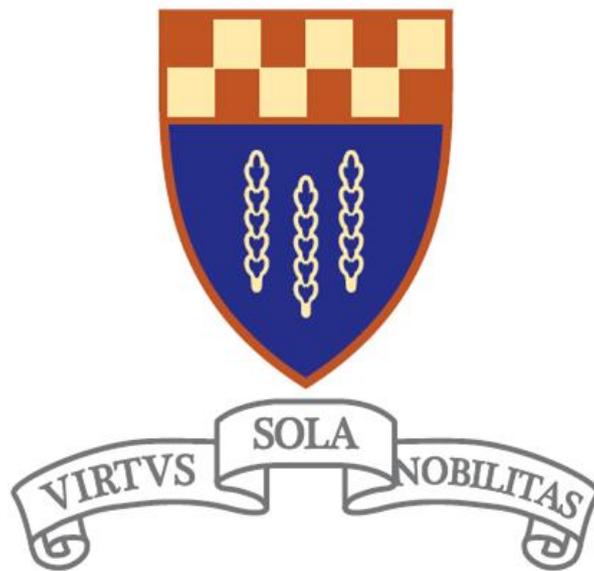


# The Pavior



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

**November 2015**

### **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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[0115 9278474]

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



**Faces to Remember**  
**Mr William Clark**  
**Languages Master at High Pavement**  
**1947-56**

**COMMITTEE-MEN'S COLUMN**  
**YOUR SOCIETY NEEDS YOU!**

This familiar message rang out at the Annual General Meeting of the Society like a clarion call. The committee needs more members. Yes, by George, it really does (sorry Mr President for taking your name in vain but this is a serious matter, emphasis is important). The general membership holds steady at just below 200, losing a few to the ravages of time and gaining a few new recruits on the way. However, the stalwarts of the Society Committee, once numbering eleven or more, have been greatly reduced by unavoidable health problems and we now have barely enough people to cope with the work of steering this valiant body along its way.

Age and health difficulties have meant that on several recent occasions we have seen as few as four members present at committee meetings and on one memorable day there were only three there to guide the fortunes of this popular Society. This cannot continue.

It is understandable that serving members cannot get to *every* bi-monthly meeting owing to illness, holiday commitments and family matters so we need to cover their absence by having a few sound people in reserve, as it were. We need sufficient thoughtful and mildly enthusiastic Pavors to ensure that proposals are discussed in depth and positive decisions are made. The duties are not onerous and the venue is accessible (on Gregory Boulevard with parking available). We start at the favourable hour of 11 in the forenoon and deliberate for about an hour. We enjoy the free tea and biscuits always provided and often need their sustenance quite badly. One member comes from Leicestershire by bus (most of us have those handy passes!) and another by train from Derbyshire. We *try*.

So far the response to the AGM appeal has been disappointing, to say the least. If you have an hour or two to spare every other month and live within a reasonable distance then please (Oh *please!*) step forward and lend your strength to our cause. Give any of the existing committee a ring and we'll get the red carpet dusted.

**Ken Kirk**  
*Chairman HPS*

**ooOoo**

**CHRISTMAS LUNCH 2015**



The Society's Christmas Lunch will be held at The Welbeck Rooms on **Monday 21<sup>st</sup> December** at 12 noon for 12.30. There will be a Grand Christmas Lunch Menu in traditional style, or an alternative menu for those with different tastes and requirements. The cost per head will be **£21.00**.

This lunch is open to all members of the Society who live within range and we hope to have a large number present, providing an opportunity to meet other Old Pavors with experiences in common.

If you would like to enjoy the occasion with us please return the enclosed slip or contact the Secretary, Noel Gubbins on 0115 975 6998 or email him at:

[williamgubbins@btinternet.com](mailto:williamgubbins@btinternet.com)

(or even write to him at 56 Temple Drive, Nuthall, Nottm NG16 1BH).

**Dr Raphael James Kerry**

*[This message has been received from Bob Kerry]*

It is with regret that I announce the death of my father on August 9th at the age of 94. He was always proud of his association with High Pavement and Nottingham. He was a pupil there before the war, prior to his going to medical school in Nottingham. He became a founder member of the University Air Squadron, then entered the RAF flying Lancasters. He finished his training in Sheffield after the war and followed a notable career as a psychiatrist here in Sheffield. A distinguished alumnus indeed.

**John Kirton**

Our loyal member John Kirton died on August 18<sup>th</sup> 2015 aged 92. John was a regular attender at our functions, particularly the pub lunches, as was his late wife. We will miss his presence in our midst. His funeral was held at Bleasby Church on September 4th and the Society was represented by Ken Kirk.



**Geoff Moss**

We have been informed by his daughter that our loyal member Geoff Moss has died at the age of 77 at his home near Ascot. We send our sincere condolences to his widow, Jane, and her family on their sad loss.

**POETRY FROM THE PAST**

**Thoughts on Leaving for Bestwood**

Set on a green-decked hill-top fierce and proud,  
With haughty pinnacles that pierce the cloud,  
'Gainst foes invincible embattlement,  
Tower the ancient walls of High Pavement.  
The scars of siege, of strife, of bitter war  
Have left their mark on block, stone, window, door—  
Disfigurement—an honoured heritage  
Of History. Proud as its walls are its rooms,  
All tinged with the faint scent of incense fumes.  
With flow'rs, suggestive of another clime,  
And tattered standards of a bygone time  
The lofty hall of splendid oak is hung—  
The only outward sign of praise unsung . . .  
Farewell then, Learning's stern, unbending seat—  
Censured now, yet condemned these many years,  
Conflicting shades upon thy scaffold's tiers—  
Thou treadst the final steps with rainbowed feet.

***Iain Fhearchair***

*[Deep thoughts from the September 1954 edition of 'The Pavior (then High Pavement's school magazine). Was there a real Iain Fhearchair at High Pavement? Or is the name an alias, possibly copied from that of an 18<sup>th</sup> century Gaelic poet.-Ed]*

**High Pavement Society Member Receives France's Highest Honour**  
**Richard Waplington is awarded the Legion d'Honneur**



Richard Waplington, now 95, served as a Lieutenant in the 1<sup>st</sup> Inland Water Division of the Royal Engineers during the Second World War. He landed in Normandy on 14th July 1944 as part of the Royal Engineers team to maintain the artificial harbour known as Mulberry Harbour.

Although Richard was later badly injured in Belgium by a land mine, he was one of the lucky ones to survive the war. Last year he was delighted to be included on a trip back to Normandy to mark the 70<sup>th</sup> anniversary, organised by D-Day Revisited. It was during those celebration that the French President made a promise to award those who had been part of the Normandy Landings with an appropriate medal. On returning to the UK, a detailed proposal of Richard's efforts was submitted to the MOD and the French Government for consideration.

In September this year, Richard was delighted to receive a letter from the French Embassy informing him that the President of the Republic had appointed him to the rank of *Chevalier* in the *Ordre national de la Legion d'honneur*, in recognition of his military engagement and involvement in the liberation of France during the Second World War.

'We owe our freedom and security to your dedication, because you were ready to risk your life'. With the letter, the insignia of *Chevalier de la Legion d'honneur* was enclosed. Richard is shown here proudly wearing the medal.

**Sally Johnson**

*[Mrs Sally Johnson is the daughter of Richard Waplington (HP 1932-39) and has sent us the above article. The President and members of the High Pavement Society are proud to acknowledge this distinguished award to one of its senior members. All will wish to offer their heartiest congratulations to Richard on this illustrious occasion and send him their very best wishes for the future.]*

**FROM MARTIN GREEN**  
**AN APPEAL FOR HELP**

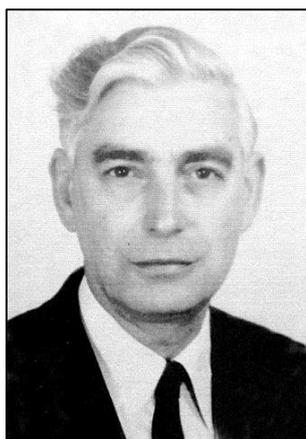
*[Martin Green is not a member of the Society but has contacted us to learn more about his time at High Pavement. If you feel you can help him he may be contacted via the editor.]*

**Hi Colin,** I attended High Pavement from 1972 to 1976 when I left at the end of the 4th year due to my Father's job. I've searched high and low for photos from that period and drawn an almost complete blank. **I wondered if there are any members of the society who may have unpublished photos or documents of which I might be able to make copies.** For example was there a record of school and/or form photos? Are there any records of the Drama Society or the Athletics teams? (I could run but couldn't play football, rugby or cricket!) Any hints you can give me about what's around or how to find previous records from my era would be greatly appreciated! Many thanks and I look forward to hearing from you. **Martin Green**

**ooOoo**

**CONTRIBUTIONS FROM OUR READERS**

**FROM GRAHAM WYBROW**  
**Robert Pannell**



It is with deep regret that I have to report the death of Robert Pannell, Mathematics Master at High Pavement School (Bestwood) for 12 years from September 1959 to July 1971. He died on 27 November 2014 at the age of 92.

Robert grew up in Sherwood Rise, Nott'm and was educated at Grosvenor School. He had a strong ambition to go to sea and left school at 15 to train to be a Merchant Navy officer. He went to HMS Worcester, a 3-masted sailing ship moored at Greenhithe on the Thames. At that time, the Cutty Sark was moored adjacent and Robert remembered well scrubbing the decks of that famous ship. For Prize-Giving, cadets were required to stand in line on the yards of HMS Worcester - without safety

nets!

Robert finished his training in 1939 and was en route for Australia on the P&O liner 'Strathclyde' when World War 2 was declared and the ship rapidly converted to a troopship. Within 2 years, Robert had earned his Second Mates Certificate. In 1943, he was on the 'Viceroy of India' when she was torpedoed and sunk in the Mediterranean during Operation Torch. After the war, he returned to P&O and gained his Extra Master's Certificate.

In 1953, he left the sea as a Second Officer and entered teaching, firstly at a cadet college at Warsash (Southampton) and then at two other schools, before joining the staff at HP in 1959. There, he was a keen member of the staff cricket team and was actively involved in organising cross-country events for the school and county. He taught maths mainly to junior forms with the result that, when the school began conversion to a sixth form college he decided, very reluctantly, to move on.

After HP, Robert taught part time at Hollygirt School before becoming involved as a senior lecturer at Digby College, where he helped set up an evening course preparing adults

for the RYA Yacht Master Certificate. This included teaching meteorology, Morse, semaphore, the International Code of Signals and chartwork.

Towards the end of the war, Robert married Kathleen whom he had known since childhood. They were married for more than 70 years and had a son and two daughters. Robert was an accomplished artist and had a love of caravanning.

His very many students will remember him as a rather quiet, dignified and kindly teacher, who would never use two words when one would suffice. He taught his subject in a logical and disciplined manner, but with enthusiasm and great patience, and hence considerable success.

**Graham Wybrow**

**ooOoo**

### **FROM TONY HUSBANDS**

*[In our May 2015 issue Tony related an experience in Poland during his career as an export representative. He has sent us this narrative of another Cold War expedition beyond the bamboo curtain rather than the metallic variety.]*

#### **A Pavior goes East**

This is by nature a story of another adventure into a very different country from my previous tale; yet again it was at the height of the Cold War

At the time there were a limited number of companies who actively exported to China but there were some organisations who specialised in leading *groups* of companies by setting up promotional exhibitions. The leader of this particular organisation reminded me in some respects of Ralph Crossland (a.k.a. Croc) primarily because he walked with a pronounced limp and always used a very stout walking stick. This particular event was centred on an exhibition held in Beijing. The exhibition was accompanied by a series of lectures (given by me) on a particular aspect of instrumental analytical chemistry. The lecture was unusual because it was attended by about twelve selected Chinese scientists who specialised in that particular technique. My programme consisted of seven presentations of about four hours, including extensive questioning. It therefore involved me in a great deal of talking. Imagine my horror when I realised that I was developing a heavy cold with loss of voice and streaming eyes. The chairman of the discussion group insisted that I must consult their doctor. This situation alarmed me somewhat and it became very obvious that I must adopt the famous British stiff upper lip.

The doctor promptly listened to my chest and I was prescribed two types of medicine (but thankfully no mention of acupuncture). The chairman insisted that I take both medicines *immediately*. The first were small white pills which I guessed were antibiotics. The second packet however appeared to be a finely ground mixture containing unknown ingredients. I thought that perhaps I could take them later when I was back at the hotel. No such luck as I had to add some hot water to prepare an infusion and promptly swallow it in front of the group that were attending my lecture. I displayed my best stiff upper lip and drank this unknown mixture. It actually had a not unpleasant taste but I was not a good actor and the huge look of relief on my face was greeted with smiles and looks of amusement from all present.

The most amazing thing was that the *symptoms completely disappeared overnight* and I was quite able to carry on with the programme. I have often wondered what I took and how it cleared up my problems. Maybe the pharmaceutical industry should seek this herbal remedy.

I have been a Scout or Scout Leader for most of my life and I always remember the old motto 'Be Prepared'. This was very relevant during this next episode, when we experienced *an earthquake*, for the reasons which will become apparent.

The group from our company had just returned to our hotel and were quite sober (!) and just sitting talking together when we suddenly realised that the room and pictures were swinging quite wildly. The next thing of which we were aware was the Chinese staff shouting '*All out! All out!*' At this point I should add that the temperature outside was well below zero although it was dry. I thought that I was well prepared as grabbed my overcoat, scarf, hat and gloves and rushed to the stairs. We were on the about the second or third floor and as a result there were several flights of steps to reach the outside of the building. I started running down the stairs as fast as I dare go but I was easily overtaken by the delegation leader, complete with walking stick, although the limp seemed to have been disregarded. We were then promptly sent to sit in a bus which was placed in the middle of what appeared to be a large parade ground.

The outside temperature was somewhere between -5°C and -10°C, hence the bus was very cold indeed. I thought that I had lived up to my motto of being prepared as I sat there with hat, coat, gloves etc. However, the person behind was even better prepared as he had also picked up a bottle of scotch as well as the glasses. Now that *was* being prepared!

**Tony Husbands**

**FROM BRIAN KNIGHT**  
**Stanley Road Prefects' Room**

This little room was not well known. The only reason for non-prefects to visit it was if they were asked to present lines they had been told to complete and face an inquisition of prefects meaning to discourage bad behaviour in the future. Most prefects did not like this as they wanted to keep the holy of holies as a place just for them.

It was a very small room at first floor level, off the north staircase. To make it smaller it had been divided by a partition to make a 'classroom' inside. I myself had Latin lessons here - two of us with a teacher *who smoked for 2 hours!!*

The room had a nice feature - an instantaneous water heater over a sink. The luxury of washing in hot water was not the only benefit. On cold mornings the sink was kept full of red hot water which supplemented the tepid radiator. We could drink our milk warm and the more adventurous brought bottles of coffee and chicory (Nescafe was then unknown) and make coffee!

The usurpation of our room by masters to use for lessons was deeply resented by some prefects. The partition wall over the years had countless holes made in it so that eyes could observe what was going on inside. Various objects like feathers or pieces of paper were inserted and careful watch was kept in order to remove them when the grinning pupils gave the game away.

The ultimate 'jape' was to slide a bottle of milk down behind the radiator with a small hole in the foil. With careful experience the growing smell of the milk going 'off' could be synchronised with the lesson of a selected master. This went too far and we were banned from the room for a time but slowly we crept back.

Perhaps this reminiscence will encourage some of you to write about other aspects of the Stanley Road building.

**Brian Knight (1947-54)**

**FROM RICHARD BEALE**  
**1954 Sixth Form Group**



*This smiling group from 1954 does not include the donor, Richard Beale (perhaps he was holding the camera?) but we would like to have some more information about the people on view and the precise identity of the group. The setting is the old 'Top Yard' which was restricted to Seniors, like these fine fellows*

**FROM GEORGE HEYWOOD**  
**News from Alaska**



This is George Heywood (Sherwood 1944-1949) reporting. I have now been in Alaska for some 41 years and in the States for 42 years. Here is a picture from today's newspaper. Moral: Don't get your head in the cookie jar! They managed to get it off the bear's head. Just one of the strange things that happens in Anchorage, Alaska.

We are just heading into fall with the leaves turning yellow and brown at a fairly swift rate. One day they are green and it appears that the next day they are turning. It's like that in the spring, one day there are no leaves and the next they all seem to appear green. Temperatures at the moment are cooling off with about 54°F (12°C) during the day dropping to about 34°F (1°C) at night towards the end of this week. Actually we have had quite a nice summer with temperatures reaching 80°F (27°C) on some days. Unfortunately I missed some of it as I was in Scotland visiting family and my first great grandson during July. I think though the average temperature in Anchorage during June was the highest on record. Most days over 70°F (21°C). That followed a winter with the lowest snowfall on record for Anchorage.

Unfortunately the hot weather does bring its problems in the way of forest fires. Fortunately Anchorage was not affected but thousands of acres were and many people lost their homes. Currently we are now having heavy rain which I am sure California would love. Our thoughts go out to all those who are affected and losing their homes and life's treasures. I was asked the question by Colin Salsbury: 'How do we deal with the cold?' I guess my answer would be 'Dress for it'. Actually cold is easier to get over than heat. I lived in Houston and California and you can only take so many clothes off (legally) to get cool. Cold is just the opposite. Actually since I have lived in Anchorage we have not seen the real cold snaps we seemed to get in the 1970's and early 1980's. I remember when we had cold snaps of -30 F (-34°C) for 3 weeks at a time and even colder for short periods. Global warming? I am not going to get into that discussion. I'll leave that up to the President (Obama) and his cohorts.

However the Anchorage population has risen from about 60,000 in the 70's to about 300,000 in 2014. That, with the extra cars will warm anything up. By the way the Anchorage population is 41% of the State's population which equates to about 384,000 for the rest of the state. One of our former governors pointed out that if Texas didn't keep quiet about how big they were, we would cut Alaska in half and then there would be *two* states bigger than Texas!

In a recent note to Colin I stated that I really enjoy receiving the newsletter and read it cover to cover. I thoroughly enjoyed my time at High Pavement and I know the schooling and discipline we received has helped me during my life. I was fortunate to excel somewhat in sports and I remember on my first visit to HP with my mother that I noticed the Records Board in the assembly hall. I looked at the names and thought to myself I would like to be up there some day. I was fortunate to be up there 2 times. One for High Jump (the old fashioned way) and the other for the 380 Yards. There is a story around the last event and that was that for weather reasons the final of the 380 had to be postponed and we were informed that it would be run at a later date. I can't remember how many days after but we were informed that the final would be run that day at noon down on the Forest. I don't remember about the others who were competing but I didn't have any running gear with me. I managed to borrow some shorts from someone and then I needed spikes. I quickly asked around and Geoff Hutton said he had a spare pair with him but they weren't in the greatest shape but to me anything was better than running in school shoes or even socks. Off we went and I managed to finish first and break the record. I really enjoyed playing all sports, be it athletics, swimming, rugby or cricket.

In **athletics** I remember running with Alan Franklin and John Gregory to win, I think it was, the Nottingham Boys 4 x 100 relay. I think I have a photograph somewhere. Fred Tippet was the coach. I apologise that I can't remember the fourth person's name. (Help me?) I could never beat Alan in the 100 he was just too fast. In **swimming** I remember Leon Bryan, Alan Stevenson and Jeff Fowler (who I later met up with in the Navy). Mr. Bullock was the coach. I believe he was a diver for Cambridge. I remember going to Noel Street baths at lunchtime to swim a mile before going to lunch. Memories!

In **cricket** I again remember John Gregory, also Maurice Thurman, a good bowler and batsman. I think he played for Nottingham Boys at Trent Bridge. In **rugby** I remember my friend 'Eggo' Dixon, Alan Franklin and many others. I know I was thrilled the first time I was picked to play for the seconds and was given a school jersey to wear instead of our house shirt.

In my last note to Colin I mentioned that I had the panoramic picture taken in either 1948 or 49. I have it on my computer and I see so many faces that I recognize and can put

names to some but not others but remember their faces and how I knew them. That was sent to me several years ago by my good friend Mike Watkinson.

After leaving HP in 1949 I joined the Royal Navy as an artificer apprentice. My results in the Oxford and Cambridge School leaving certificate negated me having to take the entrance exam and therefore only had to do the aptitude test. I remained in the Navy from 1949 to 1963 spending the last eight years in the submarine service. During that time I met my late wonderful wife, Anne with whom I shared some 46 wonderful years before she passed away in 2001. I have three children. My oldest daughter lives in Edinburgh and is a primary school teacher, my second daughter lives with me and is a High School Mathematics teacher in Anchorage. My son and his family are located in North Dakota and he is Project Services Manager for the Hess Corporation.

After leaving the Navy I went to work for BP Chemicals in Grangemouth and stayed with them till 1973 when I was offered a job with BP in Alaska to help in the building of the Alaska pipeline. I was on loan to the Alyeska Pipeline Company to which I transferred to in 1980. I remained with them until I retired in 1995. A short time after, I joined the company of a friend of mine, called Hawk Construction Consultants who offered me a job as a Project Controls Consultant working for 3 months in the winter of 1995-1996. I have now been working for them for 20 years. Some of it full time work and some part time. I am currently working part time on the gas line that will hopefully be built in the not too far distance future although as most of you will realise we can build a pipeline but politics are the major obstacle. What great memories.

My best wishes to all Old Paviers, Society members and their families. **George**

ooOoo

### THE HIGH PAVEMENT TROPHY COLLECTION

Following the move of the High Pavement Sixth Form Academy (or ‘College’ as it was then known) from Gainsford Crescent to its present home in Chaucer Street, the Society was contacted about a collection of cups and other trophies which had been discovered. They were no longer in use and were kept in a store room in rather unsuitable conditions. It was thought fit to have a selection of these historic pieces put on display in a suitable cabinet in the library or other prominent place and to this end, after many false starts, an inspection of the trophies was arranged to take place on October 28<sup>th</sup> following the Society’s committee meeting (held on their premises at the invitation of the HP Academy).

There were many pieces, some dating as far back as the 1920s, in various states of preservation. Some were damaged, although not beyond repair. A catalogue was prepared and future arrangements made to store them at a place of safety while a closer study of the articles was made. Meanwhile they



◀ The Society committee conducting their inspection remain at the Academy.

## POETRY FROM JOHN JALLAND

*[John came across this little ode when reading a communication from English Heritage and thought it would amuse many others who have similar rueful motoring experiences. –Ed]*

I have a little GPS  
I've had it all my life  
It's better than the normal ones  
My GPS is my wife.

It lists the vehicles just in front  
And all those to the rear  
And taking this into account  
It specifies my gear.

It gives me full instructions  
Especially how to drive  
'It's sixty k's an hour', it says  
'You are doing sixty five'.

I'm sure no other driver  
Has so helpful a device  
For when we leave and lock the car  
It still gives its advice.

It tells me when to stop and start  
And when to use the brake  
And tells me that it's never ever  
Safe to overtake

It fills me up with counselling  
Each journey's pretty fraught  
So why don't I exchange it  
And get a quieter sort?

It tells me when a light is red  
And when it goes to green  
It seems to know instinctively  
Just when to intervene

Ah well, you see, it cleans the house,  
Makes sure I'm properly fed,  
It washes all my shirts and things  
And - lets me have a shed

Despite all these advantages  
And my tendency to scoff  
I do wish that once in a while  
I could turn the damned thing off !

ooOoo

### THE REMARKABLE 2015 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND QUIZ NIGHT

On Monday September 28<sup>th</sup> the Welbeck suite was again the venue for this year's social event which, as usual was preceded by the Society's AGM. While their partners and guests lingered over a pre-prandial tippie and indulged in a little chit-chat about their adventures since they were last together, the 28 members sat in an adjacent room for the serious business of the AGM. Two members of staff from High Pavement Sixth Form Academy, David Morgan, Deputy Head and Alex MacDonald, Curriculum Lead were present as our guests.

The meeting was chaired by Deputy Chairman John Elliot in the absence of the Chairman Ken Kirk, who was on holiday. The usual business was conducted and assent was given to those affairs of the society which required it by law. The acting chairman drew attention to the difficulties faced by the committee in conducting the Society's affairs and appealed for more support from the membership. There was much discussion about the methods to be employed in recruiting younger members into the Society, especially those passing through the existing Academy which bears the honoured name of High Pavement.

Indeed this discussion continued beyond the time allocated and, after two interventions by the Welbeck management to say the buffet was now being served, the AGM was brought to a close.

A tasty buffet was delivered by the Welbeck staff and the membership relaxed and enjoyed itself in anticipation of the usual challenging Quiz prepared by the Secretary, Noel Gubbins. Our usual raffle, of prizes donated by the Committee, was capably conducted by Margaret and Roy Maclean and other helpers raised a welcome sum of £119 towards the evening's expenses.

A slight hiatus developed while the secretary and his good lady dashed hither and yon. Eventually Noel had to announce that the list of quiz questions<sup>1</sup> he had so carefully prepared had gone missing during the evening and he had to ask the assembly to forgive him. This we readily did and commiserated with him in his plight. We engaged in more social chat over a drink or two and finally all the Paviors present stepped forward to give their rendition of our wonderful School Song, *Carmen Paviorum*. After this our 45-strong gathering dispersed, perhaps to meet again at a pub lunch or at the Christmas gathering.

**ooOoo**

### **PUB LUNCH NEWS**

#### **The Ferry Boat Inn, Stoke Bardolph**



◀ Jean Nutting welcomes one and all to the Ferry Boat Inn pub lunch.

A group of friends and members of the Society gathered at this pleasant riverside pub on Wednesday October 21<sup>st</sup> for an enjoyable pub lunch, organised for the first time by two ladies who were honorary members of the Society, Pat Mantle and Jean Nutting. Unfortunately Pat was called away soon after the guests arrived, in order to take her part as a key player in a bridge tournament. However, the groundwork had been effectively completed and Jean Nutting presided over the 20-strong group as they sampled the excellent fare of the establishment.



The bucolic setting by the River Trent was enhanced by views of the large flocks of water fowl which gathered on both of the river banks.

**Above left:** Brenda and Stan Rhodes relax over a pre-prandial drink with some other members of our group.  
**Above right:** The Tomlinsons and the Macleans raise a glass to toast the organisers of this enjoyable occasion.

<sup>1</sup> The list was discovered by the Steward of the Welbeck Rooms the following morning. It was hiding under a desk in the AGM meeting room..

## **PRESENTATION OF THE 2015 HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY AWARDS**

A delegation from the High Pavement Society attended the ceremony held at the High Pavement Sixth Form Academy on September 8<sup>th</sup> when its four prize awards were presented. Denise Jelly, Principal of the High Pavement Academy, welcomed the visitors, who included parents of some of the student recipients.

The Awards were as follows:

***High Pavement Society Awards for Excellence*** (for highest achieving female and male A-Level students) awarded to: **Qianwen Lu and Adam Barbarowicz**

***Stanley Middleton Award for Literary Achievement*** (for the highest achieving student in English Literature) awarded to: **Rose Marie Lowther**

***Ken Bateman Award for Engineering*** (for the highest achieving student pursuing Engineering or related studies) awarded to: **Yun-tang Ng**



The winners proudly display their award certificates as they pose with supporting members of the Academy staff. Standing on the right hand side of the staircase the winners are (from the top):

**Adam Barbarowicz**

**Qianwen Lu**

**Rose Marie Lowther**

**Yun-Tang Ng**

In the foreground are the three members of the Society Committee.

The presentations were made on behalf of the Society by the Chairman, Ken Kirk, who said: 'It's a pleasure coming back to High Pavement, there's a real sense of nostalgia. The students have worked extremely hard for their qualifications and we wish them every success for the future. We hope former High Pavement students will join the society in the future to ensure the society lives on for years to come.'

**ooOoo**

### **OUR NEW END PIECE**

*[Editors note: As was announced in the last issue of the Pavior we have finally exhausted the supply of extracts from Arnold Brown's memoirs and needed to turn to other sources of material. We were fortunate to obtain this early piece by our member Tommy Gee. It was written in 1946, just after WW2. Its origin is explained in the introductory letter we received from TG. Suggested interpretation of some words have been inserted in italics. (The copy of the 1946 'Pioneer' Scouts magazine referred to by Tommy Gee has been carefully scanned and enhanced to make it legible, as the original had been round the world with Tommy and was almost unreadable. PDF versions of all the pages can be sent by email to any member who might be interested. Contact the editor **by email** please.)]*

## TWO CRUISES



*Dear Editor, In a journal from the mid-1940s I came across a loose cyclostyled December 1946 issue No 9 of 'The Pioneer', issued by the HP 121st Scout Troop. As I waded through, it evoked memories of wet summer days camping at the Friary and Youlgreave, and of activities, competitions and challenges long forgotten. At the end was a piece from me about my travels and experiences aboard HMSs Formidable and Glasgow. I was reminded how different I found 'abroad' and the exotic east far away from austerity Britain. I kept in touch with Ivan O'Dell, and he must have published it. Regards, Tommy Gee*

We have sailed into many strange parts of the world in so short a time. The first trip was a trooping trip on the *Formidable*. Our mission was to transfer the bulk of the 'pool', meaning all the gash (*spare, unwanted, worthless?*) sailors left behind in Sydney) from Australia to Ceylon, which means from bush and comparative luxury to dank depressing jungle and life in bungalows made by the Singhalese during the war, out of palm leaves. That and all the quiet unromantic life of Trincomalee. Some of them, the lucky ones, were going home.

Outward bound, we had carried mostly Australian troops out of Pompey on that chilly March day. All were rather pleased that they were travelling back home, homes with strange names: Geelong, Coolgardie, Halgoodie (*Kalgoorlie?*), Wahroonga. I remember them standing on the quarterdeck as we sailed round Cape Leeuwin, the south western tip (of Australia) and saying 'Gosh, isn't the smell of wattle just Bonzo!' (*bonzer?*)

We then picked up the commercial radio stations and they sat by the loudspeakers entranced. The welcome we had in Sydney was memorable, paper streamers, lines of American cars, big streamlined vehicles which made the few English ones look very out of date. Then there was surfing, on the famous Manly Beach, with picnic lunches of chicken and prawns, ice cream, Coca-Cola, and of course the Australian bathing beauties. The shops were a paradise after England and the cafes and restaurants too. I remember my first meal, a mixed grill, with a steak (carefully selected before it was cooked) covering the whole plate and laden with mushrooms, tomatoes, bacon, liver, kidneys and chips. We came away from Sydney rather sadly but well supplied with sheepskins and supplies of butter, cream, frozen turkeys, tinned fruit, sweets and happy memories.

The second cruise was round the Indian Ocean in the *Glasgow* starting at Trincomalee in Ceylon. First of all we sailed south-west for Mauritius, an island in the path of tropical storms, where all the inhabitants speak French. They have cultivated almost every available acre to grow sugar and gigantic men who were formerly slaves did all the manual work. There were lots of Chinese and a few Indians too. Then we sailed on, to the Seychelles, to Name the principal island, where the main export was patuli (a base for scent) a small plot of which is worth many thousands of pounds. Mahe, famous for the tortoise shell and for the equally famous dusky beauties, it just about comes up to one's expectations of the tropical island we see so often on the films.

From there we went to Dar-es-Salaam, an important port in East Africa, where commerce is the principal activity, since it is the capital of our mandate of Tanganyika (*a former German colony*) just handed over to UNO (*UN*) trusteeship. The beauty spot to visit here was Mount Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa. It is almost on the equator and snow-capped, being about 20 000 feet (high). The mandate is famous for growing sisal for rope-making, and also for elephant shooting. There was a lot of delicately carved ivory about. Further north up the coast, we visited the port of Tanga and the island of Zanzibar. Zanzibar was still ruled by a real Sultan who came out to meet us in a state barge rowed by his 16 black oarsmen, all immaculately dressed in red and white and coxed by an ex-Lt Cdr RNR. Zanzibar was quaint and Arab. It was full of the romance of the east (without all the smell) and had the flavour of the Arabian Nights.

Then on to Mombasa, which has another name Kilindini (*the port installation of Mombasa*). It is the principal port of Kenya, large and commercialised with flying boats hopping on and off the water. It may be the next great naval centre should the need arise. From there we took our rifles and kitbags and went out on safari into the African jungle, about 200 miles up country. There elephant, giraffe, lions, zebra, rhino and every sort of wild game abound. However, since the licence to shoot an elephant cost £50 (*more than £600 in today's money*) and very often somebody's life, so we let the 'white hunters' reign supreme. Rumbling some 100 miles a day in an old Ford car, accompanied by three 'boys', half a dozen dogs, a bottle of whisky and a packet of ham sandwiches; through jungle, thorn and scrub, and over wide plains searching for rhino, elephant and wild pig, is great sport.

We then turned back to Ceylon, travelling via Aden and Male, principal island in the Maldivé group, also ruled by a sultan. One could write several pages on Male alone. It is a small piece of coral only 5 or 6 miles round, still defended with ancient cannon marked with the Tudor rose, all in excellent condition mounted on carriages and carefully covered against the rain. These welcomed us with a 17-gun salute and out came the sultan from his palace, again in a splendid State barge. The streets were clean and straight, filled with gardens and smart islanders, mostly fishermen, who go out after the amazing pink, green and blue fish so abundant in these waters. The Islands have a compact civil administration which puts the European to shame.

And so back to Ceylon, the pendant jewel which hangs from the neck of India. A rich island filled with every sort of mystery which only the east can supply. The native population toil away in the hills producing our tea and rubber. Elephants, tame Ceylon elephants, tread the paddy fields. High in the hills, only a few score miles from the equator, you can sit by a log fire, and in the cold of the night dream of those bright green English fields, always unsurpassed.

**T W Gee**

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