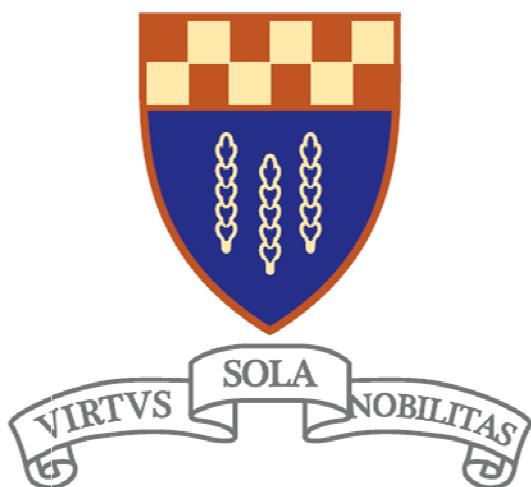


The Pavior



The Newsletter
of
The High Pavement Society
(Founded 1989)

August 2013

Your Committee

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

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Faces to Remember

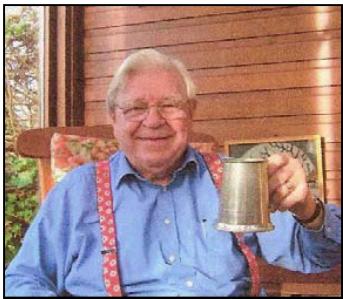
Douglas Madden

Old Pavior

Mathematics and sometime Music Master at High Pavement

1946-1959

THE PAVIOR - August 2013



COMMENT

Our distinguished President, Arnold Brown, and Barbara, his wife, have recently moved their abode to the Devonshire Court care home at Oadby, Leicester. Unfortunately the move has adversely affected his laptop and he is at present digitally incommunicado. For this reason he has asked me to write this column in his place. We hope he will be able to send us a contribution to our November issue.

The main item in this issue is (in my humble opinion) the latest news about the restoration of the former school building in Stanley Road. This project is dear to the hearts of all those (very) Old Paviors from the 1930s and 1940s, including myself, who did not want to see the premises fall into disrepair and disuse. A splendid building (when you think about it) like that deserved to be put to good use, preferably educational accommodation as in the past.

Suddenly it is all happening! The huge sum of £6 million has been prised out of the nation's coffers and a most ambitious scheme of redevelopment is now afoot, embracing all the educational sites in the Forest Fields complex. Devoted to the children of infant and junior school age, it is moving fast with some parts ready for occupation in September and the full scheme by Christmas *this year*. We are now enjoying a period of the keenest anticipation!

Colin Salsbury



REMEMBERING FRANK HUDSON

We have received news via our member Alan Stevenson that Frank Hudson died on May 11th, aged 82. Although Frank was not a member of this Society many of us who were at school in the 1940s can remember him as a dynamic School Captain and keen sportsman with great powers of leadership.



Frank was bold enough to grow a vigorous moustache while still in the sixth form and continued to cherish the adornment in later life. He played rugby for the Old Paviors group and appeared in a photo of their Over 30s team shown in these pages in November 2011. His funeral took place on May 16th when Alan Stevenson represented the Society.

DON HATHAWAY

Geoffrey Donald (Don) Hathaway, a loyal and enthusiastic member of the Society for several years, passed away on June 22nd, aged 81. We send our sincere condolences to Lesley, his wife. The Society was represented at his funeral by our member Edgar Jackson.

READER' LETTERS

[Another good collection. Keep sending them in!]

FROM JOHN LONSBROUGH

Hello Colin,

I am prompted to write by seeing Geoff Morris's piece in the latest Pavior which triggers a few memories, additional to my previous offerings, from our overlapping years at HP. The wartime lady teachers were indeed delightful. I was once very embarrassed by colliding with one of the young ones on a blind comer at the junction of stairs and top corridor , my first experience of an embrace with a young lady! The only one who taught me was Miss Westmorland for upper school maths, a charming and very efficient middle-aged lady .

Like Geoff, I was inspired by Mr (? Bill) Morris to make chemistry my main subject and I got university entrance on a 'chemistry ticket', but I was then obliged by government direction actually to study engineering science, with only mediocre results. Mr Morris was once a parliamentary candidate for the short-lived 'Commonwealth Party', a socialist outfit, and I was one of several pupils who supported him at his election meetings which were, I think, at the Quaker Meeting House on Friar Lane.

Mr (Sammy) Thrasher was also my main school physics teacher and, like Geoff, the only time I got into real trouble with him was when I also had fun with the bench electrics. In my case it was the low voltage terminals, between which I connected a short length of resistance wire which duly became red hot. Then I carved up a rubber pencil eraser by pushing it against the wire to give very satisfying clouds of smoke and a nauseating smell which caused temporary evacuation of the lab. Sammy was not amused then but eventually in my sixth form years he became a good friend.

I'm sad to see the picture of the old laboratory block being demolished, it's another bit of my little world gone, but largely offset by the renovation and re-use of the main building. In those days things were built strong to last long!

Keep the Paviors coming, they are wonderful!

With every good wish to you all,

John L

FROM JOHN WESTWOOD

Metheringham Memories

In 1944 the school decided to support the war effort by allowing boys to go potato picking in late August or early September, which for many was their first time away from the comforts of home.

The holiday (!!!) started by travelling to Lincoln by train and then by bus to a large house in the middle of nowhere, which I think was called Methringham Hall. The first job was to get your palliasse and then fill it with straw, if there was any left. If none was obtainable you had to go round 'cadging' straw from others. We were issued with two rough blankets and there were about ten boys per room, with your pals hopefully.

On the first day after a substantial breakfast we were allocated to the different farms which picked us up by lorry. The job was to follow the 'plough' or 'spinner' which unearthed the potatoes and pick them out of the ground. As you can imagine our bodies were not used to this type of manual labour but you soon got used to it. It was boring work; you had to complete your allocated slot before the plough came around again but

the days were sometimes enlivened by land girls who joined the party. They were quite an eye opener to us young teenage boys.

We had a quota to achieve during the day but if we exceeded the quota we usually were paid a bonus. I think we were paid about five shillings per day. The lorry returned us to the house after the day's work where after cleaning up we had dinner

The teachers in charge were 'Chick' Farr and Mr Odell, though I cannot remember his nickname. They organised 'wide games' in the evening usually 'hare and hounds' in which everybody took part and this continued throughout the week until some farmer complained that we were frightening his cattle! I really enjoyed these games as it was not often that a suburban boy was under a brilliant night sky with a full moon. Happy days !

Chick Farr had taken his car to the Hall and one day he had a request for help from a farmer who was not on the list so he decided that he would take three large teenagers in his Austin 7, or was it a (vintage) Morris Minor? Perhaps someone can remember. I was one of the chosen and we started off in brilliant sunshine but then we dropped down into a valley full of fog. Chick Farr continued driving for some time until he decided that we were lost and could not go any further so we returned to the house where I ended up in the kitchen cleaning pans. So ended my day

We returned to school to the start of the autumn term a little richer and raring to go.

Needless to say most of us volunteered for the next year!

John Westwood

FROM ROY TAYLOR

I was at High Pavement from 1937 to 1944 (Not that anyone would recognise the forename because at High Pavement I was always known by my nickname : 'Flash' !)

I discovered the Paviors website only recently, but despite the time gap it brought back some wonderful memories. However it was the contribution by John Lonsbrough (*see also letter above*) which prompted me to write and ask whether he remembers the calamity which befell the two of us. This happened whilst fire-watching one night during the 1943-44 winter. It was not, I hasten to add, anything to do with the Luftwaffe's incendiary bombs; it concerned Mr Nolan's piano.

All who attended the HP Stanley Road school will remember the type of piano used for the assemblies in the hall, but perhaps few realised it could be balanced on two wheels for ease of movement. We discovered this ease of its manoeuvrability and indeed, with myself sitting on top, John found he could push it at quite a speed around the hall. Unfortunately he went in circles of ever-decreasing radius. As those with a scientific bent will immediately recognise, this increases the centrifugal force. My increasing shrieks of alarm were interpreted by John as whoops of delight. Of course the inevitable happened: over it went. Piano keys scattered far and wide...

It took several hours for us (with our fellow firewatchers Norman Parr and John Bacon) to put it back together again and when back in position it looked none the worse for its experience. The trouble was that none of us could be certain that the keys had been replaced in the correct order.

I am not sure whether we confessed (to the Head, Mr Potter) before or after Mr Nolan tried to play it for the assembly hymn the following morning. It transpired that the keys were OK. However, one of the iron frames had fractured and rendered one half of the

piano useless. Mr Nolan was not pleased. It was a costly adventure: our parents were required to pay £7 each (a princely sum in those days) towards a new piano.

However, there are also many good memories of those times with one cricketing occasion I remember in particular. Playing for Newstead on The Forest in 1938 we bowled Basford out for 6 (!) and won by 10 wickets. Does anyone remember that? My own bowling figures were 4 for 0. (I can only assume my bowling deteriorated after that for I cannot recall being invited to bowl again in subsequent years.)

Enclosed is a photograph of the school rugby team in 1942-43. It includes Derek Dunn (who went on to great achievements in the rugby world) and Ray Caulton (a very fine all-round sportsman and captain). I have just noticed there are 16 of us—perhaps that's why we won most of our matches **Roy Taylor (Cheshire)**

[*Editor's Note: Derek Dunn is of course a member of the Society. This picture was taken during my first year at High Pavement and I can remember the lordly figures of Peter Walker (House Captain of my house: Newstead), and Ray Caulton (School Captain). I also remember well the slightly less lordly Tony Nutting (a former member of the Society and fellow committee member), Ray 'Tubby' Shaw, Roy 'Scroggs' Thornhill, Roy 'Flash' Taylor, Pete Durnan (also a powerful swimmer) and John Burton (a talented violinist)]*



High Pavement School Rugby 1st XV 1942-43

Burton Durnan Bolton Harrison Nutting Thornhill Taylor
Casajuana Dunn Walker Caulton Shaw Williams
Padgett Garratt Brett

FROM GERALD TAYLOR

Afternoon Colin, The Pavior's May issue, which I received today, contains a contribution from an old classmate Phil Cotterill, including a hockey team photograph with partial identification of those appearing in it. I may be able to help if I add a few remarks.

On the left was the groundsman, Mr. Collins, and next right is Mr Lawrence Whitehouse ('Lew'). Player 1, identified as Andy Klievens *may* be Jules Teeman, the goalkeeper was Henrik Jegarow (?), number 5 was Nick Munton and number 6 Nick Henson, though that gives us a lot of Nicks. Player 8 was Steve Caunt and 13 was Mervin Morrell.

Phil is right about our having a successful time. In my two years in the sixth, we lost no matches. In part this was because we chanced to have several able sportsmen. Of those in the photograph Nick Aske and Steve Kettlewell played cricket for the city schools, and Adie Woodward played for Notts Under 19s at hockey, as I did. But also we had a capable coach in Mr Ray ('Rip') Graves. Phil's memory of other details surpasses mine: I have no recollection of playing Loughborough University, or of any of our results, other than that we did not lose any matches.

Gerald Taylor

FROM DEREK ROBINSON

Dear Colin

I was very pleased to be able to join you and other members of the High Pavement Society for lunch at "The Countryman" recently. It made a change from the ham and salad sandwiches on which I usually exist at lunchtime. This together with the number of welcoming kisses I received from several ladies made the trip very worthwhile, although the kisses were, I believe, in friendship rather than in ecstasy!

The article in "The Pavior" regarding Tim Hamer's German Odyssey brought back many memories of the first house that Pauline and I purchased when permission was granted to build on the Bramcote Hills. We were the second couple to move into a finished house but we were quickly followed by another couple who bought the house next door to us. There was a delay in finishing this house and when they came to check progress we were always delighted to welcome them with a cup of tea and felt fortunate that we would have such a nice couple for neighbours.

It was of course Tim Hamer and his wife Grace. We were neighbours for more years than I care to remember and it was when he was clearing out his garage of various things that could well have included those originally in the attache case mentioned in your article. Another one of the items was the leather headgear that pilots wore when flying and I discovered that he had been trained as a Spitfire pilot during the war.

He was a charming intelligent person who never boasted about his achievements. If my memory serves me correctly, I think he was employed in the Civil Service as an auditor. During the summer months we both enjoyed gardening and a chat over the garden fence and although I found out about the things I have already mentioned, no other details were ever forthcoming. When he died, the funeral took place at Bramcote Church and was attended by a number of former members of the RAF.

I lost trace of Grace after the funeral but a few weeks ago I received a lovely letter from her stating that she had moved into a home for elderly people at Bognor Regis to be near her daughter who, I believe, has a teaching post there. **Yours sincerely Derek**

Annual General meeting and Quiz Night

**The 2013 AGM of the High Pavement Society
will be held at the Welbeck Banqueting Suite,
Welbeck Road, West Bridgford**

**On Monday September 30th 2013 at 6.45 pm
All members may attend**

(bar open from 6.30 pm for guests while the AGM is in progress)

To be followed by the Quiz Night Social Evening

Notices will be sent beforehand by post in the usual way

PUB LUNCH NEWS



The Countryman Inn, in the wilds of Kirkby-in-Ashfield, was the venue for our pub lunch on May 20th, organised by our Secretary Noel Gubbins. It was our first Society visit to this establishment and for some of us the journey was both baffling and exciting.

On arrival we found the place to be very

well appointed with remarkably friendly staff who provided us with excellent and satisfying fare. We numbered some 34 bodies, including Alan and Carol Bullimore over from North Wales plus all the local yokels, who had no difficulty tracking down this fine hostelry. It was generally agreed that a good time was had by all. There was, of course much exchanging of news and gossip and one day it would be pleasant to repeat the experience. Our thanks go to Enid Gubbins for this recommendation.

Inside the
Countryman Inn ►



As we go to press there has been no proposal put forward for the next pub lunch or its equivalent but we hope to be together quite soon. **A volunteer Pub Lunch organiser is rather desperately needed by the Society. We know which pubs are suitable. All that's needed is a little time and wisdom. How about you? Contact Noel Gubbins now!**

ooOoo

MICK CRAVEN

John Elliott has had a call from an old school mate who is trying to contact **Mick Craven (53-58)**. On the website he found a photograph of the 1953 school cricket team and Mick had sent in information regarding the names on the photograph and details about himself but there is no contact address. Apparently he is now retired and living in Botswana but if anyone has a contact address for him it would be welcomed and passed on by John Elliott (johnj.elliott@btinternet.com).

AWARDS EVENING OF THE HIGH PAVEMENT SIXTH FORM ACADEMY

The former Sixth Form College has re-invented itself under the above title and has now become an Academy, a change which principally affects its administration. Consequently the Society is still enjoying cordial relations with them in joint activities which this year involved sponsoring their entire Awards Evening. This occasion is devoted to the presentation of a series of modest prizes with accompanying certificates which are devised as rewards for endeavour during the preceding academic year.

For some time we have asked the then College to suggest a way in which the Society could offer its financial help to encourage the students in their academic progress and it was suggested that we could best achieve this by sponsoring the prize awards themselves. These would be in the form of vouchers to the value of £15, to be spent at Waterstones' shops on educational materials. A total of 53 awards were financed, totalling £795 from the Society's Educational Fund.

The committee were invited to attend the ceremony, which was held on Wednesday 26th June in the lecture theatre of the adjacent Nottingham Trent University in Goldsmith Street. The Society Chairman, Ken Kirk, led the delegation



▲ A message from the Society was projected on to the backdrop screen together with the HPS logo



The Harmony Choir from the Nottingham Girls Academy who provided the introductory music recital. ►
◀ **Robin Taylor** of the HPS presents a certificate to **Nikki Charlesworth**.



consisting of Noel Gubbins, Robin Taylor, John Elliott and Colin Salsbury. The Awards were presented to the recipients by various members of the academy staff and also by members of our delegation.

The evening began with light refreshments as the participants and supporting parents arrived, followed by a short concert from the choir with later guitar solos by Carly Mason. An introductory address was given by Kathryn Goldacre (right), the Head of the Academy, who welcomed the contribution of the Society to the evening.

The presentations then followed. To warm applause, each proud recipient came forward to receive their certificate and the envelope containing their reward. It was an uplifting experience to witness this parade of achievement. The Society representatives felt that the joint occasion had been a great success.



LIKE THE PHOENIX RISING FROM ITS ASHES...

We have become aware of the intense interest among the Society's membership in the restoration of our old school's former home in Stanley Road (at a cost of £6 million) and earlier articles have described the proposals in some detail. The last issue of the Pavior announced that work had started on the conversion of the buildings to provide room for the Forest Fields Primary School to make substantial extensions to its capacity and showed the scaffolded Berridge building (as it had become known) in one of the accompanying photographs.

Noel Gubbins and Colin Salsbury made contact with Wates Construction, the principal contractors and were invited to undertake a site visit to see how things were progressing. On Wednesday August 14th we were received by the Site Manager, Matt Cooper, who showed great interest in our Society and kindly arranged to give us a conducted tour of the working areas. Fully clad in the customary protective clothing needed by the safety regulations, we set off past the former site of the laboratory block, now fully demolished, noting the Sturton Street boundary being reconstructed with open aspect railings instead of the former tall brick walls. We crossed the lower yard, now unpaved and undergoing development and called in at a small site building where the former junior toilets once stood. Here we met one of the site crew who presented us with a small text book (Morgan's Trigonometry primer) which he had recovered from a corner where it had lain concealed since 1952. We had looked at the label inside and read the first name (from 1948) as 'Helmut Hammler' who Colin remembered well as a German boy brought to HP to complete his education after the war. We were pleased to receive the book for the Society's collection of memorabilia.

We entered the main building, via the basement entrance (to the swimming pool/ air raid shelter/ PE changing room/ reception suite; depending on the era to which you belonged). Here new partition walls had been constructed to create various specialist rooms and we climbed the stairs to the old main entrance door (still labelled 'BOYS' in solid stone). A diversion then took place while we explored the flues of the old hot air heating system—'Typical of those in Victorian prisons!' according to Matt Cooper.

More stairs of familiar appearance brought us to the Ground Floor level where a group of electricians were busy installing the sophisticated new wiring in its own swish trunking. The Hall was revealed next, in all its original elegance with all the partitions of recent years removed. The old tiles had been restored to their former sparkling glory after complete eradication of the paint which had been laid over them in more recent times. All the ground floor classrooms were now approaching completion with ceilings lowered by about 4 or 5 feet but the interconnecting doors were now in different positions from those we remembered. The old door into Room 2, halfway down the hall, had been retained but purely for show and did not lead anywhere. The mind reeled with stirred memories!



▲ Noel Gubbins inspects the newly restored Hall

We climbed to the First Floor (top corridor) where new rooms had been constructed in place of former rooms 9 to 11 (merged to form a single open area in recent times). The window sashes had been removed for renovation and re-glazing and were being replaced in the original frames, now newly renovated. This was to comply with the Listed Building status which required the outward appearance to remain substantially unchanged. That the condition of the woodwork allowed this was a testimony to the quality of the original 19th century construction. Indeed the finish was so good that at first we thought complete replacement had been undertaken.

We were immensely impressed with the high standards of interior design and finish quality which must be superior to even the original work when the school was first erected in the 1890s. It was heartening to find that the architects had included so many of the original features like tiling and wooden panelling carrying the carved names of old scholars from the last century. (This will be featured in the next issue of *The Pavior*). Out on the roof, on new steel staging installed as part of the project, we viewed the ‘cupola’, the building’s pinnacle. The structure, once reputed to be in a shaky state, had been fully restored and re-leaded and gleamed proudly in the morning sun.



Following the exploration of the main building we explored the Workshop Block, after crossing the remains of Stanley Road, whose pink cobble stones were being removed bit by bit. The staircases and rooms were much as we remembered them but the great workshop itself was now subdivided and already in use as a computer centre. Your representatives were almost overcome with nostalgia in the room we knew as T4 where we assembled for our first

removed bit by bit. The staircases and rooms were much as we remembered them but the great workshop itself was now subdivided and already in use as a computer centre. Your representatives were almost overcome with nostalgia in the room we knew as T4 where we assembled for our first



▲ This was Stanley Road, believe it or not.

◀ The phoenix rising, as seen from the other side of the (former) Stanley road.



lessons back in the mists of time. Lastly we entered the buildings of the old Infants School which was having new entrances and extensions as part of the overall scheme.

As we took our leave of Mr Cooper and left the site with its squads of busy workers we pondered on the renewed life now being given to our former home. How splendid the accommodation would be, compared to the spartan premises we had known. We only hoped that the leg muscles of the juniors would be equal to all those stairs!

'THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS!'

Browsing through some back numbers of *The Pavior*, I occasionally came across reports about the annual School Play. This product of the school Dramatic Society was always a serious effort before a public audience, even on those occasions when the play itself was a comedy. Some fine performances were given as various Paviors have described when writing to this newsletter in the past. I can well recall several School Plays including *The Rivals* (twice), *Pygmalion*, *The Amazing Dr Clitterhouse*, and *The Late Christopher Bean* but one performance which has stuck in my mind was that of my contemporary Malcolm Benson with his moving portrayal in *The Duke in Darkness* by Patrick Hamilton as the Duke of Laterraine, imprisoned in a forbidding castle for 15 years but still desperate to escape.

In the Stanley Road building it was necessary to erect a temporary stage for the Play, complete with blue velvet (?) proscenium curtains and stage lighting operated by an enthusiastic crew of amateur electricians, none of whom was ever electrocuted. Often the stage was left in position for some weeks, in spite of the effect this had on an already congested assembly hall. Phew! The aroma of hair oil and perspiration that developed during morning assembly was quite palpable. Having the stage in place allowed other productions to be presented to the school community, especially towards the end of term when real work was completed and we wanted to share the lighter side of life before the hols.

There might be a blithe little play by the fledgling thespians of the Junior Dramatic Society like *Captain Scuttleboom's Treasure*, or occasionally one from a group based on the members of a single form. Typical was the farce, *The Old Geyser* put on with great aplomb by Classical V (led by that talented performer Charles Widdowson). Another was a broad comedy *Money Makes a Difference!* which featured many of my friends in the cast. I recall the spirited lead by Geoff Forbes as a curmudgeonly farmer whose sister was being courted by a rather prissy gent (?) (Neil Tansley). We fell about when the resentful brother uttered a cry of frustration: 'Blast!' caused by a broken shoelace, as the other was in the midst of saying grace before a meal. Such things easily amused a school boy audience.

Apart from plays there might be a *Concert*, usually with a varied bill of performers, depending on the talent available. Even members of staff might deliver a comic song (e.g. Bill Benner) or a monologue. That august body, The Prefects, were often the producers of the concert and there would be many in-jokes and lampoons in sketches about clearly identifiable events in the school calendar, all wildly applauded. The first such Prefects' Concert I witnessed during my first year at HP featured an amusing 'Shadowgraph' using a back projection screen on which wildly improbable activities of a quite preposterous nature were created (favourite was a surgical operation), inducing general hilarity in the audience.

Several years later I became a Prefect myself and when a concert was called for, someone suggested we repeat the 'Shadowgraph' of five years earlier. We responded with enthusiasm but, alas, 30 minutes before curtain-up, the projection flood-lamp bulb burned out and no replacement was available. Catastrophe! What were we to do? A cyclist was dispatched post haste to Heathcote's Camera Shop on Hyson Green with instructions (and funds) to purchase a 2.5 kilowatt photo-flood bulb which, though of extremely short life, would deliver the necessary intense illumination. Meanwhile one of the aforementioned electricians called Eddie Orme showed masterly powers of improvisation by stripping out the ceramic bulb holder and inserting a temporary bayonet fitting. The bulb duly arrived with minutes to spare. The system tested OK (to universal relief) and the show could go on!

The 'Shadowgraph' was the hit of the concert.

Colin Salsbury

NAT'S NATTER

Scouting For Boys



Some of my happiest days at High Pavement were those spent as a member of the 121st High Pavement Scout Troop.

The 121st were recognised as one of the best in the county, which could be expected, as the troop was supervised and organised by masters at the school. The Troop always took part in the various events and competitions organised by The Nottinghamshire Boy Scouts Association, including Athletics and Cross Country in which they invariably came top.

The troop was split into four sections: Eyrie and Junior Troops, Sea Scouts and Senior Scouts. On joining I was intrigued to learn that some of the scout leaders were called by unusual names. Mr Farr (Alan actually but never *ever* uttered) who was the Senior Scouts leader and overall leader, took the name 'Raven', Fred Tippett was the leader of Eyrie Troop and was called 'Cormorant' (Corm for short). Mr (Ivan James) O'Dell was the leader of the Junior Troop and had the name 'Merlin'. These names allowed them to be addressed directly without using 'sir'. I recollect nothing of the Sea Scouts as they seemed to do their own thing. I was a member of Kestrel patrol in the Eyrie Troop.

Friday evenings were the regular meeting times when we would engage in learning the various scouting skills, but for me the most enjoyable and last event of the evening was the game of 'Plate Hockey'. The game was played with a tin plate used as a puck and a bench turned on its side at each end of the school hall to act as goals. There didn't seem to be any rules, the object being to score a goal by skimming the plate into the bench. The game could become dangerous when the spinning plate became airborne and could cause cuts and bruises to various parts of the anatomy and on occasions a broken window would ensue. 'elf 'n safety' would never allow this game nowadays. Cormorant enjoyed taking part and was very competitive. He was a very popular master (and Old Pavior to boot), well liked by everyone. One of his treats was to take us down to the Goose Fair after the scout meeting and pay for us to have rides there.

Many weekends were spent at 'The Friary' located in the fields outside Calverton. The Friary was a log cabin fitted with three bunk beds, table and chairs and a cooking stove and used by small groups for scouting weekends. 'The Dover Beck' ran close to the cabin and on warm days it was common for us to swim in the beck. I remember on one occasion a few of us decided to 'skinny dip' in the brook but I was not too pleased when my 'mates' ran off with my clothes leaving me with just my neckerchief and plimsolls. There just happened to be a Girl Guide Camp a couple of fields away and I had to face the prospect of getting back to the Friary without having to display my attributes. I improvised but must have looked pretty foolish with my neckerchief protecting my dignity at the front and the plimsolls tied with the laces to the corners of my neckerchief hiding my derriere.

In the spring holidays the troop would travel to Walesby for a week under canvas. I have many pleasant memories and some not so pleasant of these camps, singing 'Ging Gang Goolie' around the camp fire at night and engaging in the various scouting activities there. There were also many summer camps in various parts of the country lasting for two weeks and I also have pleasant memories of these.

I could go on...and on...However, I feel I have rambled on a little too long and so must draw to a close. Maybe I can continue my scouting recollections (of which I have many) in a future edition of 'Nat's Natter'.

Nat Gubbins.

AN APPRENTICE'S INDENTURES

[This interesting document was sent to us by John Westwood and it relates to an early ancestor in his family who was apprenticed to a blacksmith for five years, living with the family in the Sneinton or St Anne's areas of Nottingham. It was a tough commitment, especially the instruction not to damage his master!]

JOSEPH WHITLAM'S INDENTURES NOVEMBER 1838

Matrimony he shall not contract—At Cards, Dies, Tables or any other unlawful games he shall not play—[The] said apprentice will faithfully serve his said master—his secrets keep—his lawful commands everywhere gladly do—he shall do no damage to his said master nor see it done by others—Goods of his said master he shall not waste nor give or lend them unlawfully to any—he shall neither buy or sell without his masters leave; Taverns and alehouses he shall not haunt—nor from the service of his said master day and night absent himself;—in all things as a faithful apprentice he shall behave himself towards his master and all his family during the said term

ooOoo

ARNY'S BOOK

Arny goes to High Pavement

For some mysterious reason I was admitted to this prestigious school blessed by the local education authority with a scholarship or grant of £26 per annum. As father had inherited considerable wealth from his beer-off keeping ancestors I doubt if the award was in the cause of poverty, neither can I see any reason why I would have been considered a suitable candidate on academic grounds. Nevertheless for the first two years at the school I was ordered during morning assembly to report to the secretary's office and there received a cheque for half the annual sum - namely £13.

High Pavement School, as is well known in Nottingham, originated to serve the needs of the children of the members of the congregational church situated at High Pavement in the centre of the city. It served the centre of the city. It served the needs of both boys and girls and was apparently highly successful from its beginnings. In the late nineteenth century a new building was erected in Stanley Road, Forest Fields but the most important development came during the 1920s.

One particular Headmaster introduced principles which were previously mainly confined to public schools, and of which he presumably had personal experience. Dr. Spenser developed the house system, originally four but later expanded to eight. Every boy was allocated a house named as follows - Schoolhouse, Forest, Basford, Trent, Sherwood, Woodthorpe, Wollaton, and Newstead - each house was allotted a senior master, designated House Master, whose job it was to look after the pastoral needs of the boys in his care. Sporting activities were arranged according to the house system giving all pupils a loyalty that was quite separate from that demanded of his form or class.

The prefect system was introduced whereby senior boys were, in theory at any rate, given authority over those in the lower forms. I was never sure of the soundness of this system which encouraged those designated prefects to exert undue authority with a tendency to bullying. Those in the first class, dubbed 'fags', were certainly in awe of those unimaginably old boys with the distinguishing badge on 'the lapel of their blazers. Arny was terrified from day one.

Detention tickets played a prominent part in school life. These were regularly introduced by masters and in theory by prefects, as a punishment for minor disciplinary offences or failure to produce homework when called upon to do so. To receive one of these documents (about the size of a cheque and from a similar perforated book) involved being detained for three quarters of an hour on Friday evening in a special room together with all the other miscreants and, although it never happened to me, completing some work the nature of which I never ascertained. I was of such a nervous disposition - I think that was it - that I never placed myself in danger of receiving one of the dreaded 'D' tickets!

This was the new and renowned school I was about to enter. The first morning entailed allocation to house and classes. Memory is a little hazy concerning the procedure on that day, but I believe we were designated 'a', 'b', 'c', and 'd' groups initially with the brightest boys in 'a', and those not so clever as low as 'd'.

At the culmination of this first ten years of life I really held a very low opinion of myself and my capabilities, mainly for two reasons. Most of my companions, and particularly at Stanley Road Junior School which I was now leaving behind, were keen on, and clever at, cricket and football. I was keen too, but couldn't do it. So I became one of the keenest supporters, even travelling to away games whenever possible to cheer the school team. In my imagination I was, in the eyes of the playing team members, a slightly eccentric mascot, for them, but not quite of them.

My distinct tendency to overweight resulted in the term 'fatty Brown' being added to the old adage 'Browny'. Incidentally 'Browny' sounds quite kindly, but in practice the pronunciation was 'Brerhnny' - difficult phonetically, but giving a distinct note of derision. My placement in the 'a' class gave an immediate boost to my ego as I realised I was now attending not only what was arguably the best school in Nottingham, but as an added bonus I was, provided I reached my potential, in the top class of the best school. When I strolled home that lunch time down Berridge Road I was certainly full of the joys of spring, or late summer, as it must have been. Eagerly I returned to school in the knowledge that lessons proper would commence with the afternoon session.

I was yet to meet our Geography master who was a comparatively young man named Mr Pearce. New to us was the flowing black gown worn by all our teachers giving them an added look of authority. Pearce was no exception. The front row was my designated place in class and in this case right under the nose of our new master. According to the dictates of Mr Pearce all the basic principles of geography can be demonstrated by the points of the compass. So, opening our spanking new books at the first page, we were asked to take our bright new compasses and draw a large circle prior to adding the compass directions. Estimating the centre of the page with a steady gaze I planted the point of the compasses firmly on the spot and proudly drew my circle.

'What do you think that is, boy? I'll teach you to make holes in new books'. In one movement Pearce picked up my book, closed it, and brought it across my head with incredible force. Never have my illusions been so quickly shattered. The humiliation was much worse than the wallpaper situation under Mr Wells¹. Wells was a comparatively mild and friendly character compared with this fiend. I remained terrified of our geography master throughout most of my time at High Pavement, but the surprising outcome of this incident

¹ When at Stanley Road Boys Junior School in Mr Wells' class Arny had earned credit by bringing to school a large book of wallpaper samples but blotted his escutcheon by talking in class and getting three strokes of the 'strap' from the same Mr Wells.

was that by the end of term, and subsequent terms, I was top of the class in this particular subject. Who is to say that the fear of corporal punishment does not bring out the best in boys? Perhaps the method seems ham handed, but on reflection I am positive that the attack on my person was merely a way of ensuring discipline throughout the class during his period of office as our form teacher.

Very soon the terms a, b, c and d were discarded and all boys were placed in classes according to ability and aptitude for either science or classics. Science 1A was the top science class and the subjects taken were Maths, English, English Literature, Physics, Chemistry, German, History, Geography, Art and Scripture. In Classical 1 the emphasis was removed from Science; French and Latin were taken as languages. Science IB was presumably of a lower standard, and the final form General 1 clearly designed for the duffers, although strictly speaking there were no duffers in the school since all had passed the entrance examination.

During my school days the authorities did not hesitate to separate the sheep from the goats, in contrast to today's philosophy which designates no losers. At that time the potential winners, the ones who would assimilate knowledge most quickly and easily, were segregated from those without that ability. No one seemed to us at that time to be any the worse for that. I knew I was hopeless at sport. Others were good. So what? I accepted the situation and have no reason to believe I was deprived in any way. Today the clever and the not so clever are mixed up, resulting in a failure of the best to reach their potential coupled with a lack of time to give proper tuition and coaching to the not so bright. As young people grow and begin to progress through life they must of necessity come to terms with life's ups and downs, to know their limitations and constraints. It seems to me the sooner they have demonstrated to them that we are not all equal they will more quickly come to terms with this. This is not to say that all should not be given equal opportunities, but that these can only be related to each person's ability.

In addition to the academic subjects one afternoon was devoted to sport – broadly speaking rugby in the winter, cricket during the Summer. During January and February, months of possible snow and frost, the dreaded cross country running was used as an alternative torture. During the early years our playing fields were situated at Daybrook, covering a large area where about eight pitches were laid out with their distinctive 'H' shaped goal posts. Secondary or Grammar schools played 'rugger'. Other schools, then designated Elementary Schools, played football or 'soccer'. Rugby Football was associated with the exclusive world of the public school, and the feeling of a certain superiority was transmitted to the new eleven year old High Paviors. The first lesson in the new art was to be conducted by none other than Mr Pearce of slapping the head fame, but this time dressed in slacks tied nonchalantly with an old necktie, demonstrating that Pearce was in fact quite a lad. The holding up of trousers by ties undoubtedly made quite a revolutionary statement! Certainly rugger gave me a feeling of superiority and exclusivity, but when I began to appreciate the extreme discomfort of running round in circles in the freezing cold, clad only in skimpy cotton shirt and shorts in the bleak, windy, winter weather, coupled with my complete lack of skill and ability in using the oddly shaped rugger ball I began to appreciate there were perhaps better ways to spend an afternoon.

Arnold

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