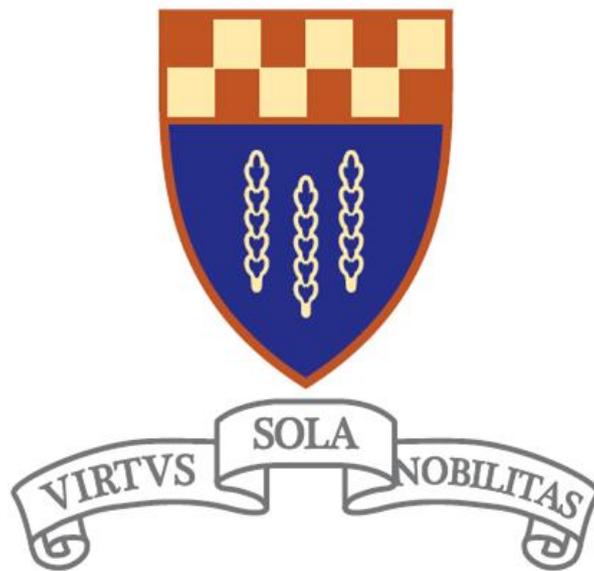


# The Pavior



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

**November 2016**

### **Your Committee**

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

#### **President: Vacant**

Committee Chairman: Ken Kirk 0115 9568650

Deputy Chairman: John Elliott 0115 9266475

Secretary: Noel Gubbins 0115 9756998

Treasurer: Robin Taylor 0115 9609483

([robinatnottm@aol.com](mailto:robinatnottm@aol.com))

Registrar/editor: Colin Salsbury 01509 558764

Archivist: Lance Wright 01246 590029

Committee Member:

John E Mason 01509 768578

Copy for *The Pavior* may be sent to

Colin Salsbury: [colin.salsbury@outlook.com](mailto:colin.salsbury@outlook.com)

**(Please note this is the correct email address)**

116 Leicester Road, Loughborough, Leics. LE11 2AQ

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



#### **Faces to Remember**

**Arthur Robert Gooderson**

**Mathematics Master at High Pavement**

**1932-53**



## George Taylor

29.04.1923 – 04.11.2016

It is with great regret that we announce the passing, at the age of 93, of our most loyal member George Francis Taylor, President of the High Pavement Society, who died on November 4<sup>th</sup>.

George entered High Pavement School in 1934 and many years later, in 1989, was a founder member of this Society together with his lifelong friend Arnold Brown, his predecessor as President. George held the office of President from 2014 and has always been a regular and enthusiastic participant in Society functions. He will be much missed by his fellow members.

His funeral took place at Bramcote Crematorium on November 16<sup>th</sup>, when the Society was represented by Ken Kirk, Enid and Noel Gubbins, Anne and Robin Taylor, Alison and Trevor Fisher, Colin Salsbury and others from the membership.

The Members of The High Pavement Society send their sincere condolences to George's family.

ooOoo

### THE COMMITTEE-MEN'S COLUMN A Message from the Chairman, Ken Kirk

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

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

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

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

## FROM OUR READERS

### FROM MIKE HOPEWELL

*[Mike sends more flying reminiscences. You can't keep a good Old Pavior down!]*

#### The world's Most Spectacular Airfield? BEA flights to the Outer Hebrides

This is the story of flights I made in the 1960s to the Western Hebrides. I flew to Tiree, Barra, and on the way past Staffa (memories of Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave*), and Iona {burial place of 48 Scottish Kings, including Duncan and Macbeth). I flew above a shoal of the huge basking sharks, 45 feet long and each weighing 5 tons, their jaws wide enough to swallow a man, but actually they were only a plankton-eating fish.

In April 1955 the small four-engined De Havilland Heron began a service from Glasgow to Tiree-Barra-Tiree and back to Glasgow. It has a capacity of fourteen passengers and landed at Barra on the Traigh Mohr *beach* (subject to tides and weather – of course!). There was a rudimentary terminal, of wood and pitch paint, controlled by Kitty MacNeil, who also informed the captain if the beach was suitable for landing: 'Could you see the knees of the seagulls standing on the beach?' She also supplied the crew with lobster or cockles, fresh that morning.



First Officers (who were safety pilots, in case of captains falling ill) were volunteers, both for the ambulance and scheduled flights. The Heron had two control columns, but only one full instrument panel.

The (very senior) captain with whom I flew (who called all new First Officers 'John') let you take control for most of the flight, except for take-off and landing. He liked you to go swimming with him on the outbound Tiree leg (airfield *next* to beach). He hated brown bread sandwiches and asked to swop with your white ones, giving you his apple in exchange. He was an ex-RAF pilot, who during the 1939-45 war landed his aircraft on the pier at Troon when all surrounding airfields were out in fog. He was once the special guest on the Eamonn Andrews's TV show *'This is your life'*.

The Traigh Mhor Bay beach, in 2011, was named the world's most spectacular place to land. It beat St. Bart's and the Maldives. It was licenced as an airfield in 1936 and nearly 10,000 people land there each year. Landing on this beach at Barra is like preparing to land on the sea, depending on the sunlight shining on the wet sand. The wet also slows the aircraft down very quickly, short landing distance required, but the plane needed special desalting after returning to base. If required, seagulls were cleared with the usual special fireworks, but once I remember a very large shadow passing over the cockpit whilst circling the island into a landing position. A Golden Eagle (= a big dent)? The beach on the other side of the terminal hut was the most beautiful, and made up of tiny pure-white sea shells. When the basking sharks were enjoying the warm shallow bay (no one ever goes there) they looked like miniature submarines.

**Mike**

ooOoo

## FROM JOHN CHASE

**Dear Colin,**

The Pavior always gives me a twinge of nostalgic pleasure but none more than the August edition, Michael Gladwell's letter in particular. On a personal note, I have known Michael since mid-1940, longer than I have known anyone in my life! He is a little less than one year younger than I am. We both attended the local Midland Road junior school and eventually High Pavement at about the same time, although due to the 'huge' age gap we didn't see much of each other during that time. There was a short time when, as children a group of us from Midland Road, had lessons at his house, something to do with the war no doubt! I wonder if he remembers.

Michael mentions being a '*remnant*' singer. I didn't know that at the time, but I do remember now hearing the word for the first time in this context. I had heard it used before in a different the context, relating to small pieces of cloth left over from other usage and used largely to make rag rugs. Do you remember them? As a young boy I thought it disrespectful to apply it to a *person*, particularly to a child. Perhaps it was accepted by the sufferers because they were unaware of its implication, or perhaps just putting up with it.

Due to my parents moving away from the district I was obliged to leave High Pavement in the middle of my School Certificate year, just after Christmas 1947. I found this very distressing and I shall leave it at that, but I never entirely lost contact with Michael however.

Much later on I owned two narrow boats, a 40 ft followed later by a 62 ft. The first I called '*Buckler*' because at one of the HP speech day concerts we sang Edward German's 'Merry England' in which there is a line: '*sword and buckler by my side*<sup>2</sup>'. Croc (who else?) explained that a buckler was a small steel shield, which I thought was a good name for my first narrow boat.

Michael, I am delighted to say became the third owner of '*Buckler*' and restored her faithfully to her former glory, she having been sadly neglected by the second owner. I felt very proud and pleased by what he did. There is more to this story but it would be inappropriate to relate it here. Many thanks for an interesting magazine. Very best wishes, **John Chase.**

## FROM ROBERT COOPER

Usually, whenever I look carefully through new members joining the Society I am invariably disappointed—but not this time. I do seem to remember Tony Wheadon, a rather plump boy who must be an old man now. But of course he is! He is the same age as myself : 77.

I wonder with how many of our classmates he is still in touch? Most of us were '13+' boys (the second chance after the '11+') and had been told we would have to do five years' work in three and thus would have not time for a second language. Perhaps this was a slight exaggeration. Other names in our group were Padbury, Padley and Sommers, all of whom I associate with Tony Wheadon... and Dave Morton with his pipe! Then there was 'Good Evans' and 'Bad Evans' (as christened by Mr Middleton) and Bacon who had had polio. These last were '11 plussers'.

I kept in touch with others including Good Evans (actually Ken) for a while but lost touch. Recently using skills I have developed doing ancestry research I found him again but his wife would not let me speak to him as she said he was ill. For a while I used to see Derek Ford when I worked in the City Weights and Measures Department. Our paths crossed because

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<sup>2</sup> Oh, Peaceful England.

he was working for a firm which made weighing machines, training as a draughtsman. Cycling to work I saw Biddolph a few times. 'The chemist' as he was known, was then working in Basford gas works. I learned that Dave Hudson had become paraplegic but before I could contact him he had died.

Many years ago I found a snippet in the *Daily Telegraph*: Tony Walsh was an officer in the Royal Navy and had been awarded a medal after rescuing two Chinese who had fallen in the water between his ship and quayside. Many years later I found him and we had a chat. By then he had his own business which he ran with his son.

In Weights and Measures one of the inspectors with whom I worked was Jack Wheatley. He seemed more interest in painting than in his job. Several times when I was out with him we stopped off to see his old art master. I met another old Pavior when I became a nurse and a third when I was a school governor.

It seemed everywhere I went I met some High Pavement old boy. **Robert Cooper**

ooOoo

**FROM RON MARTIN**

*[Our member, Ron Martin, is a prolific poet with volumes published worldwide. His eminently individual style is well suited to his theme which is appropriate for any time in life, even after leaving school]*

**Another Chance to Play**

We know we cannot change a pig's ear into a purse of silk  
And we say it's no use crying when we spill our milk  
But these are well known sayings that we often use  
When our failure leads us to find a suitable excuse

But the reason for our failure is often widely known  
And the reason for this failure is often ours and ours alone  
For it is very often caused by the things we've left undone  
And we have lost when we really should have won

Just a little bit more effort was all that was really needed  
And there is a good chance that we could have succeeded  
But the final whistle's gone and there's no more time to play  
We've missed the opportunity that life gave us today

Don't let your mind be filled with sadness or despair  
Let hope and confidence be the motivator there  
For tomorrow will be another day  
And you will have another chance to play  
Make sure you do your best and maybe you will succeed  
And of these old sayings you will have no further need.

**Ron Martin (HP 1940-47) Forest House**

## FROM PHIL WARD Prospectus and Rules – High Pavement



▲ Lance Wright and Phil Ward at the inaugural meeting of the 'North Derbyshire and South Devon branch of the High Pavement Society', October 2016; accompanied by their spouses



I recently came across *'The High Pavement School Nottingham, Prospectus and Rules'*, which states (on page 4) *'This prospectus should be retained for reference'*. I duly did. It occurred to me that old Paviers could be interested, so I hereby submit a light piece summarising the main points.

The Prospectus was probably published not too long after the school transferred to Bestwood, and not long before I joined. The history of the school is probably well known to us all, except, in my ignorance, I hadn't realised just how revolutionary HP was. It was the first 'unsectarian' school in England, founded in opposition to the Bluecoat School, and open to 'the children of all denominations'. It was also a leader in establishing the teaching of practical science – again the first in England.

Next, the School Badge includes, apparently, a *'chief checky'*, representing the stones of High Pavement, where the school was founded. The wheat ears symbolise that school is 'the seed time of life', and also 'provides a heraldic rebus' (I'm not making all this up, honestly) which commemorates Thomas Wheatcroft, the first headmaster.

At the end of the second year boys are re-shuffled into four forms: Classical, Science A, Science B, and General. In the Classical form a boy may spend more time on languages – a promising linguist may start a third language. I recall this well: 'Ward', says Headmaster Taffy Davies, 'You've made a good start at French and Latin, and we'd like you to begin a third language. Would you like to do Russian or Greek?' Thinking quickly, and with no real basis for the decision I said 'Russian, sir'. 'Yes', he says, with a smile. 'We thought you'd say that. You're doing Greek.' And the rest, for me, was history – Classics in the sixth and also at University.

Next, 'Considerable attention is paid to the general education of the pupil,' (it says), and an attempt is made (sounds a little half-hearted) 'to see that he leaves school well on the way to becoming a cultured citizen of a democratic community'.

Then, school hours are given as 9.15 to 12.50, and 2.20 to 4.25, which aren't as I remember them.

The Detention Book records pupils 'who have been detained after school hours for lateness and minor offences'. I think I remember both 'Short D' and 'Long D' versions, though I never suffered the latter; that was for the really naughty boys.

'The School Council meets twice a term to discuss important questions concerning the life of the school'. Reports fed back from SC representatives during assembly seemed to me to concentrate solely on the provision of duckboards in the gym changing rooms, nothing else, and since I didn't know what they were I was soon bored. We never got the duckboards either<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> This was one of Taffy's innovations in my time. Once, in a school debate I proposed that the masters serving on the council should be elected by the pupils as a more representative electorate. HD didn't take kindly to that. –Ed.

Apparently pupils were given a homework timetable at the start of each term, parents signing a duplicate and returning it to school. Being a good working class lad I never complied with this instruction, my parents being rather lost in this strange new world, (and at times I was also lost). I read now that I was not allowed to follow any occupation out of school hours; delivering newspapers didn't take long, so I didn't count that.

Out of School Activities were listed, include lots of sports, as well as Debating Society, Drama, History, and Geography. The Joint Sixth Form Society was particularly popular, it being organised in conjunction with the Manning School, with activities that included ballroom dancing, tennis and 'discussions and musical activities', without elaborating on what these covered. I remember some of them. The Scientific Society offered lectures '*illustrated by lantern slides*'; I sometimes feel very old.

And lastly there is mentioned The Old Boys Society, which all leavers are invited to join 'in order to maintain their interest in and connection with the School'. Long may it continue.<sup>4</sup>

**Phil Ward, School House 1956-63**

### **FROM SALLY JOHNSON**

*[Richard Waplington (HP 1932-39) was a member of the HPS for many years, possibly one of the oldest of our number. He died at the end of September and we have been sent this memoir of him, written by his three daughters, Julie, Sally and Suzanne. We might feel he exemplified all the finer qualities to be found in an Old Pavior]*

#### **A memoir of our father Richard Harry Waplington who has died aged 96**

Richard was born into an entrepreneurial family in Nottingham and was encouraged to achieve educational success, winning a scholarship to High Pavement School and then to Nottingham University. War Service interrupted his studies and for a while he served as a private in the Army Pay Corps until commissioned into the Royal Engineers. He served in France, Belgium and Germany including supporting the D-Day landings at Arromanches. Like most of his peers he rarely mentioned his service but delighted in telling the tale of shipping a sports car across the channel at HM Government's expense, labelled 'Motor parts, Commanding Officer, for the use of'!

He was proud of being a sapper, of building bailey bridges and the light workshop unit of which he was part. He also enjoyed being a 'War Substantive Officer', a special category to supply sufficient officers for the war effort which he said made him a 'Gentleman for the duration'!!

After the war had ended he served in the British Army on the Rhine as part of the occupying force in Germany at Cologne. It was whilst in Germany that the jeep in which he was travelling was blown up by a landmine and he was very seriously injured, breaking his femur. Ironically his life was saved by a German doctor and he spent more than a year recovering in hospital in England.

Once out of hospital he went to Welbeck Army College and then, encouraged by a teacher at High Pavement, gained a place at St Catherine's College, Oxford to read French.

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<sup>4</sup> The Old Boys Society died the death about then due to lack of support, although it has a memory in the establishment of the thriving Paviers RFC (now unconnected with HP). The HPS was resurrected as the *de facto* OBS after the grammar school disappeared.-Ed.

After graduating he was granted leave from the War Office to travel from the UK on a continental tour prior to taking up a position with the French Motor Company in Bombay where he worked for a period of four years. However, ill health in the form of double-pneumonia resulted in his returning to live in the UK.

Various other Sales Manager jobs followed until, while working in London for Aluminium Union he met his wife, Barbara, and they were married within three months. After a honeymoon in France, they left for Accra, West Africa where they lived for six months before returning to the UK. Richard then joined Citroen cars for a spell. Later, he returned to the University of Nottingham and qualified as a French and English teacher, as well as teaching English as a foreign language in a Further Education College in Hertfordshire.

Richard and Barbara had three daughters and four grandchildren, of whom he was very proud and after he retired he led an active life travelling through France and England in his VW Campervan, enjoying family life to the full.

Despite a number of serious illnesses and the war injury, Richard was otherwise a very healthy man. However, some four years ago his last illness left him needing nursing care and he spent his remaining days as a resident of Fir Bank in Bramhall, Stockport. Typically, he took an interest in the staff and developed his African-French vocabulary with the francophone Ghanaian members of staff. He still was able to enjoy his trips out: locally, to London for the Remembrance Day marches and of course to the Normandy veterans' celebrations in 2014 after which he was awarded the Legion d'Honneur.



**Sally Johnson**

**ooOoo**

### **A LITTLE ABOUT OUR MEMBER KEN OLISA**

*[Ken Olisa has recently celebrated his 65<sup>th</sup> birthday and The Pavior sent birthday greetings to our illustrious member who has become a person of some distinction, a fact of which this Society is very proud. In response he has promised to give us a sample of his experiences as Her Majesty's Lord Lieutenant of Greater London in the next (February) issue of this newsletter, an event to which we will all look forward with interest. Recently he was featured in an interesting article by **Richard Tresidder** in the Nottingham Post from which this extract is adapted. We are most grateful to him and to the Post for permission to print it here.*

*We are sure that where Richard has respectfully referred to 'Mr Olisa' our members will happily substitute the name 'Ken'!]*

Ken Olisa is the Lord-Lieutenant of Greater London, the Queen's representative in the huge metropolis. He has been voted number one in the Powerlist's Top Ten most influential British black people...and he was born and raised in Nottingham. He is the first black person to hold the highly prestigious post, regularly accompanying the Queen and members of the Royal Family as they carry out their public duties. On occasions, he will represent the Queen.

Aged 66, Mr Olisa is the product of a one parent family. His mother lived first in Patterson Road, off Radford Road, in Hyson Green, now demolished, and then nearby

Brushfield Street ‘the non-posh end of Gregory Boulevard’ terraced houses with outside lavatories and tin baths. ‘At the time it seemed quite normal, but I now know it as social deprivation,’ he recalls. ‘I would walk a mile to the other end of Gregory Boulevard and take the No 6 bus to High Pavement Grammar School.’

His mother, from Mansfield, and father from Abo in Eastern Nigeria, met in London and settled in Nottingham. Mr Olisa never knew his father, a law student, who quickly returned to Nigeria. ‘My father had serial abandonment in his genes which fortunately have not been passed on to me.’ ‘He was one of those itinerant African students,’ adds Mr Olisa who, on a business trip to Nigeria, found a half-brother, a farmer and a senior in his own village.

Teachers at High Pavement, who included Booker Prize winner Stanley Middleton and local historian and deputy head Keith Train, quickly recognised Mr Olisa's potential and groomed him so that at the age of 18, he won a place at Cambridge University. ‘To be taught by a Booker prize winner, you have to concede it probably wasn't a bad English education that we had.’ says Mr Olisa.

School, he recalls, introduced him to ‘the enormous distinction between where we lived in Hyson Green and where some of my friends lived in Mapperley, wherever. Nevertheless, I was a very happy boy.’ He loved chemistry, keeping a small laboratory at home, so it seemed inevitable he should read natural sciences at Cambridge, first chemical engineering followed by social and political sciences and, in his final year, engineering and management sciences. Before going up, he had a gap year with IBM, who awarded him a scholarship.



Ken Olisa with the Duchess of Cambridge and Sir Michael Dixon, Director of the Natural History Museum.

‘I have two regrets in my life at Cambridge,’ says Mr Olisa. ‘that I didn't join the Footlights or the Union. I was a college politician.’ It was a time of revolution, riots on the streets of Paris, demonstrations in London and the Garden House riot in Cambridge when students opposed to the Greek Colonels regime overran the hotel where a dinner was underway to promote Greece. A number of students were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment at Hertfordshire Assizes.

‘There was a lot of fomenting bother in Cambridge, all hot air and pointless, basically privileged kids having lots of fun at everybody else's expense!’ I was determined to have fun at my own expense so I and some friends rose up and threw them off the junior common room committee and replaced them, restoring order. I became very popular among the fellows.’

At university, Mr Olisa fell in love with fellow student, Julia, whom he married. They have just celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary. Mr Olisa has been hugely successful in business and, with his wife, they have become generous benefactors and philanthropists. They gave £2 million towards the cost of a new library at his old university college, Fitzwilliam.

We met in Gwydyr House, a distinguished brick Georgian house in Whitehall, home both to the Welsh office and the Greater London Lieutenancy and used in scenes of the TV series ‘Yes Minister’. On a sideboard in the small, plain sitting room are photos of Mr Olisa on duty in his uniform, standing a respectful few feet behind the Queen and with other members of the Royal Family. In one corner by the sofa is the imposing flag of the Lord Lieutenant of Greater London, in another corner is his special uniform.

I cheekily greeted Mr Olisa in colloquial Nottingham ‘Ey Up Me Duck’. With a big grin, he repeated it but more convincingly. There is no trace of his Nottingham roots in his voice, it is nearly 50 years since he left.

He is a warm, charming, modest and diplomatic man and, when not in his uniform, instantly recognisable by his bow tie. He has a collection of well over a hundred. It was, he says, an eccentricity he acquired while working for IBM as a way of expressing his own individuality in an American corporate culture. It was a habit which stuck.

**Richard Tresidder**  
(of the Nottingham Post)

ooOoo

### **THE SCREEVER**

#### **A new star in the literary heavens?**

During our occasional searches through the archive of memorabilia kept in the library (sorry, ‘learning centre’) of the splendid Academy which bears our name, we often came across old issues of the Pavior, as it then was, and also copies of a journal that transpired to be its successor: *The Screever*.



What exactly *is* a screever? (I hear you cry). Naturally, we old folk had to look it up in the dictionary. Under ‘Screever’ we have: ‘*An artist who draws pictures on sidewalks, as with colored [sic] chalks, earning a living from the donations of spectators and passers by*’ Not a bad choice in some ways!

Essentially a product of the student body, the current issue of Screever aspires to be a little more literary than this definition and, besides several helpful pages on how to get by as a student in these modern times, it publishes some good short stories by its contributors. One of the current crop is a rather gruesome shocker, designed to put you off pork pies for good, but there are others of more thoughtful content.

May we wish ‘all the best’ to our sibling publication. For anyone interested, it is available from the High Pavement City Sixth Form Academy.

**Colin Salsbury**

**ooOoo**

## PRESENTATIONS OF THE 2016 HP SOCIETY PRIZE AWARDS

In a simple ceremony held on September 8th at the High Pavement City Sixth Form Academy a delegation led by Chairman Ken Kirk met the winners of the Society's annual prize awards. Each award is for £150 and is intended to help the recipients commence the next stage in their education. The availability of the awards is not publicised in advance.

Each year, one male and one female student, who are the respective highest achievers, each receive their **High Pavement Society Award for Excellence**. This year **Leechay Moran**



(19) from Basford was selected for such an award after accomplishing 'A's in maths, further maths and physics, as well as a 'B' grade in economics. After receiving such outstanding results, Leechay is now off to the University of Bristol to study for a Master's degree in Computer Science. Speaking of the event he said: 'I took an unorthodox path to get to where I am, so I am surprised to be here. I am proof that even if you don't do well to start with, you can still

achieve great things.'

Also receiving her award was **Hollie Ireland** (19) from Ruddington who achieved 'A\*'s in maths and biology, as well as an 'A' in chemistry and an 'A' at AS Level for further maths. At the presentation ceremony Hollie's sister Alice collected the award on Hollie's behalf as she herself is now in Edinburgh studying Biochemistry. One day she hopes to become a professor and research into dementia.



The **Stanley Middleton Literacy Award** was presented to **Naomi Hollis** (18) from Clifton who gained B grades in English language and film studies, and C grades in English literature and creative writing. Naomi is taking her love of English literacy to the next level at Nottingham Trent University, to study Literature and Philosophy. She said: 'I feel

really honoured to have received the award, it's great to know about the history of High Pavement, as I didn't know that it had such a legacy. I feel privileged to have been part of it.'

The **Ken Bateman Engineering Award** was presented to **Joe Mayer** (18) from Daybrook for his tremendous straight A's in physics, maths and chemistry. Because he was unable to attend the above ceremony, at his request a special presentation session was arranged the following day. He then received his award from Colin Salsbury, a former classmate of Ken Bateman in the 1940s. Joe is now studying for a Master's degree in Chemical Engineering at the University of Nottingham. He said: 'My time at High Pavement has been absolutely fantastic – I've loved it.'



### From the top:

1. Leechay Moran with Ken Kirk.
2. Alice Ireland, standing in for her sister Hollie, with Colin Salsbury
3. Naomi Hollis with Robin Taylor.
4. Joe Mayer with Colin Salsbury

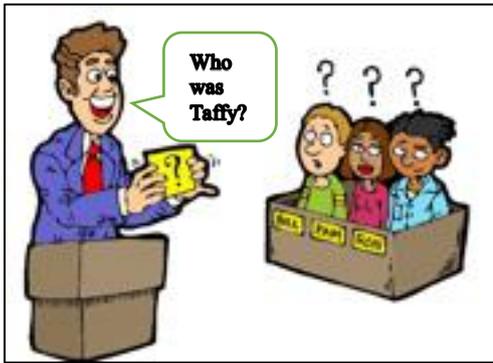
Speaking of the prestigious event on behalf of the Society our Chairman, Ken Kirk, said: 'It's our great honour to congratulate these students on their achievements.'

## THE HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY AGM AND QUIZ NIGHT

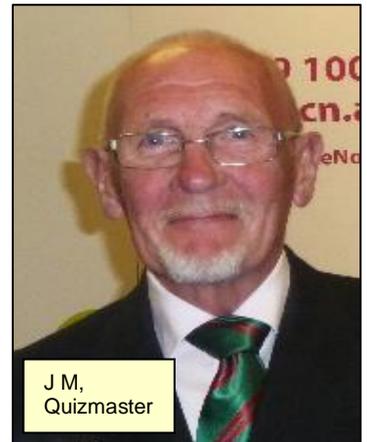
Our customary autumn gathering was held on Monday September 26<sup>th</sup> at the Welbeck Rooms, West Bridgford. The numbers present were disappointingly rather lower than in previous years but some 20 members did send in their apologies. The evening began with the AGM proceedings with Ken Kirk, Chairman of the Society, presiding. Fortunately a quorum for the meeting was just possible and the business was rapidly dispatched. In the absence of the Secretary, due to ill health, the duties were covered by our Registrar, Colin Salsbury.

There was a welcome presence of visitors from High Pavement City Sixth Form Academy the institution that now bears our honoured name, led by their Principal, Denise Jelly.

After the business of the meeting was complete the members joined their guests who were about to enjoy the evening's buffet supper, provided *ad lib* in delicious variety by the Welbeck's excellent kitchens. We satisfied out tremendous appetites with this fare while we socialised with our fellow guests. Margaret McClean, together with her dutiful helpers, had sold enormous numbers of raffle tickets during the evening – who could resist her blandishments? – and the draw took place at the end of our meal. Valuable prizes were collected and we took a short break before that part of the evening containing *The Quiz*.



This year, in the unfortunate absence of Noel Gubbins, the event was conducted in fine style by our colleague, John Mason.



We formed teams at the tables where we sat and he presented us with what looked for all the world like a series of A-

Level exam papers but we battled valiantly to answer the (sometimes abstruse and esoteric<sup>5</sup>) questions thereon.

We nervously passed our papers to neighbouring tables for marking and the winners were announced as Table C (we think!) who came from behind to win by a small margin. The prizes of lots of bottles of wine were distributed to the winners, to the cheers (and groans) of the unsuccessful.

After this excitement Ken Kirk thanked all present for their support and the representatives of the combined Old Paviors Choir stepped forward to deliver our School Song *Carmen Paviorum* in our usual stentorian manner. We departed with our minds alive and our hearts full, hoping to meet again next year.

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<sup>5</sup> A debate regarding the material from which *curling stones* were made continued for some time after the quiz was over!

## PUB LUNCH NEWS



**Mapperley Golf Club** Unlike many attending on September 8<sup>th</sup>, your reporter was on his first visit to this venue and, with Marjorie at the wheel, made a careful arrival down its tortuous drive, which brought them safely to the car park. Where next? A jolly golfer, stacking his clubs away in his car boot, directed us to the dining room where we met up with about 26 fellow diners from the Society's Country Lunch Club. We were most pleased to welcome Irene Lindley among us after

her recent bereavement.

We had placed our orders in advance thanks to the administrative abilities of Alison Fisher and the lunches arrived piping hot and delicious; each one announced in parade ground tones by one of the busy waitresses, bless them all.

We ate and drank our fill while we indulged, as we do on these occasions, in social gossip. The sun shone and the birds sang as we all enjoyed yet another successful pub lunch. Our thanks are due to all who made it possible.

### **2016 CHRISTMAS LUNCH**

We are to hold our usual get-together in December, also at the Mapperley Golf Club, on **Monday 19<sup>th</sup> December. The invitation notice is enclosed with this newsletter. Do not discard! Your response is required.** All members are welcome.

#### **Roy Busby**

We have been informed by his widow that our loyal member Roy Busby died in March 1<sup>st</sup> 2016 at the age of 89.

#### **Geoff Lindley**

Our loyal member Geoff Lindley died on September 6<sup>th</sup> 2016 at the age of 89. His funeral service was held at Sherwood Methodist Church on September 16<sup>th</sup>, when the Society was represented by Robin Taylor and Colin and Marjorie Salsbury.

#### **Raymond Nutt**

Our loyal member Raymond Nutt died at the age of 82 on 22<sup>nd</sup> September 2016. His funeral was held on October 14<sup>th</sup> at the Tithe Green Burial Ground, Calverton.

#### **Richard Waplington**

We have been informed by his daughter that our loyal member Richard Waplington died at the age of 96 on September 30<sup>th</sup> 2016. A memoir of his life and times is given on Page 8 of this newsletter.

The Society sends its sincere condolences to the families of each of these members.

## THE BILL BENNER PAINTINGS

The two splendid paintings by former High Pavement art master Bill Benner (referred to in our August issue) are to be retained in the possession of this Society and will be placed on display in prominent positions in the public areas of High Pavement City Sixth Form Academy (by courtesy of the Head of that institution).

The following identifying notice will be positioned close to the paintings:

These paintings, of Nottingham scenes in earlier times, are the work of **William Benner** (1884-1964), a local artist of some distinction. For most of his working life he was the principal art master at High Pavement Grammar School, the forerunner of this institution. In 2016 the paintings were donated to the High Pavement Society by the estate of the late **Geoffrey Oldfield**, a long serving member of the Society and admirer of the work of William Benner.

ooOoo

### OUR END PIECE

*[Our esteemed member, Tommy Gee has responded yet again with this essay for us to digest. In his idiosyncratic way he discussess honours and rewards in life. He should surely know!]*

#### ‘Measuring up’

We are always being measured, starting with birthweight, then birthdays, then school, nowadays in spades. The NHS do it. We are enjoined to measure our blood pressure when we arrive at our GP surgery. The over 75 check-up informs us that we geriatrics are shrinking. We are a statistic for referendums, pollsters, censuses and superstores. Our exam results measure and determine our lives.

All the systems we use have short comings. The post Brexit honours and awards was a glaring example, which attracted widespread criticism; that a well-tuned system of measuring merit was again being devalued. The rot first set in long ago when the then Prime Minister, Lloyd George, blatantly sold honours to boost his party funds.

The Order of the British Empire was instituted in 1917. My mother was given one of the first awards and, because she deserved it, we thought the system must be fair. When my turn came round 50 years ago, she expressed a reciprocal view! I can just recall going to Buck House; hiring a suit from Moss Bros; my wife, Anne, buying a new dress. I was briefed only to respond to where I was from and what I did. I recall seeing the actual painting by a Dutch master hanging on the wall, of which I had a 6d Penguin print. I also remember that I was sitting next to ‘Dixon of Dock Green’, Jack Warner, and afterwards being snapped by the photo tout—no selfies in 1965.

Later when other members of our family were able to attach letters either in front or after their names, their status within the family changed as it was felt they had earned recognition, beyond being Mr, Mrs, Miss (or that curious declaration of class *Esquire*, and before that *Gent.*, in those days when inherited titles were taken as read, and a ‘Sir’ was much more than a classroom teacher). We have come a long way since those hat-doffing days, but it is still possible to become ‘Sir Mark Thatcher’ despite everything; and at the other end of the scale, the thrill of receiving Maundy money from the Queen in person shows that these archaic systems still have their magic.

The next wave of out of season awards is currently going through the committee system and the media have already said which (Olympic) gold medallists they think should become members of this anachronistic order of chivalry. It has proved less easy to remove the unworthy from their ‘pedestals’. Less easy than toppling the statues of de Lesseps, Gaddafi and (Saddam) Hussein, though it can be done, and the impact can be considerable. We are at this moment poised, awaiting the outcome of the BHS scandal. Can Sir Philip Green ‘sort out’ the £571 million pension shortfall, and if not....?

Failing and ailing politicians are put out to grass, transferred from the House of Cards to the House of Lords. This undemocratic system has come under increasing scrutiny because of the generous lifelong financial benefits and expenses and, for some, undeserved status, especially in the wake of the parliamentary expenses scandal.

We have moved a long way since Kings and Queens had the final say and exercised absolute power through deciding who should have what, whether they may retain it, and how they should be rewarded and honoured. Today there is a careful bureaucratic system to process awards and a scrutiny committee to make sure that recipients measure up. Awards are not only a recognition of service and merit: they can enhance your position. For example an award may mark you out or give you the edge in a job competition. There are even some who refuse to accept awards and find that this may raise *their* status.

The John Cleese sketch, where he parodies class alongside diminutive Ronnie Corbett and his taller sidekick Ronnie Barker, illustrates just one of the many measurable differences besides height which exist throughout the world: rich or poor, qualified or unqualified, big or small, fast or slow, north or south, sick or healthy, housed or homeless, God-fearing or atheist... or today, perhaps, Christian or Muslim.

Politicians and leaders, both secular and religious, often (but not always) struggle to even things out in pursuit of a fairer distribution of resources, whether it's land, property, money, food, health services, or education. But this struggle can never succeed because we are not clones—we are all measurably different. Even identical twins are not born at the same time.

So struggle as they may, those who distribute honours and awards, mark GEC exam papers, distribute UN food aid, or set up post-revolutionary autocracies, can never hope to make life fair—because we are all different.

The British people often display a spontaneous solution, which was used to good effect during WW2. It is the queue. It can happen instinctively, with unwritten but understood rules. The secure, balanced on their thrones, especially bankers and off-shore owners of private companies may yet get their come-uppance from 21st Century levellers. We shall see.

**Tommy Gee**