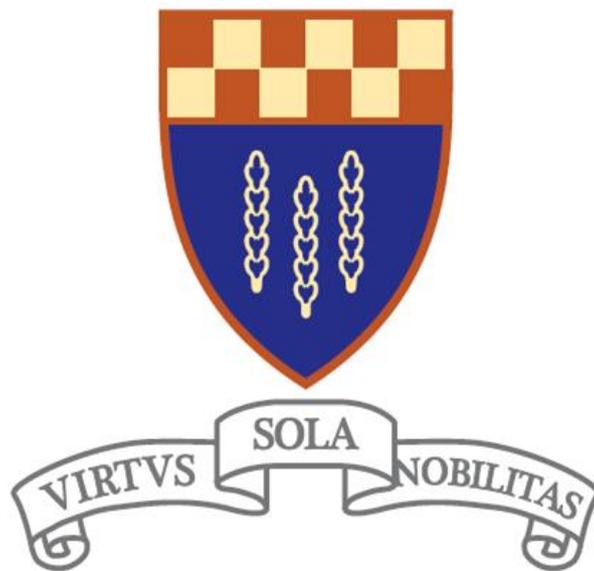


The Pavior



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

May 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!

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Faces to Remember

Mr Geoffrey H Poyser

Classics Master at High Pavement

1938-50

THE COMMITTEE-MEN'S COLUMN

Do Not Fail

If you enjoy our pub lunches (or would like to) and have email, look in your **Inbox** now.

A Publication Venture

Lance Wright of our committee has been in touch with local historian, Peter Foster who has compiled a new book commemorating all the Old Pavors who died during the first World War. Peter was invited to attend our committee meeting on March 8th when he described the aims and scope of his book and suggested it would be of great interest to members of the Society, especially those who had lost ancestors or other relatives during the conflict. He then asked the committee to provide some financial assistance in producing the finished article. After some discussion it was agreed to support the venture in the sum of £1200 from the Society's funds, to be recouped from sales at £10 per copy.

Mr Foster showed the committee a similar volume he had produced on a different topic, to give some idea of its format. It is an A4 sized book and will be illustrated appropriately. Details of its availability will be published in the Pavior in due course. **The Committee**

EDITORIAL

A Request for Help

Dear Sirs We are researching Henry Simpson, a lace manufacturer of Nottingham, who we understand set up a scholarship for boys at High Pavement Boys School. This scholarship was for boys to attend Nottingham University College. We believe it was in or around 1882. We are, rather desperately, trying to locate a photograph of Henry Simpson (or any information at all) and wondered whether you were aware of anything which would help us, even if a photograph is not available.

We have been through the 'Memories' section of the website and can't find anything there. Any information whatsoever would be greatly appreciated (and can be sent to us via the editor of The Pavior). **Teresa Batchelor, Nicholas Richardsons**

How did I become an editor?

This is a question I have asked myself many times. The newsletter began before I became a member, when our then Chairman/Secretary Arnold Brown issued a newsletter at random intervals, printed on one or two A4 sheets. His experience with composition and layout was limited and he often asked for a little help as he was 'never quite sure which buttons to press' I gradually took over the job of tidying up the document, which Arnold was happy for me to do on his behalf. It was during this time that he started to include extracts from 'Arnie's Book', a privately printed volume of his life story, and very entertaining too.

Then we opted to change our style to the little familiar A5 booklet we now use, although some might recall its covers were white at first. We also adopted the name of the former School Magazine, feeling that it ought to live on in memory of the old school itself. This was when I seized the reins and became the editor proper.

'Not a difficult job' you might say but it seems life-shortening sometimes. As soon as the final pages are proof read and sent off for printing I find myself staring at those blank pages and wondering if we will end up with enough material to fill them in three months' time! Well we usually do, thanks to those of our readers who send in their reminiscences and comments (like the prolific Tommy Gee), plus the pages of reports and notices which all good newsletters should carry. I thank everyone who helps me with this task, it is a labour of love. **Colin**

FROM OUR READER
FROM RICHARD BEASLEY

Dear Colin My old school friend from the 1950s, Bill Morley, succumbed to cancer on 14th February at St. George's Hospital in Tooting, London.

His funeral on the 9th March at Lambeth Crematorium was conducted (if that is the right word) by John Walker, a long-time friend from school days, and there were generous tributes from several people to Bill's role as teacher, editor, writer and producer plus a childhood memoir from Chris Mansfield who grew up with Bill in Sherwood, before they both went to HP.

Chris now lives in Vancouver and had been put in touch with Bill last year after a gap of 60 years. They corresponded frequently thereafter and his tribute was read out by John. A sad but moving occasion.

Best wishes, Richard

ooOoo

FROM ALEX RAE

Dear Colin It was interesting to read the article in the February 2017 edition of "The Pavior" about EWN "Compass Face" Smith.

EWNS was a member of a remarkable team of inspiring teachers making up the English department during my time at High Pavement: EWNS, Bill Gray, Ken Dobson and Stanley Middleton. Eric Smith taught my form (3P) in the 1968-9 academic year and together with Stanley Middleton taught me at A-level (Form 6A1 and 6A2) from 1971-73. When I was in Form 3P, I remember him telling us: "I know that you boys call me "Weather Cock".

He lived on Valmont Road in Sherwood (off Hucknall Rd, near its junction with Valley Rd) and would walk to school with Stanley Middleton, who lived on Caledon Road (also off Hucknall Rd, near its junction with Perry Rd).

I came across EWNS's son John in early 1966 when he spent some time at my junior school, The Elms on Cranmer Street. John helped on a school trip to the Castleton Youth Hostel in the spring of 1966. The article mentions EWNS's collection of O-level howlers, now retained by John, and he used regularly to regale us with some of the choicest examples. He was an expert on Chaucer and used to read the text in the "authentic" Middle English pronunciation favoured by Professor Nevill Coghill.

I have one very vivid memory of EWNS, dating from the early 1970s. During the annual Staff v First XI cricket match, Jerry Morris (head of music) was batting at the cycle track end. He hit an enormous six which smashed through the Masters' Common Room window behind which EWNS was sitting, marking books. He was showered with broken glass!

On quite a different tack, I went to a performance at The Lace Market Theatre recently and got chatting to someone during the interval. It turned out to be Roger Newman, my first ever form teacher at High Pavement. A pleasant surprise indeed!

Kind regards, Alex Rae (Woodthorpe House, 1966-1973)

ooOoo

FROM ANTHONY CHAPMAN

I recently had the pleasure of attending the Annual Reunion Dinner and for those of you who have never attended I can highly recommend this way of re-immersing yourselves in memories of a bygone era. However, I had expected this to be a session of refreshing ties of friendship with contemporaries from my years at High Pavement in Bestwood but imagine my disappointment at not seeing a familiar face or being given a familiar name. Even swapping dates of admission and departure did not help and the one ex-pupil who overlapped perfectly with my time at the school was indistinguishable from Noah in my recollection.

Of course, one thought leads to another and I then started to realise that whereas my classmates had slipped into the nether reaches of dormant memory, the same was not true of the teachers, in fact the photos that appear in each edition of the Pavior elicit a memory as clear as if I had spoken to said teacher in the supermarket yesterday. The second realisation was that this makes perfect sense as these are the people that actually shape your life for better or for worse (thankfully mainly for the better).

Some of the teachers from that time had a more dramatic influence to the extent that I can say that they completely changed the course of my life. One such person was Classics teacher ALAN BECK. In the later 50s, early 60s pupils were streamed into either Sciences or Arts. Initially I was beguiled by such fantasies as wanting to be the first man on the moon into joining the Science stream. Mistake. After one and a half years of being excruciatingly bored by nitrates, nitrites and nitrides and the like, I realised that my talents lay rather with *amo, amas, amat*. Starting new topics half way through an O-level year is a challenging task but Alan took it in hand and force-fed me to such an extent that I believe I had even overtaken O-level standard by the start of the next academic year (Knowing that *εχιδνα* translates from Attic Greek as both hedgehog and ballot-box is guaranteed to leave your classmates gasping!). I am pretty sure this involved quite a personal sacrifice on Alan's part both in extra-curricular term-time hours and also in holiday time. I remember in particular one visit to his family home during the Christmas break, where I inadvertently caught a hostile scowl aimed in Alan's direction by his wife, roughly translated as 'I'll talk to you later' (and of course she was right).

FRED MILLIDGE, French language teacher, also played a short but major role in this key process of stream-switching. During a discussion on the relative merits of academic courses I voiced my preference for the one I was *not* in, ie Classics. Fred was instrumental in kicking off the process to switch over.

How did this affect my life? Well, the boost that it gave to my interest in languages and cultures that begin the other side of Calais resulted in my spending almost my entire working life (and that went on way beyond pension age) abroad, first with ten years behind the 'Iron Curtain', then with a couple of decades in German-speaking countries and finally with several years in Arabic-speaking lands, which is where I am now.

A couple of further names should be mentioned at this point. Many of you will recall that that there was often a gap year between school and university. In my typical schoolboy arrogance I believed that I had already mastered French (pewh!!) and that German was the obvious next step so let's up sticks and spend the gap year in (still very clearly early post-war)

West Germany learning German. I'm not sure how many of you will recall Mr MARDLING but Fred Millidge introduced me to him and he set the wheels turning by putting me in touch with RAINER HARTMANN, ex-HP German Language Assistant and hence to arrange a job and accommodation. I subsequently joined the teeming millions of Italian, Turkish and Iranian 'guest workers' in rekindling the ashes of German industrial production.

Not all of those from my era with whom I was in a pupil-teacher relationship had such a major impact on my life but if I look closely I can say that those with their fingers on the levers that could make a difference did so energetically and without hesitation. Let me put a very controversial question: Was it because it was a Grammar School? I'll save this for a future discussion (possible with the intermediation of other Grammar School alumni/adherents such as May, Thornbury & Corbyn.)

In conclusion I would like to think (and fervently hope) that the same sense of mission and waiting for the call to action is present amongst the current generation of young teachers (pace Katherine Tate) and hence that the youth of today will enjoy the same range of opportunities that we did.

My rather random and off-the-cuff list of super-pedagogues is incomplete in one major respect. Up to now it has been mainly a list of academic leaders but I am also very much a latter day Roger Bannister or Chris Chataway in my belief in the *corpore sano* being an important adjunct to the *mens sana*. So I have to mention the role of RAY CAULTON in stimulating a lifelong interest in physical exercise to the point where I still go for several circuits of my local park's running track each week. Ray was known as Black Ray, if I recall correctly, but I believe that related more to his sartorial preferences than his character, because to me he is an illustration of the fact that if someone else believes in you then it is much easier to believe in yourself.

Does anybody else recall memorable teaching super-stars?

Anthony

ooOoo

FROM TONY WHEADON

Dear Colin Salsbury, Although a new member I feel I would like to respond to Robert Cooper's letter in the November edition of The Pavior in which he seemed to remember me.

Yes, I was in the group he mentioned, which also included Rod Gill and Harold Fox. Rod Gill, Michael Padley and myself were members of Mr Shepherd's school tennis team.

I remember a friend called Fisher who placed a wastepaper basket over the classroom door, a popular and time-honoured prank. However, this time it fell on the head of Stanley Middleton who was coming to take us that period. Unfortunately it broke his glasses which filled everyone with dismay and for months afterwards he wore those glasses with sticking plaster holding the pieces of the broken arm together. I'm sure he did this to make us feel shamefaced!

I was really pleased to read the comment about Peter Biddulph because he was a close friend and we went to the same junior school, Forster Street in Radford. I often thought about him and our time together at school.

Robert's mention of Sommers (or was it Summers?) reminded me that we 'bunked off' school to go to his prefab bungalow at Bilborough. We wanted to watch the 1954 Men's Final at Wimbledon between Drobny and Rosewall (in those days it happened on a Friday in the days before TV money flowed in and it was moved to Sunday).

Robert mentioned the problem for sixth formers who had entered HP in the 13+ entry lacking a pass in a foreign language, as it was then a compulsory requirement to enter university. I was fortunately in Newstead House and my housemaster, Mr Mardling, gave me extra lessons in French. It was a privilege for which I will be forever grateful. **Tony Wheadon**

ooOoo

FROM JOHN LONSBROUGH

Hello Colin, Many thanks for the February 2017 issue of *The Pavior*, just received, with its very interesting mix of contributions. The comments on page 13 about the school song are particularly interesting and you may like to read the attached version which I have had in my possession for very many years, probably since leaving HP.

Never having studied Latin, I produced it with the help of a Latin dictionary. Perhaps one of our expert members may care to confirm (or otherwise!) its accuracy but I think it makes some sense—to me at least.

Thank you and all the committee for your work in keeping us in touch and producing the *Pavior*, it evokes many memories of 70-odd years ago. I doubt that at my age (90) I shall ever visit Nottingham again but I like to read of the Society's exploits! Keep up the good work.

Carmen Paviorum

With one voice all Pavions sing together,
The scholars are praisers of the sustainer of our vitality.
Rowing, ballgames, running, boxing,
We contest and grow in mental activity
By developing our skills.
However, we are scholars who praise, not ourselves,
But play and duty for all,
And we are disdainers of deceit.
As in school, so each year will we will live for posterity,
Considering always the public good and not ourselves.

Sincerely, John Lonsbrough

[Coming from a non-Latin scholar (as so many of us were!) this is quite a tour de force. It sheds a slightly different light on the school song, although maintaining the intentions. At the Annual Reunion Dinner the school song is printed on the back page of the programme, but with Kendrick Partington's own, slightly idiosyncratic, English version. -Ed.]

ooOoo

FROM MIKE HOPEWELL

(short and sweet)

Dear Colin,

Re. Din: To wish everyone a very happy dinner, and happy and healthy rest of the year.

Kindest regards, Mike and Margaret (H)

[MH is not usually so terse! Maybe he is preoccupied with his next flying adventure –Ed.]

ooOoo

A VISIT TO ABBEY COTTAGE

My wife and I were on holiday last month and managed to call and see **Tommy Gee** author of many 'End Pieces' in *The Pavior*, at his 'cottage' in the wilds of Suffolk, near Diss. We had often spoken on the 'phone about the Society's affairs, and many other things as well, but it was time to see each other face to face.

With Marjorie at the wheel and myself clutching the OS map we crossed the River Waveney near Harlestone and followed the narrowest possible lane, with grass growing down the centre, for about 3 miles until we spotted the 'automatic steel gate' described by TG. Gingerly we drove towards the gate and yes! it slowly swung open all by itself, giving access to a track which quickly brought us to Abbey Cottage, his modest country villa. There was a doorbell labelled '*Tommy Gee*'. We were there!

We were warmly received and chatted endlessly as we looked round this country retreat where TG now lives alone. He made us very welcome and we ate a splendid home-cooked lunch while we reminisced about days at HP, our careers (mine is a shadow compared to TG's scintillating performance around the world) and the virtues of grammar schools. He is a campaigner for the Green Party, his energy seems inexhaustible!

Tommy then gave us a tour of his 'estate' of about 8 acres where he follows an active programme (he's 89, pushing 90) of growing 3 acres of self-planted woodland, enclosing the grave of his dear wife, Anne. The trees are now about 8-10 feet tall and one day will provide tranquil shade. Tommy also builds 'shepherd's huts' (much in the news of late), does a bit of boat building and maintains a large and attractively laid out garden. How the time flew by!

We departed full of wonder after this remarkable second meeting in 70 years. It had been a strange reunion in some ways. After all, I was a mere nobody in the second year when I had last seen TG in the flesh and he was a *prefect*. He was friendlier now! **Colin Salisbury**

ooOoo

THE ARCHIVES

Lance Wright, our diligent archivist has spent many dedicate hours delving into other people's records to obtain information about Old Pavions and the old school's history. He now has now identified a series of data bases which will be presented in the next issue of *The Pavior*, including advice on how he can assist members in tracing information of personal interest. Watch this space, as they say.

ooOoo

THE BADGE OF COURAGE

During the 1914-18 war the casualty rates were grievous in the extreme and many families experience losses of their loved ones. Attitudes became ever more bitter and it was a custom for some particularly ardent women to approach young men, of military age but not in uniform, and present them with a white feather, implying they were afraid to fight.

This snippet of information about one of the best remembered members of staff at High Pavement, Mr Ralph Crossland, was discovered in the archives.

Private. Ralph Crossland, No. 70356 Royal Army Medical Corps, enlisted in Nottingham on October 18th 1915, leaving his job as a school teacher, and aged 25 years. As nearly every Old Pavior knows (from classroom experience), he served with his unit in Mesopotamia (now Iraq), but was discharged from the army as no longer physically fit for service on August 28, 1918.

The war was still raging and, no doubt mindful of the practice described above, he then applied for the *Silver War Badge*, which was duly awarded It was No. 443.019. This enabled him to show that he had served and was not a shirker.

Lance Wright

ooOoo

HIGH PAVEMENT SIXTH FORM CENTRE ANNUAL AWARDS CEREMONY

Dear All

I would like formally to invite you to the High Pavement Annual Awards Ceremony, we would be delighted if you could join us in celebrating our student's success.

Certificates are awarded to students who have demonstrated excellence across a range of criteria throughout the year. This includes academic excellence, outstanding attendance and punctuality, participation and triumph over adversity.

We will be presenting these awards on Tuesday

20 June 2017 at

High Pavement Sixth Form Centre, Chaucer Street, Nottingham NG1 5LP

The Certificate Ceremony will be at 6:00 pm until 7:00 pm

Refreshments will be available from 7:00pm onwards.

We look forward to seeing you on the evening.

Yours sincerely



Denise Jelly

Head of Faculty – High Pavement Sixth Form Centre

[On the occasion of the Annual Reunion Dinner this year Denise Jelly invited members and friends of the High Pavement Society to attend this annual ceremony at the HP Academy. Awards are for personal endeavour in their courses. We always send representatives to be present and this year perhaps some of the Society members would like to join us. CS]

ooOoo

PUB LUNCH NEWS

The Unicorn Hotel, Gunthorpe



On Monday April 3rd we gathered for a traditional pub lunch, organised by Colin and Marjorie Salsbury at this pleasant hostelry on the banks of the River Trent, close by Gunthorpe Bridge. We were allocated a discreet corner of their extensive dining room where we could relax and chatter away, as is our wont. Some 28 members and guests assembled and celebrated the wonderful spring sunshine, with the river sparkling beyond the windows.



The food was good (and remarkably reasonable in price) and the drink was equally so. Maybe some time in the future we'll pay another visit.



Photos of some of the diners during and after their excellent repast

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

2017 Mapperley GC pub lunch	Wednesday	June	7th
2017 Mickleover pub lunch	Wednesday	July	19 th
2017 Pub lunch (in preparation)	Day and Date	t.b.a.	
2017 AGM, Supper and Quiz Nite	Monday	September	25th
2017 Christmas pub lunch	Monday	December	11th (or 18 th)
2018 Annual reunion dinner	Monday	April	23rd
2018 AGM	Monday	September	24th

Please get out your diaries now and make sure that these dates are entered as priorities.

ooOoo

THE HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY 2017 ANNUAL REUNION DINNER

[Our principal event of the year was held as usual at the excellent Welbeck Banqueting Suite in West Bridgford. However, the preparatory stages were not without incident as Noel Gubbins, our usual organiser, was on the sick list and Ken Kirk was away on business. Fellow committee man John Mason took over the reins. Due to the later date chosen for the event and the proximity of the bank holiday weekend, the take up of invitations was lower than usual and needed negotiations with the Welbeck to ensure they could meet our needs. On top of this, JM faced a family crisis and had to withdraw from the scene. The committee's slender reserves, led by Robin Taylor then had to step in to ensure that all was well on the night.]

Members and guests arrived from many directions including one notable traveller, our recently-joined member Anthony Chapman who arrived from Dubai! Our numbers totalled 37 members, honorary members and guests including Denise Jelly and David Morgan, representing High Pavement Sixth Form Academy.

These excellent photographs of the occasion were taken by **Graham Wybrow**

1 Some of the assembled diners

2 3 4 and 5 Close-ups of various tables

6 The Old Paviers 'choir' photo by **Marjorie Salisbury**



Ken Kirk, our chairman and Master of Ceremonies for the evening, began by welcoming what he described as the '*small but perfectly formed*' gathering of members and their guests to the dinner. Grace was said by Jesse Woodhouse after which we partook of the Welbeck's usual quality fare, maybe a little plainer than we would have wished but adequate.



When we had enjoyed our food and drink the Loyal Toast was proposed by John Mason who also read our message of greeting to Her Majesty and the cordial reply from Her Majesty's

representative. The next toast was ‘High Pavement’, proposed by Ken Kirk and a response was given by Denise Jelly.

In her remarks Denise described the ongoing reorganisation of the local educational scene and the expected outcome when High Pavement’s parent institution, New College Nottingham (ncn), merged with the other further education bodies encompassed by Central College, Nottingham. She assured us that the Academy valued the Society’s support and that the existing activities at High Pavement would continue. She went on to give the welcome news that the name ‘High Pavement’ would be retained in the future.



After a short break the gathering became a little more relaxed as we listened to an informal programme of entertainment by Old Pavior David West and his wife, Joyce. David delivered a series of light-hearted and amusing poems written by himself, reflecting his outlook on life. This was interspersed by a collection of songs ranging from popular melodies to light classics sung by Joyce West who, David explained had developed her new singing voice in retirement. Your reporter particularly enjoyed her rendering of ‘*Hey there! You with the stars in your eyes...*’



At about 10.00 pm Ken Kirk summoned all Old Paviors present to form their impromptu choir and sing the school song *Carmen Paviorum*. This was done with considerable *brio* as usual. What a fine uplifting song it is, even if you don’t understand the Latin words (a translation is always provided on the menu card, thank goodness!).

We dispersed in good heart, the Old Paviors feeling glad to remember their *alma mater* and the friendships and experiences of their now distant youth.

cont/

AFTER DINNER NEWS

1. After the Annual Dinner and the singing by the Old Paviers, our member, John Jalland, asked to be provided with the music for *Carmen Paviorum* so that at future events he can provide us all with a proper accompaniment on the piano, something we have seriously lacked since the passing of Kendrick Partington. Such musical assistance will be most welcome.
2. Then a few days later we received this from our poetic entertainer **David West** :

2017 Annual Reunion Dinner

An after dinner entertainer at this reunion meal
As I gazed around, what did I feel?
Six decades on, time really flies
Since grammar school and scoring tries.
Whilst all around me are schoolboy chums,
With whom I groaned at awkward sums.

I now made contrast with '50s Bestwood food,
And recalled in verse what once I had viewed.
But today, those boys, are now old and grey
With quieter banter, the grownup way,
Sampling the choicest of dishes and menu fine,
Not basic jugs of water but excellent wine.

Still seated at tables in groups of eight
But elegantly prepared by those who wait.
Yes, we had grown, these friends and me
And climbed life's ladder for all to see.
Whilst we rejoiced, my wife and I,
As our time at this reunion dinner just seemed to fly.

While I told in verse of days gone by,
And Joyce sang so sweetly, it made me cry.
Paviers all, we then showed that we belong
As we lustily sang the old school song,
And I remembered High Pavement School,
The enduring ethos and the golden rule.

To push back frontiers and keep your nerve,
And achievements to be measured by how we serve.
Our thanks to all from Joyce and me
For supporting Maggie's so generously.
Perhaps one day we'll return again
To muse and amuse with voice and pen.

David West

['Maggies' mentioned in the last verse is the cancer support centre of that name at the City Hospital to which the Society made a donation for this occasion. -Ed.]

ooOoo

KEITH READYHOOF

We have been informed by his family that our member Keith Readyhoof passed away in hospital on March 2nd 2017. At his funeral, held at Gedling New Crematorium on Friday March 24th, the Society was represented by Colin Salsbury (former classmate), and Robin Taylor.

DAVID CROSSLAND

We have received the sad news that our member (and former committee member) David Crossland passed away in his sleep on March 7th 2017 in the Silverwood Care Home, Beeston.

David nobly left his remains to research and there was no funeral ceremony. On April 5th his family held a memorial service at Bramcote Reflection Chapel when the Society was represented by Ken Kirk, John Mason and Colin Salsbury.

GEOFFREY STRAW

We have been informed by the family of our member, Commander Geoffrey Straw MBE, formerly of the Royal Navy, that he passed away on 29th March 2017.

ROBERT THOMPSON

We were recently informed by his family that our member, Alan Matthias, had passed away in November 2016.

ALAN MATTHIAS

We also recently informed by his family that our member, Alan Matthias, had passed away in January 2017.

We send our sincere condolences to the relatives of each of our departed members.

ooOoo

OUR END PIECE

[Tommy Gee sent the following article in two stages, both in response to proposals about grammar schools by Theresa May's (Conservative) government. TG is a man with wide experience in the education field when working in the Colonial Civil Service, especially Higher Education. He helped found two universities in East Africa and later another in the Pacific, and was the Secretary for Education in Uganda following its Independence. His strong feelings about grammar schools are expressed in the following article. We hope that readers will feel moved to pass comment on those views.-Ed.]

Grammar Schools and Class

Back in October I saw in the Guardian that Kent CC had put grammar schools into the headlines and into Question Time. The Guardian then equivocated on whether they are or were a good thing. Boris Johnson saw them as a vehicle for social mobility, a way for the gifted to transcend social and economic boundaries, and to use education to gain access to the universities and careers enjoyed by the middle classes. The problem is how to arrange for poor kids to get in to them. The usual test of poverty is the receipt of free school meals.

Now to my question. What is your recall of HP over the admission of the poor? What was the view of the City Labour Party when it dismantled the HP we knew and valued. It emerges from the newsletter that Old Paviers saw themselves as a lower class than those at Nottingham (Boys) High School. That was certainly the view in my family. My mother's brother sent my cousin Roy there, who later became chair of governors and president of the Nottingham Law Association. They looked down on us, and we looked up to them!

Occasionally the system displayed flexibility. In his recent autobiography, Ken Clarke tells us how he, the son of very ordinary folk, was spotted and transferred from his secondary modern to the High School; something similar happened at HP when a very clever rival mathematician joined me in Science 2A from a secondary modern in Broxtowe.

The Council awarded me an 'All Saints' Scholarship based on my 11+ results. My sister, Alice (later Caulton), was awarded a Parker Scholarship, tenable at HP or Manning, or the posh high schools. I think they were something like £3 per term (nearly £180 in today's money). As far as I can recall all four schools were then financed out of the rates.

My colleagues at HP went to similar primary schools, and lived in similar houses to us. I knew and played with children much poorer than us. Do we have any research or data on class, the impact of the 11+ and social mobility of Old Paviers?

I don't remember ever having any special preparation for the 11+ and recall no fuss about sitting it. The children who lived locally around Bobbers Mill Road and attended Berridge Road Primary seemed to move on with me to the 'grammars' but I don't recall that term being in use then¹.

If I were asked to sort out my friends by class now, I would tend to use their parents' employment as the guide. Several worked either at Raleigh, Players or Boots. Others were in trade like my father. His mother believed that by marrying a butcher, my grandfather, she had married below her class. Her father had a cardboard box factory (Gordon and Philips), and her sister Rosie married much better.

However, all that nonsense was upset when HP projected me into Oxford. It was then I became really aware of class as most of the students were from posh private schools and had well-heeled parents. From then on my eyes were opened.

To return to the point, have any Old Paviers taken an interest in how HP became a victim of a perceived class war? I suppose there are some still with us whose thoughts will have been prompted by this revival of the grammar school issue. There have been several letters to the Guardian, for and against grammar schools, but failing to compare like with like. One said that the streaming within grammars was divisive. Were the four streams in HP socially divisive? Did boys in the general stream get a raw deal? I was in what was often considered to be the second stream at HP (science A) and was never conscious of any class or wealth division. I thought we were streamed according to aptitude and academic potential. I suppose the fact that supposedly posh lads went to the 'High School' perhaps helped unify lads at HP.

That was all written in October. Now, speaking in the present day, I will try and clarify where I stand.

¹ Indeed, they were just referred to as 'secondary schools'. They were re-designated as Grammar Schools after the 1944 Education Act.

Recent reactions to Theresa May's call to bring back grammar schools have been mainly from the many who failed the 11 plus and were humiliated, were unfairly categorised as failures, but who succeeded nevertheless. This, they say, proves the 11+ was an unfair test. Another reaction has been that grammar schools today reinforce privilege, and enable posh people in posh catchment areas to give their children better education than those in the comprehensives. So, is the case against them a) about the shortcomings of testing and whether there should be any selection at all on merit, or b) is it about class?

My experience was of a different sort of grammar school, the pre-war model. Nevertheless it was the class prejudice of the Labour party that led to closure of such schools, including HP as I knew it. The HP that enabled me to make a break through and join the ranks of those who governed, the meritocracy, the intellectuals, those who ran the country. I was not alone. It was a time of change and after the war there was an upheaval, an awakening of the British people to a new world opening up for them to share. A peaceful revolution.

Labour could have devised a better solution. Instead of closing the grammar schools it could have made every secondary modern and technical school into a grammar school. All private grammar schools could have been nationalised, and even public schools could have been included.

Instead of their talented staff being poached by the private sector, the solution adopted in Australian higher education and later in the UK, of turning all colleges of technology into a single national university system should have been examined. What I call the pursuit of excellence, not the descent to the lowest common denominator.

But grammar school is now a dirty word, reviled by many as the perk for the privileged but the HP that launched me was not like that at all. It had a remarkable assemblage of talented devoted and committed staff working under a fantastic head, which was producing men who would take their place in the world. True, it was a meritocracy, but we have to sort out the academic ability levels at some point, but *not by class*, which is still how Oxbridge does it.

I am ashamed to say that my Oxford college, BNC, has the lowest ratio of public to private students in Oxbridge, the very reverse of the ratio in the UK education system. The new Vice Chancellor of Oxford, an Australian woman, intends to deal with this. However the Chancellor, Lord Patten sounds very unsupportive. Gordon Brown made a desultory attempt over a single case but failed, when Magdalen turned down a female medical applicant, who was instantly snapped up by a university in the US.

Although there is a line in Gilbert & Sullivan '*when everyone's somebody, no one's anybody*', we must all be able to send our children to grammar schools like HP and Manning.

Just over 50 years ago I was asked to lead a tertiary level education revolution in Uganda. It was a major part of Milton Obote's United People's Congress election manifesto, which promised to eliminate poverty, ignorance and disease. The biggest challenge was to double the number of secondary schools in the year of independence, 1962. Unlike the pre-war burghers of Nottingham we did not regard money, land and buildings as the constraint. It was simply: how do we find the teachers?

Although some expansion of Nottingham's grammar schools was undertaken in the inter-war years, a golden opportunity was missed.

Tommy Gee