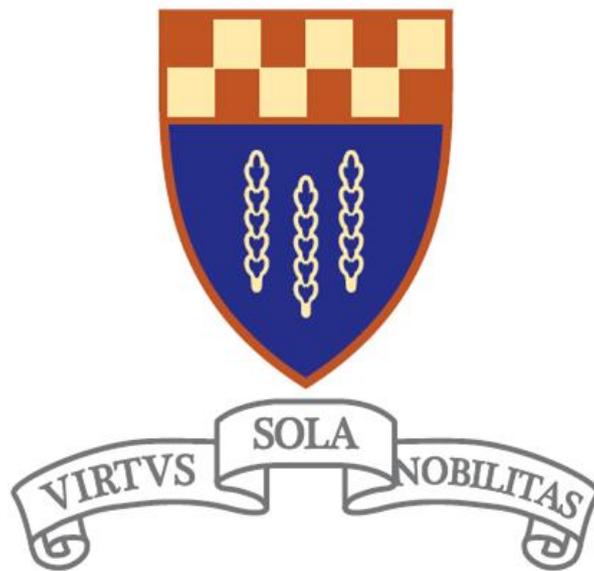


The Pavior



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

November 2014

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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Deputy Chairman: John Elliott 0115 9266475
Secretary: Noel Gubbins 0115 9756998
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Our website address: www.highpavementsociety.org.uk



**Faces to remember
Samuel Edward Quincey
Classics Master at High Pavement
1948-60**

Our New President



George Taylor

George Taylor has been elected to the office of President of the High Pavement Society in succession to the late Arnold Brown. Like Arnold, George started at High Pavement in the year 1934 and has always expressed his appreciation of the education he received there. George has been a prominent member of the Society's committee for many years and his wise counsel has guided many of the activities we have undertaken. We are pleased to congratulate him on his appointment.

ooOoo

RAY FARNSWORTH

We have received notification from Mr David Farnsworth that his father, our loyal member Ray Farnsworth, passed away in May this year, aged 81. David says 'Dad led a full and fulfilling life which he recognised started with his years at High Pavement and often reminisced fondly about his time at the school.'

The Society sends its condolences to the Farnsworth family.

ROGER B GREEN

Our loyal member Roger Green, formerly of Burton Joyce, who served this Society as a committee member for several years, died in Kingston Hospital Surrey on 28th September 2014 at the age of 82. We send our condolences to his widow, Joyce and his family.

Roger's ashes will be scattered later at St Helen's Church, Burton Joyce.

COMMENT

*[This column was regularly written with wit and wisdom by our late President, Arnold Brown but now he is no longer with us and the committee have decided to take it in turns to address the membership on various topics. This month the baton is passed to **John Mason.**]*

A New School—in a ‘New School’.

Unlike my fellow committee members, I did not have the benefit of the ‘Stanley Road Experience’. In fact my one and only visit there was for my formal interview after passing the Eleven Plus in 1955. Actually my junior school, Haydn Road, created a record that year in that everybody in my class passed the exam for either the High Pavement or Nottingham High School. However, being the first boy in a very large family living in a council house on Sherwood estate, we were unable to buy me both a new suit *and* a school uniform. So, resplendent in my ‘Dark Brown’ blazer, complete with school badge, new trousers, new shirt and school tie, I went on the due date with my dad to Stanley Road.

We had not been told that passing the 11 plus did not get automatic acceptance into the school and was achieved only after a successful interview, so we *were* told that it was a little presumptuous to turn up in uniform. Fortunately the interview was a success and I became a pupil at High Pavement Grammar School. Consequently, in early September 1955 I arrived as one of the first intake of first-formers at the newly built school on Gainsford Crescent, Bestwood, and what a shock it was. After being a big boy in a little school, I was now a little boy in a very big school!

At Haydn Road, almost all lessons were taken in the same classroom, most of the time with the same teacher in a single story building, now I was in a vast new three storey complex, and a different classroom for each subject. There was the Geography and History rooms, Physics, Biology and Chemistry laboratories, Woodwork and Metalwork rooms, Art room and Music room. In fact only English, Maths and languages were taken in our allotted form room (I had been put into the ‘C’ stream and remained there for the duration of my stay.)

Living on a council estate also played havoc with the age old grammar school problem of homework, for whilst I had to toil most evenings for anything up to two hours, my old school pals were happily playing games on Collin Green, a parkland, just a few yards from my bedroom window. What a distraction this was. My homework was nearly always rushed and badly presented.

However all was not doom and gloom because the sports facilities at H.P. were excellent and I more than held my own, going on to represent the school in each of my five years, at cricket rugby and cross country, and from the 2nd to the 5th year succeeded in winning the inter-house boxing competition under the wonderful tutelage of John Dodd who was also instrumental in my cricket success. It was quite a surprise and a pleasure that, some years later after marrying an ex-Padstow School girl, we went to live just two doors from John and his wife Rosemary and they both became God-parents to my eldest daughter.

One of the more funny experiences I had, early on at High Pavement, was one day when our class went into the art room and written on the blackboard in beautiful italic script was the following;

“ ’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe”

The class was expected to draw or paint their interpretation of these words. Obviously I now know the origin of this, but then the various depictions of its meaning were quite something else.

Unfortunately having moved around the country since my school days I have lost touch with almost all my old classmates although I do see some familiar names on the Society's members list. Whilst I found academia difficult in the 1950's I can say that over the ensuing years High Pavement Grammar School has proved good for me. I hope it was equally beneficial for all the other first formers in 1955.

John Mason

FROM OUR READERS
FROM PHIL WARD

Dear Colin, Just a minor point - the photo featured in the August *Pavior* isn't of me, it's Chris Stirling. I'm at 'two' in the boat, i.e. second from the left (the bows). Apologies if my earlier



explanation left something to be desired. I'm now attaching a different shot (stored even further back in the loft!) which technically isn't any better than the last one - but I don't have any other school pics from those days, and a shot of me now wouldn't really help jog anyone's memory as to who I am. Do include this one in the next *Pavior*, if you wish, but it's not critical. The photo is from the enormous (over 90 cm long) Senior School photograph taken in May 1961, featuring all the HP staff, as well as all the older pupils.



Phil

Ward

[Thanks Phil! Sorry about the mistake. We think this photo on the left is the one you intended to send. We are happy to include it together with the one from the school photo. -Ed.]

FROM JOHN HOLLIS

[John Hollis has recently become a member of the Society and I knew him before either of us were pupils at High Pavement as we were then both very young members of the 65th Nottingham Scout Group (I was underage!). It is good to renew his acquaintance —Ed.]

Dear Colin, I was recently given three copies of *The Pavior* by my second cousin Glyn Allen who, like me, was a pupil at High Pavement School, in my case from 1943-48.

The articles and names in them were very interesting, particularly the excerpt from Army's Book in the November 2013 issue when Army was involved in a DIY job and received help and advice from a shopkeeper, Eric Chandler. Eric was a relative of mine and as a boy also attended High Pavement Grammar School. I had a Saturday job in the shop (then owned and run by Eric's father Len) to help raise money for my first trip to Scotland.

I went to High Pavement as a 13+ entrant. There had just been established a scheme to give 11+ 'failures' a second opportunity to go to HP. I stayed until I went to do my National Service in 1948.

I had a friend at HP called John (aka 'Jasper') Breed who died tragically young after qualifying as a teacher. We were very good friends and had the usual scrapes. One of these concerned a planned truant visit to the Test match at Trent Bridge, about which I will tell you in a further letter.

I found the articles about the refurbishment of the old school fascinating. Will there be any further opportunities for visits?

Sincerely, John Hollis

FROM GERALD TAYLOR

Dear Colin, Roger Lowe's article in the August 2014 issue of *The Pavior* describes a time that ended in my early years at High Pavement. Indeed, if he had not had the accident he mentioned, which held him back a year, he would presumably have left in summer 1965, the end of my first year.

None the less, I remember some of the pupils he names, including Peter Stretton who (I think) was School Captain, Head Boy, or whatever the designation was¹; and Michael Speake, who was a prefect. And was Terry Lee the demon fast bowler I recall in a match the Sixth played against a non-school team, probably Old Paviers, in 1971? I opened the batting for High Pavement, and recall that Ray Caulton, who umpired, commented after an over or two that I seemed to have got my eye in quickly. But despite surviving for an hour I made only 12 runs. However, as our team were all out in only another 30 minutes, it was perhaps not so dismal a performance as it might seem.

The names of some of the teachers Roger mentions are familiar. Mr Beck was never my Latin teacher, but was well known as someone that often addressed school assemblies after the main business had finished. He made announcements about 'car-washing teams', whatever they were, and once caused amusement by accidentally calling them 'car-washing machines'.

'Jack' Train was notable as a man with an irascible temper but a kind heart. A typical episode would begin with his bawling at an errant pupil 'How dare you do that? Take a million lines.' Ten minutes later he would say to the offending wretch 'If you can answer this question I will let you off with 50 lines.' By the time the lesson was over the offender was lineless, so to speak. Indeed, Mr. Train was rather like Lewis Carroll's Red Queen, who incessantly called for heads to be cut off, though as the Gryphon told us, 'they never executes nobody.'

As for other members of the staff, I recall Bill Gray, known as 'Grotty Bill', because 'grot' and its derivatives were favourite words of his; Eric Harris, who taught me history in the first year; Bob Pannell, who lent me a book about the mathematics of tides, which I still do not understand in more than a vague way; Mr A P Millidge, whose stern looks were quite at odds with his easy-going character as a French teacher; and John Dodd (if that was the tall Yorkshireman B. J. (Bert) Dodd) who was not bashful about proclaiming the superiority of his home shire in cricket matters.

After team cricket practices with Bert Dodd there would be the dreaded bag-carriers' round: the ball would repeatedly be hit high into the air and a player nominated at random to get under and catch it. The first two hapless individuals to drop the ball would have the equipment bag, heavy with bats and pads, to carry back to the school building.

Little did I suspect what Roger's writing reveals, that most of these men were enthusiastic drinkers.

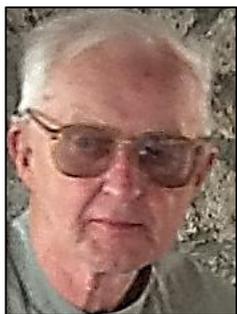


Gerald Taylor

ooOoo

¹ [I believe the proper designation was 'School Captain', implying a position of leadership (as for example in a sports team); rather than a person exercising authority (as in the title 'Head Master'). -Ed.]

FROM TOMMY GEE



[Tommy Gee is a fairly new member of the Society but my generation who attended HP in the 1940s will remember him as a prefect and brilliant scholar. He followed a career in Colonial Administration and wrote this article recently, originally for his parish magazine, but saw fit to send it to me for possible inclusion in these pages. I was happy to comply –Ed.]



Aircrafting

The mysterious disappearance of the big Malaysian Airways Boeing into the Southern ocean earlier this year reminded me of what happened some 75 years ago to the Imperial Airways flying boat *Corsair* (they had their own names, like ships) on its way up the Nile back from East Africa to UK. Imperial, the progenitor of BOAC (now BA) was a classic example of British entrepreneurship. In the 1930s it opened up a fast air mail (water rather than land) route down the Nile to South Africa which expanded to cover coastal Africa and later beyond, using these Shorts' flying boats.

In the 1930s pilots found their way using Radio Direction Finding (RDF), flying along an aerial radio beam to their destination or by flying low and following a well-known visible ground route in this case the River Nile. World weather forecasting was in its infancy, so pilots diverted when they saw storms ahead.

Captain Alcock, brother of the world famous Alcock who flew a first with Brown across the Atlantic, met a storm, lost his way in Congo near Lake Albert and searched desperately for a landmark in the jungle below, saw a small river and managed to put *Corsair* down but sank as he hit a hidden rock. The Dungu river was miles away from anywhere, but his wireless operator managed to signal Nairobi for help. Then a Belgian District Officer arrived and mobilised aid from startled nearby local villagers. Next Imperial decided to send six young Short 'engineers' to patch the hull and service the plane for take-off, no mean task for young apprentices miles away from their Southampton works and new to the Congo. After five months hard work the plane was ready, but the river was low with no sign of rain. With WW2 in the offing, Imperial sent Alcock back to fly *Corsair* home.

Despite tree and river clearance he hit the rock a second time, and the *Corsair* was again holed and stranded, this time on the opposite bank stuck in deep mud. WW2 had now started so it was vital to recover the plane. So the salvage team made a simple dam using ironwood logs and branches to raise the river level by a few inches and, after a further four months, they were third time lucky; Alcock got away and *Corsair* was sent to do war service in India.

During the war Churchill risked crossing the Atlantic by Sunderland flying boat (derived from the *Corsair* type) instead of a longer sea crossing, to save him valuable time. He even insisted on taking the controls! A decade later, when I was employed in the Colonial Service and still before the Nile water route was replaced by land planes, both our mothers flew abroad for their first time, flying down to Uganda, to see our new born son. Later, entrepreneurs such as Freddy Laker converted wartime bombers for passengers and pioneered the cheap travel that we enjoy today. More costly slow sea travel disappeared.

In the early 50s at a policy desk in the Uganda's Entebbe secretariat, my schedule included *inter alia* 'Air'. Then, we had no facilities for night flying except for emergency paraffin bucket flares. I was called out as a Belgian aircraft, carrying 32 young miners to work

in Congo, was approaching in the morning dark. The wind was too strong for the flares to stay alight, so the plane circled until first light just before its fuel ran out. On landing, out from the cockpit of this wartime converted Lancaster stepped none other than the famous Captain Alcock! He showed me round inside, but my boss made an order that he was never to darken Ugandan airspace ever again.

Later when I was District Commissioner of Bunyoro, a remote Uganda area on the eastern shores of Lake Albert, with the Congo on the western shore not far from where *Corsair* had crashed, I was signalled by Air Traffic Control, Nairobi to initiate a search and rescue as a plane had crashed at the remote and almost inaccessible Murchison Falls where the White Nile cascades through a fourteen foot gorge into Lake Albert and then flows out again northwards as the Albert Nile.

The (Ernest) Hemingways, with insufficient time for an overland safari, were sight-seeing by air in a light plane that clipped an old telephone pole, whose copper wires had probably been recycled. His rescue plane crashed too, but eventually he arrived dirty and dishevelled with his wife on the station. Over a drink he promised that any time I happened to be in Cuba (!) we were welcome to stay at his ranch. Many years later on BBC, traveller Michael Palin was at the crash site asking locals about the incident and was unable to obtain a first-hand story, so I sent one in to the Radio Times and won a rather smart fountain pen for it.

Anne and I always preferred sea travel, but this ended because of cost, scarce time and the disappearance of liner schedules. Even the owners of Greek rust buckets turned us down, demanding insurance cover, unavailable for the aged, in case the ship has to make an expensive medical detour.

In 1968, when my work took me to the Pacific, we were gifted the RNZAF Sunderland flying boat base, then closing down at Lacula Bay near Suva in Fiji, to start the new University of the South Pacific for 13 Pacific island nations, being the final colonial university endeavour. I made, kept and launched my 16 foot boat from the old concrete ramp there, originally built for the Sunderlands.

Tommy Gee

FROM GEOFF MOSS

Dear Colin Ken Kirk's recollection of the school visit to the Festival of Britain filled in for me a few gaps in my own memory of that excursion.

I was a year younger than Ken having started at High Pavement in 1949. I was friendly with some of Ken's year through the Sea Scouts: notably George Garnet, Bob Gibson and Barry Alders. We all had ambitions to go sea but only Bob carried it through. By chance I met him on the SS Devonshire when I went to Cyprus as a national serviceman in 1957. Bob had the elevated rank of 4th deck officer.



George Garnet was responsible for getting me into bad ways. Our patrol was due to go to the scout hut near Woodthorpe for the weekend but only he and I turned up. I was 13 and George was 14. We wondered what to do with ourselves that first evening. He suggested we go across the fields to the village pub. He said 'Make yourself look old!' Before we went he said 'What are you going to drink?' The only drink I knew was Shipstone's Nut Brown Ale which my father used to have delivered to our house. George didn't think that would be a good idea. 'Too poncey!' he said, 'You'll have a pint of Old and Mild like me!' Suspicious looks from the locals but the landlord served us without a murmur. I clearly remember that it took a great deal of resolve to get that first pint down.

Barry Alders also got me into trouble at the Festival of Britain. We were both train spotters. In Nottingham we had access to the LMS lines or we could bike over to Newark for *Sir Nigel Gresley* and *Mallard*. The prospect of spotting on the Southern or Great Western lines was too overpowering to resist. After going into the Science Museum with the rest of the party Barry and I bunked off and went by tube to Paddington. We had planned timing our return well, to get back just before we were due to leave the museum. But we failed to notice that there are two tube stations containing the word Kensington and of course we got out at the wrong one, Kensington High Street. No Science Museum in sight. We jumped on the next red bus and by some miracle arrived at the museum only to see our school bus sailing by with boys on the back seat waving furiously at us... As far as I recall there was no serious dressing down. You always remember painful things. But I don't think Chick Farr ever rated me too highly after that.

In my own year I was quite chummy with Bomba Shaw and Mike Hurworth (now no longer with us), Brian Taylor, Trevor Weaver and Deakin Clarke. These three all live in France now. And also Mike Leaman who lives 100 yards away from me here in Ascot.

Mike Hurworth was a bit of a renegade until he impressed Stanley Middleton in the poetry competition and he became a good actor. 'Better than Peter Bowles,' his mother said. I think he must also have made a good impression on Taff Davies. I once met Taff on a train coming from London. 'It's Moss isn't it? You were Hurworth's year.'

Long after leaving HP I was accosted by Mr Page. 'Moss. Why aren't you wearing your Old Boys' tie?' Later still I worked with Mr Page's son, Derek. He told me that at 80 years of age his father used to entertain his grandchildren by doing handstands. I loved all these great characters: Mr Saayman with his overcoat summer and winter; Big Smith with his deadly board duster; Mr Bullock in his 1930s swim suit; Sam Quincey covered in chalk dust; Crock stomping down to assembly looking as though he was going to explode with rage; Killer Carter lashing out furiously at the least indiscipline; Mr Wood with his stories of the sexual peccadillos of mediaeval kings and of course Taff himself whose energy was infectious.

Enough! To anyone who remembers me: Omnes Paviores!

Geoff Moss

ooOoo

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO VISIT THE OLD SCHOOL ON STANLEY ROAD?

Following on the enquiry by John Hollis (p.5) we have been in touch with our good friend Sue Hoyland, Head Teacher of the Forest Fields Primary School who is pleased to invite a group of Old Paviors to visit the old school at some time in the New Year.

If you are interested, please send your name to the Editor. Dates and times will be notified in due course. If you are elderly and/or infirm and wonder about all those terrible stairs, Ms Hoyland assures us that the new **lift** is available to assist you. Please state if you require to use it when you send in your name.

Sue Hoyland informs us that the building was entered for the **HARRY JOHNSON AWARD** of the Nottinghamshire Building Preservation Trust, part of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England (CPRE), for best restoration of a building, or best new building within a Nottinghamshire village setting (the terms are applied rather loosely). Although it did not win, it achieved a placing as 'Highly Commended'. The renewal scheme has also been entered for the **VALERIE GILLESPIE CUP** (also a Notts CPRE award) for 'The Best New Initiative in Community Activity to Enhance the Environment', winner yet to be announced.

VICTOR HAROLD TAYLOR



Born on the 18th May 1917 Vic was the fourth of six children. He was born in the Shipstones' brewery house in Basford as his father was in charge of the dispatch stage and the horses that pulled the drays at the brewery. The house had no electricity and was lit by gas. In those days almost all traffic was horse drawn and milk was delivered from a large churn on the back of a cart.

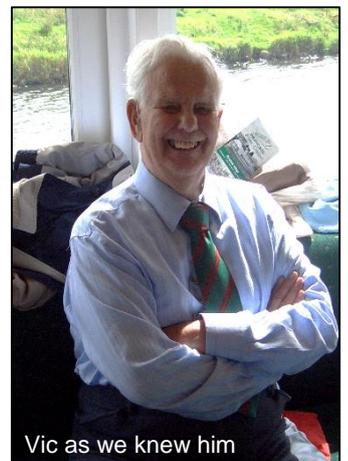
After Forest Fields Infant School and Stanley Road School Vic took the 11 plus and won a scholarship (£5 a year) to High Pavement. He always claimed that it was a lucky break as the exam had included a question about horses and drays which of course he knew well.

Vic very much enjoyed his time at HP becoming a prefect, captain of Basford House and was awarded colours for rugby and cricket. Vic's father was a member at Trent Bridge and Vic spent many happy hours watching Larwood and Voce and on more than one occasion the great Don Bradman. At the end of his sixth form years Vic moved to the recently established Nottingham University College at Highfields. Vic had specialised in science at school and at college he studied Physics and Maths. Upon graduating at the outbreak of war he was sent with three other graduates to Portsmouth to find a solution to the problem of magnetic mines which were decimating allied shipping. They developed a system of demagnetising ships which is still done today.

Shortly after the war he was seconded to the American navy for a year which he spent in Washington DC. His letters home give a fascinating insight into the times. He describes automatic washing machines and helping himself to goods off the shelves in a supermarket. Experiences for which we had to wait some years over here. In the 1950s he was the first civilian scientist to be appointed to 'Plans Division' in Whitehall. His rôle, with three naval officers, was to advise the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Louis Mountbatten, on defence policy.

In 1961 he was sent to the Admiralty Underwater Weapons Establishment at Portland in Dorset which was in turmoil after the discovery of the Portland spy ring involving secrets being passed to the Russians. Vic stayed there until his retirement in 1977. During his time there he was a member of a NATO mine counter-measures group which took him all over Europe and North America and he also invented a two stage guidance system for torpedoes which again is still in use.

Away from work he was a family man who enjoyed an active social life, was involved with the church and well known for his comic monologues and party games! In 1942 he married Winifred Cooley whom he met in the local library whilst in the sixth form at HP. Win had also attended High Pavement for two years prior to the Opening of the new Manning school. She also graduated from Nottingham University College in Physics and during the war worked for fighter command on the development of radar. They had three sons: Roger, Martin and Andrew. Later, after he moved to Derbyshire to be near his family, Vic was a regular at the Society's pub lunches and annual dinners until his failing strength prevented it. He died peacefully in his sleep on 22nd of April 2014 aged 96. He will be much missed by his family and friends.



Vic as we knew him

Roger Taylor

THE HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY PRIZE AWARDS 2014



The HPS Awards Presentation

Committee members:

Ken Kirk (Chairman HPS); Noel Gubbins; Lance Wright; Robin Taylor; Colin Salsbury; John Elliott;
with the prizewinners (L to R):

Sigrd Mularczyk; Joseph Saleh; Henry Truong; Jasmine Nelson; Joshua Wiser

The presentation of the High Pavement Society Prize Awards took place in a ceremony held on Wednesday September 10th in the foyer of High Pavement Sixth Form Academy. It was attended by many members of the Academy staff as well as parents and friends of the recipients. The awards, each for £150, were as follows:

High Pavement Society Prizes for Excellence

Jasmine Nelson and Joshua Wiser

(for achieving the most outstanding success in A level results at the Academy)

The Ken Bateman Award for Engineering

Henry Truong

(awarded for success in Engineering or any subject at A level of a similar discipline)

The Stanley Middleton Award for Literary Achievement

Sigrd Mularczyk and Joseph Saleh

(The prize shared by two equally achieving students in English Literature A levels)

All are financed from the Society's Education Fund, maintained by generous donors among the Society's membership. After the presentation there was an informal reception when the prizewinners were able to receive congratulations from the committee and their friends and discuss their plans for the future. All were planning to undertake studies at a higher level. The purpose of the awards is to make some contribution to the costs of these studies.

THE HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY AGM AND QUIZ NIGHT

The AGM of the High Pavement Society took place on Monday Sept 29th at the Welbeck Rooms, with a larger number present, making the meeting comfortably quorate. The business was conducted by the Chairman, Ken Kirk, who noted that one of the most significant items on the agenda was the appointment of **George Taylor** to be the new **President of the Society**. This was in succession to his lifetime friend, Arnold Brown who died earlier this year. The motion of the appointment was passed unopposed and with great acclamation. George made a brief acknowledgement, saying how honoured he was and how he would try to follow Arnold Brown's fine example but it would be a difficult act to follow.

After the business was completed the members joined their guests who had been left languishing in the bar and all moved to the assembly room for a splendid buffet supper, which was to be the last we would enjoy prepared under the supervision of Alan Shirley. Alan has been the Welbeck manager during many of our events there and is about to retire, to Lanzarote. We wish him well in his retirement.



Left: Barry and Valerie confer about raffle tactics
Right: The Quiz master and mistress
Below: The '48-ers' team in action.



After a break the raffle was conducted by Barry Davys and his cousin Valerie, present as his guest. Valerie's energy was quite amazing and the sum raised was a record £110 for the Society funds, so our thanks to you both, and also to the committee who donated the prizes.

The Quiz was devised and conducted as usual by Noel Gubbins, ably assisted by the charming Enid. Brows were furrowed, with some amazing replies written down and scornfully read by the marking teams. This most amusing and good natured intellectual contest was thought to have been won by the **48-ers** team (named after their entrance year at HP). However, due to the confusion brought about by the quizmaster having announced an



incorrect answer to one of the questions, a tiebreak ensued between the '48-ers' and the **Masonics**, led by John Mason, which was the subsequently won by the Masonics.

Naturally, the Pavivors' choir then gave forth with their (unaccompanied) rendition of *Carmen Paviorum*, declared by conductor Lance Wright to be the 'best ever!' What would we do without him?

SPORTING PRINTS



Forest House 1941 Sports Day Champions

A further addition to our ongoing series; this one was sent in by Ron Martin who has identified the following people:
Back row (from left) No3 **R Martin**; No4 **P Whitehead**; No7 **D A Dunn**; No8 **Tom Elliott**; No11 (extreme right) **J Sheldon**.
Front row: No7 **J Gilbert**. Ron recalls that S R Rhodes, J Stainsby and (?) Savage were also among these but he could not identify them.

John Gilbert was the son of Mr L J E Gilbert, the popular housemaster of Trent House and was tragically killed when his aircraft was shot down in October 1942.

PUB LUNCH NEWS

August Trip on the Trent by Riverboat



into view were objects of interest and/or mystery as we sailed gently past.

The High Pavement Society Country Luncheon Club (to give it its full title) once more took to the waters of the River Trent for a scenic cruise to the approaches to Shelford Weir and back again. Although we passed what could be an unsightly industrial area on the south eastern edge of Nottingham, this was screened for most of the way by the wooded banks. Even the buildings that hove

1. The *River Princess* awaits our arrival at the Yacht Club.

2. and 3. Our party enjoy the meal and the exotic surroundings of the river boat.



A splendid roast beef and Yorkshire lunch was served and enjoyed by the group, adding to the pleasure of these novel surroundings. We passed through the Holme Lock, which was always a source of much interest and viewed passing scene from our seats, including an obliging heron or two and other wildlife. Approximately 25 members and their guests took part in this enjoyable experience, which has become something of an annual tradition with the Luncheon Club.



The Springfield Inn, Lowdham

A pleasant lunch was enjoyed by 25 members of the Society and their guests at this modern country pub (or hotel?) near Lowdham on Tuesday November 4th. It was our first corporate visit to the pub and was organised by Robin Taylor. As usual, all those present had something to talk about and the room resounded with idle and not so idle chat. Food and drink were of a good standard

and we all left in the highest of spirits (once we'd found the exit!).

ooOoo

A REMINDER NOTICE

High Pavement Society Country Luncheon Club Christmas Lunch

will take place at the

Adams Restaurant, Lace Market, Nottingham

Tuesday 16th December 2014. 12.00. for 12.15. pm.

All society members and their guests are invited to attend

£15.50. per person (Includes Staff Gratuity)

Please send your choice of menu, and your cheque to the secretary, Noel Gubbins, 56 Temple Drive, Nuthall, Nottingham. NG16 1BH, Telephone: 0115 9756998. E-mail: williamgubbins@btinternet.com, to arrive not later than November 21st

Menu.

Starters

- Roast pumpkin and butternut squash soup, sage crème fraiche
- Smoked and poached salmon tian with beetroot and caper dressing and lamb's lettuce
- Game Terrine with plum chutney and toasted brioche

Main Courses

- Roast Turkey with traditional garnish of sage, onion and chestnut Ballantine, bacon wrapped chipolata, goose fat roast potatoes and turkey jus
- Crispy belly pork with pickled red cabbage, honey glazed parsnips and a cider cream sauce
- Pan fried sea bream with duchess potatoes; buttered curly kale, confit tomatoes and a beurre blanc sauce
- Mushroom, spinach and ricotta parcels, with fine green beans, roasted chestnuts and a truffle cream sauce

All dishes are served with seasonal vegetables and duck fat, roast potatoes

Desserts

- Traditional Christmas Pudding with brandy sauce
- Clementine Iced Parfait with Mulled Wine Compote
- Dark Chocolate Tart with Amaretto Anglaise

Tea, coffee and mince pies included

How to get there Adams Restaurant is located on Stoney Street in The Lace Market and members wishing to drive there direct may possibly find it inconvenient due to traffic congestion and parking facilities. However **ncn** have an arrangement with NCP to use the adjacent **Fletcher Gate** car park at a reduced charge. The procedure for members wishing to take advantage of this arrangement is to **park in the Fletcher Gate car park** and then take the ticket to Adams Reception where it will be validated for a fixed charge of £3.50 (payable on leaving the car park).

However, an alternative is to take advantage of the various Park & Ride or Tram Services which will take you close to the Adams Restaurant.

The Adams Restaurant is within the Adams Building of New College Nottingham. 'ncn' is the combination of colleges which also includes the High Pavement Sixth Form Academy, with whom the Society enjoys a close relationship.

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ARNY'S BOOK



[The family of our former President, the late Arnold Brown, agreed that we should continue to select suitable pieces from 'Arny's Book' to remind us of our old friend and how much we appreciated his company when he was with us. Here he relates how his work as a Master Baker led to an interest in some of the finer things in life.]

Music

Though I had been involved in many lively pursuits my interests perhaps lay in more passive activities, and this was emphasised during a visit I once made to London. *Craigmillar* was one of the principal companies producing fats of all descriptions for the baking industry, and they were particularly well known for their promotional work. They had demonstrated many times in Nottingham, and now extended this work by offering courses in confectionery to their customers. These were to be held in London at a venue to the south of the river, and were of four days duration. Accommodation was provided at the Regent's Palace Hotel adjacent to Piccadilly Circus. The whole package was entirely at the expense of the

company - there would be no cost whatsoever to the Master Bakers (like me) taking part. I planned to go, - and was truly amazed!

I had visited London only rarely, and never stayed at one of the principal hotels. At the time I considered the Regent's Palace one of London's principal hotels! It was certainly new to me in size, and the cosmopolitan nature of its patrons. I was certainly the little country boy let loose in the big city! The training course was impressive, but always completed soon after four o'clock each day, leaving plenty of time to investigate, with the aid of a map, the main thoroughfares of the metropolis. Lunch with our hosts was a substantial meal, so I was not concerned too much with the need for food in the evening.

After nosing round the squares of Leicester and Trafalgar, and looking into the National Gallery my route turned towards Covent Garden and the Royal Opera House, anxious to foster my budding interest in opera and ballet, and curious to know the current production. I was staggered to contemplate the vast scale of this National Mecca of dance and drama, but surprised and delighted to find my old friend 'Swan Lake' was due to be staged on that very evening. A tentative approach to the box office revealed there was indeed one seat available in the Stalls Circle, at a price which was high, but only commensurate with this prestigious establishment, second to none in the land.

I carefully stowed my ticket away, and wandered further, taking in a hurried snack on the way, anxious to pass the remaining time until the curtain was raised at seven thirty. On entering the Opera House I was immediately aware of the unique make up of my fellow members of the audience, lovers of ballet, mixed with a generous sprinkling of upper crust people, - present because it was the fashionable thing to do? Kitted out in their best finery, menfolk in dinner jackets, ladies in best evening wear.

I was delighted to find that my single seat in the Stalls Circle was, in fact, a very good one, with unobstructed view, and not too far from the stage. The curtains, with huge insignia familiar from television broadcasts, were vast in comparison with the Theatre Royal in Nottingham which was our usual venue, and, after an overture played by an equally vast orchestra, revealed a stage of comparative proportions, on which were dancers who performed with what, to me, was skill and grace of the first order.

The two intervals were spent alternately between the impressive and crowded Stalls Bar, where fresh salmon sandwiches were sold together with drinks at unimaginable prices, and the famed, but glorious Crush Bar (also crowded) where Champagne seemed to be the natural accompaniment to similar eats. I walked, after the performance, from the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden to the Regents Palace hotel in Piccadilly with a certain feeling of confidence that I had finally arrived. I had visited London, stayed at what to me was a posh hotel, attended the 'National Mecca of Opera and Ballet', while my fellow delegates were most likely whiling their time away in a pub or worse still, investigating the seedier side of London.

Ballet has always interested me as a combination of fine music, usually easy to appreciate, and dance, involving the most intricate movements demanding physical fitness of a supremely high standard. But if the composition of ballet audiences is any guide, it is rejected by the majority of men because of the effeminate inclinations of many of the male performers. What a pity!

This visit constituted one of the first steps towards a more confident and assured Army slowly emerging from the diffidence of the past. It was also a move to greater appreciation of the music and drama which was to play such a large part in the lives of Barbara and myself as the family grew, married and finally fled the nest.