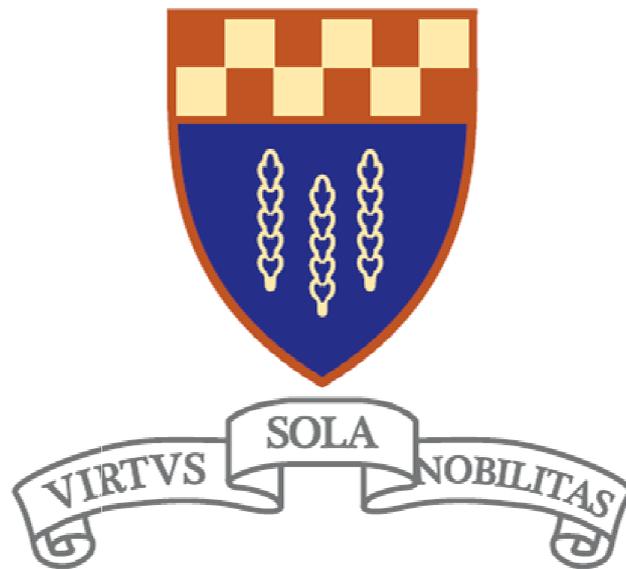


The Pavior



The Newsletter
of
The High Pavement Society
(Founded 1989)

November 2013

Your Committee

The Committee Members listed below are always delighted to talk to you on any matter – particularly if you have a contribution to make to this publication!

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Faces to Remember

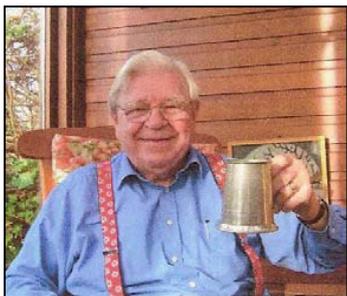
Harry Donald Holmes

English Master at High Pavement

1948-55

THE PAVIOR - NOVEMBER 2013

A LETTER FROM OADBY



In January 2013 I began to feel the onset of what I would call ‘the slight signs of old age’, like the difficulties encountered walking to the pillar box at the end of the street which somehow seemed further and further away. Even so, life was full of diversions like the family, the HP Society, Probus, the Bakers and the Masons. There was even the occasional drink at the pub with an old pal...

A bombshell came one morning when I met Barbara who was coming downstairs. She said, “Arnold, we’re not getting any better and we ought to consider the idea of living in a care home.” (Something we had often discussed.) Daft-like I said, “I agree.” However spring came and summer passed and all the while my mind kept changing. One day it was “Yes, OK.” then a day or two later I would think “We can’t leave this house where we have lived for over sixty years.”

A long process followed while we sought a suitable place in a care home. My son Paul valiantly compiled financial statements about our affairs, not always put to use but necessary in some cases. We had interviews with social workers who asked seemingly absurd questions like “Can you eat your own food?” (Would somebody perhaps eat it for me?)

Then, about two weeks before we moved, the plans were made. Paul arranged for us to stay for the day at his house while he organised the transfer of our furniture to the new care home at Oadby, Leics. We then followed. However, scenes of chaos met us on arrival. Because the new room was much smaller than the house there was far too much stuff crammed into the available space. Well, it wasn’t what we expected and I couldn’t take to it at all. Oh dear! I eventually started sending “Get me out of here!” messages to the family.

At this point though, I developed a serious illness, needing a stay in hospital and on my return to the home I gradually got to know the circle of staff who ministered so effectively to my needs. The medical attention was absolutely first-rate and I made a good recovery. Yes, they were really good people and we both became more content with life which was now more settled, even enjoyable. The carers with whom I had argued for the first two or three days, had now become the best of friends.

Now we feel really ‘at home’.

Best wishes, Arnold

HELP WANTED

Due to the incapacity of some of its regular members the Society’s committee is now in need of extra help, much of its work having to be carried out by a small nucleus of members. In particular we urgently need someone to help in the job of organising our extremely popular pub lunches.

If you can spare an hour or two of your time, we meet together every month or six weeks at the offices of Page-Kirk on Gregory Boulevard, thanks to the generosity of our Chairman Ken Kirk. Occasionally, by invitation of the Principal, we meet at High Pavement Academy. Our proceedings are quite informal.

Act now! Contact the secretary as soon as possible, your help will be invaluable.

FROM MRS GRACE HAMER

On the 28th September we scattered Tim's ashes from a Spitfire over the sea at Bognor Regis. Afterwards we all went to Goodwood airfield to meet the young pilot who so diligently carried out his duties. What a welcoming reception we had from all the pilots and staff at the airfield! It was a fitting tribute to Tim and a momentous occasion. The following is an account written by my son-in-law Stephen of the occasion.

“Today we have scattered my father-in-law's ashes, just over a year after he passed away. During the war he flew with the RAF, most notably in Spitfires with 66 Squadron, so it seemed right and appropriate that his ashes should be scattered from one of these aircraft. We are very fortunate to have the Boulton Flight Academy (who operate a Spitfire) at Goodwood nearby, and having approached them they were most enthusiastic in helping us to achieve our aim. So it was that at half past eleven my wife Fiona and I found ourselves gathered together with my mother-in-law, and one of Tim's closest friends and comrades, Andrew Deytrikh, plus another close family friend. We stood together in front of the beach huts lining an all but deserted Aldwick beach in West Sussex. What little rain there had been had passed and dramatic steel grey clouds, with sunshine almost breaking through high up, provided a suitably muted palette for the occasion.

“The Spitfire came arcing inwards from the pier for a single pass to pinpoint our location, then turned and dropped back down towards us, rapidly scrubbing speed. She sank ever lower with the deep thrum and occasional pop from the exhaust stubs giving a sense of a tightly reined-in thoroughbred. We were high up, back from the sea so it felt almost as if we were at the same height, looking straight across to her as she drew close in to the shore.

“I briefly found that I was holding my breath in expectation when, exactly opposite us, the flaps snapped open. The ashes held within streamed out in the wake, flowing, thinning and dispersing until there was nothing left — a poetic and moving return for Tim, at last, to the care of Mother Earth. The Merlin bellowed, the odd backfire adding drama and indicating that the prop was cycling through its settings during this most unusual of demands. She settled her altitude then climbed away steadily with her duty admirably discharged. Tears were shed. Then, turning behind us, she came into view again, this time all solemnity gone. The moment of mourning the death was past, now was the time to celebrate the life. Close by, and low too, the Spitfire sped past, the snarling crackle of the V-12 underscored by the high pitched whine of the supercharger adding its own irrepressible accompaniment. This was in every way our display, ours alone as testimony to someone we all miss. I allowed the frail old man to whom we had said our goodbyes, to fade from my mind; the fresh-faced 18 year old familiar from myriad black and white photos left standing in his place.

“Finally the Spitfire climbed away inland leaving us with the warm breath of a sea breeze and the gentle breaking of the waves. After a moment's silence Andrew read out the poem "High Flight" and our private little service came to a close. A passing marked, a life remembered. RIP”

[Tim Hamer, a former member of the Society and a wartime Spitfire pilot, died last year. An article about him entitled 'Tim Hamer's German Odyssey' was in our May 2013 issue. He was also mentioned in a letter we received from Derek Robinson in the August issue.]

A SPORTING PRINT FROM MICK GLADWELL



HP Second XV 1952

Back row: Howitt ; Pickering ; ?? ; Snook ; Dexter ; Holden ; Ashmore
Middle row: Ward ; Rawson ; Bryan ; Gladwell (Jenny) ; Butler ; ??
Front : Bramley (Podge) ; ??

Dear Colin, My era at HP seems a little neglected by old boys but this photo may prompt a few memories. It was taken outside one of the 'huts' in 1952. I have been able to remember the names given above but unfortunately three are missing. They are fine looking lads! (I would like to fill in the gaps. Does anyone else remember who they were?)

Mick (Jenny) Gladwell 1946-52 Wollaton House

FROM BARRIE CUTTS



The town of Long Eaton lies on the Nottinghamshire/Derbyshire border and is, in fact, in Derbyshire **but** it has Nottingham post codes (NG) and Nottingham telephone numbers (0115 etc).

Interestingly, the Long Eaton Probus Club, at this moment, has similar Nottingham connections, being presided over by John Westwood (Pavior 1945-50) here seen inaugurating his vice-president Barrie Cutts (Pavior 1945-50). I thought that many Old Paviors with Probus connections would be interested to know just how influential the traditions of High Pavement can be!

Regards, Barrie

FROM RAY BRYSON

I enjoyed reading the August newsletter and in particular Army's Book extract which was spot on. I too was admitted to Stanley Road, in 1937 in my case, and spent five years there but the experience is still vivid, in spite of my advancing years!

It was sad to read about the death of Frank Hudson for at one time I knew him very well because we played golf together at Mapperley Golf Club. I lost touch with him when he had to finish because of his health problems—a very nice Old Pavior.

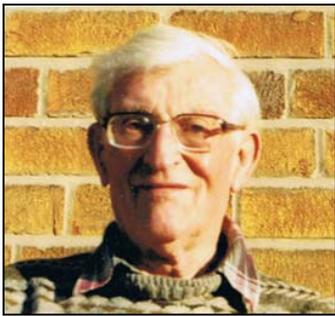
Lastly, Roy Taylor's article was of particular interest because he was a fellow member of my form in my time from 1937-42. I wonder whether he can recall the occasional knockabout at football (soccer – sacrilege!) in Vernon Park. I recall his parents had a shop on Vernon Road.

The photo of the Rugby 1st XV for 1942-43 is excellent and I remember several chaps I played alongside as I was also a member until I left in 1942, to work in the income tax department in the Nottingham Council House. Keep up the good work! Regards to you.

Ray Bryson, Trent House

ooOoo

GEOFF OLDFIELD MBE our historian writes on 'Paviors in the Hosiery Industry'



In 1959 the Cambridge University Press published a book entitled 'Steel and Hosiery 1850 to 1950' by Charlotte Erickson. It was a review of the industrial leaders of two disparate fields of manufacturing over a century. This naturally contained references to the Nottingham hosiery industry and one of the methods used by the author was scrutiny of the part played by Nottingham Hosiers. To illustrate this she listed those who were hosiers into three groups – those in 1870, 1900 and 1932. To obtain information about these she selected details of 22 established hosiers **who attended High Pavement School** and enclosed are two pages of the information which she used in her book. I thought this would be of interest to members of the HP Society.

1932 Hosiery Group

(Surnames and dates of attendance at HP are shown bold)

Oliver Herman **Abbott**, b.1884, son of Samuel Abbott, lacemaker. **Attended 1896-1900.** Permanent director and secretary of Perry's (Nottingham) Ltd., hosiery manufacturers, 1955-date.

Frank **Barnes**, b.1887, d.1948, son of George Barnes, warp hand. **Attended 1899-1902.** Director of J.W. Ozenbrook, hosiery manufacturers, from founding in 1927 to death.

William Henry **Chamberlain**, b.1865, son of Henry Chamberlain, warehouseman. **Admitted 1872.** Founder W.H. Chamberlain & Co., apron, pinafore and neckwear manufacturers, Robin Hood Street, 1895-approx.1940

William Arthur **Darker**, b.1861, son of Charles Darker, draper. **Admitted 1869.** Managing Director, Vann & Co. Ltd., hosiery manufacturers, 1928-1948.

Hyman **Henry**, b.1901, son of Abraham Henry, cap maker. **Attended 1915-1916**. Founder H. Henry (Nottingham) Ltd., underwear manufacturers, 1954, but firm went into receivership 2 years later. On his own as art silk underwear manufacturer, Broadway, in 1940's.

Arthur **Hickling**, b.1864, son of Levi Hickling, baghosier and grocer, Portland Place, Bedford Row. **Admitted 1872**. Began with father but by 1890's on his own as ribbed hosiery manufacturer and continued to c.1956.

William Edward **Reddish**, b.1900, son of Thomas Edward Reddish, lace warehouseman. **Attended 1912-1917**. Director and Secretary of T. Reddish & Son Ltd., hosiery manufacturers, from formation of limited co. in 1955 to date.

Ernest **Sallis**, b.1882, son of John Sallis, lace maker. **Admitted 1894**. Began on own as elastic hosiery manufacturer and later partner in Woodward, Saxton & Co. Chairman and Director of E. Sallis & Co. Ltd., from registration in 1946 to date.

Sydney **Shephard**, b.1894, d.1955, son of C.H. Shephard, pinafore and apron manufacturer. **Attended 1906-1909**. Founder S. Shephard & Co., converted to public company as Bairnswear Ltd., of which he was Chairman and Managing Director 1955-1955.

Ralph **Skevington**, b.1889, son of Charles Samuel Skevington, warehouseman and later hosiery manufacturer. **Attended 1899-1904**. Original subscriber and director on registration of Perry's (Nottingham) Ltd., hosiery manufacturers in 1955. Chairman, 1945 to date.

Lewis Oram **Trivett**, b.1864, son of William Trivett, warehouseman. **Attended for two quarters only in 1875**. Founding partner, L.O. Trivett & Co., lace and net manufacturers. Chairman and Managing Director on formation of limited company, 1905-1935.

It is intriguing to see how many hosiery firms were founded or led by Old Paviers. Some attended the school quite briefly, (e.g. Lewis Trivett but that didn't prevent his success in industry). Perhaps the most interesting figure among the whole list was Sydney Shephard who founded the firm that became Bairns-Wear Limited, the successful knitwear firm who specialised in garments for children. He also became an MP (for Newark) and High Sheriff of Nottinghamshire.

Geoff Oldfield

THE HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY EDUCATION FUND

Over past months we have been able to report on the support that we have given to the students of the High Pavement Sixth Form Academy. The most recent Annual Awards event (see report) was the fifth since the Education Fund was set up. Originally there were two awards –for two top achievers - before we introduced the Stanley Middleton award for Literary Achievement also supported through the fund. This was followed last year by the “Ken Bateman Award for Engineering” which bears the name of the donor.

Members of the committee have always been pleased to be present when the awards have been made and to discover the reasons which have led to the recipients being nominated and to hear of their aspirations for the future. The fund has also supported the

costs of Maths and English competitions involving the Academy as well as being able to respond to requests for special individual support. Additionally, for last term, we agreed to sponsor the Academy's annual Awards Ceremony when each of more than 50 students were presented with book tokens in recognition of their individual endeavour in a wide range of subjects.

Since its inception the Education Fund has been supported by the generosity of the Society's members, partly by regular voluntary contributions added to subscription payments as well as sums of varying amounts from members, some of whom indicate that they are giving something back in grateful recognition of the education and start in life provided by "the old school".

At the Annual General Meeting in September I reported that, due to our recent commitments, there had been a reduction in the working balance of the Education Fund which, if not improved, would result in inability on our part to support the students to the same level. We are, therefore, looking to build up the fund again and would be pleased to receive donations, however modest, from any available source. To those who have already responded – **Many Thanks !**

Robin Taylor, Treasurer

HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY PRIZE AWARDS 2013

The High Pavement Society Prizes for 2013 were presented in a ceremony at the High Pavement City Sixth Form Academy on 23rd September. The Academy Principal, Denise Jelly, welcomed the representatives of the Society, Noel Gubbins, Robin Taylor and Colin Salsbury. The 2013 Prizes were awarded as follows:

The two **Prizes for Excellence** to the highest achiever (female) and highest achiever (male) to **Jade Clarke** and **Joseph Richardson** respectively.

The **Stanley Middleton Prize for Literary Achievement** to **Belinda Ncube**.

The **Ken Bateman Award for Engineering** to **John Cressey**.

All the prizes this year were for £150 cash.

The ceremony date had been deferred because of administrative problems at the Academy and by this time three of the recipients had already taken up their places at their universities. The Awards were accepted on their behalf by their course tutors. The exception was John Cressey, who has yet to complete his final year at the Academy. Denise Jelly, spoke briefly about the great value placed on the Awards by the Academy and thanked the Society's representatives for attending the presentation. In an informal reception that followed the presentations your representatives were able to talk to John Cressey about his plans for a future career in Engineering.



Front L to R: Academy Principal Denise Jelly, John Cressey, the three course tutors who stood in for the absent prize-winners.
On the stairs L to R : Messrs Salsbury, Taylor and Gubbins of the Society

AGM AND QUIZ NIGHT 2013

Once again members of the Society and their partners gathered at the Welbeck Rooms for the official AGM, which was well attended and conducted by the Chairman Ken Kirk in his usual deft manner. Meanwhile the ‘partnership’ was able to sit and have a natter in the bar until all were reunited for an excellent hot and cold buffet. We were pleased to have as our

guests Denise Jelly, Principal of High Pavement City Sixth Form Academy and her colleague Liam Sloan who officiates as the Academy’s Deputy Principal, Students. They readily joined in with the light-hearted activities of the Quiz Night which followed.

Quiz Master was Noel Gubbins whose voice was sorely taxed by lack of a microphone but he coped manfully. Several teams were formed and adopted the usual imaginative names before they

struggled with those fifty General Knowledge questions. How glad we were to have been educated at High Pavement! One answer concerning ‘beta-blockers’ was challenged from the floor by a lady with nursing qualifications but handled tactfully by Mr Gubbins.

Winners with 37/50 were the ‘Half-Crowns’ (two ladies and six men—geddit?) captained by Ian Park but only two points behind were runners-up the ‘Noroms’ (‘backward morons’ according to captain Dave Collins). Noel distributed suitable bottled prizes to the winners (fresh from Sainsburys, we understand). Our usual Raffle, with prizes donated by the committee and conducted by Margaret Maclean and Barry Davies, yielded a useful £98 for our funds. The evening closed with *Carmen Paviorum*, sung with the usual fervour by the HPS choir. High Pavement lives on...

THE MYSTERY OF EDWARD DANCE

Recently we have received into our care an old work book from the days of High Pavement long past, possibly in the 19th century. It belonged to a pupil called Edward Dance and was sent to our chairman, Ken Kirk, at the offices of Page-Kirk, together with a short note:

‘After perusing through a series of books I purchased at an auction, I happened upon this ledger, which I feel holds more value for you than for me. I therefore donate it to your good-selves with my compliments (signed) M’

There was no address or other identifying matter so we have no knowledge of the sender but we are very grateful for his or her thoughtfulness.

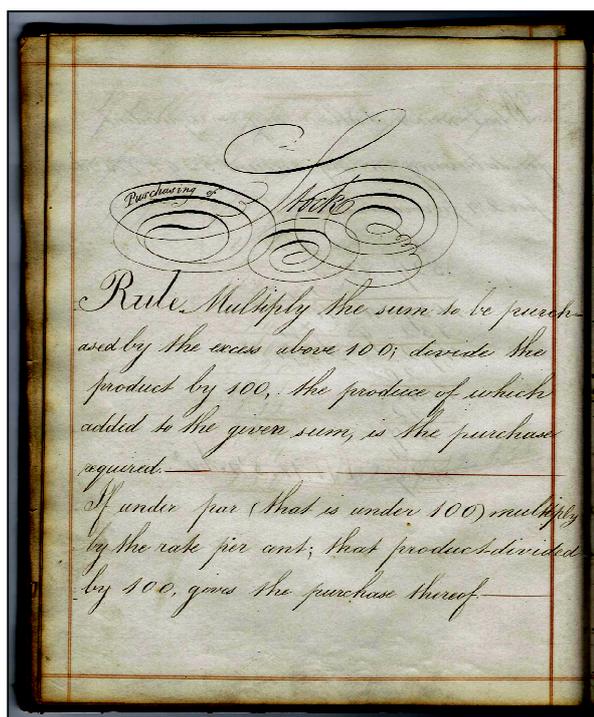
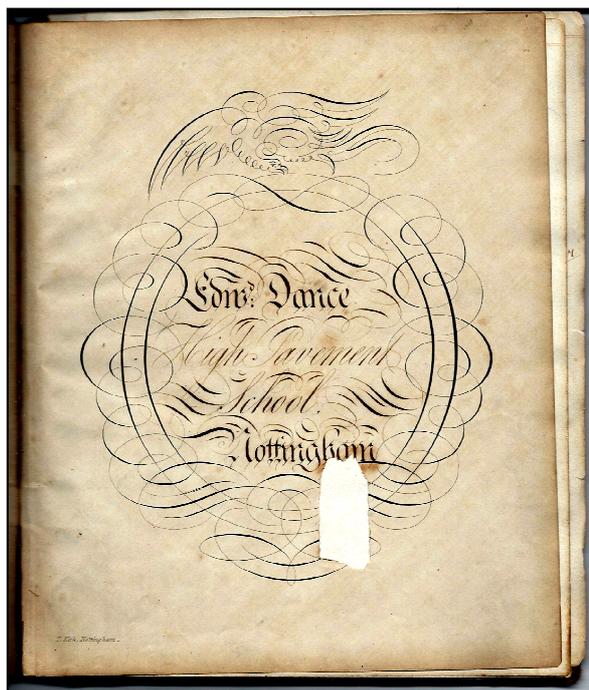
The subject matter consists of the basic calculations in ‘commercial arithmetic’ which might be encountered by a clerk in one of the town’s business houses, an occupation to which so many of the school’s pupils aspired in the 19th century, when

Key to the illustrations:

1. The frontispiece bearing the words ‘**Edwd. Dance High Pavement School Nottingham**’
2. Rule for the topic ‘**Purchasing of Stock**’
3. A calculation of simple interest. All the examples were similarly presented.
4. The heading for the page on ‘**Discount**’

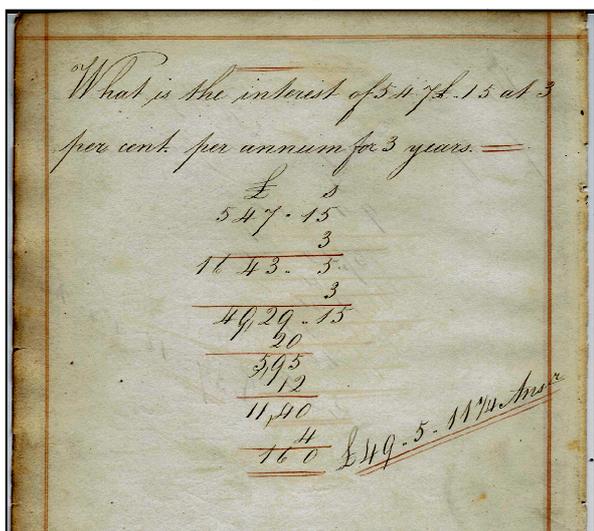


we presume this collection was compiled. The book is beautifully written in a copper plate script and ornately embellished with decorative scrolls around the titles in the style which was found in account books before the days of the typewriter. It is a real work of art.



The pages are now faded but a little work with the computer software helped to improve the contrast. (We would recommend using a magnifying glass to discern the fine detail of some of the work. These pages were originally 18 × 23 cm in size.)

A pupil must have spent much time on the written work, not to mention the decorations. Was it just Edward Dance who had a passion for penmanship or did the whole



class have to produce such fine work? Certainly in later years a more congested timetable and pressure of work left little room for such frills but it is hard not to admire such dedicated effort.

We must hope that Mr Dance followed a rewarding career after leaving the School.

[**Editor's note:** *The Society contacted Alan Dance, the Nottingham historical novelist whose family tree contains instances of the name Edward Dance some of whom lived in the old Broad Marsh Area of the city during the 19th century. It is a rather rare surname. If we can determine a date for the book we may be able to identify Edward Dance more completely.*]

FRED FREUND – OLD PAVIOR

Sometimes stories come our way by the most devious routes and this was no exception. We were contacted by Oxfam's shop in Sherwood to say that they had received some sheet music for *Carmen Paviorum*. They knew of our interest in such things and wondered if we would like to acquire it. We already had the music although we saw fit to give a modest donation to Oxfam and our treasurer, Robin Taylor, called at the shop to deliver it. He then found that the donor of the music was Margaret Middleton, widow of our former member, Stanley ditto which was interesting. Eve Leadbeater who was working in the book section of the shop asked Robin if we knew about a former Old Pavior, now sadly deceased, called Fred Freund. Robin later told me about this and I immediately responded with recognition because I had known Fred quite well, both at HP and at the Sherwood Methodist Church.

Fred was special. In 1939, at the age of nine, he was one of the many Jewish children who were rescued from an almost certain death sentence during the occupation of his native Czechoslovakia by Nazi Germany. He was a member of the 'Kindertransport', a series of special trains organised by a group of English people to bring more than six hundred of these unfortunate children to safety in England where they were placed with foster parents who had volunteered to care for them as long as necessary. Much of this information was provided by Eve Leadbeater, a former teacher from Gedling, who was herself Jewish, born in Czechoslovakia and also rescued by the Kindertransport. She gave us a magazine article written by Fred under the title 'An Ordinary Sort of Life' and also a longer more detailed manuscript with the same title. They are absorbing narratives and we can send a copy to any member of the Society who would like to learn more. They describe Fred's journey to England and how he coped with growing up in a different country from his own.

As it happened Fred lived for some time in Old Basford and after a couple of years came to High Pavement School. This is how Fred remembered it:

"School from 1940 to 1947 meant the High Pavement Grammar School in Nottingham. High Pavement was not considered the best grammar school for boys in Nottingham – we played perpetual second fiddle to our peers at the High School where all the Chosen Boys went (future Chancellors of the Exchequer, Heads of Industry and suchlike). The High School did not condescend to recognise us, far less compete at sports days or in any other way. However, their privately supported intake did feel they had the first right to the best that the local girls Manning School could provide. For all that, schooling at High Pavement was, taken in the round, enjoyable. In comparison with the schooldays of friends left behind in Central Europe, life in the early forties in Nottingham was a breeze.

"I don't know whether the High School also had the first choice of decent teachers, but I do know that our teachers were – as they say in Nottingham – a right rum lot. Miss Maxwell, a dear soul if a rather mousey one, taught English and tried to get us to appreciate the Bard. Class recitations were for her always fraught with danger because any doubtful innuendoes – and there are a lot of doubtful innuendoes in *Julius Caesar* – led to the class falling about with hoots of juvenile laughter and derision. It was not the best way to learn and appreciate Shakespeare, but at least she tried. Mr Lamont, on the other hand, tried to instil French by dint of fear and the heavy hand. Lamont was quite fearsome; built like a heavyweight boxer, he sported small glasses and looked the image of Himmler. He was greatly feared and with reason. Lamont would 'lay about him' at the least transgression with

whatever implement came to hand. A ruler across the knuckles, a slap across the face, a book across the back of the neck, these were the rewards for whispering in class or sometimes just grimacing – no one had the temerity to talk. A puny lad called Osborne was regularly punished for wearing a constant grin on his face. No question in those days of complaining about abuse in the classroom. But even Lamont went too far when he brought his pet Alsatian into the classroom to supplement his own brand of tyranny. He suddenly disappeared from the school and we learned French from gentler souls who had more time for schoolboys.

“Oliver Barnett was also a bully but of a rather different type. He was short but of a certain weight and girth. He felt he had to make up for his lack of stature by an aggressive bearing and, where necessary, physical disciplining. We tended to forgive him because he rewarded minor triumphs in his Latin class by distributing pennies to those found conjugating Latin verbs correctly. This was not to be sneezed at. A penny would buy a Milky Way in those days (if you had enough coupons).

“Mr Page was the very athletic gym teacher. His physical fitness was a source of envy. He also ran the Army Cadets on some evenings. These were serious occasions involving extensive drilling, weapons handling, and even stripping and re-assembling Bren and Sten guns. I was surprisingly successful in the Cadets rising to the giddy heights of three stripes and crossed swords (for athletic prowess)!

“GJR Potter was God. And like Him, he was never seen. He was thought to be the Headmaster and was known to be able to sign a brief reference at the end of six or seven years schooling, but apart from that he had no presence and little was known about how he spent his days.”

During the later years of his youth Fred lived at the National Children’s Home in Mapperley. All the residents of this establishment would attend Sherwood Methodist Church and it was through this that I got to know him better. Fred profited from his years at High Pavement and went on to graduate from Nottingham University, later becoming a successful management consultant. In 1946 Fred made a visit to his native land which was struggling to re-establish itself after the conflict. His father had miraculously survived the war after brutal



treatment in a concentration camp, although the majority of the family had perished.

Sadly in 1948, under Russian domination a new era of oppression began and Fred was allowed to remain living in Britain. He married and raised three children, one of whom, Anne, has been very helpful in compiling this article. Fred died in 2012 at the age of 83 after a full and active life. There is much else of interest in his story but

◀ Fred and his wife Greta on their wedding day in 1952

there is insufficient space to reproduce it here.

Fred’s family would very much like to know if any other Old Paviers knew Fred during his years in Nottingham. Please contact me if you were among them.

Colin Salisbury

NAT'S NATTER

[Our Secretary makes his customary trip down Memory Lane]



Games Day

Not only were HP pupils given an exceedingly good education with a wide range of subjects available, but also the opportunity to take part in many sporting activities including Rugby, Cricket, Swimming, Athletics, Cross Country Running, Rowing, and Tennis to name the most popular. Representative teams competed against teams from schools all over the

County, invariably with good results.

However, due to the school not having its own local playing fields the venues for the various activities were not so good—remember the ‘playing fields’ at Strelley? A modern school (Bilborough Sixth Form College) now occupies these fields which in my day were real farmer’s fields complete with cattle and the resultant ‘cowpats’. A major rebuilding programme is currently being carried out there to enlarge an already impressive campus but in the 40’s and 50’s the facilities were almost non-existent. Buses were provided to transport pupils from Stanley Road to the Strelley fields on games days. Four rugby pitches were laid out over the fields with the one nearest to the changing hut being reasonably flat although a little bare of grass. The other pitches were sloping to various degrees and well fertilised with cow manure.

The only buildings were two timber huts which served as changing rooms. One of them had a lean-to annex housing a large rectangular communal bath of galvanised iron and a coke fired boiler to heat the water used in the bath after rugby games. Depending on how conscientious the master-in-charge had been in lighting the boiler at the correct time, we were either scalded or frozen on jumping into the bath. Also, as the bath had to cater for 100 plus pupils it was important to get in early (provided the water was not too hot) or it was quite possible that we would emerge dirtier than we got in as the bath would, by then, contain a sedimentary mixture of mud and cow manure.

Athletic field events and cross country also took place at the Strelley fields, the cross country course of about six miles starting and finishing at the main rugby pitch after passing alongside the Wollaton Canal towpath and through Strelley Woods. I remember one afternoon, on a cross country run through the wooded section, coming across a parked lorry partially hidden in the trees. A pupil named Brian Jelly (Hello Brian! if by chance you are reading this screed) who was running with a group of us, jumped on to the running board and looked into the side window of the vehicle. On seeing the activity of the driver and his girl friend inside the cab, Brian called out some comment (which I couldn’t possibly repeat in these pages). This resulted in the driver jumping out of his cab, adjusting his trousers and chasing after us, as we had now decided to run off. We left the man behind fairly easily and, on that day, we all came higher in the finishing order than we normally did.

Cricket and athletic track events took place on the ‘Forest’ recreation ground, a much more suitable venue for sporting activities. I enjoyed playing cricket and was quite a useful wicket keeper being good enough to be selected for the ‘colts’ team. However, my batting prowess was not so good and I eventually lost my place to a boy called Stevenson (I think). In a fit of annoyance, I decided to opt for rowing on the River Trent instead of playing cricket. The master in charge of rowing was Mr. (Jack) Train who turned out to be a very hard task master. He would stand up at the stern end of the boat with the tiller ropes in his

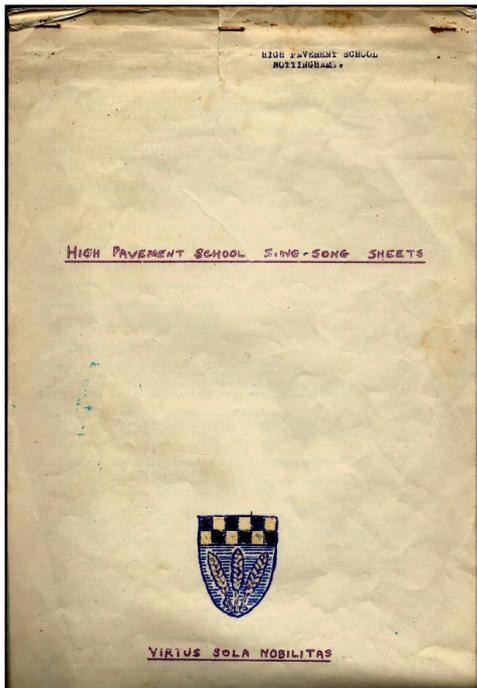
hands bellowing instructions and urging us to row faster. At the end of the session I was completely kn*****d and had bleeding scratches down the inside of my thighs caused by my thumb nails digging into my skin on the return oar stroke. I was often tempted to deliberately ‘catch a crab’ in the hope that Mr. Train would then lose his balance and fall into the river.

It didn’t take long for me to swallow my pride and return to the much more leisurely and enjoyable game of cricket on the Forest.

Nat Gubbins

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THE HIGH PAVEMENT SING-SONG BOOK



We have received yet another relic of the past. This time it is a set of **The High Pavement Sing-Song Sheets**, also sent to us by Geoff Oldfield who was given it during his time at the school in the 1930s. It was duplicated and distributed by the then music teacher William Hill (better known as S W Hill, later to become Second Master before he retired in 1972). The content is a collection of rousing songs of the kind which the Scouts would sing sitting round their camp fires. Or possibly, with slightly more adventurous wording, by the Rugby teams after the match. Many titles have long faded from memory such as ‘Ten Green Bottles’; ‘Pollywolly doodle’ (not strictly PC now); ‘Green grow the rushes-O!’; ‘The Road to the Isles’ and a strange ditty called the ‘Antiseptic Baby’). There were lots more. One wonders quite what kind of ‘Sing-Song’ sessions were organised by Mr Hill but we’re sure they were most enjoyable

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STANLEY ROAD LATEST

Matt Cooper site manager for main contractors Wates-Build reports:

‘We will be completing our work a month ahead of schedule and hope to be clear of the site by December 9th. We are completing external finishing and interior work such as laying carpets and the school will take over formally on December 18th. The school has already taken charge of three rooms on the first floor [*i.e the Hall level.*] with two classes in occupation and a third room used as a store room.’

Matt Cooper, will be pleased to show the new premises to Society members on December 6th(Friday) at 3.00 pm. Please contact the Society Secretary if you are interested in having a look round the place prior to its eventual full occupation by the Forest Fields children.

And from the October newsletter of the Forest Fields Primary School:

Moving into the Berridge Building!

We have received the fantastic news that the builders are expecting to complete the Berridge site [*i.e. the old HP premises-Ed.*] a month early. If all goes to plan, we will be able to move

all the KS2 classes, the school office and my office into the new building the first week back after the Christmas holidays. Therefore, while classrooms from the East Wing and 3AG are moved and staff prepare the Berridge classrooms and building for occupation, school will be closed for a week for children in Years 3,4,5 and 6. Then we will all be on one site again, with a lot more outside space and 4 different entrance/exit gates! I will be sending site maps of the new school to each family next half term along with any changes to our systems.

Sue Hoyland, Head Teacher

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ARNY'S BOOK

[When Arny move to a house on Charlbury Road he tackled much of the improvement work himself, especially keeping the garden in order. At times it proved to be a herculean task.]

DIY at Charlbury Road

After the usual delays, alarms and excursions experienced when buying, selling and moving house, we took possession of our new home and began a frantic period of do-it-yourself activity although I don't believe in those days the expression DIY had been invented. This was the period of 'contemporary' design. Every door, wall, floor, and even the furniture must be in bold primary colours, and if at all possible in contrasting colours for each wall area. I like to think I produced some excellent examples of contemporary design as I feverishly papered the walls in the required style, at the same time rapidly learning the art of wallpapering and painting. The house renovation policy extended far beyond room decorations, and to this end we bought, for all of £50, a shed to be erected just outside the back door, and which was to become my workshop. My greatest achievement, I suppose, was the design and construction of an electric clothes drier which graced a corner of our kitchen for many years before the invention of spin and tumble driers. Of wooden construction, and with asbestos members supporting a home-made heating element, the whole thing in my view was a veritable miracle of construction. But it worked—and until its final demise several years later, dried the clothes perfectly.

Not so successful was the gate project. Our front gate had just about reached the end of its natural life, and I was determined to make, with my own bare hands, a new one of the same traditional design as the original, with proper mortise and tenon construction. I had much help from Eric Chandler who was the son of his father in the old style of tradesmen. His little shop had served as the local ironmonger, for that is what DIY shops were called in those days, in Hyson Green since time immemorial. It was a tiny shop, and the stock appeared to have no sense of order whatsoever. The window was displayed with tools of all descriptions mixed with the odd galvanised bucket, garden tools, and possibly an assortment of locks. Inside the shop the counter was wooden, dirty and worn from constant use. Behind the counter were numerous little boxes, some with barely legible labels, some without. Eric, small in stature, but sharp in intellect, would be standing clothed in an incredibly scruffy overall ready to serve his customers. There was no doubt this was the shop to obtain the proper tools and materials to complete my proposed gate.

The miracle was this. Whatever the need of the joiner, plumber or electrician, whether a few screws or nails, or the most highly technical piece of equipment, Eric's hand would be hovering over the right drawer with no hesitation. If not to be found in a drawer Eric would disappear, reappearing without delay, bearing the item victoriously. With no evidence of vast

storerooms Eric 'was always able to supply the goods. What's more he would readily offer sound advice on their use when asked. My approach to Eric was on the lines of 'I wonder if you can help me Eric? - I'm going to make a gate'. This promptly produced all the technical advice I was likely to need about both tools and materials, freely given and part of the service. Can you imagine such a response if a similar approach was made to one of today's do-it-yourself emporiums such as Homebase or Texas?

Armed with pieces of wood of the correct quality and size, tools including chisels, planes and saws, including the newly introduced Black and Decker electric variety, a solid, albeit home-made, work bench complete with vice, and including enormous enthusiasm partly derived from the intention to devote the whole of a week's holiday to the job, I threw myself into the planning and execution of the gate making process. I believe Barbara was none too pleased that a whole week's escape from the daily routine of my bakery work should be devoted to a process which involved father hidden away in a shed, building an item which ought to have been supplied and fitted by the local joiner.

But Barbara's feelings went unheeded. There was clearly a planning stage in order to ensure the proper construction of such a complex piece of furniture, but of this I remember little. Clearer is the memory of marking and cutting numerous joints, skill with the chisel and saw, acquired as the work progressed. After about four days' solid work in the shed the time came for removal of the old gate and subsequent installation of the new. The worn and rickety gate was soon removed, but the gate posts presented more difficulty because, although easily breaking away at ground level, it was necessary to prepare a hole to receive the new post. Below the surface was the concrete, still clearly in excellent condition, used to secure the old post in position. Many hours were spent in an attempt to break up this barrier which prevented completion of the project, and I am convinced the effort precipitated the hernia which was to plague me for years afterwards. By some means the job was completed, and the home-made gate graced the front of No 2 Charlbury Road for many years afterwards. Nevertheless my abiding memory is of the attempt to move that unrelenting concrete, and the subsequent misery it caused.

At the bottom of the garden, and adjoining the next door property was a fine row of poplar trees which provided a first class screen to cover the houses rising beyond. Imagine my surprise and disappointment when the owner-occupant next door approached me one day with the following complaint. 'Mr Brown. Your poplar trees are undermining my foundations, causing damage to my drive and threatening my property. I would be very much obliged if you would remove them'. 'Oh!' thought Army 'This is a bit much. Those trees are lovely', but replied 'I'll have to think about this. I'll let you know'. My first thought was to preserve the trees at all costs, and the next move was clear. A telephone call to my respected and highly experienced solicitor fixed an early appointment and, like a shot, as it were, I was facing Mr Frank Whitty across his office desk. He received me in his usual courteous and gentlemanly manner and listened carefully to my tale of woe. 'Arnold, it is much more important to preserve good relations with your neighbour than to preserve trees. You must cut them down'. He then suggested that his friend Mr Lowe (a prominent Nottingham nurseryman) would most likely be glad to advise as to the best way to proceed. Mr Lowe advised, and Army subsequently cut down the trees. A lesson had been learned about relationships which has lasted me until this day. Before taking action think carefully about the consequences.

Arnold