

# The Pavior



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

February 2016

### **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 Frank Arthur Williams**

**Music Master at High Pavement**

**1948-65**

**THE COMMITTEE-MEN'S COLUMN**  
**MOVING FORWARD**

The High Pavement Society has been able to start the New Year with a few positive pieces of news. First that an increase in the membership has meant our number of subscribing members has risen from 180 for the first time in many months (to 181) which is welcome news. We lose a few members over the years but have also received a similar number of new applications. Elsewhere in these pages John Mason announces a new campaign to gain new members from the reservoir of Old Paviers who attended the school during the Bestwood years

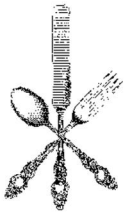
The second piece of good news is that as a result of our (emphatic) appeals in *The Pavior* David Crossland has stepped forward to join the general committee. David, you are extremely welcome and it is hoped that a few more dedicated souls might join you in offering support to the appointed officers of the Society.

We must move forward and enable the Society to maintain its strength and fulfil its duties, functions and obligations as laid down in its constitution. Please give these matters your deepest thought.

**Members of your Committee**

**ooOoo**

**OUR ANNUAL REUNION DINNER 2016**



A timely warning to make sure your diary is clear for  
**Thursday April 14<sup>th</sup>**

when the Annual Dinner will take place at our usual venue, the **Welbeck Rooms**, West  
Bridgford.

Time will be 6.45 pm for 7.00 pm

The cost will be **£23.00** per head

The after-dinner speaker will be **Mr Colin Bower** whose speciality is  
**‘The Humour that Surrounds Us’**

We anticipate a most enjoyable evening together.

Individual invitations will be sent soon and we urge all members to return their acceptances promptly. As usual there will be ample, secure, off-road parking.

***Make this the HPS event of the year and encourage your friends to come along too!***

### **John T Arnold**

We have been informed that Mr John T Arnold of Sherwood Nottingham, for many years an honorary member of the Society died some little time ago. We regret we have no details of the date of his passing.

### **Geoffrey Bond**

We regret to report that our member Geoffrey Bond, the distinguished organist, has died on January 14<sup>th</sup> 2016 at his home in Somerset. The Society sends its sincere condolences to the members of his family.

*Geoffrey Bond was a member of the Somerset Association of Organists and Choirmasters and this appreciation of his life and work has been written by his friend and fellow Somerset musician, Brendan Chandler. We are pleased to present it in our pages.*

### **GEOFFREY BOND, LRAM, LTCL - MUSICIAN**



Geoffrey was born and brought up in Nottingham and despite living in Somerset for more than half his life, always regarded himself as a Nottingham man. He attended the prestigious High Pavement School and kept in touch with it through the quarterly magazine for Old Paviers.

Geoffrey was never a choirboy, but went to Sunday Evensong and became fascinated by organs and learnt to play them from a very early age. He was soon helping the organist and choirmaster at St Leodegarius Church. Many boys collect something — in Geoffrey's case, it was playing organs. While still a schoolboy, he used to write off to organists of churches or cathedrals to ask permission, usually granted. He travelled many miles to satisfy his wishes

His first appointment as organist/choirmaster was at St Martin's, Sherwood, when he replaced Kendrick Partington who had been called up on war service. Geoffrey was at that time aged just 17

The Nottingham church with which he was particularly associated was St Mary's parish church in Bulwell, where he served for some 12 years. His ability to attract and retain choirboys was evident, and he soon had full choirstalls and a row of probationers waiting for a turn. The Bulwell choir was invited to sing in Southwell Minster, a rare honour — at this time it was very unusual for parish choirs to substitute for cathedral choirs.

He loved organizing Saturdays out for his choirboys. He thought nothing of an early start — 6 am — to go to London, or Liverpool, or Manchester, getting back to Nottingham about 1.30 in the morning. And no excuses were allowed for non-attendance at the Sunday morning. (Mind you, this was 11.00 not 9.30). A typical day was train to Liverpool, lunch at Lewis's, across the Mersey to New Brighton, and back, then back to Manchester with tea on the train, to Belle Vue (pleasure park) before catching the 10.45pm train from Central Station. Presumably they would all have had to walk home from the station.

Conscription came the day after Geoffrey's 18th birthday, but he was offered a posting as a coal miner, and was able to choose a local colliery, which meant he could maintain his church duties and private pupils. He stayed on as a miner after his National Service days for a

few years, but then trained as a teacher, serving in some of the more challenging schools in Nottingham.

Geoffrey kept a diary for many years from about 1938 and also several scrapbooks, which should keep the family entertained for a long time. He made long-lasting friends in his Nottingham days, in particular Tony Harvey and Ray Woodhouse.

He had a car accident in 1955, suffering major injuries when the vehicle overturned, trapping his right hand. Hospital treatment put much of the damage right, but he was told that his organ playing days were over. Typically, Geoffrey had other ideas and the determination to prove that forecast wrong. Thereafter he had to adapt to use the other hand more.

In 1965 he moved to Richmond in Surrey as organist/choirmaster of St Mary Magdalene, the parish church, the job including a teaching post where he met Shelagh, a widow with three children. Friendship flourished and they married in 1968.

The post of organist and master of the choristers at St Mary's, Bridgwater came vacant in late 1969 and Geoffrey applied for, and obtained the position, starting on 1 March 1970. Finding a teaching post proved difficult and for several months he was teaching in Richmond, commuting to Bridgwater every weekend. No M4 then! Hospitality was provided by different church families. Eventually, a teaching post at Brymore came up and Geoffrey was able to buy the house at 32 Lonsdale Road in Cannington which was home until he died.

Needless to say, Geoffrey quickly built up the number of boys and introduced a training scheme similar to that of the Royal School of Church Music (RSCM). His predecessor had formed teams, named after English church composers — Byrd, Gibbons, Purcell and Tye. Payment depended on attendance, supplemented by extra points as incentives, and each team leader had the responsibility of recording these.

The usual routine was boys' practice on Tuesdays (6.30 to 7.30), practice on Fridays (boys 6.30 to 8.00, men 7.30 to 9.00) and two services on Sundays. The details varied over the years.

Geoffrey was keen for the choir to take part in activities such as the Diocesan Choral Festival and RSCM courses and visits to sing in cathedrals were regular additions to the programme. Extended visits were undertaken some years to Lincoln, Ely, Llandaff, Southwell and Truro. In other years, non-singing holidays were arranged, principally to the Isle of Wight. Shelagh's participation in these contributed greatly to their success. When the RSCM Cathedral Singers was formed in this area, Geoffrey encouraged boys and men to apply, and then for many years would help them to learn the music and very often help with providing transport on the day.

By the mid-1990s, sadly, Shelagh was suffering with the onset of motor neurone disease and was needing increasing amount of care, and Geoffrey felt unable to maintain his demanding schedule, so resigned in September 1996. He kept his connection with church music by playing at Kingston St Mary. There was no choir when he took over, but this lack was soon remedied, although not enough boys were available and the soprano line needed to rely on women's voices.

Advancing years meant that Geoffrey was finding the driving involved was becoming irksome and so he finished at Kingston at the end of October 2004 with typical flourish of a full Choral Evensong with an augmented choir.

His interest in organs was not confined to his church work. He belonged to the Nottingham & District Society of Organists from 1943 and was recently presented with honorary membership. When he moved to Somerset, he joined the Somerset Organists and Choirmasters Association, including two terms as Chairman. Again, he gained honorary membership. He was also a member of the Friends of Cathedral Music and of the Campaign for Traditional Cathedral Choirs.

Latterly, he has been less adventurous, content to stay at home and be visited. He liked playing Scrabble —with frequent recourse to the dictionary — and watching television, particularly *Neighbours*, *Home & Away*, *Hollyoaks* and *Coronation Street*. He died in his favourite armchair with the radio on, probably listening to the broadcast Choral Evensong. Somehow this seems to be entirely fitting.

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Geoffrey's funeral was well-attended, with the choir augmented by some of the Cannington choir, two or three singers from the Choral Society and half a dozen or more former choristers. The service included Psalm 122 read in the Prayer Book version and at the end the choir sang the Nunc Dimittis and the Russian Contakion — the latter was sung at Shelagh's funeral 18 years ago (almost to the day). For the Nunc Dimittis the chant used was written by Tony Harvey especially for Geoffrey and the choir of St Mary's.

After the interment in Cannington Cemetery, many gathered at the Friendly Spirit Inn for refreshments and a chance to talk to people, many not seen for years.

And the LRAM and LTCL? Awards to mark musical progress (Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music and Licentiate of Trinity College of London), entitling him to wear the appropriate academic hoods. But Geoffrey's legacy will be in the lives of those he inspired by his music.

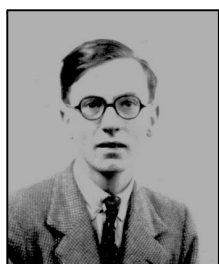
**Brendan Chandler**

*[Editor's note: In the August 2014 issue of this journal Geoffrey Bond himself contributed a very warm-hearted appreciation of the late Kendrick Partington, his close friend and fellow Pavior.]*

**ooOoo**

**FROM OUR READERS**

**FROM KEN JONES**



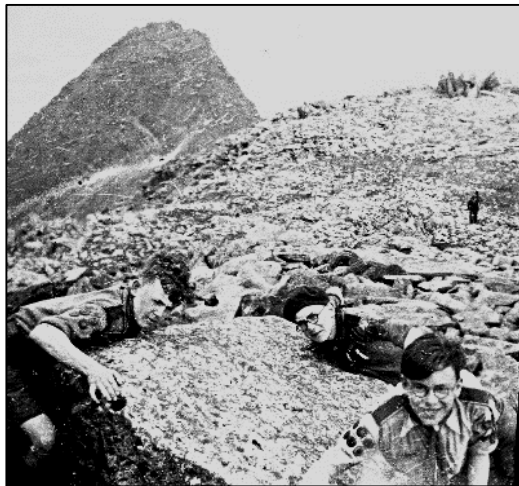
**Colin**, here are some reminiscences which I hope will be of interest to fellow Old Paviers. I'm sure others will surface, which I'll then be pleased to pass on.

HPGS: The school on Stanley Road was so BIG to one coming from a comparatively small Junior School (Highbury, in Bulwell): all those rooms, over three storeys, without counting mezzanine rooms and the accommodation across the road, and all those enormous boys; and then having to change rooms quite often for different lessons; it was quite bewildering - and even more so since for a short while (it was the early days of WW2) we had half day lessons in the Manning School and some of the senior boys were evacuated to Mansfield. Fortunately that did not last long, and of course we were all in the same boat, so together we learned to cope.

Then there was that weekly journey by bus out to Strelley for Games; later, when we were older and often came to school by bike, we would cycle to Strelley. This meant that we could cycle directly home after games and, depending on where you lived, you could usually get home early. Other recollections of Strelley: the large galvanised bath that represented the

only washing facilities, the cross-country course round by the canal, and the occasion, towards the end of my time there, when we turned up for rugby to find wooden pegs sticking up out of the ground. This was highly dangerous, we thought, so we pulled them up and threw them to the side. (Apparently they were markers for some development at a later date, though why they were put there when we needed the pitch for rugby is anybody's guess).

One day at the end of School Assembly, Mr Farr invited any boys interested in the Scouts to give him their names, which I did at the earliest opportunity - then went home to tell my parents what I had done; luckily they were very pleased. I really enjoyed Scouting,



▲ **H P Scouts Camp at Seatoller in the Lake District Easter 1947**  
**L to R Standing:** Derek Tonkin, Bevan Hanson, 'Raven' (B A Farr), John Cawkwell (at rear), K Jones, Jim Wilson, Leo Bryan, Michael Tunnicliffe, Ivor Hoskins. **Front:** Norman McLoughlin (Mac), Don Jones, Dennis Rutley, John Chambers.  
 ◀ **The 121<sup>st</sup> in action!** A tense moment on The Glyders during the rock scrambling expedition to North Wales Easter 1946. **L to R:** Geoff Forbes, K Jones, Bev Hanson.

especially camping, which took us on great adventures in those war years and just after, and taught me to appreciate the outdoor life, and gave me a great love of the Lake District, North Wales, and Sark. I remained in the Scout movement until retirement, for some years running a Troop in Bulwell (the 48th) - which is still going.

The masters that I recall particularly are the Scout Leaders, Messrs. Farr and O'Dell. Also there was a Mr Hastie who assisted later, as well as Fred Tippett, an old boy who came back as a teacher).

On leaving school, I read Modern Languages in University College, London, followed by the Postgraduate Cert. in Education, then spent my working life in teaching, initially in and around Nottingham, until moving to Norfolk in 1966, where I still live.

I hope to send you more memories later

**Ken Jones**

## FROM MIKE HOPEWELL



*[Mike writes: This year is the 60th anniversary of Margaret's and my wedding, and I told Colin that I would send him a contribution. Well, after a long while recovering from a sciatica attack, here it is. I was a student pilot and later a Qualified Flying Instructor at RAF Driffield, Yorks. This was the system in the 1950s when Russia was hostile and the RAF was in need of many new squadrons to defend the frontier along the 'Iron Curtain' in Europe. - Mike]*

### **JEOPARDY! — A SHORT AVIATION STORY**

The year is early 1950's at the RAF Advanced Flying School Driffield (a.k.a. 'The Blood Bath'). The training aircraft in use are the Meteor 7; a dual seat, in tandem, twin jet fighter training aircraft; the pupil in the front seat, the QFI in the rear. The other aircraft in this remarkable flying incident is a Meteor 4, the single seater fighter aircraft, used for the 'solo training' half of the Jet flying course. It was famously used at the end of the World War 2 to destroy the German V1 (Doodlebug) since it was one of the few RAF aircraft fast enough to catch it!

The landing circuit for nearly all aircraft landing at service and civil airfields is normally a left hand one. After calling the control tower for landing permission, giving identification details and QFE (query field elevation - altimeter shows zero on touchdown), then calling 'Down Wind' at about 1200 feet and opposite the runway heading, then 'Finals' on turning and descending on to the runway heading, the landing can take place. With training aircraft the turning on to the final approach position is judged to give a reasonable time to settle onto a straight approach path with partial flap setting and steady descent path to the touchdown point, just after the runway markings.

In the bizarre landing of the two aircraft involved, one a dual and one a single pilot, they had got themselves on the final approach together, *one above the other*. This was probably due to the single pilot extending his downwind leg to give himself a longer final approach during which to judge his height and speed, but ending up too low and needing to open up his power to maintain height until closer to the runway.

Both the control tower and the senior NCO in the runway observation caravan<sup>1</sup> were now in a difficult position, and decided not to order overshoot in case both aircraft did so and inadvertently collided with each other, so close were they at this point.

Everyone watched nervously as the two aircraft carried on their own landing approach and finally, almost as if in perfect aerobatic formation, landed, one perfectly placed on top of the other. So perfectly placed were they that none of the pilots realised where the other aircraft was, until they climbed out of their cockpits. The single pilot below thought his under-carriage had collapsed with a very heavy landing, which of course, it had. The QFI in the upper aircraft, thinking that they had burst their tyres with a very heavy landing, jumped down to the ground from double the normal height and broke his ankle. All three fliers, not to mention those watching in horror, were overjoyed that no one was seriously injured after such a hair raising result. All from such a small error of judgement.

It was probably a unique occurrence.

**Best wishes to all OPs, Mike.**

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<sup>1</sup> His task was to check 'undercarriage down' and if not to fire a red Very light signal instructing the pilot to 'overshoot' i.e. not attempt a landing this time.



## FROM DAVID CROSSLAND

### The Bestwood Prefects' Room

As a sequel to Brian Knight's article in the November issue, I would like to add my memories of the 'Prees' Room' at Gainsford Crescent.

The room was on the ground floor of the Science Block and was long and narrow; a window at one end and the door (and hazardously placed dart board) at the corridor end. The sides had rows of coat-hooks and benches with lockers beneath. As at Stanley Road, younger visitors arrived to hand in lines which we had imposed.

We had unlimited supplies of milk because all surplus bottles after break were delivered to our room. However, we thought we'd prefer tea or coffee so I brought a light fitting adaptor and a length of cable from home. We clipped the cable to the ceiling, down the wall and into a locker via a hole in the top. Someone else brought an old kettle and we were in business. The next locker held our mugs, tea bags, coffee and sugar.

Another lad then found an old toaster which was duly wired in (bread courtesy of 'Ma' Sales in the kitchen) but inevitably, when both appliances were running, the fuse in the lighting circuit blew. No worries. We had (several copies of) a school master key (how we acquired these is another story) and knew that the main fuse board for the block was in the adjacent lab (Oscar Carlisle's lab I think) so it was easy for us to rewire the fuse. After a while this chore became a bit tedious so we simply replaced the fuse carrier with a 6 inch nail — job done! As far as I know that illicit and highly dangerous nail was still in place when the school was demolished!

**David Crossland 1961-64**

ooOoo

## FROM GERALD TAYLOR

### **Good Morning, Colin.**

Herewith, as they say, a short recollection of one of our distinguished Old Boys. I would like to offer my congratulations to Ken Olisa on his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Greater London, as reported in The Pavior in May last year.

I remember him when we were both at High Pavement. He was a year ahead of me but he was known not only to me but also, it seemed, to the whole school, and was very well liked. This was demonstrated on one Speech Day, when prizes were being presented. There was the usual polite but perfunctory applause as the various prize-winners stepped up in turn to collect their awards. Then 'Ollie' was called forth. The applause became enthusiastic and thunderous, and was augmented by cheering.

I recall that he lent, sold, or gave (probably gave) me a 'Biggles' book, which had his name written inside. I have still got plenty of Biggles stories, my literary tastes not having advanced with age nearly enough to make up appreciably for bodily decomposition; but what has happened to that particular book I do not know. So if Ken should read this, it is to be hoped that he is not in a position to recall our transaction as a loan.

**Gerald Taylor  
(High Pavement 1964-71)**

## FROM ALEX RAE

### A contact via the website

[NB. It is our policy in such cases not to send a member's details to an enquirer but to forward the enquiry and allow the member to make the first contact.]

1. *An Old Pavior, Richard Ward, not an HPS member but a reader of our HPS website sent a message via our webmaster:*

'Hello, I have just gone on the site for the first time and noticed comments on the death of Stan Middleton by Alex (Rae), who was a friend throughout my time at High Pavement [1966-73]. I have only seen him once since and wondered if you have any contact details. Thanks for your help and I much enjoyed the memories!' **Richard Ward.**

2. *The message was passed to me, Alex Rae, and I responded to The Pavior:*

'I was very friendly with Richard Ward throughout my time at High Pavement (1966-1973). I would really like to make contact with him again. I will contact Richard at his email address. I will let you know of what transpires.' **Alex.**

3. *This was the next message I was able to send to The Pavior:*

'I have now made contact with Richard Ward. We are having lunch next week. I very glad that he got in touch. Kind regards.' **Alex.**

4. *Followed by:*

'Thanks to the High Pavement Society website, I had a very enjoyable lunch with Richard Ward (my fellow Old Pavior from the 1966-1973 stable). I had not seen him since 1992.

*(and a footnote)* A friend (ex-Derby School) has just returned from a walking holiday in the Western Cape, South Africa. Two of the participants ('Richard' and 'Ian') were Old Paviors from the Stanley Road era. A small world! Hope all is well.' **Alex**

*[Watch this space! -Ed]*

ooOoo

### APPEALS FOR INFORMATION

Two appeals for information about their deceased relatives have been received by the Society.

1. I am wondering if you would be able to assist me. My father passed away last week and I am trying to find some information about his childhood. I believe that my father **Kenneth Anthony Roberts** attended High Pavement at the same time as Peter Bowles, do you or one of your fellow students happen to have any pictures or information that you would be able to share with me please?

Dad was born on the 1.8.1937 so I presume he was at High Pavement from 1948 – 1954.

Thank you for your assistance in this matter.

**Karen Jermy**

2. I am researching my father, **Michael John Sadler**, who died in 2015. He was born on 1939 and as I understand it he attended High Pavement during the 50's. I am trying to find out the dates that he attended the school, and if possible any information about his time there, pictures would be fantastic. Many thanks for your help.

**Dominic Sadler**

**Any reader who may have information to help in these enquiries may make contact via the editor.**

## A MESSAGE FROM THE TREASURER

### ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS – NO CHANGE !

At the AGM in September I reminded the members present that one of our biggest on-going costs is postages – having nearly doubled in five years. It was then suggested by some members that your Committee should consider increasing the annual subscription accordingly.

The Committee took the opportunity to look at the suggestion in the light of the accounts that were presented at the meeting and it was felt that the healthy balance would allow us keep our subscriptions at the same level for the foreseeable future.

However, the Committee feel that we should endeavour *to use emails whenever the opportunity arises* and we ask that all members who have the facilities allow us to communicate in this efficient and economic manner.

Production and postage of ‘The Pavior’ for all of our members within this country and abroad will continue on a quarterly basis. **Robin Taylor**

## REPORT FROM THE SOCIETY’S ARCHIVIST

**Gentlemen,**

We are all interested in the history and past times of our old school and to this end I have explored many of the resources available. At present I have researched the following, much of which is in the County Records Office:

### **Databases for School Admission Registers**

1872 – 1919; 1930 - 1943

The gap years are available but not accessible due to the recent 100 years clause prohibiting use of data which might affect people still living.

### **School Magazines**

These are available at The County Records Office and the Local Studies Dept. at Nottingham Central Library. A small number are in the possession of the Society but no one has a complete set. I have compiled a synopsis of most of those available.

### **The Newspaper Archive**

This consists of a list of articles generally in the Evening Post dating from 1848 to 1939. At present this work is on-going. Some of the references on our database are accessible on-line.

### **School Log Books**

These date from around 1900. I have a selection of interesting pages listed.

### **School Scrapbook**

This covers the years from 1947 to 1952. It was kept by the School secretary, Miss Kathleen Chawner, and her assistant Miss Jean Scott. I have listed the contents of these volumes and also have prepared lists of pupils with appropriate page numbers concerning their individual entries, for example: ‘Jack Archer’ is listed on 17 separate pages.

### **High Pavement Chapel**

I have completed a list of members of this institution who took part in WW1.

### **Members of Staff**

There are numerous lists available.

## **World War 1 Memorial**

This is on permanent display at the High Pavement City Sixth Form College. Peter Foster and I are hoping to finish a book concerning those ex-pupils who died in WW1. It is quite an extensive volume thus far.

## **World War 2**

Records of those years were covered quite admirably by Mr Fred Page (himself a former military man) and his book in our possession includes a list of all ex-pupils who went to war, as well as listing those who died, those who were taken prisoner, those who gained extra awards and those Mentioned in Despatches. He also gives a list of members of staff called up.

## **Work in progress**

I have lists of the Documents Held by Nottinghamshire Archives, also those in the Documents Library of Nottingham University and The Local Studies Library, Angel Row.

I still have early admission registers to research.

## **HP Sixth Form College (aka 'Academy')**

An access file for the holdings at the college is available. A team consisting of John Elliott and myself are hoping to comb through the large number of photographs stored there in the near future.

## **School Scholarships**

A study of these, awarded from pre 1900, is on-going.

## **Girls who attended High Pavement**

I have a list of many of these, some of whom subsequently went to the newly opened Manning School in 1933.

**If there are any enquiries about the School's archive history please contact me by email**  
[lancwright@btinternet.com](mailto:lancwright@btinternet.com) **Lance Wright**

**ooOoo**

## **OUR FORERUNNERS**

*Among Lance Wright's researches he has discovered that this Society was preceded by a similar organisation as long ago as 1908. This item is from the Nottingham Evening Post of March 30<sup>th</sup> in that year.*

### **NOTTINGHAM OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION**

The inaugural meeting of the People's College and High Pavement Old Scholars' Association was held at High Pavement School on Saturday Evening. There was a large attendance, including a good proportion of ladies<sup>2</sup>. Councillor F Berryman presided.

Any scholar of a year's standing or any member of the teaching staffs of either school is entitled to membership.

Councillor E L Manning<sup>3</sup> was unanimously elected president, Mr W Hugh<sup>4</sup> and Mr E Francis vice-president, Mr J W Peet secretary, Mr F Tunsley treasurer and Messrs L Saywell and Kaye auditors. On the suggestion of Mr Berryman it was decided to enlarge the number of the committee from eight to eighteen<sup>5</sup>, and that six members of the committee should retire every year, and the committee was then appointed.

<sup>2</sup> High Pavement was then a mixed school.

<sup>3</sup> Probably the gentleman after whom the Manning School was named.

<sup>4</sup> Then Headmaster of High Pavement, possibly Mr Francis was head of the People's College.

<sup>5</sup> ...and to think we struggle to raise six!

## A NEW 'BESTWOOD' SUB-COMMITTEE

At its meeting earlier in February the Society's Committee appointed John Mason, John Elliott and David Crossland to act as a sub-committee dealing with matters specifically concerning the Bestwood (Gainsford Crescent) era, particularly the task of contacting new members.

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## A MESSAGE TO THE BESTWOOD ALUMNI

**Gentlemen,**

Your Society definitely needs *you*, or more specifically those of you who, like me, attended High Pavement School when it was located at Bestwood. This call is not to go to war, but *is*, most certainly, to help us in our battle (if that's not too strong a word) to increase our membership. We want to recruit from the great number of former pupils who attended the new school between 1955, when it opened, until its closure as a grammar school in the early 1980's.

The greatest proportion of our current members still comes from the stalwarts of Stanley Road and, not to be too ageist, these wonderful fellows are beginning to decline in numbers and need bolstering by some 'New Young Blood'.

Those who read this are already members, so you will appreciate the value of the society, but many of you are still in touch, either regularly or infrequently with former school mates who themselves are *not* members of the Society, or even worse, do not know of its existence!

If any of you have such friends or acquaintances, please talk to them about the society and its values, get them to contact me through my email [j.mason.144@uwclub.net](mailto:j.mason.144@uwclub.net) and I will try and convince them of the need to help our numbers to grow.

Our membership is currently at an all-time high (just) but we still need more. Please help us to achieve this goal. I understand that the society is not for everybody, but any increase generated from the 'Bestwood lot' would be most welcome. So please, as the original Lord Kitchener poster might have said, 'do your bit' and ask around your friends.

If you feel unhappy about taking on the task of pushing the Society forward in this way then just send me the email address of anybody you know who was at school with you, and we will do the rest.

**Carmen Paviorem and all that,**

**John Mason.**



## PUB LUNCH NEWS

### Christmas Lunch 2015



The 2015 Grand Christmas Lunch (as advertised) of the High Pavement Society was held on Monday 21<sup>st</sup> December at the Welbeck Hall Banqueting Suite by the side of the Trent, near the Suspension Bridge. We have held our Reunion Dinners there for many years and it was thus one of our more familiar haunts.

The Society had received 46 acceptances but three guests were unable to attend, including Derek Robinson who had been taken ill that day. We hoped his recovery will be swift. Needless to say the 43 members, wives and friends present were in convivial mood.

We were pleased to see our member Harold Blythe who had travelled that morning from far-flung Fleetwood to be with us. Also we were honoured by the presence of our good friend Denise Jelly, Principal of our namesake institution, High Pavement City Sixth Form Academy.



A few shots of the assembled company enjoying our traditional 'post prandial' conversation.

The new management of Welbeck Hall delivered an excellent Christmas lunch, or an equivalent repast for those who had to ration their turkey intake. The climax was the arrival of the head waiter carrying the ceremonial pudding, decorated with blazing fireworks rather than traditional brandy. No doubt the brandy available had been used in other ways.



After we had eaten, our Chairman, Ken Kirk, proposed the Loyal Toast and also the toast 'High Pavement' duly acknowledged by Denise Jelly. Our Chairman welcomed one and all to what he termed the Society's 'Christmas Party' and bestowed a particular greeting on our President, George Taylor who sat among us.

Then, wearing the paper hats so explosively extracted from our crackers, we did a little circulating among our friends and remembered the old times. Eventually Ken called all the Paviors present to step forward for the traditional singing of the School Song: *Carmen Paviorum*. This was performed with the usual gusto before we completed our Christmas gathering. We left to continue our joyful festivities over the next few days, feeling that Christmas 2015 had got off to a good start.

## **OUR NEW END PIECE**

*[Editors note: As was announced earlier we had finally exhausted the supply of extracts from Arnold Brown's memoirs and needed to turn to other sources of material. Last time Tommy Gee provided an entertaining article, this time we have an account of another adventure of Tony Husbands. Does anybody else have one they could send us?]*

### **Pavior Travels to Central Asia and Returns**

Once again I am attempting to describe one of my adventures working, as before, for the same analytical instrument company. All the events described happened at the height of the Cold War and on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain.

It is also worth noting that at this period of time communications out of the Soviet Union were at best poor and smart phones and laptops had not been invented. The reasons for these comments will hopefully become apparent.

Credit cards were not used on the wrong side of the Curtain. Therefore we had to rely on travellers' cheques and cash or more specifically dollar notes. I duly put in a request for a very large amount of cash and travellers' cheques. Within a very short time our financial controller came down to see me and asked where I was going on this occasion. When I answered 'Tashkent' he replied 'You are the first of us to cross the Urals!'

I had flown to Moscow on a number of occasions previously but this trip required me to change airports in Moscow from the International to the domestic airport. The internal flight from Moscow to Tashkent was quite enlightening. It was on this occasion that I discovered where the former field event female athletes from the Soviet Union found employment. They re-emerged as stewardesses on the internal Aeroflot flights. Rumour had it that they had to be seated over the centre of gravity to allow take off. I suspected that they could also have played front row for Pontypool. The famous Welsh and British Lion incumbents were lightweight by comparison. I should perhaps add that the flight from Moscow to Tashkent took more than four hours on a *IL 62*, a copy of the British VC10.

There were three different British companies at the exhibition and a total of four people to man the three stands. We duly started to organize the exhibition and I encountered the following problem. My instrument was in a long articulated lorry behind some large centrifuges that weighed in excess of a ton. This would not normally be a problem but the locals had overturned the hydraulic truck we used for unloading and spilt all the hydraulic fluid. I therefore had a stand but no instrument to display. Fortunately when I went in the following morning the problem had been solved as the hydraulic truck was now functional. There were a number of suggestions on what fluid had been used as a substitute. The majority of opinion was that natural body fluids had been used but as long as the hydraulics worked I was not concerned.

The exhibition went quite well with some interest and without too many 'rent a crowd' visitors. The only other recurring problem was the fact that one of our interpreters was an unusually attractive blonde who was herself attracted to the occupants of the Danish exhibits. Their stand was very well stocked with aquavit, a potent spirit loved by the Danes. I determined the potency of this spirit since every time I went to the stand to reclaim our interpreter I seemed compelled to drink another aquavit as a thank-you for her loan. The return trips to my own stand became progressively more unsteady through the course of the day!

One of the highlights of the trip was a possibility of a visit to Samarkand. Two of us went as the other two drew the short straws and had to man the stand. The trip there was by bus across the hungry steppe during which we saw few signs of habitation.

On arrival at Samarkand I was completely spellbound by the beauty and the extent of the Islamic architecture. We also visited the site of an enormous astronomical sextant which had been used many centuries before to plot the position of the stars. A display showed the similarity between the positions plotted on the large sextant and those achieved by modern techniques. This science was being carried out centuries before similar work was achieved in the UK. Their local market was quite different as all the traders and visitors were dressed in the local costume and it looked for all the world like a film set of Genghis Khan.

Dining in Tashkent was a challenge but we did find a restaurant cum dance hall which we promptly christened the *Tashkent Palais*. The other unusual trip was to the opera house in Tashkent. The opera presented was Rigoletto which was sung in Russian. The music was very good but my Russian was almost non-existent, hence the plot was difficult to follow. The refreshments at the interval were unusual as the food appeared to be Cornish Pasties. These were promptly christened 'Tashkent Pasties' and they were accompanied by *champagne!*

On the last day of the exhibition we all booked out of the hotel as we were due to travel to the airport as soon as we had packed up the exhibition. I therefore went to the exhibition and packed my instrumentation but was then informed that the Soviet purchasing agency wished to buy my instrument off the exhibition and they would contact me as we both needed a signed contract. The day passed by and my fellow exhibitors had packed their stands and departed to catch the bus to the airport. It became apparent that *I* had problems concerning my return to the UK.

Eventually I got the contract signed. By now, not only had the bus gone but the internal flight as well. I was therefore in the unenviable situation of being a very long way behind the Iron Curtain with out of date tickets and no hotel room. This combination of factors tended to concentrate my thoughts somewhat. The first priority was to find a bed for the night and I therefore went back to the hotel that I had vacated that morning.

On arrival at the hotel I smiled widely which was essential when dealing with hotel staff in those days. I then asked if I could have my old room for another night. This request received the expected reply stating that it was quite impossible. This was a standard response which I had encountered on many occasions. I then asked with an even bigger smile could I speak to their superior which I did eventually. A deal was then concluded that I could have my old room for the princely sum of fifty US dollar bills. I had therefore achieved my first objective.

I then attempted to send a message to Cambridge saying that I would be delayed by one day and could they ring my wife to let her know. This was conducted by telephoning Moscow and dictating a telex to this effect to our shared office in Moscow. I later learnt that the message was received in Cambridge saying

‘TONY IS NOT COMING HOME!’

I now had to organize my return journey. The internal flight to Moscow was achieved by perseverance and dollars. Fortunately I did get back into Western Europe via Copenhagen, as it was the first available flight to the west. The remainder of the journey was easy. I sometimes wonder whether Taffy Davies' sermons at assembly, about thinking for yourself and not following the herd, helped in these circumstances. **Best wishes to all Pavlovs, Tony.**