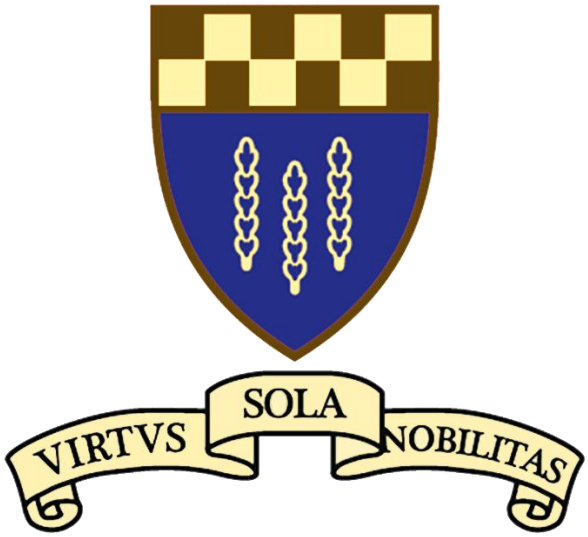
The Pavior

The Newsletter of
The High Pavement Society
(founded 1989)



Commemorating

High Pavement Schools

(founded 1788)

August 2025

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Copy for *The Pavior* newsletter may be sent to:
Gerald Taylor: news@highpavementsociety.org.uk,
who is glad to receive articles, reminiscences, old pictures, and titbits to do with High Pavement School.

The HP Society **Website** address is: www.highpavementsociety.org.uk
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Obituary.

Sadly, our member Mike Watkinson (1944-49, Basford House) died on March 30th of this year. His daughter writes:

"This is Judith Baker. I just wanted to let you know that dad passed away on 30th March 2025 and wondered if you could make an announcement in The Pavior magazine please? He died peacefully at home after being diagnosed with terminal cancer last November. We all miss him dearly."

We have been in touch with Mrs Baker to offer the Society's condolences, and we hope to have more to say about Mike's life and career in the next Pavior.

From Sheila Pearson, nee Mardling.

Mrs Pearson is the daughter of one of the High Pavement staff likely to be known to all Paviors: Mr Charles Mardling. We were delighted to receive this from her.

Recently I was given a copy of the Pavior by John Davies (son of headmaster Harry Davies), as my father Charles Mardling featured in your quiz. I thought you might be interested in my memories of my father's time at High Pavement. My first memory is going to harvest camp at Thistleton in Rutland at the beginning of September 1948, travelling by train from Victoria Station. My father and I slept in the signal box where we were woken every morning by telephone. I remember the cook making red jelly on my 8th birthday, which I celebrated while we were there. Toilets were then the Elsan variety!

I remember going into the Stanley Road School during the school holidays for my father to collect books; seeing a boxing ring set up, in a dark formidable building where you couldn't see out of the windows; and his teaching rugby at the playing fields on Bilborough Road, where Bilborough Grammar School was later built. He also taught rowing on the Trent, and one day rescued a boy who had fallen in. He then took him home in the car. No thanks from the mother, but she certainly let vent her feelings on the boy.

He was thrilled with the new school buildings, showing me round before everyone moved in. We went to several school plays - Ibsen I recall. Staff family members usually sat on the front row! Staff family members supported lots of school events - swimming galas at Victoria Baths, and my father umpiring at the Staff v School cricket matches. He helped at the after-school swimming club at Noel Street Baths. My friend and I joined the classes, walking over the Forest from Nottingham Girls' High School. I was in Mr Bullock's group. Staff I remember include Keith Train and family, Stan Thrasher and family, Arthur Blackburn, Bill Hill, Harold Worthy, and Harry Jackson and family. Many others were just names. EWN (Bill) Smith and his wife were houseparents at the National Children's Home on Woodborough Road. One Christmas my father played Santa there. I was sworn to secrecy, as my brother still believed. Mind you, I wouldn't have recognised him, as I rarely saw him minus his glasses. The Smiths later bought our house in Sherwood when we moved to Redhill. I remember going to Syd Redding for some O level maths coaching. He lived on Salcombe Circus off Redhill Lodge Drive.

I remember going to William (Bill) Benner's art studio for some drawing lessons. It was he who designed the school badge. I still have two of his watercolours my parents bought in the 1950s.

My father was proud of having Peter Bowles as his House Captain in his early days as Housemaster. He was proud, too, of Stanley Middleton, remembering him both as pupil and member of staff.

My father retired when the school became a college, as he didn't think much of the idea of having to reapply for his job of 40 years so that he might continue to teach there. He certainly wouldn't have been impressed by the school's later history, but would have been tickled pink at having a road named after him on the Gainsford Crescent site. I wonder how many of the present-day residents realise who the roads are named after.

We met "Old Boys" all over the place. My earliest childhood memory is aged about three and a half going shopping with my father in the old central market and wandering off through the big doors into the fish market. There I was rescued by a lady stall holder who realised I was on my own. She asked me who I was with, to which I replied "My daddy"; so she took me by the hand and returned me to my father. He was totally unaware I had gone

walk-about, as he had been busy talking to an Old Boy who kept a fruit and vegetable stall. He did confess to my mother!

I hope you find the memories of a now elderly lady interesting. My husband and I have got to know John Davies and his wife through going on short holiday breaks with our local travel agent. We have had many conversations reminiscing about times past.

I am sure we do find these memories interesting. Perhaps Mrs Pearson will enjoy seeing this photograph, which I took in 1970 or 1971.

The staff cricket team that played against the pupils' 1st XI. Mr Mardling, benign and patriarchal, is the umpire on the right.

HP Quick Question 1. How many of the other staff in the photograph can you identify?

The answers are on page 16.

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Were You Sic (sic) of Latin?

Professor Oviceps, whom you met in the previous issue of this magazine, is here again, this time to persuade you that Latin is fun.

The line below renders in Latin the statement "Caesar, I now happen to be present; Brutus was (already) present".

Caesar adsum jam forte, Brutus aderat.

What do you make of the next line?

Brutus sic in omnibus, Caesar sic enat.

Can you find another way of interpreting them? Hint: a knowledge of Latin might be a hindrance.

The answers are on page 16.

An Old Pavior's Unusual Life after School.

Clive Bagshaw's aerial adventures while he was still at school were described in the previous issue. He now tells us of his time in Malawi.

The late 1980s and early 1990s were the time of the great white collar recession. In 1987 after a decade working at Plessey Telecommunications in Beeston, as Test Operations Manager, I was made redundant when we became a victim of our own success. GEC made a hostile takeover bid for Plessey and the Plessey board took the money and ran. I was one of the few people to receive an offer of employment in the new company under GEC, but they wanted me to take a 3½-year pay freeze to allow their technical managers of similar grade time to catch up with my salary. No Way. I took VR and got out. Things were bad in the recession and I suffered another three redundancies in short time. I started to work as a self-employed consultant and then one of the companies I did some work for asked me to go to Malawi. I did three short trips there and then one to Uganda to set up a new company, as well as a computer training school in Kampala, before being offered an expat job on a two-year contract in Malawi, initially working for Xerographics, a Rank Xerox company dealing in photocopiers, computers, satellite phones and other products. My role there was General Manager.

I left there and became the Managing Director of Plessey Telecommunications in Malawi, a subsidiary of Plessey South Africa, with a manufacturing facility in Cape Town and the head Office in Johannesburg. This part of the original Plessey in the UK was sold off and became independent just before the GEC takeover went through, much to the chagrin of GEC, who wanted to wipe out the Plessey name. The name and logo were transferred from the UK organisation to the South African operation just before GEC got their hands on the company. So, I ended up working for Plessey again.

The Big Move

They say that changing jobs is traumatic. They say that moving house is very stressful and traumatic. Try changing your job, moving house and emigrating to another country at the same time, with no money. This was the start of a thirteen-year adventure that would take us through every emotion known to man in the extreme.

When my wife and I were courting we went on holiday once with my parents to the east coast and one evening we went to a local pub there. We got talking to an elderly couple who I think came from Doncaster. They seemed to know a lot of people even though it was mostly full of holiday makers and they knew all about the resort and all the things you could do and the best places to go. Enquiring as to how they know so much about the place they proudly told us they love it there and had been going on holiday there every year for 42 years. Margaret and I looked at each other and as we left that night, she said to me, "we are not going to be like that are we? The same place every year, how boring". We expressed our horror at going to the same place year in year out and made a pact that we would never go to the same place twice on holiday but explore and do new things. I remember saying that I did not want to find myself lying on my death bed saying I wish I had done this or that and I wish I had been to such and such a place. I said I wanted to experience everything that life has to offer, the good and maybe even the not so good, but at least I would accumulate experiences that would give me a fruitful, interesting life. I thought you can't fully appreciate the good times unless you have something to compare it to, so I was prepared to accept a bit of the rough with the smooth. Well, you have to be very careful what you wish for, take note. God was clearly listening to our conversation and he gave me everything I had asked for and a lot more. In the many times when I ended up in a mess, those words came back to haunt me, time and again.

Just before we were to leave good old Blighty, my wife had a nasty shock. She found lumps in her breast and feared the worst. On top of the redundancies, the prospect of leaving England to go to a country that few people had even heard of in the heart of black Africa did nothing to make her feel any better. With a rush to get treatment before we left, it turned out the lumps were just benign cysts and were successfully drained with a syringe. She was OK. And the treatment was successful. We went.

When my wife Margaret and I arrived in Malawi for our big stay, little did we realise the things we were to encounter or where it would take us. It started badly. This was our first joint visit to Africa and our first employment outside the U.K. We joined an expat world that was very different to anything we had done previously.

We arrived in Malawi in June 1992. We should have been there at the beginning of May but our departure had been delayed by our employer to be, due to a serious uprising and riots. A number of people had been killed close to the company's head office and near to where we were going to live. I had not imparted this worrying news to my wife, as she was already very stressed, and deeply worried, frightened and upset about the lumps she had found in her breast in the days leading up to our leaving the U.K. The company had promised us a nice house, but we didn't know what it was like or exactly where it was, and a nice car but we didn't know what sort. We took a lot on trust.

Blantyre City

We sat in the big white bird over silver water and as the plane came into land at Blantyre International Airport in Southern Malawi, East Africa, the captain announced over the public address system that there had been a serious devaluation in the Malawi currency overnight. It had dropped against the pound from 5:1 to 25:1 and got progressively worse thereafter ending up at 220:1 by the time we left 13 years later. Today the rate there is 1111.72 Kwacha to the pound Sterling. This was a dreadful start to my first attempt at working as an expat in a foreign country. Everything I had negotiated before I left England was now worthless and I would have to renegotiate everything, salary, bonuses, allowances, etc. but not from the comfort and security of my armchair in England, and I was at their mercy.

Next we discovered that although we had been told they had a nice house arranged for us, they put us in a dirty little hovel of a guest house known as Nyambadwe Cottage that you wouldn't put your dog in. No light bulbs in the room and very dubious looking bedding that made us scared to get into bed. We wondered what might bite us in there or what might be creeping around the room in the dark. Margaret cried "what have you brought me to?" I tried to comfort her but felt very guilty. What indeed had I done? I got on the phone to the firm's accountant, and after complaining to our new employer we were moved the next day to a decent hotel in Blantyre city centre, where we stayed for a while before taking up residence in our new home out at Newlands, in Limbe, South East of Blantyre. It was quite nice and spacious and set in an acre of grounds, with good security fencing but a fair way out of town.

To be continued.

SPEECH DAYS

The School 'Speech Day / Prize-Giving' was probably the most important event in the School year in terms of publicity and public profile. It was the one event when the whole school was in the public eye and the event was almost certainly covered by the local press. There was usually a formal printed 4-Page Programme which not only listed the activities for the Evening, but also listed, in detail, the academic achievements of the school over the last year. If I remember correctly, each pupil was usually allowed to invite up to 2 parents / friends to attend the event.

High Pavement Grammar School Speech Day, Fri 6th Nov 1964, at the Albert Hall, Nottingham..
Headmaster Mr Maurice H Brown leads the Platform Party, who stand as the School Choir sings the first hymn. The School Choir here consists of all pupils (approx. 800 boys) impressively arrayed in the Choir Loft in their dark brown school uniform. The Table is covered with Brown Velvet with the School Badge and Motto prominently displayed, and the Table is laden with Silver Trophies and Book Prizes awaiting presentation.

The 1964 Speech-Day: The particular event shown in the photograph was in 1964. The Event started at 7 pm and probably finished around 10pm. It was chaired by Alderman W Derbyshire, the Chairman of the School Governors and the Guest Speaker was Sir Peter Venables Ph.D. F.R.I.C., the Principal of the Birmingham College of Advanced Technology.

The Evening began with the Introit "Lead me, Lord" (Wesley), followed by speeches by the Headmaster Mr M.H. Brown, Alderman W Derbyshire (Chairman of the Governors) and the Guest Speaker, Sir Peter Venables Ph.D. F.R.I.C. There followed the Distribution of Prizes and Trophies followed by a 'Votes of Thanks', and then the Interval.

Following the Interval, the second half of the evening began with the singing of the National Anthem. There then followed:

- "Say Goodbye Now" (Marriage of Figaro) by Mozart – The School, conducted by C Thorpe.
- "Quintet in D-Major (First Movement)" by JS Bach – PG Ward (Violin); MA Speake (Cello); JE Clarke (Flute); S Crossland (Piano); Mr CA Joseph (Oboe).
- "Come, Come, My Voice" by JS Bach – 1st & 2nd Form Choir conducted by Mr FA Williams, with S Crossland (Piano).
- "My Bonnie Lass she Smileth" (Madrigal) – Morley (AD 1595) – The Choir.
- "Go, Tell It On The Mountain" – Trad. American – MJ Cresswell; MA Speake; C Thorpe.
- "Glory To Isis" by Verdi – The School accompanied by D Wroughton (Organ); L Fraser, J Gordon, P Kelbie, C Thorpe (Trumpets); S Morley (Trombone).
- "Carmen Paviorum" (The School Song) by S Nolan – The School, conducted by MA Speake. [The Audience was requested to stand during the singing of the School Song]

Academic Results: The printed Programme then went on to proudly list the academic achievements of the School over the last year.

- HIGHER EDUCATION: Firstly, it listed the names of those pupils (some 45 current and 6 former pupils) who had won places (Nottingham City Major Awards) at UK Universities or equivalent.
- GCE A-LEVEL: It then listed the GCE A-Level results with the name of each pupil followed by the number of subjects passed. It listed some 87 pupils who together had achieved passes in 195 subjects (18 with Merit), an average of 2.25 subjects per pupil. The median (the number of subjects achieved by the largest number of pupils) was 3 subjects, attained by 42 pupils.
- GCE O-LEVEL: It then listed the GCE O-Level results in the same format. In all, it listed some 118 5th-Year pupils who together had passed in 595 subjects, with an average of just over 5 subjects per pupil. The median was 7 subjects, attained by 26 pupils. However, also listed were the names of 34 6th-Formers who together passed GCE O-Levels in 36 subjects.

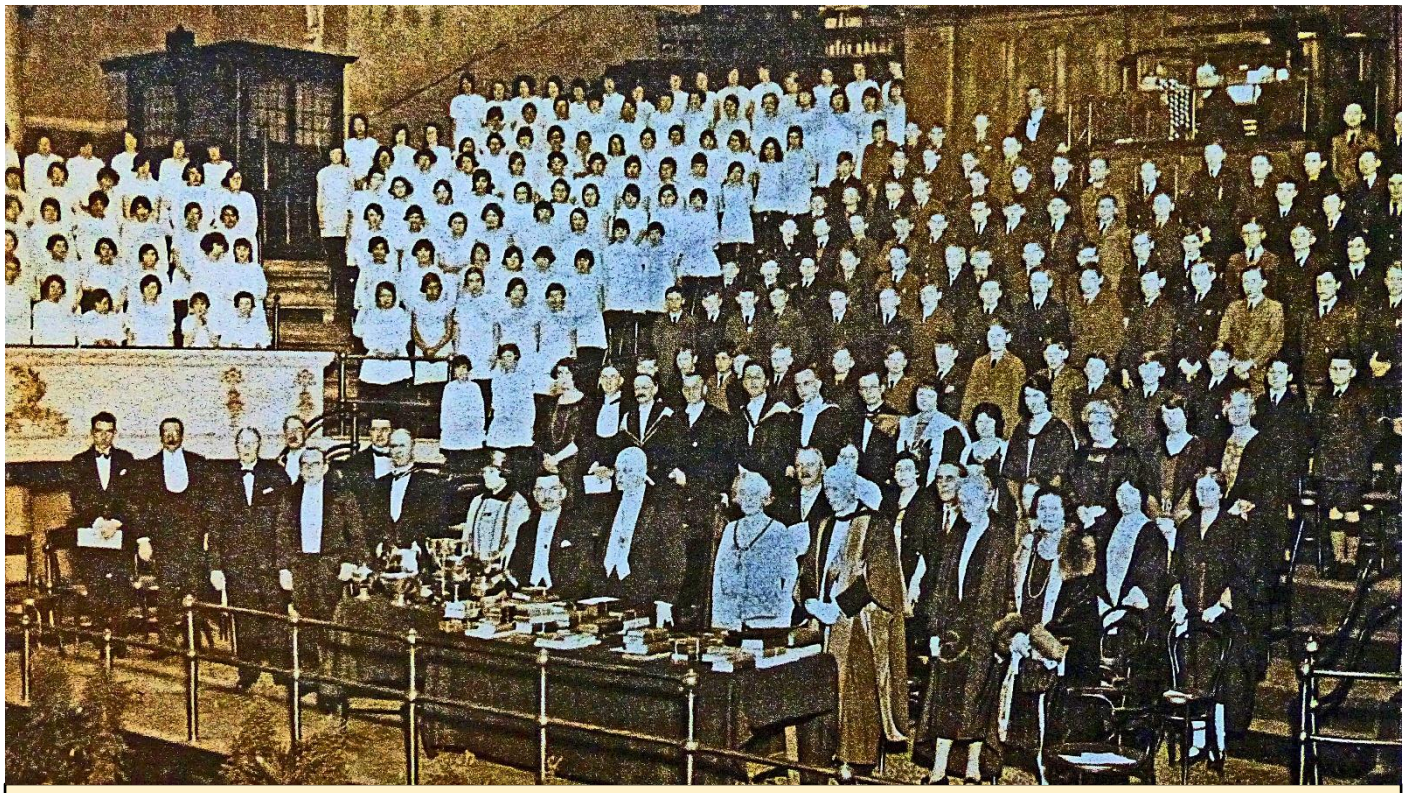
History of Speech Days: Although we do not have a full set of records, it appears that, from Nov 1926 through until Oct 1973, School Speech Days were generally held annually in the Albert Hall, North Circus Street, Nottingham. However, there were the following notable exceptions:

- Dec 1938-Dec 1945: No Speech Days were held, presumably because of World War 2.
- Dec 1955-Nov 1963: Speech Days were held in the School Hall at Bestwood, with separate events on different days for the Senior and Junior Speech Days. The school had moved, in Sep 1955, to new premises at Bestwood, where there was a large Assembly Hall. At a time

of national austerity, holding Speech Days in the School Hall was possibly seen as a way of saving the expense of hiring the Albert Hall. However, even this Hall was not large enough to accommodate a whole School Speech Day hence the need to hold separate Junior and Senior events. The return to the Albert Hall, and to a single 'whole-school Speech Day' occurred in 1964, under the then new Headmaster, Mr Maurice Brown.

The last Speech Day held at the Albert Hall appears to have been on 31 Oct 1973, effectively the last under Headmaster Maurice Brown and the last of the Grammar School era. There were two further Speech Days in 1974 and 1975, but not at the Albert Hall: both were held in what was then the 'Sixth-Form College' Assembly Hall at Gainsford Crescent.

For comparison, we include below a similar photograph of one of the earlier Speech Days, that at the Albert Hall in 1928.



High Pavement School Speech Day, Fri 30 Nov 1928, at the Albert Hall, Nottingham.
A photograph of one of the earliest Speech Days held at the Albert Hall. This was the last Prize-Giving attended by Headmaster Dr HJ Spenser, who had resigned in Sept of that year. It was a time when the School was still mixed and the impressive array of pupils in the Choir Loft was greatly enhanced by the contrasting dress of the Girls (it was not until the summer of 1931, that the girls were to move to the separate Manning School). It is difficult to identify the Platform Party. Dr Spenser is thought to be at the right-hand end of the Presentation Table wearing his distinctive red Doctoral Gown. Also present are Lord Mayor AR Atkey, Mr AH Whipple, Miss Percy (Senior Mistress) and Miss Tinsley (Deputy Head).

Graham Wybrow

Editor's remark: Speech Day in November 1964 was my first, and I can say how many pupils were on the school roll then: it was reported to be 744. The figures for the next two years were 712 and 685, and in that time before calculators I used these to estimate when the school would be depleted if attrition continued at the same rate.

HP Quick Question 2: what year should I have found? (See page 16.)

A Breakthrough in the Mystery of the Hounds of the Paviorvilles.

First reported in the May issue, it appears to have left even Sherlock Holmes stumped; at any rate we have not heard from him. But we have, dare I say it, found a lead. For Roger Lowe writes:

"The article *The Hounds of the Paviorvilles* caught my eye. Rik Kenton played with Roxy Music, Graham Wyvill played with "The Billy Fury Sound" both after HP. I didn't personally know the others apart from the names, as they were all below my year, but Hound Dogs did indeed play at the infamous Beacon. Graham still lives in Sherwood and I see him very occasionally at the Lion in Basford. Roger Lowe (Forest House 1958-66 under Eric Shepherd)."

Rik Kenton, though he never became a household name, must have been on the fringes of widespread fame. From YouTube I find the following:

Roxy Music on BBC Top of the Pops, Aug 1972. Is Rik Kenton the man in white?

He was a member of a group called Woody Kern, and wrote several of their pieces. As a solo performer he made *Bungalow Love* and *The Libertine*, which was Johnny Walker's Record of the Week in 1976.

He produced *Love's under Fire* and *Temptation* with Tessa Niles. These were never released, but he must have been highly regarded to perform with Tessa Niles, who was a backup singer for David Bowie, Robbie Williams, Eric Clapton, Duran Duran, Gary Numan, and Status Quo.

He was also for some time a member of Roxy Music, and was the bass player in their hit Virginia Plain. Roxy performed this on television on 24th August 1972 for Top of the Pops.

In an interview for Radio Nottingham he mentioned High Pavement, which he described as "friendly", but he griped at having to do Woodwork at the school instead of Art.

Graham Wyvill in a group called Mosaic supported Blue Mink, Bill Haley and the Comets, and Status Quo. He was also a member of a group called Highly Likely, later known as Razzle, and another group called The Ritz. In the 1980s he was with a group called Nevada.

Graham Wyvill with The Ritz.

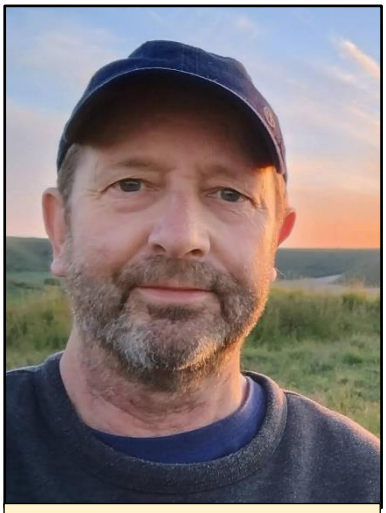
The Ritz in Later Times, Graham on the Right.

Sir Gadabout Rides Again.

In the previous issue of The Pavior we mentioned Martyn Beardsley (HP 1969-1974, Forest House) as an Old Boy eminent on account of his creating the Sir Gadabout books, which inspired a television series. They were written for children at a time when I thought myself chronologically, and perhaps developmentally, too old for them. None the less, I enjoyed watching an episode not long ago; for you can see some of them on YouTube. And his books about Sir Gadabout, the worst knight in the land, remain in print. I read one, and would say that if you have got small grandchildren you might consider buying copies for their behoof. Or your own.

Well, Martyn wrote to us recently, before he realised he had just been mentioned in our hallowed pages, to tell us of his recollections of High Pavement.

I enjoyed Graham Wybrow's article about his earliest memories in life, including ones relating to the Arnold Road school (the one I attended) being built in the fifties. But I must take issue with his claim – or rather of the science he was quoting – that before the age of 5 'the structures in the brain necessary for "long-term" memory are not sufficiently well developed' to allow us remember things before that point.



Martyn Beardsley

If it's true, then certain structures in my brain – unlike all the others in there – must be superior to those of the general populace …

I was two years and three months old when my sister was born, and I definitely remember various things from that time. She was born at home, and I have always had a clear picture of being taken to see Mum in bed and then being packed off to my grandparents' house before the drama began in earnest. I had a nasty ear infection at the time, so maybe that helped to fix the occasion in my memory. Very soon after my sister was born, I recall neighbours calling in (in those days of proper communities – we lived on the Aspley Estate) to get their first glimpse of the new arrival. I also have a definite and vivid recollection of a trip to the shops with my mum, either just before or just after my sister's birth, and her talking to me about ideas for names for the baby.

Moving forwards in time, I can remember my first day at High Pavement – and indeed my infant and junior schools. On the way to start William Crane Infants, I was whistling, as I often did (probably the *Z-Cars* theme tune, a favourite at that time along with *My Old Man's A Dustman*) and I was sternly told that I wouldn't be allowed to whistle in this new place I was going to. That perhaps put me in a bad mood, because they sat me down and put some toys in front of me which I steadfastly ignored. Two girls sitting opposite said, quite reasonably, 'Go on then – play with them!' but I scowled and refused. I was determined not to cry (I had seen a kid being carried in literally kicking and screaming) but I was b****red if I was going to let anyone think I was actually enjoying myself.

One day (after I'd relaxed my stance somewhat on the idea of being confined to school) I was playing with some large wooden bricks and found a strip of old caps from a cap gun on the floor. I worked out that I could make them go off by bashing them with a brick. Finally, school seemed like a place worth going to, and I was thus busily engaged until the teacher

cried, 'Have you quite finished?!'' In my innocence, I replied, 'Not yet – there's a couple more left,' and carried on the with work in hand.

My first day at William Crane Juniors was grey and wet, and I remember us new boys standing around in the playground with long faces and our hands in our pockets like prisoners in a gulag. One memory from that period was a morning when, after taking the register, the teacher explained to us that a very important person called Winston Churchill had just died.

The William Crane schools were, on reflection, wonderful places to be educated when I attended them in the sixties. (A sign of our times is that they were eventually put into special measures because of poor behaviour and results, and finally demolished.)

But I *really* didn't want to go to Crane Comprehensive, as I had heard that the bullies shoved your head down the toilet and flushed it. Luckily, I somehow passed my Eleven-plus exams and the letter said I was going to a place called High Pavement Grammar School – just a name to me then. It was about three miles from Aspley, and they laid on a 'Special Bus', which we caught outside the shops at the junction of Aspley Lane and Broxtowe Lane. I feel sure that my first lesson was Maths, and I do know it was in a classroom on the top floor at the end nearest the school hall. I remember apprehensively waiting for the teacher to arrive. I sat in my unfamiliar new school uniform, gazing out of the window towards the Small and Tidmus lace factory on Perry Road, opposite the prison, where my dad worked. I feared I had ended up in a grammar school through some sort of administrative error and that I wouldn't be able to cope. (As far as maths went, that turned out to be quite prophetic.)

I was especially worried because we had been brought to look round the school some weeks before joining it, and in the gym we encountered a PE teacher whom I later came to know as Mr Graves. He was in a really foul mood about something, red-faced and snapping at someone, and I really feared that all the teachers would be like that. (They obviously weren't, and I must have just caught Mr Graves on a bad day because it turned out that he was actually a very nice man.)

At lunch time of that first day, I and another boy I knew from Aspley made our way across the playground towards the dining room. But when we came upon the seething, riotous mob of older boys trying to barge their way in, in a scene that looked like a pretty authentic reenactment of the Storming of the Bastille, we were so intimidated that we immediately gave up on the idea. Our first afternoon at High Pavement was a very hungry one.

The old place wasn't perfect. Everyone's experience will be different, but I always felt that much of the attention – both academically and in sport – went on the obviously gifted and enthusiastic, while the less able and less confident like me were left to fend for ourselves. Yet it was also better than I realised at the time, and both I and my hungry friend look back very fondly on our days there.

We appreciate how fortunate we were to have attended such a proud and distinguished school, and the ways in which we benefited from it. We mourn the loss not just of the place itself, but of the ethos of such places. And we complain about the wrong-headed politics that brought to an end the opportunity for council estate boys like us to aim for something better.

Martyn Beardsley (1969-74)

Martyn's name will shortly be added on the HP Society's website to the list of distinguished literary alumni of the school.

From Alan Clarke (1949-57, Woodthorpe)

Dear Editor,

Having read your endpiece in the May edition of the Pavior I was intrigued by the story of a nonsensical translation of a Latin inscription on a park bench. It reminded me of a similar maxim that was on display over the door to the Prefects' Common Room on the north stairway of the old school building on Stanley Road, Forest Fields, Nottingham.

Fixed centrally on the lintel was a small replica of the school shield and underneath, rather than *Virtvs Sola Nobilitas*, the scroll bore the inscription in *Foras sesto pondero ver*. Puzzling to members of the Junior uptake about to be grappling with the complexities of learning new languages! But perhaps not to the academically gifted future classics scholars or the budding actors like Peter Bowles or John Bird that were around the time I was there (1949-55 and later at Gainsford Crescent).

Although, as a member of the 'B' class science stream, I was never instructed in the mysteries of Latin, I do of course remember the meaning of the school motto and the patriotic words of the school song which we 'belted out' so often! (I was, however, privileged to learn German for five years under Mr T.N.Thompson [*not to be confused with Physics teacher T. L. Thompson – ed*] to gain a respectable credit at O level).

The interpretation of the school badge design, checker and triple corn ears, is something I can't remember, but I'm sure a lot of past students will.

Am I right in thinking that Latin is now regarded as a 'dead' language? I suspect it no longer features in school curricula, but is only used to translate ancient Latin scripts or as an aid to distinguish species of animals, varieties of plants, etc. What little I know is mostly self taught, as it was a tool to me in the early days of my professional career - in translating hand-written medical prescriptions in a wide area of the Midlands.

Sincerely, Alan Clarke (Ex-Pavior)

From Clifford Groves

I smiled and chortled at the "Latin Inscription" on the back page of the May Pavior. I can recall a similar at the Stanley Road School in the 1950s, as follows:

My first two years were in the T Block and then a transfer across the road to the main building in the 3rd year. On the first floor at the end of the corridor was a tiny room with an inscription over the door, which read "Foras Sesto Pondero Ver". I hadn't done Latin in the two previous years, but found out soon enough what it meant; the room was used by the Prefects!

(I never did do Latin at HP; the languages I studied were German (2 years) and Spanish (3 years), but I found I needed it when I was studying Roman Law for my law degree, and later in my legal career as a solicitor.)

I am sure there are many older Paviors who remember the inscription; perhaps it was transferred to Gainsford Crescent? By the way, I remember seeing a motto very similar to *Virtus Sola Nobilitas* on the front entrance to an old school building at St. Andrews University in Scotland when I was watching a documentary on TV. I made efforts to check this sighting but got nowhere. Is it worth research?

Clifford Groves (A.C.Groves)

The internet tells us that the Christian Brothers' College in St Kilda has the same motto as High Pavement, our reputation for excellence having evidently spread; and I think that nearby Padstow School had for its motto Virtus Sola Nobilitat. *Editor.*

From Phil Atkins (HP 1957-64, Basford House).

I have just caught up with the latest issue of The Pavior on line. I did contribute to an earlier issue quite recently. There is a reference to Mr Simon (?) [Mr Saayman – ed]. I recall him; he was always known as Eddie, but I am afraid his trigonometry lessons were the most boring thing I encountered, especially as calculations had to be done with log tables, there being no pocket calculators in 1960! My mother, who was born in Nottingham in 1917, recalled him (along with Messrs Train and Graham, who were still with HP in the late 1950s) from when she attended HP in Hyson Green when it was briefly a mixed school, but she moved on to the Manning School immediately that opened nearby, probably c 1931. She reckoned Eddie was Afrikaans, and had only one lung. I was very interested to read about 'Dobbo' meeting Hermann Goering. Ray Caulton was, of course, aka Black Ray, and I can picture him even now.

One former HP teacher who hardly gets a mention is John R (for Redvers) Smith, from Hull, who taught Physics. He arrived in 1958 from Manchester University and left (with some regrets) in 1963, having successfully, to his surprise, landed the job of senior physics master at Solihull Grammar. He had rather wanted to see my year through to our A-levels in 1964. He also coached school rowing, on Wednesday afternoons and Saturday mornings, on the River Trent, between Trent Bridge and Wilford Power Station. Oddly enough, ten years later, in 1973, a few weeks before Christine and I got married, we were walking in a group in the Yorkshire Dales, and I found myself talking to a former girlfriend of his, from when she had done her teaching practice in Nottingham! Moreover, when celebrating our first wedding anniversary at practically the same location in Swaledale, we came to breakfast to find another former HP teacher, Nigel something or other, with his girlfriend; whom I knew through my then job at the National Lending Library in Boston Spa! By the way 'Nigel', who was never my teacher, was idolised by two of my sixth-form friends, David McNaughton and Iain Duncanson. David went on to be Professor of Moral Philosophy in Florida, and Iain to be a Professor of Law in Australia. I believe Nigel died quite a few years ago.

Only one weather condition ever stopped us rowing: fog. I recall a brilliantly sunny but subzero Saturday morning during January 1963, and it wasn't 'on' to wear gloves. The other boat got back to the landing stage first, and its crew dashed into the boathouse to try to warm up, leaving us stranded in mid- stream for what seemed an eternity.

Like myself, John Smith was very interested in astronomy. He started a junior Science Society, when I would have been too senior to attend. At one of these meetings he was going to demonstrate, somehow, within the confines of the lab, that light has a finite velocity, which I would have liked to see. Talking of which, and I don't recall any follow up, I attended a meeting after school hours when it was proposed to measure the velocity of light from a source in the school to a mirror mounted on one of the distant chimneys of Mapperley brick works. Quite how this might have been achieved I don't recall either, other than using a high-speed optical shutter. Mounting the mirror and aligning it half way up the chimney would have been far from easy, quite apart from health & safety, and no mobile phones then either!

Phil Atkins.

I think the experiment to measure the speed of light was that devised by Fizeau in 1849, or some variant of it. It required a beam of light to be sent across country and bounced back. The beam was repeatedly interrupted by a toothed wheel, which was made to spin fast. Nowadays, with the benefit of electronic timing, the speed of light can be measured in a school laboratory. Editor.

Less Well-Known Staff 1966 – 1971

John Lacey (HP 1966-71) has answered the call for recollections of staff that do not get the limelight in our pages.

Following Gerald Taylor's article in the August magazine, and Alex Rae's article in The Pavior for May 2025, mention of the less well known staff evoked memories of my own, though I do not have pictures to go with my words

After O-levels at High Pavement I ran away to sea: something not covered by advice from the careers master of the time – Ray Caulton.

Ray Caulton: he was one of the sports gurus, larger than life, and he always seemed to be attired in a black tracksuit. I believe there was a less than complimentary name for Ray, but I leave it out for others to contemplate and recall. One memory I have about Ray is of turning my ankle at rugby on the pitch way down in the corner, and Ray having to piggy back me to the changing rooms, as I could not even hobble along. I think he drove me home as well.

Alastair Summers: As Gerald said in his article, Alastair was a very quiet teacher of Maths and I believe HP was his first school and my memory is of him struggling to cope with us teenagers.

Victor Hartree: he taught me Latin for two years and tried his hardest to persuade me to continue to O-level, but when the options were Geography, History or Latin, I did not see the issue in choosing Geography. I seem to remember him attending my church and doffing his cap to one of the single ladies, but I do not think he got very far?

Peter Pickering: Another sports guru and one who was never my teacher. Pete took over the reins of the 121st Scout Group, based at HP, so he was familiar to me in that role. He brought a fresh and more relaxed atmosphere to the scout group whilst maintaining standards expected of such a group.

Mrs Richardson: Known as "Meg" as Gerald said, after the character in the soap opera of the day – Crossroads. My chemistry teacher for a year or two, but not to O-level. She lived in Nuthall, and agreed to give me and a friend a lift home after school on some days, as it was on our way home and got us ahead of the special buses and the long wait for the connecting bus. Perhaps not acceptable these days, when safeguarding has such a high profile; but at that time it did not seem to be an issue, or no one thought it was.

John Spencer: Not sure about his subject – perhaps Geography? - what I remember is that he teamed up with Pete Pickering at the scouts. I seem to remember his notable feature was that he enjoyed products of the John Player brands, and miscreants on scout camp were tasked with collecting the nub ends from round the camp site.

T L Thompson: Physics teacher, ex RAF and known by all as Squadron Leader.

J P Smith – Art teacher in my early years and my memory, as Gerald Taylor said, was of pupils' work being held up before the class for critical review, and comments on "deficiency in effort". One of mine I remember in particular, when I had drawn a picture of Thunderbird 2 (Thunderbirds was my favourite TV programme) and added "TB2" at the bottom of the page; and that, according to Mr Smith, "wasted the remainder of the paper as well as not making the subject prominent enough". On top of that there was ridicule and more criticism from my classmates as to my colouring of TB2 in grey rather than its actual green livery? How was I to know that TB2 was green? After all, we only had a black and white telly!

D Mouncer: Chemistry teacher up to my O-levels, and my main recall of him is that when I was heading to London for an interview, and likely to be absent from class for a couple

of days during which homework was to be handed out, he made sure he issued mine to me before I headed south, and I was required to complete it whilst away!

G W A Airey: Maths to O-level, where teaching was focused on modern Maths – Venn diagrams and such – which I found had little or no relevance when I moved into the "real" world of the workplace, where I was tasked to deal, on a distance learning/correspondence course package, with logarithms, differentiation and integration without the foggiest idea of what they meant. In short, I had to start again!

John's mention of TB 1 and TB 2 in Thunderbirds reminds me of an incident about another conveyance that featured in the programme: the Rolls Royce belonging to the elegant and glamorous Lady Penelope, its number plate showing **FAB 1**. *The incident involved Mr Blagg, who taught Latin. He had written something on the blackboard that he wanted left there till the next lesson, and so appended to it "Please do not rub out," which he signed with his initials, FAB. The relevant writing duly remained unrubbed, and indeed was augmented instead, by some wag, who added "Thunderbirds are go!"*

ooOOoo

Answers to the HP Quick Questions.

Q1 on page 4. The staff are Victor Hartree (scorer), Arthur Blackburn (umpire), Lawrence Whitehouse, Richard Milne, John Spencer, John Preston, unknown, Mr Collins (groundsman), [Charlie Mardling], Don Bateman, Gerry Steel, Ray Caulton, Bill Gray, Robert Pannell, Jeremy Morris.

Award yourself one mark for each name you identified. Check how you well you did:

Your rating: 0-3 You didn't pay attention at school. Report to the Headmaster at once.
4-7 Not bad.
8-10 You are blessed with a good, retentive memory.
11-13 Well done.
14 You did better than me. Knowall!

Q2 on page 9. The school's roll declined by 59 in the two years from 1964 to 1966. At this rate the zero year would have been

1966+2 x 685/59, the normal priorities for mathematical operators being assumed, as required by Mr BODMAS.

I make that to be 1989. Whether I did get that when I tried to work it out all those years ago is another matter. Sadly, the school did not last even that long.

Answer to Professor Oviceps' Question.

If you read the lines as if they were in English, according to how you are likely to pronounce them, you have

Caesar 'ad some jam for tea, Brutus 'ad a rat
Brutus [was] sick in the omnibus, Caesar sick in [his] 'at.

Or you could translate the last half-line, which would then tell you that after Brutus was sick on the bus, "Caesar thus swims away."