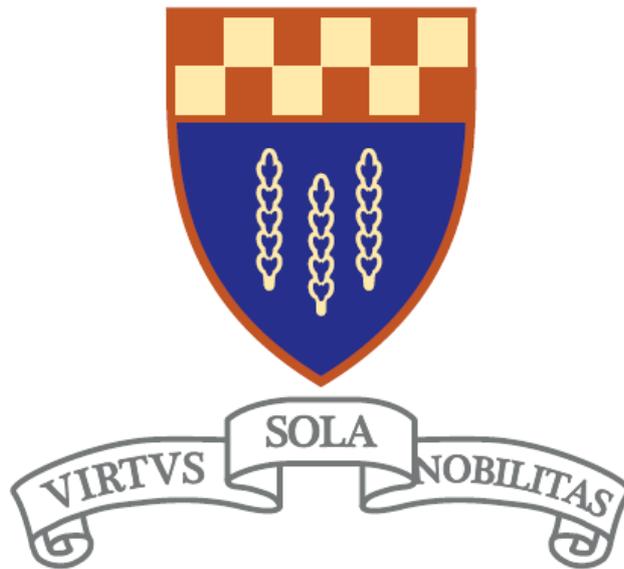


The Pavior



The Newsletter
of
The High Pavement Society
(Founded 1989)

February 2013

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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Committee Chair: Ken Kirk 0115 9568650
Deputy Chairman John Elliott 0115 9266475
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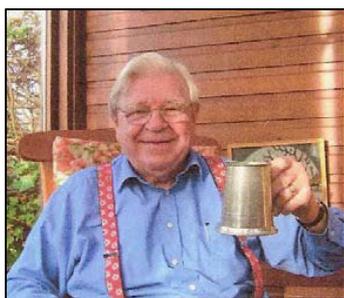
Faces to Remember

Ted Humphreys

Physics/Maths Master at High Pavement 1938-50

THE PAVIOR - February 2013

COMMENT



In the absences of the chairman of our committee, Ken Kirk, and John Elliott, his deputy, I was fortunate enough to be asked to take the chair at our February committee meeting. As you know, I am a bit daft about these things, and enjoy taking the chair of *any* organisation. It was a super meeting, full of wisdom and especially humour. I enjoyed myself immensely, and the committee completed lots of useful business.

But (I know I am not supposed to begin a sentence with 'but') from the chair it became clear to me that although we have excellent officers who work incessantly on behalf of our Society, we are now left with relatively few active 'back benchers' on the committee. Of the originals we have recently lost two stalwart members, Neville Wildgust and Joe Woodhouse, leaving George Taylor and myself, with support from Barry Davys and Marcus Pegg but as President I have, strictly speaking, no executive powers. Tony Humphreys has recently joined us, but I feel sure we would also welcome replacements for the loss of Neville and Joe in order to provide a strong 'back bench' to keep us in order.

If any member has the time and inclination on the occasional morning, to spend an hour or two at a committee meeting (as much a social occasion as well as a business event) any member of the committee will be delighted to hear from you.

After your first attendance I will buy you a beer afterwards! How's that for temptation?

Arnold

ooOoo

JOE WOODHOUSE



Joe Woodhouse, a loyal and popular member of the Society for many years and a valued member of its Committee died on 24th December 2012, aged 90.

Joe attended High Pavement School from 1934-38 and was a founder member of the Society. For his funeral service the Church of the Holy Rood, Edwalton, was filled to the doors with a large congregation of his friends, including many of his colleagues from the Society's membership. He will be sadly missed and we send our sincere condolences to Jessie, his widow.

DR JOHN B POOLE



John Poole, Senior Librarian of the House of Commons and a science scholar of repute, died on 21 January. He was formerly a member of this Society but withdrew a few years ago. In his thoughtful obituary in *The Independent* the former veteran MP, Tam Dalyell, referred to John's education at 'that vigorous grammar school, the High Pavement School in Nottingham' which John attended from 1943-50. Some of us remember him well.

FROM OUR READERS

[Old Pavors continue to send us their reminiscences and it would seem this is always a source of interest. Here is the latest crop.]

FROM CHRISTOPHER GOWER - Part 2



Christopher Gower was, until recently, choirmaster and organist of Peterborough Cathedral but now follows his musical interests in retirement at Canterbury. In this concluding part of his memoir he recalls the 1950s.

I remember Frank Williams and Doug Madden playing piano duets as we filed into assembly. Doug Madden, who was later to teach me the organ for a time, had an extraordinary enthusiasm for music. I also remember Stanley Middleton playing the double bass in the orchestra while simultaneously smoking his pipe. Frank Williams was very keen on recorder consorts and I can recall playing both the treble and tenor recorders in concerts and festivals. I naturally felt I had arrived musically when I was asked to play the organ before Speech Day audiences at the Albert Hall. The organ there was certainly the largest instrument I had ever encountered at the time. (Little did I know then that I would be playing the organ at the *Royal* Albert Hall some thirty-five years later.)

I can also remember accompanying the carol services at the High Pavement Chapel (on High Pavement in the Lace Market). Despite the dilapidated state of the chapel building the organ there was really very fine. Doug Madden used to take me on the back of his motor scooter when we had organ lessons at St Peter's Church. (No CRBs or even crash helmets in those days!)

Fellow HPS member John Hayward reminded me of the piano playing that I used to do at HP when he sent me a CD of the 'Peers' Chorus' from *Iolanthe* recorded at school. The hearty singing is well worthy of Eton or Harrow!

Both Tony Crossland (a 1940s Old Pavior) and I were, for some years, cathedral organists at the same time. Tony was at Wells, while I was at Peterborough. That must have been a record in the annals of HP and also something of a record nationally, for two such musicians to have been educated at the same school.

Chris Gower

FROM GEOFF RICHARDS

It's An Erk's Life

Having only just left school it seemed no time at all to be receiving 'call-up' papers for National Service. Free rail pass from Nottingham Midland Station to Padgate RAF station, which I was to find out was the 'kitting out' camp for most (RAF) National Service wallahs. After being issued with all our kit, some of which even fitted, we were issued with a brown paper sheet, a label and piece of string. Nothing more scientific than to send our 'civvys' home in.

We were then 'selected' for transfer to initial training camps and I ended up at RAF Hednesford (Staffs). King George VI had just died and we were now in the *Queen's* Royal Air Force. In 1952 Hednesford was appointed to train the Queen's Colour Flight. Those 'selected' for this duty were mostly around six feet tall and were fortunate then to have brand new bespoke uniforms issued ready for the Coronation Parade which was to take place later that year. In place of the normal initial training the 'Colour Flight' spent endless hours of rifle drill, with all leave cancelled. We were not even allowed any 36 or 48 hour passes in spite of being promised extra privileges for having volunteered for the squad. I did not make it to London for the actual Coronation Parade, having been told by a friendly drill corporal that I was a 'waste of time'.

I was quickly transferred to Trade Training, ending up at Freckleton near Blackpool to join the Medics of the RAF. Months later, having managed to pass out as a Medical Orderly I was posted to Sick Quarters, firstly at Syerstone and finally Cottesmore. When the MO found out how proficient I was at nursing I was placed in charge of the camp mortuary. Time passed and having survived this service life for 18 months I was now getting 'demob happy', even more so as we were now on regulars' pay, which meant receiving much more than the 'ten bob one week and a pound the next' of conscript pay.

During the time spent at Cottesmore I was detailed to spend time on duty and was duly placed in charge of the Medical Section. All went well and I must say that the one meal that I did enjoy was the Christmas Dinner served by the officers of RAF Cottesmore in that year (1953). But...panic stations broke out in the afternoon of Christmas Day when some poor fellow reported sick and required a sober Medical Officer. This real emergency had LAC Richards in a right old mess but all was resolved as we *did* find the MO who diagnosed a suspected appendicitis requiring immediate transfer by ambulance to the RAF Hospital at Nocton Hall near Lincoln.

Having transferred the patient to the experts at Nocton Hall the transport driver and orderly (me) decided to take a longer way back to camp, either via Nottingham or else via his home town of Northampton. I won the toss but neither of us was going to make it. The ambulance decided to break out in smoke just as we came down Canwick Hill, from Lincoln to Bracebridge Heath. 'That's it!' cried the driver. Boy! He *was* crying too! 'God! I'll get a court martial for this!' (Even I thought I'd get put on a charge.) We spent the whole of that night frozen, at the bottom of Canwick Hill, with frequent coded messages being made back to our transport section to arrange a tow back to Cottesmore.

I am pleased to report that we did get back to camp and no one ever got to know about our escapade. I was able to complete the remainder of my National Service without further trouble (or charges), even at the end realising what a joy it had all been.

Geoff

**FROM BRIAN CORDON – An exchange with Colin Salsbury on
‘Playing Cricket against the Staff’**

[Brian Cordon is not actually a member of the Society but likes to correspond with us from time to time]

Dear Colin, Arthur Blackburn's picture in the August newsletter brought back memories. He was always a well regarded master and teacher. I always raise a smile when I remember him during the annual Master's v 1st XI match at Orston Drive (ca 1949). I had just bowled out the previous master when a round of applause broke out (mainly from the worshipping juniors) as Mr. Blackburn stepped from the pavilion. He was, or seemed to be at the time, about 6' 2" tall so I decided a change of tactics was required. Instead of bowling medium/fast I posted fielders around the boundary and threw him up a full toss. Both he and I were taken by surprise when his wild swing completely missed the ball, which fell neatly on top of the bails! He gave me a wry smile before walking back to face the disappointed juniors.

Brian

Dear Brian, I may have witnessed the event you describe although I can't remember it now but there was one Masters versus 1st XI match, when Arthur Blackburn was batting at the opposite end from Alan Millidge and called him on after a rather messy stroke with the bat. The ball was quickly fielded and Millidge was run out. He was furious with 'Blackie' and, after leaving the field, quickly changed and left the ground. I remember him grumbling peevishly 'Blackburn had no business to call me on!' as he stomped off, declaring his intention to visit the Crown Inn at Radford Bridge. I hope the bar was open at that time in the late afternoon! Mr Dawson (chemistry) remarked in my hearing: 'Poor old Blackie! Millidge will never forgive him for that one!'

Colin

Dear Colin, Interesting to hear about Mr. Millidge. If he's the master of whom I am thinking, he was umpiring a house match when a new batsman came in at the other end who was wildly swinging his bat at the ball. Again I thought a change of tactics appropriate when he faced me and I sent him down a very slow ball. His bat was around the back of his neck by the time the ball arrived and it bowled him out. Mr. Millidge turned round to me and said 'You'd never have got a proper batsman out!' I was not impressed by his observations! Those were very happy days.

Brian

ooOoo

FROM MARK SMITH

[Mark Smith is not (yet) a member of the Society but has sent us these reminiscences from the closing years of the old High Pavement Grammar School about which we have received relatively little in recent times. I am pleased to include this evocative collection of memories- Ed.]

Dear Colin, I was at High Pavement, Gainsford Crescent, Bestwood from January 1971 until completion of Sixth Form in June 1977. I then went on to study physics at Sheffield University. I did take a year out and didn't actually go to Sheffield until September 1978. I very nearly went to Norwich University having been strongly lobbied by my then physics teacher, one, Mr Milbourn!¹ The trip there for my interview almost put me off as it involved multiple train connections. Probably a lot easier now and indeed one of our

¹ Lawrence Milbourn, our Webmaster.

neighbours' children is currently at Norwich studying physics. Small world! The reason that I did not start at HPGS until January 1971 was that, because of my father's job, my family relocated from Maidstone to Nottingham around about Christmas time 1970. I had attended Maidstone Grammar School for one term and was the only pupil at the school who did not have a blazer as my parents knew that we were about to move! We lived in Aspley and I still remember vividly that first morning being dropped off by my parents to catch the school bus at the top of Aspley Lane (a feature of my life for at least 5 years). Culture shock it certainly was, everyone spoke with a strange accent....or was it me!

I did quite well in my first year even though the move had been quite disruptive. My recollection was that each year was streamed (HPGS – H being the fast track and so on down). They started me in 1G but I was moved to 2H in my second year. We used to have swimming at Bestwood swimming pool designed, if I remember correctly, by the discredited architect, John Poulson.

The headmaster when I started at HPGS was Mr M H Brown (known by us as Arthur, I am not sure why, unless it was his actual name²). He was quite fearsome and sometimes used to prowl around the school gates at chucking out time with a cat of nine tails! I was caned once by him, the actuality being far less bad than the anticipation. Mr Billington was the deputy head and he had a similar reputation (again I was caned once by him). He was at both the school and Sixth Form College for my entire time at HP. I came to know him at a better level in the sixth form and he was a first class individual. His calmness (on a school trip!) while we were crawling along the active pit face of Cotgrave Colliery is a stand-out memory. I also remember that Jack Billington was a good cricketer and used to do well in the lunchtime single wicket competitions between staff and pupils. Unfortunately I think I picked up the news somewhere that he has since died.

I was in the penultimate year that fed through the grammar school into the new sixth form college. I can't remember but I guess for a number of years the school must have had a declining number of students and then wham....sixth form and girls!!!! Indeed I met my wife, Barbara Smith (nee Frempong) in first year sixth, when she came to the school from Manning. We started going out in the second year sixth, have been together ever since and have four daughters!

At Speech Day in 1975 Mr Preston played the Albert Hall organ and 'Stan' (Middleton) played the piano in a most idiosyncratic fashion, something he often did during school assemblies. A bit like Eric Morecombe, 'I am playing all the right notes, sunshine, but not necessarily in the right order'! I am sure he was a very fine pianist. Stan was my English teacher and for that I consider myself extremely privileged. He was awarded the Booker Prize in the year he was teaching our class English Literature 'O' level (Chaucer, Shakespeare and Conrad). He used to read Chaucer in 'Olde English' which was always entertaining if vaguely unintelligible! I still have my copy of *Holiday*, which he signed for me in Sisson & Parker's bookshop³

On the sporting front, I never really got on with rugby although I did play on the wing for the 2nd 15 in my fifth year. I found myself with hockey and, under Ray Graves, was in the school 1st XI for my two years in the sixth form. I also managed to play schoolboy

² As we have mentioned in earlier issues, he was also nicknamed 'Albert' –Ed..

³ A shop now long gone-Ed.

under-19 hockey for Notts. This led on to hockey becoming my 'sport for life'. I played at Sheffield University after which, on my return to the city, I played for Nottingham Hockey Club for many years. I captained Nottingham HC 1st XI for three years and played a number of full county matches. Apart from hockey I also represented the school in athletics and even ten-pin bowling! Thank you HPGS!!

What else....?.I was also in Newstead house, which was always rubbish at sport! My housemaster in my first year was Charlie Mardling. He signed my school report but I don't remember him⁴. I have just noticed that Stan Middleton signed my 1974 school report, 'a very clever boy who should do well'...(tee hee!) Was Mr Blackburn a woodwork teacher? If so, I do remember him.

Tim Robinson (Notts and England cricketer) was also in our sixth form year. What a very talented sportsman. He was exceptional at everything. He and his best mate Mick Thornhill also went to Sheffield University.

I'll continue to trawl my memories and let you have anything else I can think of. I am not in contact within any of my old school mates. We moved away from Nottingham to Beverley in 1993. I also suspect that the transition from school to Sixth Form College wasn't a great recipe for camaraderie and we were right in the middle of it. **Mark**

ooOoo

FROM KEN SPRINGTHORPE

[Ken Springthorpe is an old Pavior from the same era as your editor, though not a member of the Society. I recently contacted him after being given his address by John Yates, a member of the Society. The substance of my letter was the details of an accident in the school Scout troop when Ken badly gashed his ankle with an axe during an outdoor badge course at Walesby, near Ollerton. This is an extract from his reply which should interest many readers.-Ed.]

Dear Colin, What a memory you must have to remember me and my accident so vividly. I have a permanent scar and a V-shaped slot in my ankle bone to remind *me* of the accident but all I can remember of the event is being brought home from Walesby to Nottingham in the van driven by the father of my friend Brian Pulfrey. I now have little recollection of any of my scouting days, though I can remember Messrs Farr and O'Dell who were the leaders. Nor can I recall my fellow scouts, except Brian who has been my lifelong friend, though he died about eight years ago. Other old school friends I remember were Tony Kirk, John Rowbottom and Maurice Hallam. Tony has also now died.

After school I worked in the City Treasurer's office but after National Service I became rather bored with local government and moved to the Prudential Assurance in Nottingham where I had a clerical post in Domestic Underwriting. I then trained to become a Fire and Accident Inspector which took me to Grimsby, covering most of North Lincs, a most pleasant area in which to work. This was followed by a more senior post in Essex as Deputy Fire and Accident Manager but in less congenial surroundings. Fortunately I then transferred to our Exeter office where life was more pleasant once again. During reorganisation in the 1980s I became redundant and took early retirement at the age of 53 on quite generous terms which I have never regretted. I now live in Exmouth and am fully occupied with golf, Probus, Freemasonry, gardening and DIY. I send best wishes to anyone else in the Society who might remember me. **Ken Springthorpe**

⁴ Some of us can never forget him.—Ed.

POLYGLOT MEMOIRES FROM PETER VAN SPALL



[Peter Van Spall occasionally sends me a long letter chronicling his life and times in (francophone) Montreal, Canada and other parts of the world. This one was far too long for the newsletter so I have made a selection which I hope has not compromised his idiosyncratic style. My notes are in red -Ed.]

Dear Colin Hope you are fit and fine. I was in Sherwood House 1944 to 1950 when I used to spell my name *Vanspall* until London University pointed out how it was spelled on my birth certificate i.e. Van Spall (The way Dutch people do). My great grandfather emigrated from Netherlands to India in the 1830s and my dad emigrated from India to England in 1927. My mother's family are thoroughbred English (Havercrofts and Astleys of Yorkshire). I married a Polish girl from Powiat Suwalski in the extreme east of the country near Lithuania.

One should write *memoires* not Christmas letters and that's what this will be! You need not bother with the rest unless you are curious. (As you know I live in Montreal, Canada and I shall take the liberty of sending this to the nearest Pavior to me, Dennis Whitaker, though I only knew him slightly⁵.)

1. Friday, August 11th, 2012. I go to my son's house and meet my grandson Alexander. He is with a new friend with whom he plays soccer in the park. His friend leaves and I take Alex on the 69 bus to Henri Bourassi métro, where we meet *en passant* his brother, Konrad with his skateboard, going home. We are in a hurry to go to the cinema at *Côte des Neiges* shopping centre to see a movie: *Wimpy Kid's Dog Days* (this is the school summer holidays). After a very slow start we have only 30 minutes to get there, but the *métro* is fast and 11 stations including a change only takes 20 minutes. We now have only 6 or 7 minutes to spare and many people are waiting to get on the 165 bus. Alex is way ahead of me, looking for the cinema, and I have to bring him back to the queue for the bus. Then I have to get on first and present my *métro* pass. It's often like that. Remarkably we are only about 5 minutes late at the cinema and the box office looks deserted, so we rush upstairs and find we can buy our tickets where they also sell popcorn. All-told it costs \$17.50. Unfortunately they direct us to the wrong screen, and after a view of future 3D performances (but without the spectacles that are required to view such), a lousy film starts playing. We are the only 2 people in the *salle de cinéma*. We leave and find the right place: *Wimpy Kid's Dog Days* is an excellent movie and even better if you've read the book first. It is a pity we missed the first 10 minutes.

On the way out Alex takes the stairs 3 or 4 at a time and beats me again, but he goes to the wrong exit. We then have to walk across the street, instead of going along the passage under the street⁶. Fortunately the bus isn't waiting at the stop. We wait 7 minutes for it. Then it takes about ½ hour to arrive at Valmont Street, where we alight.

2. Un mercredi (one Tuesday, not specified) *je suis allé avec la groupe: ENCORE à Magog – (Summer outing to MAGOG - about 75 miles from Montreal).* I arrive about 15 Minutes before the scheduled departure and find most people are already in their seats. As the bus is bigger than the one ordered I have a seat to myself and I read and sleep most of

⁵ Dennis kindly passed it to me as the email address was faulty –Ed.

⁶ There are many such in Montreal, much used in the winter for ease of passage. –Ed.

the way there. We stop at Georgeville and enjoy a lunch that must have cost \$12, red wine was extra (soup, *petit pain*, *beurre*, fish with rice and veg, ice-cream and coffee) It takes too long to eat. Then we take the bus to Magog arriving just as a thunder-storm begins. Instead of walking around the town, we stay in the bus and drive to a gas-station and around and finally the rain stops. We embark on a beautiful new lake cruise boat, packed with bottles of beer, wine and other drinks. I go upstairs and talk to an elderly lady called Mary, then spot the group of 5 West Indies ladies and sit with them for the voyage. We talk, take pictures and inspect the recorded pictures of the lakeside in sunshine, whilst outside more rain cloud forms and soon much rain falls. Those sitting outside come in and are forced to go to the lower deck.

3. Saturday, November 10th 2012. Today I tried to trace my grandmother's journey from Princess Nasturczka's palace near *Viaznia Vyazniki, Vladimir Oblast* (Russia) using Google maps, and could not locate the 'palace' (or was it just a manor house?). She left in 1896 and made it as far as Berlin, via *Brest na Bug*. She entered Poland at *Terespol*, a place I have never visited, but I presume she had to change trains as Russian railways use a wider gauge than does PKP (*Polskie Koleje Panstwowe/Polish State Railways*). The distance from *Terespol*, West of River *Bug*, in Poland is 193 *verzty* (127 miles) from Warsaw. After Warsaw, my grandmother made a poor job of recording place names, some of which could not be found on any of my maps of Poland.

God bless you, *amitiés*, *Wesolych swiat Bozego Narodzenia, oraz szczeniwego Nowego Roku, 2013* (A Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year 2013)

Peter V

ooOoo

FROM TONY WHELPTON

Dear Colin, I have been browsing the May 2012 issue of the Pavior and particularly enjoyed the item you wrote about Jack Archer. I too remember him coming to HP on teaching practice, and also Ken Jones coming the following year. During the 1980s (or maybe the 90s) I actually wrote to Jack when I found he was living in Cheltenham (as I then was and still am). Sadly, I never got a reply.

One thing not mentioned in your piece was another famous run of his. I remember him giving me his autograph (which I no longer have, unfortunately) and he wrote underneath '*European Sprint Champion 1946*'. I've just checked it out via Google, and found that he won gold in the 100m, with a time of 10.6 seconds, which was pretty good for those days. (I seem to remember that 10.6 was also his school record, but that, of course, was over 100 yards, so he had obviously speeded up quite a lot since then!) Those championships, incidentally, were held at the Bislett Stadium in Oslo. **Tony Whelpton**

Don't forget...

The HPS 2013 ANNUAL REUNION DINNER

Monday April 15th

The Welbeck Banqueting Suite, Welbeck Road West Bridgford

Individual invitations will be sent out in due course

BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER...

Our Archivist Lance Wright [[Apt 3, South Muskham Prebend, Church Street, Southwell, Notts.NG25 0HQ](#) or lancwright@btinternet.com] is collecting data on the whereabouts of any collections or single copies of the High Pavement School magazines. This includes the Pavior and any of its predecessors or successors. It is the intention to keep as many as possible of these valuable records in one secure (but accessible) location under his care. If you have, or know of, old copies from your schooldays or have perhaps inherited them you are invited to get in touch with Lance at one of the addresses given. Thank you.

The Committee

JOYS OF THE JAVELIN

An athletic tale from the 1940s

When I was first introduced to the mysteries of athletic sports in my first year at High Pavement the javelin was an implement, nay a weapon, which I had never encountered in my life before. Wow! It was a challenge all right and I was allowed a trial throw 'to get the feel of it'. To my utter amazement (and everyone else's) the javelin sailed an enormous distance which, upon measurement, was deemed to have exceeded the then school record distance for my year. Congratulations were bestowed upon me and I was put down for training by the older and wiser *javelineers* of my house (School). However the result was a disaster. Trying to conform to their recommendations I could never repeat my untutored best distance and in the sports finals I was unplaced. How sad! The moral of this tale must surely be: 'If at first you *do* succeed, don't try harder!'

Barrie Cutts

(1945-50) School House

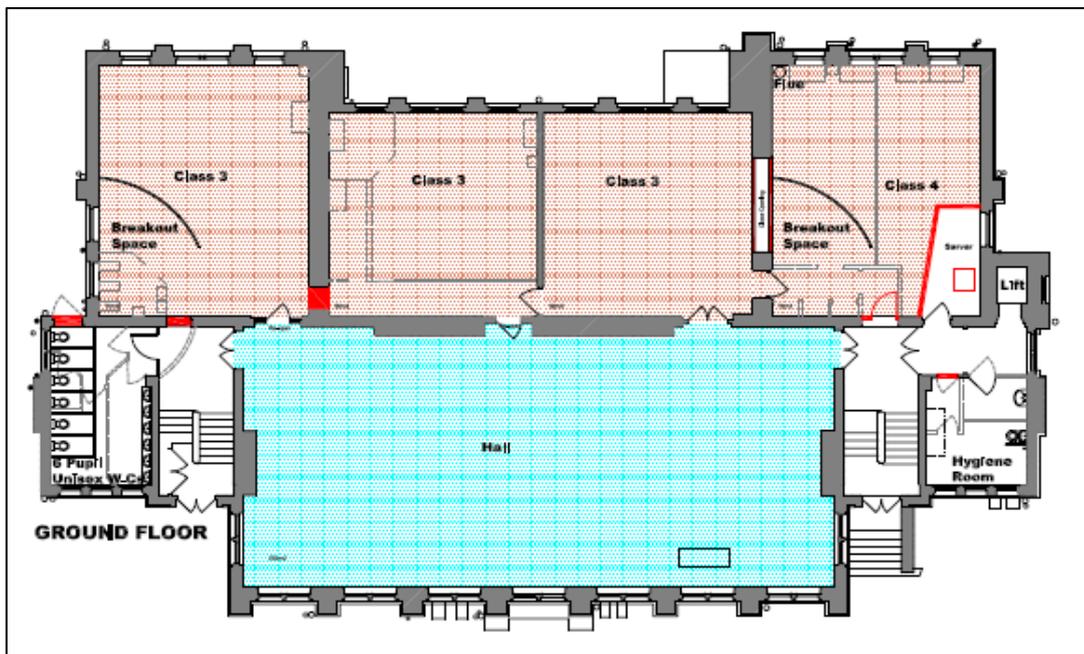
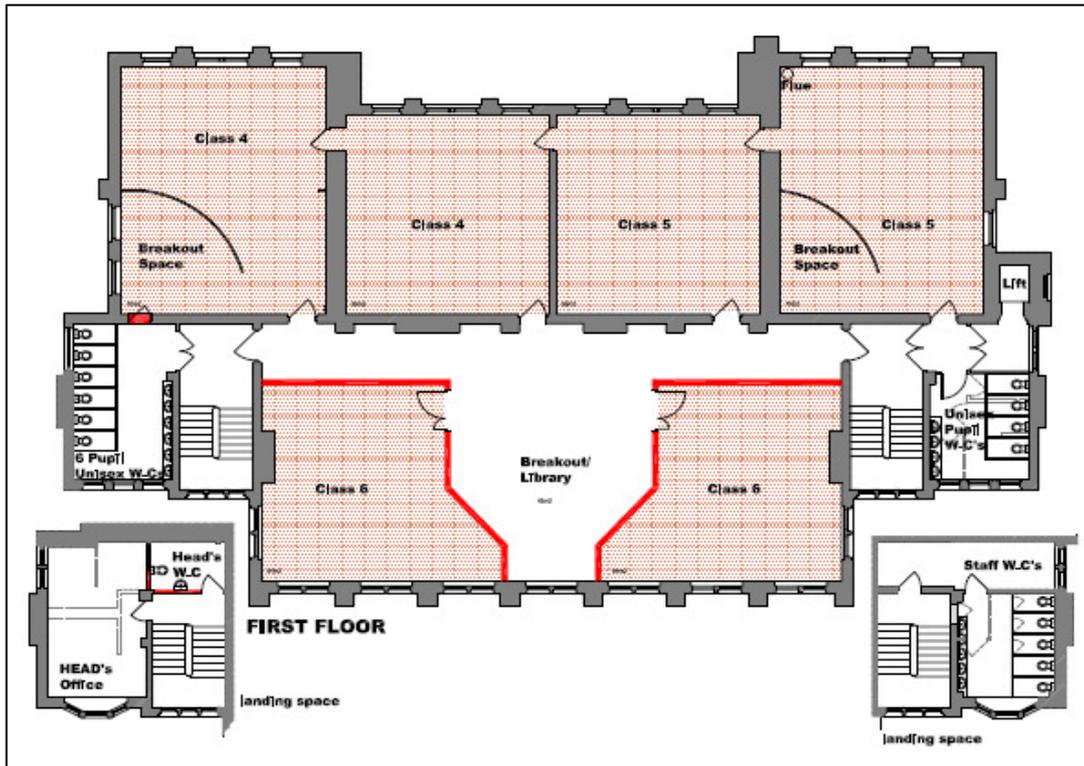
ooOoo

STANLEY ROAD: A NEW BEGINNING

Following the interest shown in these pages and the preliminary discussion in the November 2012 issue (not to mention the article in the *Nottingham Evening Post* on February 15th) we can now give some more details of the proposals for the re-development. It would appear that the area around the old **primary** school, which is usually referred to as 'Forest Fields' has undergone a demographic change from the days many of us remember. (NB This school should not be confused with the relatively short-lived *Forest Fields Grammar School* which occupied the old HP buildings.) When the buildings were erected in the late 19th century the land around was undeveloped and consisted of pasture and scrub, as shown in the old prints. There then followed a progressive building programme of high density, mainly terraced, housing. Latterly this area of relatively low-cost housing has now become a favourite location for many families who have migrated to Nottingham from overseas, mostly young with consequently large numbers of children of school age. This has put enormous pressure on the accommodation in the principal school serving the district which is the Forest Fields Primary School.

The £6.7M scheme about to be implemented will develop a large number of new classrooms in the first two floors of the old High Pavement building and thus relieve this pressure on the accommodation of the neighbouring Forest Fields School.

How it may look in the future

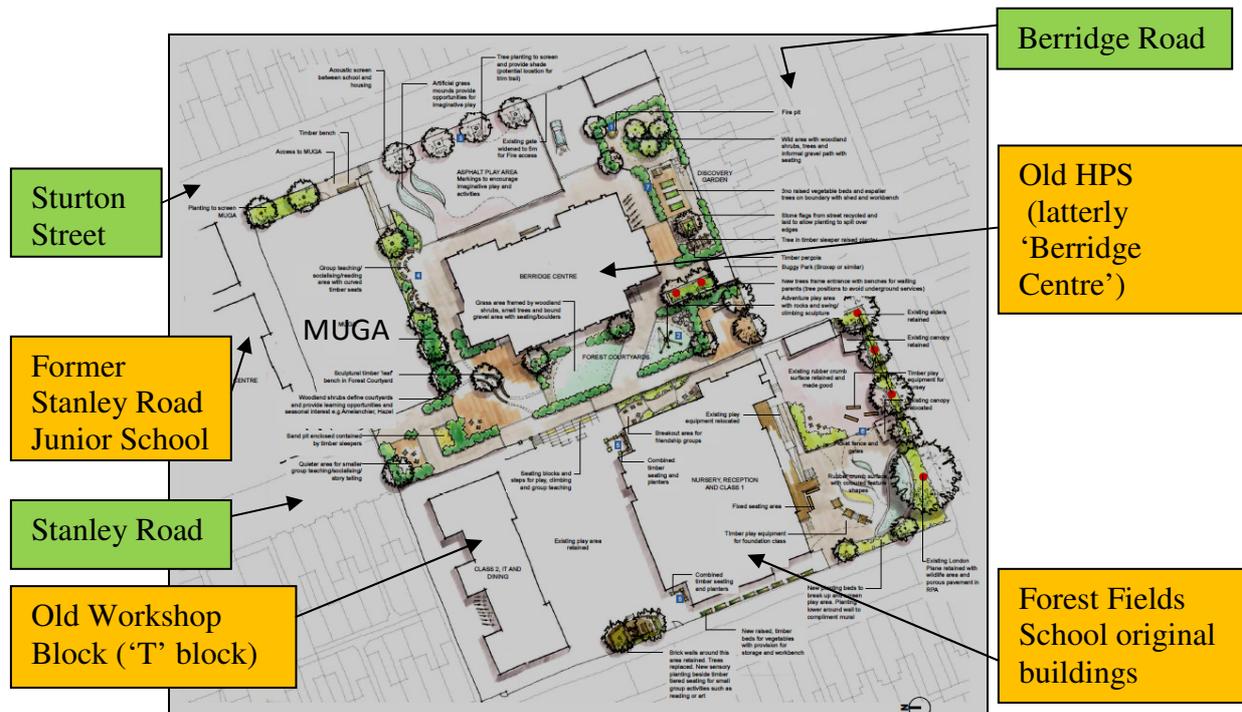


Among the features of this ambitious scheme are the following items:

1. Refurbishing the existing sash windows
2. Renewing the roof, whilst reusing existing tiles where possible and insulating to current building regulations.
3. Installing a new gas boiler
4. Upgrading and renewing electrics
5. 21st Century ICT suite
6. New floor coverings

7. Revealing some original features which include glazed tiles. (Bravo!-Ed)
8. Opening up the existing Forest Fields Primary School and Berridge Centre sites to create an open feel between the two sites (shown on the landscape drawing)
9. Demolition of the ancillary buildings on the Berridge Centre site to provide additional team game area, including a 'multi-use games area' (MUGA). These ancillary buildings include the old toilet blocks, the pre-fab laboratory, the old chemistry and physics labs and the bicycle sheds).

Layout of the newly landscaped site with former locations familiar to past generations of Paviors



If you went to Forest Fields Primary School in your early life the present head teacher, Sue Hoyland (0115 9156872), would be pleased to hear from you and maybe arrange a visit.

ooOoo

PUB LUNCH NEWS

The 2012 Christmas Lunch

A special occasion in the calendar of the High Pavement Society's Country Luncheon Club is the Christmas Lunch. This year though, for the first time, it was held in the now familiar surroundings of the Welbeck Rooms because our former location was no longer able to accept a large enough number of guests for our needs. Because the dining area was now quite spacious the committee had decided to widen the invitation list to include *all* members of the Society instead of just those living in the immediate locality. This



was a success and we had 65 acceptances 62 of whom were able to attend, compared with the 40 or so at our previous Christmases.

Our Chairman, Ken Kirk, made an introductory announcement to say that, regrettably, Joe Woodhouse, who usually said grace for us, was ailing and unable to attend. Instead Ken himself performed the duty. A splendid four course Christmas meal was provided for us and proved to be extremely enjoyable. The party spirit was enhanced by the usual silly hats, crackers and a dramatic serving of the Christmas pud, adorned with blazing *sparklers*, in a darkened room while we all sang a verse of a Christmas carol.

Among the members present we were pleased to welcome Harold Blyth who had made the journey specially from Fleetwood to this his first Society function. He was able to meet John Elliott, our deputy chairman who had known him during their schooldays. Others present included John and Carole Adkin who regularly attend, travelling from Lincoln each time. It was agreed that the changes to the system had all been 'for the better'.



Pub Lunchers—Gone to the Dogs!

A jolly band of gamblers assembled at Colwick Park Greyhound Stadium on the evening of February 8th to enjoy a session of excitement and speculation. We were present as supporters of the 'Clicsargent'⁷ charity which helps children with cancer and each ticket sold made a substantial donation to their funds. We enjoyed a good dinner in the Classic Restaurant from which we could view the energetic efforts of the greyhounds in their

pursuit of the strangely coloured orange 'hare'. We all had small bets (well fairly small) with varying degrees of success (nobody lost their shirt!). All



this was possible without having to leave the table, so well organised was the system. There were only eleven in our company but unfortunately some members had been prevented from attending by illness. The evening was organised by Robin Taylor and was much enjoyed by all those present.

The Next Pub Lunch will be on March 28th at Lathkill Dale, near Bakewell. Contact Arnold Brown for details.

⁷ **Clic** from 'Cancer and Leukaemia In Childhood' which has amalgamated with **Sargent** Cancer Care for Children (established in memory of Sir Malcolm Sargent) to form the new charity 'Clicsargent'.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY

In the past it has been customary to bid welcome in these pages to those members who have recently joined the Society. This is a practice which we have omitted in recent times but will now include in each issue. These have joined our number since November 2011:

Roger Selby	Colin Bacon	Ken Moulds	Mike Hopewell
Derek Wilson	David Eastwood	Eric Richards	John Auty
Clifford Groves	Brian Ferrill	Barrie Cutts	Tony Whelpton



Our *oldest* honorary member, Dorothy Baldwin, enjoyed her **111th** birthday on February 8th 2013. She recognises the name of High Pavement School, which she attended way back in 1922, and she acknowledges its importance in her education but regrets she can no longer recall anything about those years.

Happy Birthday Dorothy!

[picture by courtesy of the *Nottingham Evening Post*]

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ARNY'S BOOK

[In the course of his narrative Arny has touched on many different things, all of which have formed part of his richly varied existence. This extract concerns his introduction to horticultural pursuits.]

Gardening

In the bakery I was in constant daily contact with my colleague Herbert Taylor, and our conversation necessarily moved away from baking from time to time, and very often to his constant recreation, which was to tend the allotment garden situated very conveniently behind his home. Although Herbert's interest extended to the usual vegetable crops his main concern was the produce grown in his greenhouse consisting of tomatoes during the main summer season, followed by chrysanthemums in the autumn.

Our garden in those days was very limited in size and, according to the advice readily proffered by our neighbours, not likely to be very productive. This, at least, had been their experience, and they were only too ready to point out to us that the smoke and fumes from the nearby Raleigh factory were not in the least helpful to the cultivation of beautiful gardens. Barbara and I were not in the least discouraged, and sought advice from Herbert, the expert. This was early in February in the year of 1947, a year noted for its long summer, with temperatures reaching into the giddy 90s Fahrenheit. The first tip given by our gardening sage was surprising, to say the least, and ran thus: 'Get your onions in'.

An elaboration of this was that onions are (or may be) grown from 'sets', in appearance tiny onions, and readily obtainable from Lovejoys, the seed shop round the corner from the bakery (no relation to the television antique dealer), and must be sown by the end of February for best results. I dutifully bought a small quantity, and sowed them at six inch intervals in a corner of our tiny garden as instructed. Nearly all advice emanating from the redoubtable Herbert was sound, and so as that memorable summer progressed, so the onions grew and flourished into magnificent specimens. Only later did I carefully consider the wisdom of growing a crop without giving some thought to its popularity as a component of our daily food!

Clearly the onion incident was thrown in by Herbert merely as an appetiser. Tomatoes and chrysanths were his main concern, but, of course, they could not be grown without the help of a greenhouse. The next step was to persuade Army that this essential adjunct to successful gardening was easily and cheaply obtainable, and what's more, erected with little effort. Eager perusal of gardening magazines soon discovered the ideal model, of aluminium construction, and not hard on our limited resources 'delivered free complete with glass and putty!'

The order was placed, and meanwhile I ventured into the unknown realm of mixing and laying concrete to construct the base. The remainder of the garden we designated for flowers, and the small areas around the lawn not designated for the greenhouse I thoroughly prepared by digging and manuring in preparation for what I hoped would be an unsurpassed summer floral show.

Gregory's nursery, where Barbara had worked as a landgirl, was the obvious source of supply for the twelve tomato plants necessary for our venture. However, the season was rapidly moving on, but no greenhouse was delivered. Gregory's had promised to look after the twelve plants until we were ready for them, but as June approached the situation was serious in that there was a need for replanting in the final position if proper growth and development was to be promoted.

Thursday was the normal day for a half holiday in all Nottingham shops, and our bakery was no exception. God must truly have been on our side because, lo and behold, one fine and warm Thursday morning I received an urgent call from Barbara that our long awaited greenhouse was at last delivered, and eager to be erected. I completed my final bakery tasks in record time and made towards home. There stood the aluminium sections (complete with glass and putty) proudly against the wall of the drive.

Never in the history of human endeavour can a glasshouse have been erected so quickly - the plants were installed in the prepared soil before sunset on that historic Thursday evening. I was anxious that the soil into which planting was made directly was in the right condition. Digging, manuring and fertilizing had been carried out many weeks before. But surely all was well, and the routine of watering, feeding with 'Tomorite' and final treatment with 'Tomatose' to ensure the proper setting of the fruit got under way with my most felicitous attention. The development of the plants, and ultimately the fruits, was successful beyond my wildest expectations, and, to the amazement of our neighbours the whole of the greenhouse was, towards the end of August, filled with luxurious foliage and fruits of the tomato. We recorded a crop of over 70lbs during that first season, and were mighty pleased!

In the calendar of the proper gardener chrysanthemums follow tomatoes as surely as night follows day, and it was no surprise when Herbert one day said casually 'I've got some chrysanths ready for you when your greenhouse is clear'. My first season of proper garden cultivation could not be complete without this final glory of the gardener's year. I returned home to consign the final fruits, still green, to Barbara's care to ripen on the window sill, and cleared the remaining plants to make room for the new residents, which this time would remain in large pots. A further package of instructions as to watering and feeding came from our expert, and towards October we produced a glorious crop of the flowers, perfect specimens of which constituted the height of Herbert's ambition—the snag was that Barbara was not fond of chrysanthemums!

Arnold