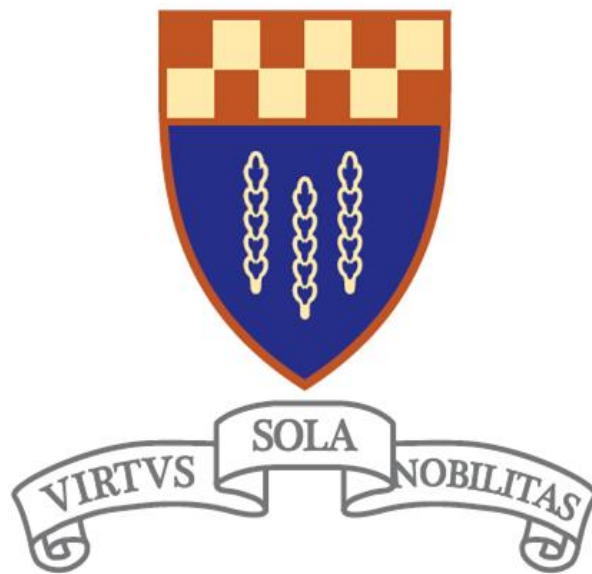


# The Pavior



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

February 2017

### **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: Vacant**

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The HP Society website address is: [www.highpavementsociety.org.uk](http://www.highpavementsociety.org.uk)



#### **Faces to Remember**

**Arthur Edward Watthey**

**Languages Master at High Pavement**

**1948-54**

## **THE COMMITTEE-MEN'S COLUMN**

### **EDITORIAL**

Your editor wishes to announce that we have in this month's *Pavior* two special articles, both of which refer back to previous issues of *The Pavior*. On page 4 there is an article by Ken Olisa, whose career and distinguished appointment as Her Majesty's Lord-Lieutenant for Greater London was described earlier by Richard Tresidder of the Evening Post.

Secondly on page 6 there is a follow up to our article in the November 2013 issue about a mysterious book sent to the Society by an anonymous donor. The original owner was called Edward Dance but we knew nothing else about him, except that he was an Old Pavior in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. This month's article reveals how the mystery was finally solved.

**Colin Salsbury**

### **A Message about the Chairman, Ken Kirk**

The members of the committee were a little surprised to hear from our Chairman, Ken Kirk that he had been in Grantham Hospital for a hip replacement and was now recovering. This news was mildly astonishing to us all. 'Why no advance warning of this major re-fit?' we asked each other in dismay. The fact was more serious. Ken had suffered a fractured femur and the hip replacement was a consequence of that event. We hope he makes a speedy recovery.

This draws attention to the almost desperate need for the Society to enlarge its committee, as described in Ken's message to the membership in the November issue. Alas, the number of wise counsellors stepping forward to fill the vacant seats at the board room table has been exactly zero. For this dismaying reason we have inserted his message again. Needless to say Ken is fulfilling such duties as he can from his sick-bed but we do need more help!

### **A Message from the Chairman, Ken Kirk**

As Chairman of the Society, I have been fortunate indeed to have received overwhelming support from every member of your Committee. However, we have to recognise that *anno domini* is relentless, and as a consequence, we must always be on the lookout for new blood. The latest to have to drop out is David Crossland (with serious health problems) so I make no apology for again asking volunteers to step forward to assist with the task of keeping this Society functioning.

You would be required to attend a meeting only once every two months, for about one hour. The location is a meeting room at my offices, Page Kirk, on Gregory Boulevard (parking available)<sup>1</sup>. Naturally, coffee and biscuits are supplied. Other than that, you would only be asked to volunteer assistance with other tasks if you were able.

Please therefore give it some thought and see if **you** could possibly help us. The need is great.

**Ken Kirk**

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<sup>1</sup> Occasionally we are invited to hold our meeting at the High Pavement City Sixth Form Academy in Chaucer Street in the city centre. Our reception there is always most hospitable.

## **FROM OUR READERS**

### **FROM KEN OLISA**

#### **What being a Lord-Lieutenant really means**

Over my first eighteen months as HM Lord-Lieutenant of Greater London I have found myself having to answer two questions – “What exactly is the Lord-Lieutenant of Greater London?” and “Gosh! In that case, how on earth did you end up being it?”

Both questions are reasonable – I confess that before being approached by the Prime Minister’s Appointments Secretary, I hadn’t realised that the world’s greatest City enjoyed the same status as the UK’s smallest county. The Lieutenancy seemed to be one of those slightly dusty but charming anachronisms like the High Sheriff, held by belted Earls and Knights of the Realm steeped in rural life. After all, London doesn’t have a County Agricultural Show or even a County Hall any more – why would it need a Lord-Lieutenant?

Nothing could be further from the truth and the role of the Lord-Lieutenant is, I would argue, as relevant in the 21<sup>st</sup> century as it was when Henry VIII created it in the 16th. Back then, he was (apparently) concerned about the burgeoning power of his official county representatives – the Sheriffs. It’s OK if your Sheriffs are content to do your bidding but less attractive if there is a risk that they might get above themselves. As a result, the King divided the Sheriff’s responsibilities into two, leaving the judiciary and tax collecting with the shrievalty but laying the task of raising the army and quelling riots on the epaulettes of the newly created Lord-Lieutenant.

The job of raising armies was moved to the MoD (surprisingly recently in the early years of the 20<sup>th</sup> century) and that of quelling riots was given to the police but upholding the dignity of the Monarchy has remained with the Lord-Lieutenant. The Monarchy takes the role most seriously, While the term of a High Sheriff is of one year’s duration, that of a Lord-Lieutenant lasts until the holder is 75 which, in my case, and assuming that I’m not struck down prematurely (God willing!) gives me ten more years to do what I can to enhance the dignity of the Monarchy across Greater London. That obligation consists of five principal activities:

- **Royal visits:** whenever Her Majesty or a member of the Royal family visits London I, (or one of my 100-plus Deputy Lieutenants) is there to welcome them to my County. Deputies are distinguished Londoners prepared to contribute to the Lieutenancy and recognisable by the post-nominal ‘DL’;
- **Military liaison:** I am President of the Greater London Reserve Forces and Cadets Association and have the pleasure of inspecting parades, laying wreaths, awarding medals and promoting the services at every opportunity;
- **Honours and Awards:** I am consulted about the suitability of nominations for community honours, I officiate at Investitures for the British Empire Medal and confer higher honours if the recipient is unable (perhaps through ill health) to attend the Palace. I am also heavily involved in promoting Queen’s Award for Voluntary Service and do all I can to encourage people to nominate members of their community who have made an exceptional contribution to life in London;
- **Civic and charity support:** I have 32 Representative Deputy Lieutenants – one for each Borough of London – who work closely with elected representatives (local police chiefs plus other civic and voluntary leaders) to pursue mutually beneficial objectives; and finally:

- **Community engagement:** I then have a wide-ranging brief to encourage and support positive community cohesion and engagement throughout the capital's many communities.

I have embodied these responsibilities in a proactive strategy – *Building bridges for a fairer London* – which can be found on my website at [www.greaterlondonlieutenancy.com](http://www.greaterlondonlieutenancy.com). This plan stands on three legs: Faith, Heritage and Occupation and three distinguished Deputies chair Lord-Lieutenant Councils for each leg, looking for ways in which my capabilities to convene, honour, advocate and encourage can be mustered in Her Majesty's name to enhance the sense of belonging and inclusion amongst the world's greatest city's eight and a half million people. All of which is both as important and as much fun as it sounds.



▲ Ken Olisa, extreme left, presents the nation's top brass, plus the (then) Lord Mayors of the City of London and of the City of Westminster, to Her Majesty the Queen in preparation for the arrival of the President of Colombia. There are one or two familiar faces which we might recognise.

Thank goodness for the 21<sup>st</sup> century – I would much rather receive Her Majesty the Queen on a visit to open the Francis Crick Institute or to rename Crossrail the

Elizabeth Line than ride around the county pressing able-bodied men into the local regiment!

While I don't have any equestrian duties, I do have a rather splendid uniform complete with sword and spurs which never fails to add a certain gravitas to the more formal occasions. Although this uniform was made for me by my tailor in Savile Row (*Henry Poole & Co for the cognoscenti!*) I don't think wearing it makes me feel any more proud than I did when I first tried on my school uniform all those years ago – but it does fit rather better as I have no intention of growing into it!



Writing this piece does make me wonder how dear old Mr ‘Puff’ Graham would react to discovering that the boy to whom he taught the Tudors has ended up as the Monarch’s representative – and therefore at the head of the Order of Precedence – in a role that dates back to Henry VIII! Which brings me to that second question, to which the answer is – you will have to ask Her Majesty.

Lord-Lieutenants (the title is hyphenated and so the plural is written thus – Stanley Middleton would be proud of me!) are not selected as result of responding to advertisements placed in the newspapers. I was appointed by The Queen on the advice of her Prime Minister having been approached, out of the blue, by the PM’s Appointments Secretary. But I do have sympathy with those who say – “Gosh, how did this former schoolboy from Hyson Green end up taking the salute at the 2015 Beating Retreat in front of 8,000 seated in Horse Guards Parade or being the first person whom Her Majesty introduced to the President of China on his State visit?”

Well, I can state (without fear of contradiction to this magazine’s readership) that my time at High Pavement certainly played a major part in the good fortune which led me to be the representative of the world’s most admired leader in the world’s greatest city. The breadth of knowledge and love of learning instilled in me by our dedicated Masters formed a solid foundation on which I have been able to build a successful business career. Indeed, it was to escape the dreaded cross-country running that led me to take up the school’s offer of learning programming on Nottingham University’s Atlas computer. This in turn led me into a career in IT. Equally, High Pavement’s commitment to the community (in my case via active membership of its Old People’s Welfare Committee), coupled with the egalitarianism of the school song, honed my social conscience and sense of philanthropy.

And so, I can only assume that it was my life as a businessman and philanthropist which led the PM’s Appointments Secretary to my door. But as I say the only person who can answer the second question with any certainty is Her Majesty the Queen!

**Ken Olisa**

**ooOoo**

### **FROM ALAN DANCE**

#### **The Mystery of Edward Dance**



*[Editor’s note: Back in 2013 the society received from an unknown donor a folder of pages from the workbook of **Edward Dance**, a pupil of the old High Pavement School, then actually on High Pavement. An enclosed note said it had been found among a parcel of books bought at an auction. The*

*work was in exquisite copper plate with many decorative titles wreathed in scrolls wrought with the (quill?) pen. Various exercises and worksheets showed the study followed by a young man likely to enter clerical or commercial work after leaving school. The pages were featured in the Pavior for November 2013.*

*My daughter, Helen Salsbury, who was researching the 19<sup>th</sup> century history of the Broad Marsh area for her own purpose suggested I contacted **Alan Dance** the historical novelist who, she was aware, had family living in the area at the time. Alan has now sent this reply.]*

**Dear Mr Salsbury** In checking through some old emails, I came across the one you sent me in 2013 asking about Edward Dance. I had intended to do a bit of research to try and identify Edward Dance, but unfortunately this got overlooked, as I was so busy preparing a book for publication. However, I can provide some further information.

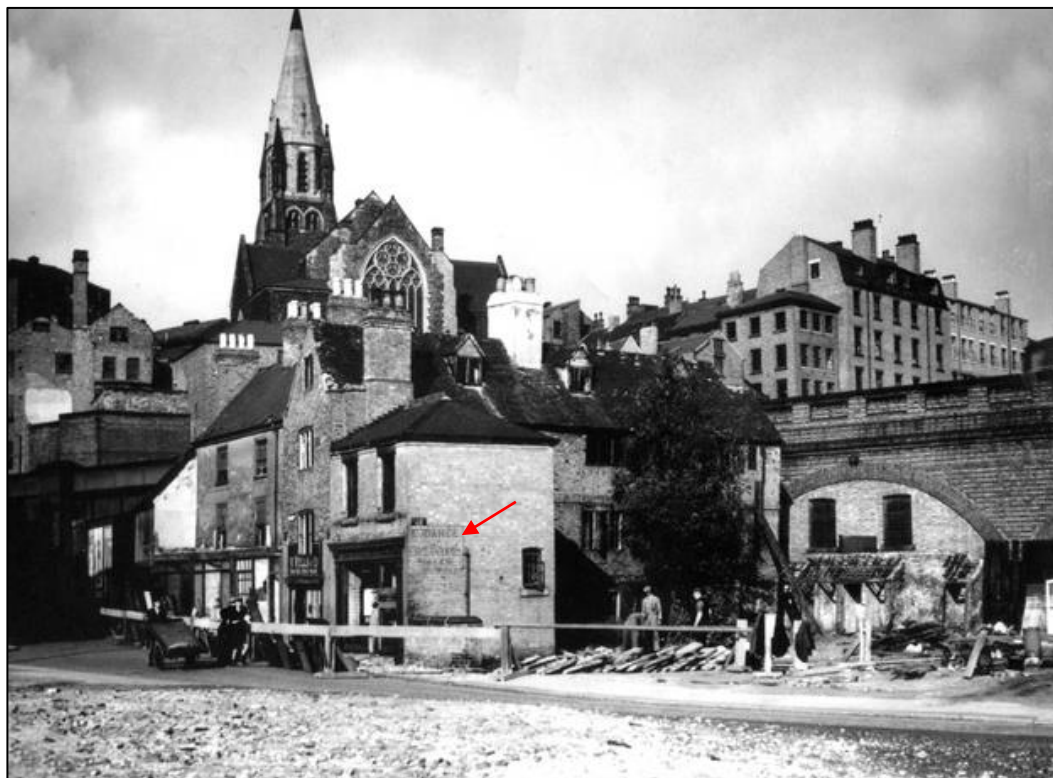
I have five ancestors named Edward Dance living in Nottingham during the 19<sup>th</sup> and into the 20<sup>th</sup> centuries, and strongly suspect that one of these is your Edward Dance. For various reasons I have eliminated two of them. The others are three generations of the same family:

1. Edward Dance 1833 – 1904 was the son of James Dance, a Framework Knitter who lived in the Narrow Marsh area. Edward was one of 12 children and was apprenticed to Walter Wells who had a fishing tackle shop at No. 1 Sussex Street (close to where the Broad Marsh Bus Station is now). In the 1851 census he was living with Walter Wells, being described as a ‘servant, fishing tackle journeyman’. Walter was actually Edward’s brother-in-law, as his sister Millicent married Walter Wells. Edward later took over the business and ran it for the rest of his life, expanding it to a fishing tackle shop and hairdresser.

2. Edward Dance 1868 – 1945 was the son of the above Edward. In the 1881 census he was a scholar, and in 1891 was a hairdresser in the family business, which he eventually took over from his father.

3. Edward Herbert Dance. Born 1894 (date of death unknown). He was the son of the above Edward and he attended Nottingham Boys High School. In the 1911 Census he was shown as a 16 year old scholar, living with his parents in West Bridgford. In the 1939 National Register he was living at Tettenhall, Staffs and was an ‘Assistant Schoolmaster, Secondary Grammar School’ (believed to be Wolverhampton Grammar School). He was the author of a number of history books, including ‘The Victorian’, published in 1928.

I suspect the identity of your Edward Dance is most likely to be **No. 2.**



I say this because No. 1 was apprenticed, whilst No. 3 attended the Boys’ High School. From where the family lived in Sussex Street it was only a very short walk up Garners Hill to school on High Pavement.

Finally, I attach a photograph of the hairdresser and fishing tackle premises in Sussex Street, taken shortly before demolition of

the area in the early 1930s. The name Edward Dance can be seen on the shop, and the name Walter Wells still appears on the adjacent shop.

**Regards, Alan Dance**

*[We are extremely grateful to receive this information and feel we can look with favour on the career of 'our' Edward. It would appear that the well-educated shopkeeper prospered and eventually moved to West Bridgford, sending his son to the Nottingham Boys' High School (which we can forgive) later to become a successful school teacher and historian. - CS]*

**ooOoo**

### **FROM MIKE HOPEWELL**

*[Mike sends us yet another of his flying reminiscences. You can't keep a good Old Pavior down! I think his audacity in this adventure is typical of the spirit we all developed in our school years-Ed.]*

#### **A Secret Night Flight with Margaret Hopewell**

It had always been my aim to make as many flights as possible, in as many different aircraft as possible, in order to enhance my flight times during military service in the RAF. Shortly before I retired from the Service in August 1958 I proposed to make a night flight in an old Anson 19 and thought it would be a suitable farewell, especially if I were to take my wife Margaret as (unofficial) passenger.

The plan was simple enough. On August 29th 1958 I would drive, with Margaret, from our house in nearby Fifield to a general night-flying session at the RAF Central Flying School at RAF Little Rissington, Gloucestershire. On the way I would drop her off at a spot by the perimeter hedge where there was a convenient hole to enter the airfield. I would report to No 2 Squadron operations hanger, change into flying gear, and go through the many routine steps of the pre-take off ritual.

The aircraft to be used that night were parked in front of the hanger on the main tarmac. Pre-start up checks were then made with the ground crew, then the tower were called for the night's duty. Many more steps followed: call ground crew for start-up; engines started; tower called for taxiing; clearance given: 'Taxi Runway 24 to warm-up area, then take off 'QCE' QNH.'

A wave from the ground crew and I taxied to the warm-up area near the hedge where Margaret was waiting (patiently). Brakes on, move down to door, open it. Motion to Margaret to run across and I help her inside. OK so far. Strap her into the co-pilot's seat and fix her helmet, put on mine and climb into pilot's seat, check she can hear me and we're ready (at last). I said it was a simple plan!

I requested the tower for permission 'Take-off and local flying'. Duly given. Then it was open up to take-off power, release brakes (don't forget). At approximately 65 knots pull gently back on control column, clear runway, undercarriage up, begin climb.

We were now over Bourton-on-the-Water, the Cotswolds, heading for Cheltenham I called them for our flight plan: Malvern, Gloucester, Oxford, Stow-on-the-Wold, back to base. We lived at Oddington so Margaret would know Stow as our nearest large village She had never flown before so all was new and strange but it was a clear night and the whole of the Thames and Severn valleys were laid out 5000 feet below us – exciting! And so we flew, she following me occasionally on the dual controls (her legs too short to reach the rudder bar!)



It was now time to return to Rissington so, heading back, I changed to approach channel to report our position. ‘Sorry Anson 521 Foxtrot 2 (our identification), there has been an accident on Runway 24. A training Vampire has lost control and is now stuck on the grass halfway down the runway!’ It continued, ‘You will have to divert to the US base at Brize Norton. Now this was a short distance from the Central Flying School at Rissington but they were not used to receiving their pilots with their wives on board for a night flight. We were down to circuit height, about 1200 feet, and could see the portable emergency lights on the runway, illuminating the Vampire which had partially sunk into the grass. Emergency vehicles stood nearby.

D.d. damn! Time for quick thinking! The Anson’s approach speed was about 85 knots and stall speed under power was 58 knots. Landing speed was 70 knots, brakes were ‘average’ (technical stuff!). The accident was halfway down the runway so that left 800 yards before it on which I might land and brake – a reasonable length in which to do so with the headwind.

‘Hello tower, Foxtrot 2 here. There’s no need for a diversion. Runway 24 has quite enough landing area for an Anson 19 to land and stop well before the top of the hill (there was a slight rise in the runway at Rissington) and the accident area.’

‘Roger Foxtrot 2. It would save a lot of bother and c/o of communications flight says OK go ahead.’

A lot of bother! Little did they know! We informed the emergency recovery staff and landed safely, well short of the accident area. ‘Clear now to taxi to dispersal, Foxtrot 2. Well done and thank you.’ Now all we needed to do was to drop Margaret at our hedge-hole position in the darkest part of the taxiway. No other aircraft moving. We stopped, I helped her out, away from the propellers. I got back inside, taxied to dispersal, shut down, signed out and said good night to the ground crew.

Then it was into the car and round to the hole in the hedge to pick up a cold but excited (and a little scared) *‘Pilot Officer (in her dreams!) Hopewell’*.

**Mike**

**ooOoo**

### **A POEM FROM RICHARD MASLEN**

#### **Absent Words**

I want to write  
the poet said  
about clouds across the moon  
how the edges filter smoky light  
sliding the circle into deep space  
when the last ragged wisps depart;

about the last rays of a November sun  
how the not-yet fallen leaves of an oak  
bloom deep amber  
and stop me in the lane

about slow smiles and eyes not believing  
how bodies send messages  
giving love skin against skin  
the sensuous touch of cool hands  
and brown fruits brushing my lips  
filling my mouth;

I want to write  
the poet said  
about that sort of thing  
but  
somehow the words won’t come.

### FROM MARTYN BEARDSLEY

**Dear Colin**, I'm not sure if I'm contacting the right person, but I discovered something on the internet recently which might be of interest to your members and to readers of the Pavior.

By chance, I came across an online article by a John Smith who turned out to be the son of **EWN Smith**, and as well as telling me things I didn't know about 'Compass Face', it's also very funny! A little detective work revealed that John Smith is John Dargavel Smith, a former professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge.

I'm not a member of the society myself, but I am an Old Pavior (1969-74) and a published author in a modest way. I still look back with great appreciation for the way English teachers like Messrs Smith, Middleton and Dobson helped pave the way for my writing career.

**Martyn Beardsley**

*[I replied to Martyn thus: 'Dear Martyn Thanks for your interesting mail. We have now both been down the same path but from different starting points.' I went on to say that some years ago we had discovered EWN's work of humour by a different route but I think many readers will not remember it or even have never encountered it. I therefore invited Martyn to select a few prime examples to cheer us up in this February gloom -Ed.]*

***A collection of genuine howlers collected by E.W.N. SMITH while examiner for the English Language exam for 16-year-olds (part of the then O/Level Examination) including exams set for former colonial countries as well as the UK, selected by Martyn Beardsley, who has added a comment or two in brackets.***

- (On a sign board) Vacant man wanted
- My girl friend & I are very thrusting with each other
- Pandemonium not only reigned, it poured
- 'The primary aim of education should be to equip a man to earn his own living. This is so important that it should be repeated. The primary aim of education should be to equip a man to earn his own living. Indeed, it cannot be said too often that the primary aim of education should be to equip a man to earn his own living.' [I strongly suspect that in this case the student was struggling desperately to fill all those scary acres of blank white paper while still trying to sound intelligent and earnest – a phenomenon I remember well...]
- When the wedding was over the bridegroom clasped his loved one tight in his arms, while the little organ began to swell & fill the room
- Pails & bowels were flung all over the plaice
- Later on the doctor gave him piles to relief him his pain
- Swollen dead bodies were taken to the doctor for cross-examination
- Both his legs were cut off, & both his hands, & most of his brains were hanging through the side of his head; & he was lying on his bed – crying [As you would, no doubt]
- In table-tennising a white ball, inform of an egg, is kicked between the two players
- Table-tennising is controlled by an Empirer. The two parsons toss the tennis ball to each other, & stroke it when they are chanced
- She had vital stastics – I did like them
- **Pidgin English, West Africa: Aeroplanes** = dem breeze lorries for up
- A Nigerian examiner's comment: 'A good essay, full of minor gross errors.'

ooOoo

## Treading the Boards

A few memories have emerged as I looked at an old magazine, of a fund raising concert put on April 1946 in the former Scout Hall in North Church Street (now demolished and redeveloped) by the High Pavement Scout Group, also designated as the 121<sup>st</sup> Nottingham. The programme consisted of *several* short plays plus other musical and comic turns to an audience mainly consisting of proud parents and friends.

The Senior Troop put on at least two of the plays, resulting in a rather thin spread of real talent. One of these was called '*When the Picture Falls*' and was, I seem to recall, a rather over-the-top creation in the style of the thrillers written by Edgar Wallace or John Dickson Carr. The plot mainly concerned two men of independent means in some kind of dispute while they stayed in an eerie house on whose wall hung an oil painting (the one due to fall). Derek Tonkin of this Society played one of the protagonists and I can't remember the other person after all these years. Possibly it was Michael Tomlinson

The dropping of the picture was reputed to be a harbinger of DEATH, about which everyone expressed their credulous concern. (I actually thought, this was a bit lame—why should a picture fall off the wall when it could easily be made quite secure?)

I played a minor role as the butler of the establishment. I was then a callow youth of 15 years and had no previous experience of acting, or butlering either, for that matter. However, I had only one speech and that mercifully short. I had to be in costume so I wore my father's wedding suit of black coat and pin-striped trousers, complete with a wing collar and a borrowed black bow tie. The effect was unconvincing in the extreme.

Of course there came a point in the play when the picture (skilfully fixed on a fine cotton thread by the stage manager, Chick Farr) did crash to the floor producing gasps of fear and even horror, only to be followed by a further crash as the butler's corpse fell to the floor from behind a curtain. All I can remember was the extremely painful impact for which I was completely unprepared as I slumped realistically at full length, as if I was falling on to a mattress. The audience cruelly laughed at my predicament, my only consolation was that there were no words to remember. Eventually my corpse was dragged away (sustaining yet more knocks) and the local village bobby was hurriedly summoned. He was played by my friend Bob Oldham, whom some of you may remember. Unfortunately the producer could not obtain a uniform for him to wear so he had to appear in a simple raincoat, as if he had been called away from some off-duty family activity.

A little investigation pointed the finger of suspicion at one of the two men mentioned earlier (not Derek, the other one) and when all eyes turned towards him he sat motionless in his chair, to be pronounced dead from self-administered poison. Talk about drama! Anyway two corpses is not a bad score out of a cast of six and we gratefully welcomed the final curtain.

By contrast all the other plays and entertainments were light-hearted and utterly enjoyable. One of these turns was provided by our present member, Brian Ferrill, assisted by a much smaller scout called David Fox, acting the parts of an exasperated ventriloquist and his unhelpful 'dummy'. The audience liked it anyway.

The evening was rated a great success in spite of our cod-drama and it was announced later that the sum of £7 had been donated to the Group's funds. Not bad for those days. It was worth the bruises!

CS



## **PUB LUNCH NEWS**

### **THE 2016 CHRISTMAS LUNCH**

The Mapperley Golf Club was again chosen for this, our special pub lunch, following the successful November event. This time an even larger group attended, which possibly was due to our advertising being circulated with the November *Pavior* (only for those resident in the UK!). Ken Kirk was in the chair and bid a warm welcome to all members and their guests



#### **The Pictures**

What a contented lot we were after our lunch! Our photographer tried to include everybody and apologises for anyone he omitted. It wasn't possible to put all the names in this box, so they have been left out. You all know who you are!

In a couple of cases - Pat Watkinson and Ray Bryson (complete with *Very Old Pavors* tie) they were not visible in their group photos and a special portrait was included (we try...)



There were 52 people present which was well up to our usual standard at Christmas. We were very pleased to welcome our



Honorary Member, Mrs Margaret Roberts OBE who for many years was a governor of High Pavement Grammar School. We devoured the excellent food provided, while we indulged in our usual social interaction.

Naturally, the gathering would not have been complete without a suitably festive



rendering of *Carmen Paviorum* and in response to our Chairman's request, (*nay demand*), all Old Paviors present assembled to give forth their cherished anthem. Stan Rhodes made the effort from his seat in front of Brian West and Derek Robinson.

The picture seems to be taken at the end where we extend the final syllable of *Consulam-ooos*. Robin Taylor clutches his heart with emotion. Noel Gubbins and Roy McClean lean

into the wind.

Two of our guests, **Trevor Fisher** and **Don Bryson**, sit somewhat bemused. Perhaps not understanding the Latin (do any of us?), or else put off by the two involuntary key changes which occurred. Rather an irregular performance perhaps but I'm sure it was one of which the composer, Stanley Nolan, would have been proud.

And so our celebration wound to a happy close as we departed full of pleasant memories.

**ooOoo**

### **THE HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY** **2017 ANNUAL REUNION DINNER**

#### **Advance Warning**

Our principal social function of the year will be held as usual at the **Welbeck Banqueting Suite, Welbeck Road, West Bridgford** on the evening of **Friday 28<sup>th</sup> April**. The usual invitations will be sent out beforehand. Moves are afoot to engage an interesting after-dinner speaker for the event.

The committee hope that as many as possible of our members and their guests will attend this year, possibly including members beyond normal range who might take the opportunity to visit Nottingham for the holiday weekend and perhaps meet former friends from school days. On the night there will be ample free off-street parking available with security supervision.

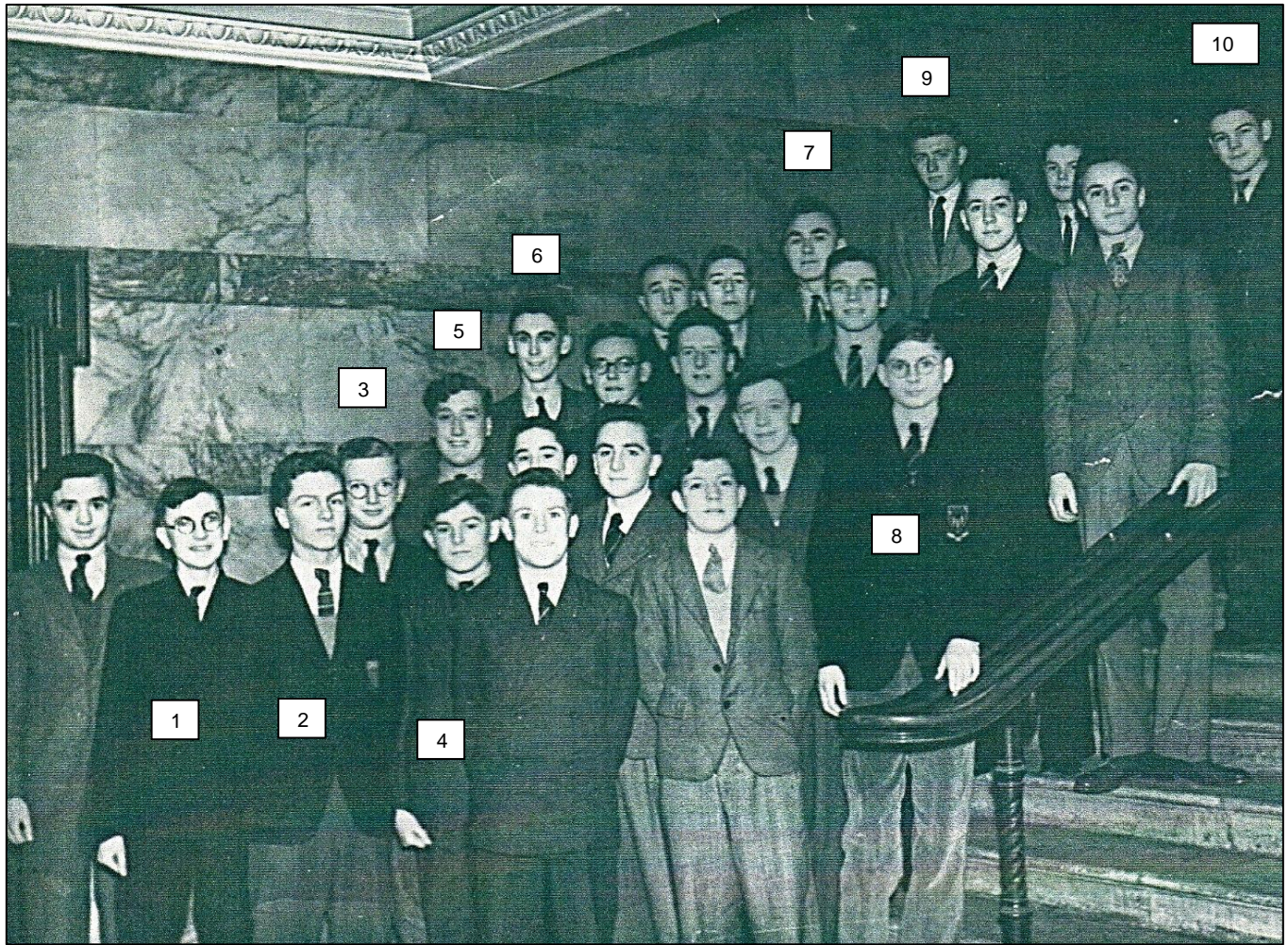
**ooOoo**

#### **WERNER LOGELAIN**

We have been informed that our loyal member Major (RE retd.) Werner John A Logelain has died earlier this year at the age of 87 years. We have been unable to contact any family but we are pleased to offer the Society's condolences.



## THE PRIZEWINNERS OF 194?



This photograph of the year's prize-winners, taken on the steps leading down to the vestibule of the Nottingham Albert Hall prior to the formalities of the Speech Day in 194?, was sent in by our member Derek Robinson. A few faces are recognisable to a fellow Pavior of that year and include:

1. Ken Jones (member HPS); 2. Rosse Heslop; 3. Don Hardstaff; 4. Alan Beck;
5. Archer Birch; 6. Arthur Munks; 7. Derek Robinson (member HPS); 8. Chas Lockwood;
9. Alan Peters; 10. Albert Gallichan.

Others are either undecipherable due to the photo's slight over-exposure, or we don't know them. Do you? Can you fill in the blanks? Do you know what year it was?

ooOoo

### OUR END PIECE



*[Tommy Gee, our member, professional eccentric and man of the world, sent this piece to me some time ago but I have now seen fit to include it as our End Piece because I think it is one of the most delightful pieces of name-dropping I have ever read. Please forgive the insertions in brackets which are mine and intended to help with comprehension – Ed]*

### I Once Met...

I once sent a contribution to *The Oldie* magazine for their 'I Once Met' page about a fellow County Councillor called Lady Felicity Longmore, which read:

“(The) West Sussex County Secretary arranged a briefing for new Councillors with the old hands present to assist in our initiation. I (TG) was a new boy and happened to sit next to a distinguished elderly lady who warned me about the enormous quantity of paper to be digested, and of the pressure to serve on committees of the Council and other public bodies such as technical college and school governing bodies, police authority and others. She seemed to know about the machinations of bureaucracy but was unaware that I was a seasoned bureaucrat myself with long experience of paper pushing and committee wrangling.

I was appointed to the property committee, which she chaired. At the first meeting we did not quite see eye to eye over the sale to TESCO of a piece of council land, compulsorily purchased once upon a time for road improvement but no longer required. It was the early days of supermarket expansion and what I perceived as a threat to city centre shopping.

We chatted over the tea break when I related my experience of the Third World (I was in the Colonial Civil Service). However, when she commented that she had once lived in India ‘at Vice- Regal lodge where *Daddy* was Viceroy’ (he was Field Marshal Lord Wavell, no less). I was taken aback - and humbled.

I told her that I had a copy of ‘Other Men’s Flowers’ the personal poetry anthology which her scholarly father had compiled in Delhi in 1943, said to be intended for officers serving overseas as it was so evocative of England. He had borrowed the title from Montaigne who wrote ‘*I have gathered a posie of other men’s flowers and nothing but the thread that binds them is my own*’. Wavell could at one time declaim all 200 or so poems in that anthology from memory. Churchill too had a prodigious memory and exercised that same gift. She (Lady L) told me that they had a room full of the anthologies, printed to war economy standards jointly by Cape and the Book Society. I commend this ‘old-fashioned father’s taste’ to the reader.” (Alas, my piece wasn’t published by the Oldie).

Some years later *The Oldie* did a kindly ‘*I remember*’ piece on Wavell which I clipped and sent to her as I doubted whether she would otherwise have seen it. Google reveals that Lady Felicity Wavell married Air Vice Marshall Sir Philip Longmore’s son in Delhi just before Mountbatten was shoe-horned into the Vice-Regality (Viceroyalty?) to off-load India from the dwindling empire. There is also on Google a wonderful Gaumont-British (or was it Movietone?) News clip of the happy couple in a state landau with all the trimmings of a royal wedding, but in Delhi. Lady Felicity, who is no longer with us, witnessed the end of an era, then back home became a staunch public servant.

The writer Marina Warner (Professor Dame Marina Warner) in the latest London Review of Books tells how her father, ‘Plum’ Warner, bought his young Italian bride a pair of hand-made brogues when she arrived in London from Bari at the end of WW2. I was reminded that I had done the same for my 17-year-old wife Anne to wear in the African bush - and green suede mosquito boots too. However, on our first trip home she had a wonderful pair of shoes made to measure in Rome. Henceforth *she* wore the Italian shoes, but not the heavy brogues.

At the end of my second tour I had to look after a UK Parliamentary delegation of three MPs headed by Bernard Braine, later father of the House, who became a good friend. On their return home by BOAC’s Avro Tudor he sat next to Anne who had our very young first born



with her. When the plane landed in Rome the shoemaker was at the foot of the ladder with another hand-made pair of shoes which she had ordered from him. She made Bernard look after Nathaniel in the plane, while the shoes were first fitted and then paid for, until she finally came back in to take charge of the infant. That couldn't happen today! Later I received an inscribed gold propelling pencil from the MPs for my services.

When I come to think, there are several more '*I once met*' stories to be told. During my short tenure of the very remote and undeveloped Bunyoro District of Uganda, which is separated from the Congo by Lake Albert, we had a film crew living in the railway paddle steamer on the lake. They were making the film '*The African Queen*' and our doctor was summoned because all, including both Humphrey Bogart and Katherine Hepburn, had a very bad go of the squitters. They had hired local staff who were using unboiled water from the lake, a lake into which everything was discharged. That's all I can remember, except that the small boat used in the film belonged to the administration. The discovery of oil in this lake has rather changed life for the Banyoro people who live there

Anne also 'once met' several distinguished people visiting Uganda. She met Tricky Dick Nixon, who gave the Governor a silver rose bowl during his 24 hour stay. Also the Queen Mum, who gave Anne a tortoiseshell comb with Royal crest set in silver, for services rendered. She stayed a whole week. After independence there was a flood of them: e.g. Golda Meier, Indira Ghandi, to whom I was introduced as 'Mrs Gee's husband', a title which stuck for some time. As the 'thin white line' (of expatriates in Africa) got thinner I received a letter on House of Commons notepaper from one Robert Maxwell MC MP, later known as the 'bouncing Czech', who wished to see me. He came to promote his education publishing company then in the ascendant.

Our grandest visit was from Emperor Haille Selassie of Abyssinia, who was an early victim of the end of the old regime. One of my first jobs was to nursemaid visitors (we all had to do it from time to time as people loved to visit strange places, especially MPs on expenses). Among these were the Ethiopian Vice Ministers of Education and Health - Vice because the Emperor himself (shades of Gilbert and Sullivan) was Minister of every Department. They had come South to find out for him whether our outstanding university medical school at Makerere was suitable for their Ethiopian students, a curious manifestation of African racism perhaps. They reported back to the Emperor that it was not a place to train their doctors. Brexiteers today echo similar sentiments

Colonial Secretaries I met included towering political figures such as Alan Lennox Boyd, who wore very strong perfume I recall, and Ian McCleod whose untimely death is said to have robbed us of a potential PM. John Stonehouse cut his teeth in Uganda, had problems, left, came back as an MP, and then fell (or swam) from grace. That too is a very good '*I once met*' story. I also recall the visit of a rich American who was in Africa to shoot game in my district. He wounded a lion and our District Game Warden, one Captain Wyndham, who was with him, went into scrub to finish it off, and the lion grabbed *him*. His gun bearer then fired at the lion to save his boss but unfortunately shot and killed Captain Wyndham. After, we cleared up his bungalow and found an enormous Nile perch preserved in formalin in his bath. He had caught this six foot long monster for display at a show in Rhodesia. We had to dispose of it as Saatchi had not yet started his collection.

**Tommy Gee**