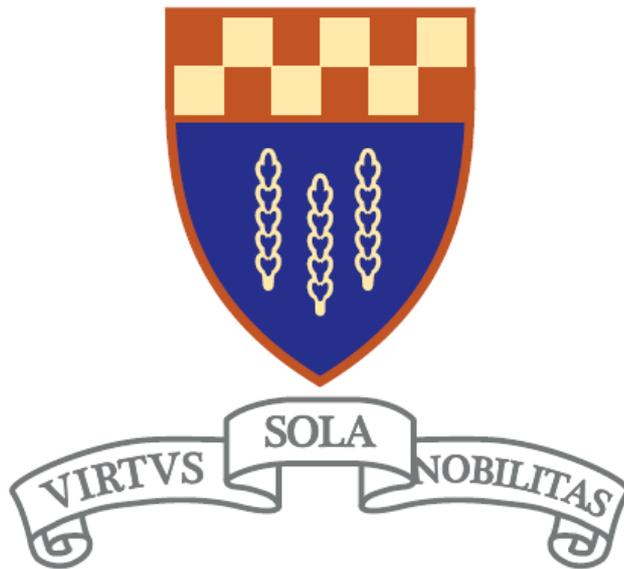


# The Pavior



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

**February 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
	Roger Green	0115 9313740
	Marcus Pegg	0115 921 6548
	George Taylor	0115 9278474
	Neville Wildgust	0115 9268568
	Joe Woodhouse	0115 9231470

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



#### Faces to Remember

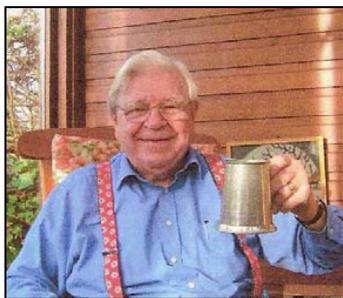
### **Mr Charles M E Mardling**

**Senior Modern Languages Master at High Pavement for 39 years  
Housemaster of Newstead House**

**1932 - 1971**

## THE PAVIOR - February 2012

### **COMMENT**



A remarkable illustration of the way many of our members feel about our old school is a recent communication we have received from Australia. An Old Pavior living down there (if that is the right expression), who has spent his life involved in engineering, wishes to help a young engineering aspirant to achieve similar satisfaction from his future career. More details are given on page 13 of this issue.

With this purpose in mind our member has generously donated £1,000 to our society for the specific purpose of helping a succession of chosen students to progress in some branch of engineering.

To choose a suitable person is not easy. We have appointed a small group, including an engineer or two, who will consult with High Pavement College and possibly other bodies involved in engineering in order to arrive at the right decision.

We will be forever grateful for the involvement of our Australian member, and others like him, in this sort of move to help our successors in what is still 'High Pavement' and hopefully always will be. Many of us who feel from personal experience that the school was instrumental in preparing the foundations of a successful career will applaud the gesture.

**Arnold**

ooOoo

### DOROTHY BALDWIN

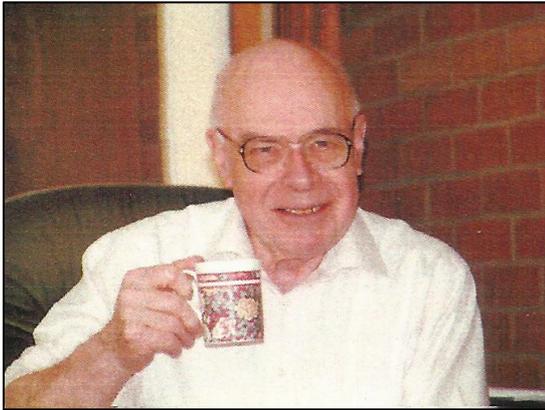
As we go to press we have learned that our **honorary member, Dorothy Baldwin**, born in 1902, has reached the grand age of 110 and was visited in her Bulwell care home by the Sheriff of Nottingham on her birthday February 8<sup>th</sup>. Happy birthday from the HPS !

### THOSE HONOURS

There has been much publicity of late about the honours system, with one recipient having his knighthood revoked.

This has inspired recollections of all those people who have seen fit to *decline* honours of various grades over the years. Often these last would have done so for reasons of dislike or contempt for the honours system but our late member, the renowned novelist, organist, bass player and pipe-smoking schoolmaster, **Stanley Middleton** declined the offer of MBE in 1979 for the much more humble reason that he 'did not think his work was of a standard to deserve such an honour'. How witty and apt a response, so typical of Stan.

### **KEN LOKES**



Ken Lokes, a founder member of the High Pavement Society, died on New Year's Eve 2011 after a long illness. Ken was a loyal and active member of our Society and, in the company of his wife Barbara, regularly attended our pub lunches and other events. Barbara died earlier in the year.

Ken had followed a successful career in education and was latterly the Principal of the **ncn**-Clarendon College, a leading further education institution in the city. Ken served on the organising committee for the High Pavement School Bi-centenary celebrations in 1988 and was in the group which afterwards established the Society as an association of former pupils and friends of the school.

The funeral was held on 13<sup>th</sup> January at Our Lady of Grace Catholic Church, Cotgrave when the Society was represented by Ken Kirk, Edgar Jackson, Marcus Pegg and Colin Salsbury. We offer our sympathy to his family in their sad loss.

### **ROY GILBOURNE**

The High Pavement Society lost another stalwart member in the person of Roy Gilbourne who died on 26<sup>th</sup> January aged 88, after a period of steadily worsening illness. Roy was employed in the brewery trade most of his working life, first at Shipstones followed by a spell in the Navy during the war years. Latterly he worked for Hardys and Hansons as the area manager for their 'managed houses' chain of pub-restaurants. The funeral was held on Thursday 9<sup>th</sup> February when the Society was represented by his old classmates from High Pavement days: Arnold Brown, George Taylor and Duncan Underwood.

Roy leaves his widow Phyllis and two sons Michael and Jeffery to whom we send our sympathy on their sad loss.

### **TED HORE**

We have learned from member Colin Jennings that our fellow member Albert Edward (Ted) Hore passed away on 30<sup>th</sup> January at the age of 74 after a long battle with cancer. He leaves his widow Paula and two sons. We offer our condolences to the family on their sad loss.

### FROM IAN WRIGHT

I attended High Pavement from 1951 to 1960. I was captain of School House and Vice-Captain of the school in my last year when, I think, Peter Bleasby was the captain. I remember Harry Davies with great respect and fondness, who made sure I behaved myself while living at the YMCA. He gave me a life-long interest in history, and suggested that I went into teaching—which I did. In fact, as I had what is now known as a "gap year" when I taught at Padstow School (across the road on Gainsford Crescent) before going to Goldsmiths' College. There I continued studying history, took up folk singing and drama, and in 1964 came back to Nottingham to teach at Cottesmore. As I intensely disliked teaching in this school, I emigrated in 1965 to Foremost (population 500), in Alberta, Canada, where I taught for two years before going on to teach in Calgary for another seven years. I had been awarded a PhD from the University of Alberta and taught in the Faculty of Education at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver for twenty seven years before retiring in 2002 as a full Professor and Deputy Head of the Department of Curriculum Studies.

Since then I have taken up the classical guitar, travelling in Europe and Mexico, reading books I should have read years ago, and generally enjoying life with my wife, two children and three grandchildren.

I keep in touch with Robin Towle of the Society and I enclose some photos<sup>1</sup>. I enjoy looking at your website and remembering good times at High Pavement. **Ian Wright**



**Award winners 1958.** Ian Wright is circled on the extreme right and Lance Wright is above him to the left. Robin Towle is circled centre left.

<sup>1</sup> Due to lack of space only one is shown here. The others are on the HP website [www.highpavementsociety.org.uk](http://www.highpavementsociety.org.uk)



### **FROM JOHN LONSBOROUGH**

*John sent us this picture on his Christmas card to the Society. It shows him posing in front of the 1956 Southdown Guy Arab bus of which at one time he was the driver in regular service. This time it was on a commemorative 'bus running day' at Eastbourne, on which occasion he acted as conductor. He is something of an expert on all Southdown transport matters.*

*He writes:*

Thank you for the Paviers and other mailings. It is very interesting and nostalgic but the chances of my visiting Nottingham are very slim, I'm afraid. Best wishes for the festive season and may 2012 be a happy and healthy year for you all. I found the music feature interesting. I had a very good relationship with 'Nobby' (Nolan) because I was an amateur pianist and organist, interested in church music and sang bass in Bill Benner's choir at Basford Anglican parish church (St Leodegarius'). All the best.

**John L.**

### **WHY GERMAN?**

*John Lonsborough also writes in reply to **Derrick Wilson's** question in the last issue, about the Science A stream being taught German while all the others learned French. He says:* A staff member (I think) told me in the third year that we were being trained as academic scientists and that German was the language of the great majority of advanced Science books and research reports, so knowledge of German would be a great help.

**Mal Tedds also writes:** At that time the preferred language for the publication of scientific papers was German. That was what we were told and it seems reasonable. How many of us went on to publish in (German language) scientific journals we will never know. Personally, I had no desire to learn German just after the war.

**Your Editor writes:** 'Crock', no less, said the same thing to us. I was in Science 'A' and did German for 3½ years and it has proved useful on visits to Germany and in meetings with friends from that country. However, I don't think anyone could reach the level of fluency necessary to read a scientific paper *and understand it* unless school German lessons were followed by a year or two's residence in Germany, possibly doing scientific work of some kind. Perhaps that was behind the idea.

### **SEEKING OLD FRIENDS**

An Old Pavior from Gainsford Crescent days has contacted the Society's website. **Graham Rhodes** (nicknamed 'Rhodesy') would like to get in touch with *anyone* who was at the school during the years 1962-67 and exchange reminiscences. He can be contacted via email at [grahameash@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:grahameash@hotmail.co.uk).

## **FROM JEREMY MORRIS**

*We welcome this contribution from Jerry Morris, though he is a 'Nottinghamian' (Nottingham High School) rather than an Old Pavior. The musical links between the two schools are stronger than many people realise—Ed.*

### **Music at High Pavement 1966 – 1973**

I was very interested to read about music at High Pavement in the November issue of *The Pavior*. When I was appointed Head of Music, starting in January 1966, the names Stanley Nolan and Doug Madden soon became familiar to me along with the name of my predecessor Frank Williams. I also came to know Kendrick Partington very well. I was a relative beginner as far as teaching was concerned, having done only four years and a term at Greenwood Bilateral School in the City. High Pavement Grammar School had by this time moved to its new site at Gainsford Crescent, Bestwood, the headmaster was Mr Brown (Albert<sup>2</sup>) and the deputy, soon to retire, was the well-known local historian Keith Train. The music suite was on the first floor of the eastern wing of the school, overlooking the large playing field (now built over). The music suite consisted of a classroom, an office and two practice rooms, one large and one small.

I remember being very impressed by the musical prowess of some of the senior boys, notably my first music A-level pupil Derek Wroughton, also Paul Ward (the violin player not the sportsman) and Stephen Crossland the pianist. Being a first-study singer by training (at the Royal College of Music) I struggled somewhat with the rather temperamental organ in the school hall, but there were others, both staff and boys, who were quite happy to take their turn.

I was very thankful for the support of my neighbour the brilliant author and fine musician Stan Middleton and also for the wise counsel of Bill Hill, Head of Biology and keenly interested in music. We had a small orchestra and senior and junior choirs. I enjoyed teaching 'Una voce concinamus' (Carmen Paviorum) to the boys for Speech day, which was held in the then undivided Albert Hall. We also prepared a big chorus for all the boys to sing, holding whole-school practices in the school hall. Some of the pieces we performed included The Grand March from 'Aida', part of Borodin's Polovtsian Dances, Haydn's 'The Heavens are telling' and the policeman's chorus from 'The Pirates of Penzance'. On the day, as in earlier times, the boys were carefully seated in front of and on either side of the organ, and the masters wore their splendid gowns and hoods. In my early days the Speech Day, the summer concert and the Carol Service at High Pavement Unitarian Church<sup>3</sup> were the musical highlights of the year. On one occasion there was so much snow that it was impossible to get all of the boys into the city, so the carol service was held at the City Hospital, for junior boys only.

There was a fine tradition of drama at the school under the leadership of one of the most talented but eccentric colleagues I have ever known, Bill Gray. In particular I remember productions of 'Volpone', 'The Royal Hunt of the Sun' and Stan Middleton's 'The Captain from Nottingham', a play about the Pentrich revolution (which was also broadcast on national radio). It is worth mentioning that Bill managed to find time to teach

---

<sup>2</sup> This was a nickname which all Old Paviors fully understood. It was in no way complimentary, or even appropriate, and much disliked by Mr Brown. - Ed

<sup>3</sup> For strangers to Nottingham I would mention that the church is actually on the street called High Pavement in the city's Lace Market, where the school was originally founded. Alas, it is no longer a church but has become a 'piano-bar'. —Ed.

English to a very high standard and to run the cricket 1<sup>st</sup> XI and the rugby 1<sup>st</sup> XV. However, there was no history of musical stage works at High Pavement, and this was something we set about putting right.

In 1968 we presented two short operettas in collaboration with Roy Abbey and girls from the Manning School. 'Little Billy', with a nautical theme, was sung and acted by junior boys and girls, and this was followed by Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Trial by Jury' for the seniors. Bill Gray sang the part of the Usher, and the accompaniment was provided by a reinforced school orchestra. 'HMS Pinafore' followed in 1969 (with a revised libretto created by Bill and Stan), for which sailors' trousers were made in the music room by the cast. It became the custom to give three performances of the show on consecutive evenings in July. Fifth and sixth-form pupils returned to rehearse the staging after their exams were over. Music rehearsals had started several months earlier. 'The Mikado' followed in 1970 with Bill Gray in the title role wearing odd socks. The operetta for 1971 was 'The Pirates of Penzance', and for 1972 'Iolanthe', in which I played the part of Private Willis the sentry, the performance being conducted by Roy Abbey.

**"Iolanthe" at High Pavement  
1972**

**Back row:** Stephen Godward (Lord Mountararat), Jerry Morris (Private Willis), Catherine Fletcher (Fairy Queen), Margaret Ellerington (Iolanthe) Mirek Nawaro (Lord Chancellor) Alex Rae (Lord Tolloller).

**Front:** Delma Tomlin (Phyllis), Alan Franks (Strephon)



By this time three senior boys had become well established as principals. They were Mirek Nawaro, Stephen Godward and Alex Rae. Martin Pring, later to become a professional violinist and conductor of Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet, was a member of the orchestra for several years. Stephen went on to win many awards at the yearly International Gilbert and Sullivan Festival at Buxton. My final opera at High Pavement was 'Ruddigore' in 1973, for which the Art Department painted full-length portraits. The school stage visibly moved up and down as the 45-strong cast danced at the close of the finale to act one!

As High Pavement was destined to become a sixth-form college I then decided to leave, and was appointed head of music at Arnold Hill Comprehensive School, a post which I held for over 22 years up to my retirement from teaching in 1996. There a tradition of operetta (mainly Gilbert and Sullivan) performances was established. Performances continued at High Pavement under my successor David Sibley. I remember a production of 'Patience', and I returned one year to sing the part of Counsel for the Prosecution in 'Trial by Jury'.

**Jeremy (Jerry) Morris**

## MORE FROM DERRICK WILSON

### Army Cadets

*Following our rather light-hearted article on the ACF in our Nostalgia Corner (August 2011) Derrick Wilson takes a more detailed trip down memory lane with High Pavement's Army Cadet Force.*

No 8 ACF Company, Notts & Derby (Sherwood Foresters) Regiment  
OC Captain Crossland.

Company ATTEN-SHUN!

On parade days after school at 4.30 pm the company paraded and The Grand Old Captain Crossland marched the company down Stanley Road hill. After having tea in what seemed like a scout hut he marched them up again. Activities then included foot drill, rifle drill and weapon training. This included races to strip down, adjust and reassemble Bren machine guns, not forgetting the smallest part with the longest name, *the barrel locking nut retainer plunger*, finally loading the magazine with 28 rounds. On Saturdays some cadets went to the Royal Ordnance factory at Beeston and on arrival had to sign the Official Secrets Act (in triplicate). They were then engaged in rust-proofing and packing various parts for despatch.

Among other activities were learning map-reading and the use of the compass. We also set up wireless<sup>4</sup> communication networks using army No 22 wireless sets in an area round the Raleigh and Players factories in Radford. I remember the call sign used to establish the networks was Zebra Zebra Oboe (ZZO). Shooting was taught at the small-bore 0.22 rifle range at the Drill Hall on Derby Road, where we practised the five rules for aiming. For me this experience was an introduction which helped later when I was a regimental officer stationed at Aldershot and won the Southern Command small-bore rifle competition and silver cup.

Some groups attended training courses run by the Army Physical Training Corps, both at York and the APTC HQ at Aldershot. Activities there included rope-climbing and abseiling down the side of tall buildings (no health and safety in those days!). Another course run by the Royal Mechanical and Electrical Engineers at Whitby, N Yorks taught the mechanics of motor vehicles including fault-finding and repairs. Week-long camps were held during school holidays. A memorable one was in August 1945 at Southwell when Captain Crossland put his head through the tent flap and told those within the news of the first atomic bomb being dropped on Hiroshima which brought about the capitulation of Japan and the end of World War II.

In December 1945, a few months after the end of the war in Europe, a group of cadets visited Germany. They travelled by train to Harwich, by troopship to the Hook of Holland, then by troop train to Hamburg. I recall that on the train was an American PX shop (the equivalent of the British NAAFI) where we could purchase sweets, at a time when there was still sweet rationing in the UK. We were billeted on the outskirts of Hamburg at Altona in an ex-German Panzer regiment barracks which was of a high standard and now occupied by the Royal Tank Regiment. The area around had been heavily bombed in air raids by the RAF, nearly all the buildings flattened over a wide area. German civilians were gathered round the gates of the barracks trying to exchange their household items

---

<sup>4</sup> As radio was then commonly known

(e.g. sheets) for chocolate and cigarettes. One evening whilst walking through the devastated area I heard a German choir singing 'Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht', the original German version of 'Silent Night, Holy Night'. This caused me to reflect on the stupidity of the human race worldwide on engaging in wars. On the return journey across the North Sea an announcement was made that any soldiers who, on landing at Harwich, were discovered attempting to smuggle firearms or ammunition as souvenirs would be liable to court martial. Several pistols etc were thrown into the sea.

Our ACF Company took part in initiative tests. One involved travelling to London one weekend, not using public transport. We departed from HP on the Friday evening, travelling in pairs, to rendezvous at Paddington railway station. This we duly accomplished, by 3.00 am. We achieved this by hitch-hiking to Grantham and then riding on the back of an open sided lorry down the A1 with several other forces personnel. Whilst in London we marched, from our base near Bayswater, right into the forecourt of Buckingham Palace. Here we could then watch the Changing of the Guard ceremony. We returned to Nottingham by train.

Sadly, while he was away on his family holiday, one of our cadets was drowned and a small group of cadets was formed to attend the funeral. For this we had to learn the drill known as 'Rest on your arms (i.e. rifles) reversed' and we also fired a volley with blank cartridges from our Lee-Enfield rifles.

At a time when there was tight civil food rationing it was noticeable that at ACF camps and army courses we seemed to have better food than the civilian rations which, incidentally, we also saved! A less popular activity in the ACF was the cleaning of cadet uniforms, by blanco-ing belts and gaiters and polishing brasses on belts, gaiters and cap badges, not to mention polishing our boots (including the soles and studs!); collectively known as 'bull'.

Where did it all lead? A few years after, while in the regular army I came across Paul Haslam who had been in the same class at HP and also in the ACF. Paul was an officer in the Notts and Derbys Regiment. I was also selected for a commission and felt it was very likely that our ACF service contributed to our success, as indeed it probably did for other members of No 8 Company.

No 8 Company STAND AT EASE!      **Derrick Wilson** (ex-Company Sergeant Major)

---

### **KEN MOULDS ARCHIVE DONATION**

Ken Moulds who recently became a member has donated a selection of memorabilia to our archives which he and his family have saved from his time at High Pavement (1948-53).

- 1. Several copies of The Pavior (our forerunner) from the late 40s and early 50s*
- 2. A school prospectus.*
- 3. Ken's school tie with Ken's name inside it (as recommended)*
- 4. A Speech Day song sheet for 1948*
- 5. A Distribution of Prizes list (Speech Day) for 1951*
- 6. Ken's Intermediate swimming certificate.*
- 6. A high quality photograph of the Class 'General 5' in 1953 with their form master Eric Shepherd. (Ken Moulds on front row next to extreme right)*
- 7. A cutting from the local paper (the 'Post'?) with the GCE 'O' level passes for 1953*
- 8. A good copy of the 'Bygones' supplement published by the Nottingham Evening Post, for 2<sup>nd</sup> August 2008, devoted mainly to High Pavement (in whose preparation this Society was heavily involved)*

The Society is grateful to Ken for these most useful donations which can be consulted by application to the Archivist, Lance Wright.

## LATIN HUMOUR FROM TONY CROSSLAND

Many of us remember Oliver Barnett, Latin master and mathematician (a bizarre combination). One of his specialities was to utter 'RTT!' if you failed to give a full account of a geometry theorem you were supposed to have learned for homework. RTT meant 'write it out' (think about it). Tony Crossland remembered Mr Barnett in a recent correspondence

**Dear Colin,** Your email triggered more memories. Oscar Barnett [sic -his nickname was Oscar] came back to life very vividly. A short rotund figure, who also taught Latin. I recall the class declining verbs aloud in a sort of rhythmic chant with Oscar standing at the front banging on the floor with a window pole on the stressed syllable of each word — amO, amAS, aMAT, aMAMus, aMATis, aMANT !! His figure also inspired the verse:

Barnibus satibus  
Upon the deskiorum  
Deskibus collapsibus,  
Barnie's on the floorum.

Cheers!

**Tony Crossland**

## MORE LATIN FROM CATULLUS VIA MIKE WATKINSON

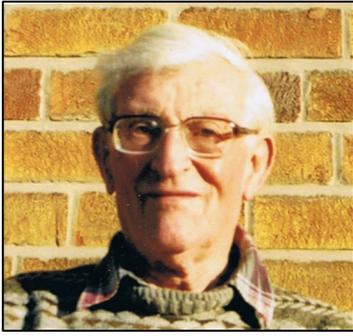
We have received a volume of poems (in their original Latin) by the poet Catullus. It bears the stamp of High Pavement School and also the book label with the names of two users: K H Woodward in 1938-39 and J W Hopkin beginning in 1940 and apparently not returned. It was passed to us by Mike Watkinson who acquired it from an acquaintance, Mrs Nixon, whose son Mike Nixon was formerly a member of this Society.

Folded between its pages are a couple of typed sheets, both headed 'Latin Reading Competition'. One of them is a passage in Latin from Caesar's Gallic Wars, possibly to be read out loud as a test of pronunciation or dictation. The other is a passage in *English* translated from Catullus's Latin poem, No LXXXIV. Come on, now, how many is that in our numerals? (84 actually) and its purpose is obscure. However it has a curiously amusing subject, not quite what you might expect from a classical poet. I will spare you the Latin; here is the translation. It concerns one Arrius who suffers from a compulsion to insert '*the unwanted aspirit*', even in Latin:

*Arrius, if he wanted to say 'winnings' used to say 'whinnings' and for 'ambush' 'hambush'; and then hoped that he had spoken wonderfully well whenever he said 'hambush with as much emphasis as possible. So, I expect, his mother had said, also Liber his uncle and his grandfather and grandmother on the mother's side. When he was sent to into Syria, all our ears had begun to take a rest; they (now) heard the same syllables pronounced quietly and lightly, and had no fear of such words for the future. When suddenly a dreadful message arrives, that the Ionian waves, ever since Arrius went there, are henceforth not 'Ionian' but 'Hionian'.*

Perhaps Arrius was the early ancestor of one Harrison who, you may remember, spelled his name: '*haitch-hay-har-har-high-hess-hoe-hen!*' and pronounced it '*Arrison!*'

**Editor**



### FROM GEOFF OLDFIELD

**Our historian has been busy following his article in the last issue on the arrangements at the outbreak of war. This time he deals with the new era of peacetime and how it affected High Pavement with:**

#### A browse through *The Pavior of July 1946*

The school magazine did not appear in the Second World War<sup>5</sup> and though the latter ended in August 1945, only one issue was allowed in 1946 because of the shortage of paper. This had the familiar cover and most of the contents were devoted to the changes during the war and subsequently.

‘From My Study Window’ appeared as the first article, signed now by G J R Potter. He referred to the atom bomb, although he said it attracted little mention at Thistleton (venue of the 1945 Harvest Camp and attended by GJRH, one presumes). The post-war problems were touched upon. To cheer readers up he said it was estimated that within ten years the atom bomb would have been further developed so that it would cause even greater devastation. He also referred to further examples of the thirties depression and said that this could only be avoided if international trade was resumed. He then finished by giving the names of ten pupils who had been awarded open awards at Oxford and Cambridge.

The Scout troop had flourished during the war: camps had been held, there had been two whist drives, toys made and sold for charities and Christmas parties and concerts held. The part played during the war by two organisations, the Air Training Corps and the Army Cadet Force was then described. Flying Officer H Howe (the woodwork and handicraft master) commented that those who went on to join the RAF needed less training than those without this experience. Captain R Crossland, CO of the Army Cadets, who had served in the First World War and no doubt regaled his cadets with his exploits (as he used to do in science lessons) gave details of the company’s progress.

There then followed details of how sport was being re-introduced. The Rugby team had played 13 matches and had only lost two, one of these to a strong Old Boys team. Rowing, swimming, cross country running, athletics, boxing and cricket had each enjoyed successful years, although cricket would have fared better if more boys had attended the Friday night nets sessions. School swimming was thriving and the school had more qualified swimmers than in the past.

Details of the History, Music and Chess societies’ programmes were given and all eight houses contributed their usual reports, mainly of sporting events. The members of the Old Paviers Society were trying to resume their pre-war activities. There were also two letters from former students at Oxford, Cambridge and Nottingham Universities.

**Geoff Oldfield**

*[The Nottinghamshire Archives has copies of most of the High Pavement magazines.]*

---

<sup>5</sup> A special issue, marked ‘Wartime Edition’, was produced in November 1944 but circulation was restricted

## **THE KEN BATEMAN ENGINEERING AWARD**

Ken Bateman, an Old Pavior (1942-50), who has recently joined the Society, has followed a successful engineering career in the mining industry in this country and then with the massive mining developments in Queensland, Australia where he has lived for the past 40 years. He has expressed the view that his success in life was due initially to the education he received at the old High Pavement School, a sentiment shared by most of our membership. He has therefore made a substantial donation to the Education Fund to finance a suitable award for students at High Pavement College who are interested in a career similar to his own i.e. with a principal interest in a branch of Engineering.

Like many of us with an engineering background Ken Bateman has appreciated the rewards that the study of science and mathematics can bring in pursuing such a career and wants to encourage students who, as he succinctly puts it, are ready to 'do the hard yards' rather than the easier options which might prove disappointing later in life.

The committee have opened discussions with the college management with a view to implementing the scheme. The award will be made to the best performing student with the appropriate subject profile and career intentions. The selection will be made on the advice of the college principal. The value of the award will probably be £150 each year similar to that of the Stanley Middleton Award already in existence.

## **PUB LUNCH NEWS**

### **The Swan's Hotel, Radcliffe Road, West Bridgford**

The High Pavement Country Luncheon Club (to give it its official title) met at the Swan's Hotel on Wednesday December 14th 2011 to hold its traditional pre-Christmas lunch. Some 39 guest attended and enjoyed the usual Christmas fare and pulled the crackers and wore the silly hats contained therein (some of us) and generally unwound.

The pictures, which 'say it all', were taken by the obliging hotel staff, on behalf of the Society's own photographer who had forgotten to bring his camera! How kind of them. Sorry if you were not included but we hadn't room for more on these pages.





Ken Kirk made a brief speech congratulating the organisers for arranging a splendid lunch, especially Noel and Enid Gubbins, who were unable to attend due to the effects of Noel's bad cold.

**The Nag's Head, Woodborough** No pub lunch was arranged for January. However a most enjoyable lunch was held on February 9<sup>th</sup> at the Nag's Head in Woodborough, with about 34 members and guests present. The food was good and inexpensive and there was something to suit every taste. The meal was followed by the usual lively exchanges which always accompany these events.

**Special Notice**  
**The High Pavement Society**  
**Annual Reunion Dinner 2012**  
**Monday 16<sup>th</sup> April 7.00 for 7.30pm**  
**Welbeck Banqueting Rooms, West Bridgford, Nottingham**

**Speaker: Charles Hanson**  
Antiques expert of TV fame

**KEEP THIS DATE CLEAR IN YOUR DIARY**  
Invitations with details of cost etc will be sent in due course.

## ARNY'S BOOK

### Barbara – A love story

It was great to be home again, especially at Christmas time in 1943, but this was coupled with a certain despondency and sadness that friends, and particularly brother Albert, were away, all serving the forces in various ways. George Taylor was the only contact remaining at home, and he was now so busy behind the bar in their Watnall pub that he had little time to devote to old friends. This dispiriting situation was not to last.

Two or three days before Christmas mother quite casually said 'I've had a phone call from Mrs Sherwood. She wondered if you would like to go to a party on Boxing Day—at Charlbury Road?' I was puzzled at first, but the implication that this was, in fact, an invitation to Barbara Sherwood's home for a party gradually dawned on me. This was hard to believe. Was this really an invitation from Barbara? Perhaps it was really her mother's idea - in the style 'Why don't you ask Arnold? - he's home on leave with nothing to do'. And Barbara replying 'Oh, all right, if you like'.

Eager anticipation grew as Boxing Day (I believe it was a Saturday) approached. My previous experience of parties were the family ones described by Aunt Kit in no uncertain terms as 'Rotten Parties', and the inebriate sing-song ones enjoyed at the Roome's. At the door, I was welcomed by Mrs Sherwood, and introduced to the people assembled in the front room. The proceedings from there on are largely lost in the mists of time, but certain things I will never forget. Around the room were an assortment of chairs, one or two of the upholstered variety, and several of the sit-up, dining type of more delicate construction. I was delegated one of the latter and, with the other guests, formed a formal and sedate group. I have no record of games or other activities indulged at this stage in the proceedings, but on the other hand have a vivid recollection that the handsome central piece of wood which formed the central pillar of the back of my chair came adrift, but was caught by a deft movement of my hand before it fell to the floor.

Can anyone offer advice in this predicament? The first visit to a strange house, containing the girl of your dreams, but to whom you have not yet confessed this fact, sitting in a room full of other strange guests, and, to boot, holding the central pillar of your chair behind your back - and lacking the courage to own up to the damage! Barbara's father had so far not made an appearance, and even her mother kept out of the way for most of the time, although she appeared briefly to replenish the coal fire. Food in wartime was not memorable for its quality or quantity, and that served at this function was no exception, but afterwards games were organised and indulged with varying degrees of fervour.

Later on thoughts were turned by all to the homeward journey, which usually meant a lengthy hike, cars were non-existent, but on this evening one of our number was due to catch a train from the Midland Station destined for Derby, and some of us walked along with him to see him off. By some means Barbara and I became separated from our companions, and wended our way slowly along Castle Boulevard towards Charlbury Road. We arrived at Barbara's home not before two 'o clock in the morning. I believe both Barbara and I then knew we would eventually be married, sooner rather than later. Before parting we had arranged to meet again the following day.

We were received by Barbara's friends, who had arrived home long before us, with some consternation, but I was persuaded to drink a mug of cocoa, my first ever of this dreadful concoction, before cycling home, courtesy of Mr Sherwood's bike, which Barbara assured me was a sure sign of Dad's approval. Most likely at Barbara's suggestion we arranged to meet in town and catch a bus to Wilford, walking up Clifton Grove to the village. And so we did. It was a crisp winter's day, the walk was idyllic, and always remembered by the rather incongruous hat my special new girl friend had chosen for the occasion. Although it was I who actually threw it over a hedge, it was really a mutual decision, and helped to further cement our growing relationship. Clifton village, even in this third year of the war, still boasted a cottage with the sign 'Teas' - or possibly 'Teas with Hovis' - the time honoured indication (now changed to 'Devon Cream Teas' or suchlike) that tea, boiled eggs and fruit slab cake was served. Sure enough the service lived up to the sign, and we were provided, in this tiny cottage room, quite alone, with lashings of tea, eggs, and appropriate cake. A local bus took us back to Nottingham and, to round off the day, a visit to the Ritz, now renamed the Odeon, cinema and a film the name of which is long forgotten. But this 1943 'Sunday after Boxing Day' will never be forgotten - the day our lives were changed.

There is no doubt we met in the evenings of most or all of the intervening days of Monday to Thursday, because among other things, we had an awful lot to discuss before the decision which so alarmed our families, and taken on Friday 31 December 1943. The basement or lower floor of what is now the Odeon Cinema in Nottingham was previously used for dancing. Dancing was to the music of traditional, always live, bands; drugs had certainly not appeared on the scene, and I doubt the word 'bouncer' had been coined. The Odeon was indeed the epitome of respectability. Grandma would not have been out of place, but would have been most welcome and have felt at home. The Odeon, then, was the venue we chose to celebrate New Year's Eve. I suppose at about the turn of the year I asked Barbara to marry me, but it was truly a mutual decision - there was certainly no need to summon courage before popping the question - much less taking up a kneeling posture. How does one kneel on a crowded dance floor? The excitement and joy was intense—but mainly the disbelief. Could it really be true that this fantastic and lovely girl, way above me in intellect and with an exceptional dignity and charm, saw in me qualities which would make a suitable life partner?' Maybe this was all a dream!

Back at Bobbers Mill about two in the morning I rushed upstairs, burst into my sister's bedroom, and announced 'I'm engaged!' 'Don't be so silly, go back to bed!' was the prompt and sobering reply from Win. My news was not good news. One doesn't know one's own mind after knowing a girl less than a week, does one, especially at the age of twenty? Of course, at *twenty one* you are judged mature, you are of age. Think very hard about it, Army. Are you sure this is the girl for you? etc. etc. Neither was Barbara's news good news for her parents. I believe the difference of opinion was even more vehement in her case than in mine. But as time passed opposition lessened. Very soon the question of a ring cropped up, with a certain embarrassment because the price asked for a suitable one was way out of my reach. Win, as usual, came to the rescue when she, albeit reluctantly, produced £25 from the bakery safe, and saved the day. We were married on April 1<sup>st</sup> 1944 (after 12 noon I should add!) and are still happily married nearly 68 years later. **Arnold**