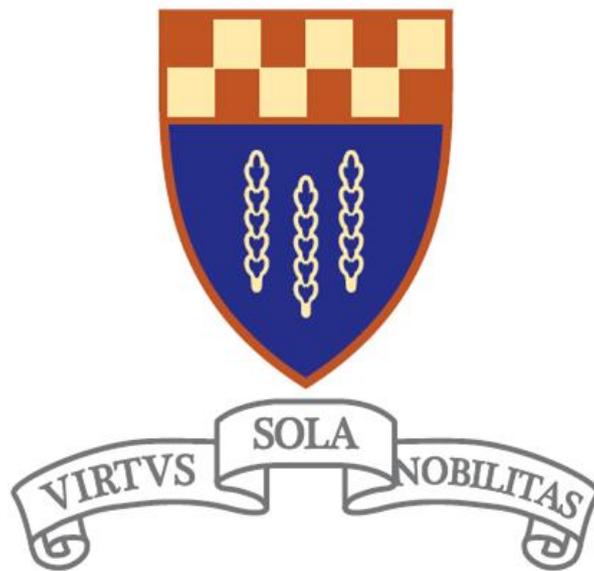


# The Pavior



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

**August 2014**

### Your Committee

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

President: Vacant  
Committee Chair: Ken Kirk 0115 9568650  
Deputy Chairman: John Elliott 0115 9266475  
Secretary: Noel Gubbins 0115 9756998  
Treasurer: Robin Taylor 0115 9609483  
Registrar/editor: Colin Salsbury 01509 558764  
Archivist: Lance Wright 01636 815675  
Committee Members:  
Barry Davys 0115 9260092  
Tony Humphreys 0115 9284577  
Marcus Pegg 0115 9216548  
George Taylor 0115 9278474

Copy for *The Pavior* may be sent to  
Colin Salsbury [Colin.Salsbury@outlook.com](mailto:Colin.Salsbury@outlook.com)  
Please note new email address  
116 Leicester Road, Loughborough, Leics. LE11 2AQ  
Our website address: [www.highpavementsociety.org.uk](http://www.highpavementsociety.org.uk)



**Faces to remember**  
**Alan Wilfred Beck**  
**Old Pavior and Classics Master at High Pavement**  
**1957-68**

## COMMENT

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

### Early Years at High Pavement



I had the great good fortune to pass "The Scholarship" as it was known in 1948, and found myself at the Stanley Road premises in September of that year. However, as my father had passed away in 1947 (a victim, I think, of the Arctic conditions of that year) I had very little appreciation of exactly what that meant to my life, indeed, I only 'agreed' to go to High Pavement if my very good friend Ken Harrison did the same! We eventually decided to try it, although most of our other friends carried on to Highbury Secondary. Ken and I had shared a double desk at Springfield Junior School—he was left-handed, I right-handed, so we opted for that arrangement as it meant we had more room to spread ourselves! I often wonder what might have happened had I sat next to a boy who did *not* want to go into the unknown of a Grammar School.

In 1951, the year of the Festival of Britain, a trip to London was arranged. The outing was to be a two-day affair, with accommodation in the Clapham deep air raid shelter, left over from the war years. The trip was to include as much of the Festival and other attractions as possible. The cost was two guineas<sup>1</sup> and we were allowed to bring a further sum of five shillings as pocket money. I still do not know how my mother managed to find the money, although I do remember that it was paid into the school over a period of time.

I seem to remember that there were at least a couple of coaches and, when we arrived eventually at Clapham, there were many more schoolchildren from around the country. We were scheduled to have lunch on the first day at 'Slater & Bodega's Oak Restaurant' but just before we arrived the bus was involved in a minor collision with a car or taxi. Much excitement until we realised that no real harm was done!

We spent time at Battersea Funfair, the Festival Pavilion, and memorably, the Science Museum. In the entrance hall of the latter, we were impressed by a huge pendulum which was re-positioned every morning so as to swing along a marked path. As time went on, the pendulum's path varied, illustrating the movement of the earth on its axis (I think!). Certainly, we were treated to a full explanation by one of the masters (possibly Mr Farr).

If anyone else has any recollection of the trip, it would be good to hear more about it. Most of our pocket money went on Kia-Ora at three pence (old variety) per carton—the weather was very hot for both days. The only memories I have of the Clapham shelter are its sheer size, the heat and the smell of carbolic. Not the best way of undergoing my first experience of independent travel.

**Ken Kirk**

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<sup>1</sup> £2. 2s = £2. 10p for those who can't remember.

## FROM OUR READERS

### FROM ROGER LOWE

#### Memories from a Bestwoodite, HPGS 1958-1966

**Hello Colin,**

Having just received my May edition of the Pavior, and read the article from an erstwhile fellow classmate, one Geoff Gay, who I remember quite well, it prompted me to put down my random thoughts on my time at HPGS Bestwood and the lasting effect my time there has made.

My parents lived at No 2 Arnside Road, next to Wrights' Wagon Works, and my abiding memory is of sitting on the back garden fence to watch the locos (steam in those days) shunting wagons up the tracks some 2 yards from the fence, and occasionally being allowed to climb in the cab and pull the levers (H&S eat your heart out!).

My primary school was Henry Whipple, from where I passed my 11-plus and gained a place at HPGS. Duly kitted out, I arrived on my first day to find I was in form 1A, although I can't remember the form master's name.

Years 1-3 were spent dutifully enough, doing homework etc, although my biggest enjoyment was playing cricket for the school XI. Classmates I can recall from early years were (in no specific order): Geoff Gay, Rich Lawman, Billy Campbell, John Kerslake, Geoff Ward, Tony Peach, Terry Lee, Phil Barber, Frank Johnson, Pete Stretton, Paul Wood, Ian Anderson, Graeme Stockdale, Phil Carroll, Pete Denley, Colin Hale, Rich Lossasso, Mick Speake, Craig Thorpe, AA & AB Smith, Dave Wallace, Michael Price, Rog Batty, Steve Smith. I still keep in touch with some of them.

Teachers who spring to mind were: Dennis Moorhouse who always put his feet on the desk when teaching English; A W Beck (Latin) who always seemed to be in a rush to do things; Jack Gardener (History) who, in the 1<sup>st</sup> form, was very handy at giving you a clip round the ear! Tom Ormanroyd taught me French and I believe he had been a pro footballer prior to teaching; F Wells (Maths); Jack Train (Gen Science) a man with a very short fuse when you didn't do things exactly right! I was pleased to get to the 6<sup>th</sup> form and do 'Mod Langs' and leave others to his not so tender mercies! Still, a gruff exterior belied his other side.

Bill Gray never taught me but when I played cricket for the school XIs and afterwards for Woodthorpe CC (along with John Dodd, Eric Harris, Jack Barrett, Bob Pannell, Roger Pratt, and various other members of HPGS staff) he often frequented the same hostelries as myself and other 6<sup>th</sup> formers. I remember very fondly the evenings in the Vale and the Grosvenor when Bill and Alan Millidge would hold court and regale us with cricketing stories and statistics. Happy days!

After I finished my 'O' levels I entered the exalted ranks of the 6<sup>th</sup> form. It was funny to be in the same position as former boys whom I had thought of as heroes in my younger days: Dewi Williams, school captain when I started, Barrie Johnson my house captain in Forest and Lance Wright with whom I briefly played cricket at Old Pavors. By this time I had gained my school colours for cricket and hockey and I still have the certificates and photos at home. If any OP's want to see the photos, and look at the various years of HPGS, Friends Reunited has many memories and pictures from various old boys and is well worth taking a look.

Many of my friends had by this time left to pursue an outside life after taking 'O' levels, consequently our circle was somewhat diminished. I was studying Modern Languages under the tutelage of Charlie Mardling for German and Alf Smith took me for Spanish. As I was the only one then doing 'A' level Spanish our lessons were held in Alan Millidge's French

stockroom in room 14 in the Science block. Alf Smith would come in, set me something to read and disappear for 20 minutes or so to have a fag and cup of tea with his buddies, the lab assistants!

Alan took me for French, the lesson being split between that and analysing the recent cricket performances both in and out of school. He used to play for Woodthorpe CC and you always knew, when we were playing at home on Thackeray's Lane, when opening time at the Vale was due. APM would arrive on the ground, park himself and his gang in "Pundits Corner" prior to his nightly intake of 8 pints of Home Ales mild! Like myself many will have mourned his passing, and I will always be grateful for his wise words on French and cricket.

Unfortunately during my time in the lower sixth I had a serious road accident (and despite rumours to the contrary was completely sober at the time!). This delayed my studies and curtailed my cricket for a year. I have to say that had it not been for the practical and moral encouragement given to me by John Dodd I doubt whether I would have been able to further my cricket career. A fine man, who I shall always remember.

I can still recall the final day at Bestwood. We sixthformers trundled down to the Deerstalker and dutifully drank rather too much ale. Swaying at the back of the hall singing Carmen Paviorum for the last time, I reflected that the last eight years were finally ending, and that it would be the last time I would be seeing a lot of my pals as we wended our separate ways through life. An era was coming to an end and I for one felt that for all the ups and downs, I had enjoyed an experience that I would remember for the rest of my life.

**Roger Lowe HPGS 1958-1966**

### **FROM RON MARTIN**

#### **The Science Sixth Form of 1948**

Ron has called us concerning the photo in the May 2014 issue of The Pavior which included Charles Bramley. He reports that after qualifying at University College Nottingham (now the University of Nottingham) Charles worked with him in the scientific department of the National Coal Board and sadly died around the age of 65, some 20 years ago.

### **News of Don Woodward**

Ron Martin and Stan Rhodes report that our fellow member Don Woodward, who was suffering from the effects of a stroke, has made remarkable progress in recent weeks. All friends will wish him well at this time and hope the improvement continues.

### **FROM ALEX RAE**

**Dear Colin**

With reference to the mystery of the missing member of the 1969-1970 Under-15 XV (*photograph, The Pavior, May 2014 sent by Alan Franks*) I can exclusively reveal his identity. It is Chris Eggleshaw, who broke his leg while training a few days before the photograph was taken. After leaving school Chris went on to have a long career with the Paviors RFC and his son Nathan played for Nottingham RFC. As stated, Jon Billam (extreme right, front row) went on to play for the England Under-19 XV and also played for Cambridge University RFC. The coach (Bill Gray) in due course took over as coach of the school First XV in succession to Ray Caulton (himself an Old Pavior).

**Alex**

## FROM PHIL WARD

*[Phil Ward contacted us through the webmaster expressing a wish to contact old colleagues from his HP years in 1956-63.]*



▲ Phil as a member of the HPGS crew (the best picture he had available).

**Dear Colin,** Thanks very much for your response, and the info attached. I confess I have greatly enjoyed reading archived editions of *The Pavior* - though many of the contributors seem to be from the years previous to when I attended. An exception is Paul Handford, who was featured a couple of years ago; he is photographed with a hawk (?) on his arm, which is no great surprise since it was always clear from school days that he would go on to be a naturalist of some sort.

Of the four names you mention from the year I started (1956) I only recognise two, Linwood Turner and John Watson. Linwood I bumped into many years later when I went into a shop in Sherwood to buy my mother a fridge and found he owned the shop. He recognised me immediately, from my smile, apparently! John Watson I knew only vaguely, and I believe that I read in one of the *Paviors* that sadly he has now died. *[Indeed, he died in April 2012, reported in the August 2012 Pavior -Ed.]*

In terms of joining the Society, I would like to keep in touch. My younger brother, Paul, died a few weeks ago, aged 66, which has prompted the predictable walks down Memory Lane. I was touched to see a reference to Paul in one of the *Paviors*. Paul was also at HPGS, and a superb violin player. I'd also add that I met Derek Wroughton at my brother's memorial service in late May. Derek was a friend of Paul's, also an old *Pavior* (c. 1958-65), and an accomplished musician like Paul. A recording of Paul playing the violin, with Derek on the piano, was played at the service; a recording which I believe was made when they were HP pupils together, aged around 16.

My wife and I now live in Devon, an almost five hour journey from Nottingham, so I don't think we can sign up to regular trips, but maybe one of the Annual Meetings might prove possible. If any 1956-63 Old *Paviors* happen to live in the South West and would like to get together I would be pleased to meet them. If there's enough of them (we do have lots of 'incomers' down here) we could form the Devon and Cornwall branch of the Old *Paviors*! Maybe.

If anyone remembers me and would like to get in touch [*Contact in the first instance via the editor*] I would be very pleased to respond.

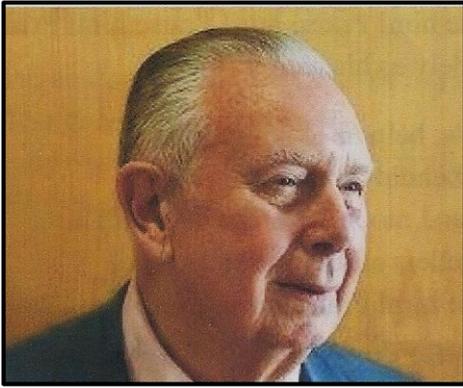
**Phil Ward**

ooOoo

## DAVID HOWES

We have been informed by his daughter, Rachel, that our loyal member David Howes passed away in June 2014. We send our sincerest condolences to his family.

## THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR KENDRICK PARTINGTON



In our last issue we reported the passing of Kendrick Partington, one of the founder members of the High Pavement Society and on Saturday July 12<sup>th</sup> the ancient walls of St Peter's Church Nottingham echoed with fine music when a great congregation, 300 strong, gathered to give thanks for his life and work. People were present from many backgrounds, not only from the St Peter's community but also from Nottingham High School, whose music department was directed by Kendrick for most of his career. The High Pavement Society was represented by a contingent led by our

Chairman Ken Kirk and there were also many representative from the world of music.

As might be expected, the order of service included many special musical items including *Carmen Paviorum*, the High Pavement School Hymn [sic] for which the words and music were displayed on the Order of Service. However none of the Paviors present needed this kind of assistance as they held forth *con brio*, effortlessly leading the rest of the congregation through the complexities of the Latin verse.

Other musical pieces included the Introit sung by the St Peter's choir to music composed by Kendrick Partington. There were two readings by Olivia and Miriam Partington (grand-daughters) and two tributes, one from Dr Nigel Day on Kendrick's musical achievements and the other from The Reverend Canon Leslie Morley (formerly Rector of St Peter's) on Kendrick's service as the long-serving organist of St Peter's. Canon Morley amused everyone with his recollection of a wedding where Kendrick was asked to play '*All you need is love*' (by the Beatles for those who don't know) at the request of the happy couple, to which his reply was that he would think about it. On the wedding day he presented his arrangement of '*All you need is love*' — as Bach would have written it ... Very Kendrick!

At the end of the service there was a stirring organ voluntary by Adrian Partington which won a well-deserved round of applause after the choir had departed. As we left St Peter's we felt pleased that we had been able to give our thanks for the life and work of Kendrick, our friend and loyal member, who had left such an indelible mark on the life of Nottingham. We felt proud to have known him.

### Nottingham High School – the Partington Years

[This appreciation appeared in the 1986 edition of *The Nottinghamian*, the journal of the Nottingham High School. It was written at the time of Kendrick Partington's retirement.]

In today's School it is perhaps easy for some of us to forget how much music at Nottingham High School has grown as an activity, as an academic subject and as an important contributor to the events that make up the rhythm of school life.

K.J.P. came to the School in 1957 following a distinguished career at Downing College, Cambridge where he was an Exhibitioner in Modern Languages—the music degree came after the degree in Modern Languages! By 1953, Wellington School in Somerset had already claimed this multi-talented graduate as Director of Music, so the High School was indeed fortunate that he decided to make a move back to his home city in 1957.

When Kendrick came here there was little to suggest that in the space of a few years the School would be ready to start its long series of highly successful concerts at the Albert Hall.

There have been many highlights—Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, The Creation, Bernstein's Chichester Psalms, to name but a few of the more recent. One consistent feature of his work as Director of Music has been the high standard of choral singing—the choir, always consisting of a large number of boys, has added special colour to many Speech Days, Founder's Day Services and Carol Services and many boys have left the School to become important members of University Choirs and Choral Societies.

The growth nationally of instrumental music in education has been more than matched by that at the High School. Many boys have contributed to youth orchestras, local and national. This could only come about within a department which has a clear sense of direction and is inspired by a striving for the highest standards.

Academic music, so often covered in those odd times, just after choir practice perhaps, or just before a prep form comes crashing into the Music School, has always been of the highest standard and many boys have left the School to take up places in university music departments. If there is one thing for which many old boys will remember Kendrick, it is the concern and trouble he has shown for boys who are *not* going to be the leaders, the concerto players and the choral scholars. There has never been anyone for whom it has not been worth providing encouragement and cheerful support.

I know I speak for many when I say it has been a privilege to work with K.J.P. and I know I take on a department which has the highest standards set and a tradition which provides an inspiration for the future. **S.F.** *Kendrick's successor Stephen Fairlie, (who has since died).*

### **Kendrick Partington as remembered by Old Paviers**

One of the earliest memories we have of KP, a long serving member of this Society, was from an account in these pages describing the period following the outbreak of WW II. Because the school had no air raid shelters it was necessary to disperse the pupils to other sites. Some of the school was actually evacuated to the supposed safety of Mansfield and pupils had to be billeted all over the Mansfield area. Ian Roddick was billeted with his friend Kendrick Partington in the home of a Mr and Mrs Beaumont on Forest Road, Mansfield. Later Ian was joined by his brother, Ron, so Kendrick moved to another billet where he was delighted to find that they had a piano! Well he would be, wouldn't he?

Kendrick's fine musicianship developed during his schooldays at HP and one remembers the occasion in a house meeting when Charles Mardling, the Newstead housemaster, proudly announced that KP, then a sixth former, had achieved the distinction of becoming a Licentiate of Trinity College London (LTCL). Indeed, KP's musical skills were often pressed in to service, (as also with his contemporary Geoffrey Bond) to play for the morning hymn singing. Both of them were able to deliver extreme power and musical invention as they did so and these storming accompaniments made our singing seem particularly inspired.

After High Pavement KP went into the Royal Navy and, among other places, served in Sierra Leone, running a radio station for the forces and local people. After leaving the navy KP was taken on the teaching staff at HP for a brief period before going to Cambridge University, where he read modern languages at Downing College and stayed on to study for a Bachelor of Music degree.

As might be expected KP became a teacher of music with his first teaching appointment as assistant director of music at Malvern College. It is reported that he secured the position only after agreeing to learn, and then subsequently teach, the playing of the bassoon. He then

became director of music at Wellington school in Somerset and in 1957 became head of music at Nottingham High School, where he continued until retirement.

Following in the footsteps of Doug Madden, also a former Pavior, KP was appointed organist at St Peter's Church, Nottingham and served in that office for 37 years, from 1957 to 1994. He supervised two separate renovations of the church's 'chest of whistles' as he affectionately referred to the organ, originally built in 1812. He was also closely involved with the restoration of the mighty Binns organ in the Nottingham Albert Hall and I had the pleasure of attending a recital he gave soon after the completion of the work.

KP met his wife Mary, who died in 2011, when she was a violin teacher at Malvern girls' college. Their three children all displayed musical talent – Nigel, a stockbroker and former member of the LSO Chorus; Adrian, director of music at Gloucester Cathedral and a former organ scholar at Cambridge; and Catherine, a former professional cellist.

I knew KP when I was at school in the 1940s (also Newstead) although he did not know me, being a few years older. However, he was fortunately present in the Radford swimming baths at the end of a school swimming session when I adventurously explored the deep end of the deserted pool to practise my recently acquired beginner's swimming skill. I was soon in difficulties and swallowing gallons of water and thrashing about, scared to death... However, a noble KP, fortunately still in his swimming kit, happened to see me, dived in and dragged me to safety. All this without a word of reproach. It is an event I have never forgotten.

My pleasantest memory of KP concerns a visit I made to St Peter's a few years ago, to follow up some details about my grandfather who worshipped there for many years. Noticing a reference to KP's service as the church's organist (of which I was then unaware, having left the city many years previously) I left a slightly facetious note in the visitors' book recalling those 'storming hymn accompaniments' so long ago. KP, now retired from his organist duties, immediately got in touch with me after reading it and invited me to meet him at the church. There, over a cup of tea, we reminisced heartily about the old days on Stanley Road. The sixty years which had elapsed since we were both there seemed to disappear from our minds without effort. I found that I could still recognise in this stocky yet cheery man the lean and rather ascetic Kendrick of long ago. It was a most enjoyable experience.

It was at this meeting that KP told me of the existence of The High Pavement Society and recommended that I join. I did so and never regretted it.

**Colin Salsbury**

### **Another Old Pavior of those years remembers KJP**

'Let us now praise famous men...' the opening line of a canticle sung in my time at HP, Number 432 in the little blue 'Songs of Praise' hymn books (which made excellent pin pong bats according to Ken Kirk). Much praise has deservedly been heaped upon the late Kendrick Partington and my contribution herewith might therefore pale into insignificance.

However, we trod the boards together in the HP Dramatic Society's production of 'Emil and the Detectives'. Both KP and Peter Calloway played the parts of girls and inevitably gained the respective nicknames of Polly and Lucy. These were not used in a derogatory sense but rather in a grudging admiration of their convincing portrayals of their roles.

We seldom met since, usually on musical occasions with 'Polly' oft the performer. One such event was a recital given by him on the 17<sup>th</sup> century organ at Wollaton Hall. I went up to the gallery afterwards to have a word with him and he was pleased to play *Carmen Paviorum* for me on that ancient instrument. Now that *has* to be unique!

***Semper Paviore!* Edgar Jackson**

## From our member, Geoffrey Bond, a fellow organist and musician at HP

### **KENDRICK J. PARTINGTON MA (Cantab) BMus FRCO LTCL**

A brilliant musician and teacher, a gentleman and a friend. Kendrick had all these qualities and many more, as I discovered over many years.

It was at my first assembly at HP in September 1938 that I became aware of a pupil accompanying the hymn singing. The playing had to be robust to support 800 male voices singing from the *Songs of Praise* (6d) hymn books.

Although Kendrick was two years older than me, it didn't take long for us to team up, both being interested in the organ. During the holidays we frequently cycled to Southwell to meet Mr Oswald Lintern, a rather eccentric but pleasant bachelor, in order to gain access to the delightful Norman & Beard organ in Holy Trinity church where Mr Lintern was organist. Usually this was followed by afternoon tea at the Crown or the Reindeer. Mr Lintern seemed to enjoy our company. Being himself an FRCO, he was able to impart much useful advice on how to play—or how not to play—a certain passage. These outings were always a hot topic of conversation in later years, and cycling along the traffic-free roads through Calverton and Oxtun was always enjoyable.

Kendrick was captain of Newstead House where he had no difficulty in commanding the respect of his juniors. However, as I was in Wollaton our paths seldom crossed at school.

While still in his teens, Kendrick was appointed organist and choirmaster at St Martin's, Sherwood, having gained his Licentiate of Trinity College London (LTCL).

War service affected us in different ways. When Kendrick joined the Navy, I followed him at St Martin's. Did he perhaps have anything to do with my appointment? Following Kendrick was a hard act as he had established a fine choir of boys and men, so I felt very privileged at 17 to succeed him. Being a 'Bevin Boy'<sup>2</sup> and allocated to Gedling Colliery meant I could still continue my work at St Martin's.

After the war, Kendrick took his degree at Cambridge and then was appointed Director of Music at Wellington School in Somerset, a prestigious post which later led to his returning to Nottingham as DoM at the Nottingham Boys' High School. He also became organist and choirmaster at St Peter's, the well-known city church where Kendrick again maintained a fine musical tradition. My wife and I once attended morning service at St Peter's, and afterwards were pleased to join Mary and Kendrick for coffee at their Devonshire Road home in Sherwood when music and reminiscence were much discussed.

It is good to record that Kendrick's son Adrian continues the Partington tradition by becoming Director of Music at Gloucester Cathedral.

### **POSTLUDE<sup>3</sup> by K J Partington**

My copy of 'Postlude', inscribed '*To G.B. from K.J.P., August 1945*' will stand as a lasting memorial to a great musician. Perhaps some local organist would be happy to include it in a recital and rekindle memories of what a great contribution Kendrick made to the musical life of Nottingham.

**Geoffrey Bond**

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<sup>2</sup> One who was chosen by ballot when called up for National Service and directed to work in the nation's coal mines instead of the armed forces.(after Ernest Bevin, then Minister of Labour)-Ed.

<sup>3</sup> Postlude -a concluding piece of music, esp. an organ voluntary at the end of a church service.

## THE HIGH PAVEMENT SIXTH FORM ACADEMY AWARDS EVENING

On July 25<sup>th</sup> the committee were again invited to participate in this occasion, when certificates were awarded to the certain students for special *endeavour* in their studies during the past year. The Society responded by contributing four High Pavement Society Awards in the form of Book Tokens to the value of £25 each, for particular effort. (These were the only awards with material value.) The Head of the Academy (Denise Jelley) presided and acknowledged the links with the Society and its contribution to the event.



Denise Jelley, Head of the HP Sixth Form Academy, with some of the Award recipients ▶

There were 32 categories of award which greatly taxed the skill of the compere for the evening. Approximately 100 students had earned certificates, although many were unable to attend to receive them. The proud recipients stepped forward to be presented with their award by a senior member of staff. In the case of the HP Society Awards the presentations were made by our Chairman, Ken Kirk and Deputy Chairman John Elliott. Each time, a commemorative



◀ Ken Kirk presents the first of the HP Society's Awards to Lauren Roberts

John Elliott presents another of the HP Society's Awards to Sian Steans ▶



photograph was recorded and informality was the key to the evening's activities. Except when it concerned matters like '100% Attendance' the wording on the certificates occasionally lapsed into a form of educational Newspeak which often baffled the visitors, such as 'Award for *Learner Journey, Hard Work and Determination to Progress*' but the recipients seemed to understand and showed their gratitude.



◀ Successful award winners Anna Orzechowska and Jean-Paul Stone proudly display their certificates after the presentations

This pleasant ceremony was followed by a short reception for refreshments during which we were able to meet the students, in some cases accompanied by their parents, and many members of the academic staff.

## A LETTER FROM FOREST FIELDS

*[Half a year onward from the commencement of classes by Forest Fields Primary School in the premises formerly occupied by High Pavement Grammar School (and others since) we have received this enthusiastic letter from the Head Teacher of Forest Fields, Sue Hoyland.]*

### A New Inheritance

Even though I had visited the Stanley Road site and watched the work progress during the renovation, the day I was shown around when it was complete was a very emotional one for me. Having worked at Forest Fields Primary for many years, I could not quite believe that it was real and that we were really going to be teaching and learning in such a wonderful environment.

We have now had two terms in our 'new' building and its extended site and are settled and very happy. The children are enjoying the varied outdoor spaces and the facilities and atmosphere of the Berridge building (our name for the newly restored school premises). We don't even mind the stairs, as they keep us fit and lead us to such magnificent views!

In June, Year 3 harvested their first crop of vegetables from the new garden to sell at our Summer Fair. We used all the outdoor space for the fair and for the very first time raised over £1000!

I have had the privilege of showing many visitors around, including several 'Paviors', and it gives me huge pleasure to watch the amazement showing on their faces; a Grade 2 listed building with all its own character and charm, housing a thriving school which has a 21<sup>st</sup> Century flavour. Excitingly, the Berridge building has been nominated for an architectural award with the panel of judges visiting in August!

The children, staff, parents and governors are hugely proud of our new school. I am sure that it will feature strongly in the memories of all of us as it has done for all of you.

**Sue Hoyland**

### **Advance Notice**

#### **THE HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND QUIZ NIGHT**

**Monday September 29<sup>th</sup> at The Welbeck Rooms, West Bridgford**

As usual the meeting is in two parts of equal importance:

1. The AGM which is an essential part of the Society's existence and requires as many members as possible to attend and take part.
2. The Buffet Supper followed by the Quiz Competition, with scenes of ribald and convivial encounter, which **also** requires as many members as possible to attend and take part.

Most of you will have noticed that membership of The Society has declined of late despite our attempts to attract new members. Consequently, attendance at the various functions organised by your committee has also fallen. At last year's AGM, attendance was so low that **we only just achieved a quorum**. The AGM is your chance to view your opinions on how your society is run and for you to make proposals for alternative or additional events and activities.

Your attendance and say is very important so **please make the effort to attend**, we are sure you will enjoy the evening. Notice of the AGM and details of the evening will be sent out to members early in September.

**So please put the date in your diary and come along and enjoy it!**

## FROM MRS VIVIEN GOODE

Charles James Brown



### **Dear Editor**

I attach an old photograph of a class which I always understood was taken at High Pavement School. My father, Charles James Brown, is the boy on the far left at the end of the back row, next to the boy wearing the bow tie. He was born in 1907, so I would guess the photo would probably be dated around 1920. His family lived in Noel Street. Unfortunately I do not know the names of any of the other boys or the teacher, but perhaps there may be someone who recognises fathers/grandfathers, etc.

**Kind Regards, Vivien Goode**

*[We are grateful to Mrs Goode for this reminder of those early years, when the Eton collar had not yet gone out of fashion for the smartly dressed schoolboy. It is noticeable that many pupils are wearing the narrow tie with horizontal stripes. We thought presumably these were in the then school colours of red and green—as now displayed in our Society ties. However, the school was then a co-educational institution and this class is determinedly male. Could it possibly be a class attended by Charles Brown before he attended HP and one that would be devoted to boys only? Well, Charles lived on Noel Street and would be in the catchment area of the Stanley Road Junior School which, so George Taylor assures me applied a policy of strict segregation of its boys and girls up to 11+. So we think this is a Stanley Road School leaving group, probably in 1919 or 1920, with many of its members no doubt heading for the neighbouring establishment of HP, just down the hill.*

*Mrs Goode would welcome any kind of comment by people who can identify their forbears among the group. —Ed]*

ooOoo

## PUB LUNCH NEWS

### The Plough In Normanton an Soar.

A luncheon was held at the Plough Inn, Normanton on Soar, on July 15<sup>th</sup> 2014, organised by our secretary Noel Gubbins. On what was a pleasant summer's day but later became slightly overcast, we arrived successfully after following the detailed instructions sent by Noel. This included a mile or so down a winding country road called Butt Lane but which bore no sign of its identity until we reached the furthest end, just opposite the splendid pub.

Twenty nine members and their guests took their seats in what was a very quiet establishment with only a



few other visitors, making it possible for our group to unwind and enjoy the excellent food in true HP style.

Afterwards some of us sat contemplating the attractive scene on the banks of the River Soar while we engaged in friendly conversation. A splendid pub lunch by any standards!

### August Trip on the Trent by Riverboat

This issue of *The Pavior* will probably go to press before the next event in this series, which is a trip on the Trent on Wednesday August 20<sup>th</sup> in one of the well-appointed riverboats, with a splendid lunch while on board. We have held these events in past years and they have always been tremendously popular. However, a full report will have to await the November issue of *The Pavior*.

### A Pub Lunch letter from Edgar Jackson

I was subjected to some tongue-in-cheek ribaldry in the last issue of *the Pavior* as a consequence of my tardy but timely arrival at the pub lunch, held in February at Hoton. Those there will remember that I came in, as is my wont, just as the food was being served. However, I would expect and accept no less from my fellow alumni.

Ah! But the biter bit in this case. I was actually the *first* to arrive! As I swept imperiously into the empty car park I suddenly became aware that I was twenty four hours too early—I'd got it wrong again, Dad!

**Edgar**

ooOoo

## **FROM JOHN LONSBROUGH**

### **Farmworker and Mechanic**

*[Our member John Lonsbrough has often contributed to these pages, mainly about his involvement with buses, past and present but during the war years, after leaving HP, he studied Agricultural Engineering at Oxford. His first jobs were connected with the technical aspects of work on large farms and he has written an absorbing booklet with the above title. We think this closing anecdote shows just how awkward some of the problems could be.*

#### **Tailpiece**

Mid-afternoon on hot day. Young staff member appears at workshop, having walked from outlying field. 'Hello Steve, what do you want?' 'My tractor's stopped.' 'Have you tried starting it?' 'Handle won't turn.' 'Why not?' 'It's jammed.'

Obscure fault, think I. Ground sheet, toolbox, jack and tow chain into spare 4x4 and away to furthest field. No sign of tractor or harrows. 'Where is it then?' 'In there.' (Points to group of trees). Tractor, harrows still attached, hard up against a tree. Starting handle pushed into tree. 'How did you do this then?' 'Fell asleep.' (Shamefaced). 'Well, we'll have to pull her out, won't we?'

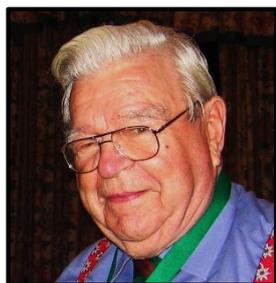
Harrows detached, tow chain on, 4x4 does the job. He's right, handle won't turn, bent back onto grille. Back to workshop, load up oxy-acetylene kit, allow lad to drive 4x4 back to field to raise his spirits. Heat handle to cherry-red, straighten it. Share flask of tea while handle cools. Check no other damage (strong things, Fordsons). 'Start her up then, you're damn lucky Steve.' 'Yes I know, thanks!'

Look at watch; half an hour to finishing time...

**John L**

#### **ooOoo**

### **ARNY'S BOOK**



*[Arnold's family agreed that we should continue to select suitable pieces from Arny's Book to remind us of our old friend and how much we appreciated his company when he was with us. Here he is diverted by sport.]*

#### **When football was civilised!**

Our neighbouring bakery, the Hippeys, was headed by old Frank, the founder of the firm. Frank possessed skills in cake making which far exceeded those of the Brown family, and even before the war he had no difficulty in making and selling large quantities of dairy creams at what was then considered the top price of 2d (old money) each. The Hippeys were a family to be admired and respected. While the old man was small, rotund, blessed with an off-white handlebar moustache and had a jovial manner, he was clearly a wise old bird and always to be found in his tiny bakery.

I was truly flattered when old man Hippey asked if he could join us on our Saturday trip when Notts County were at home. Immediately after the war bread deliveries continued throughout Saturday afternoon, but one of our first innovations in our attempt to civilise hours of work was to arrange matters in such a way that Saturday afternoon, at least, was free. Work then finished in the bakery around one o'clock.

On the appropriate Notts Saturday several of us would pile into a van, pick up father Hippey, who always was given the privilege of the front, and only, passenger seat, and proceed to a parking point somewhere near the ground. At the match we subsequently revelled in the antics of our hero Tommy Lawton and what afternoons they were! Usually there was a capacity crowd of 45,000, a sparkling performance by the home team, and not a sign of the football hooligans which were yet to come many years later.

My passion for football at that time was such that I once persuaded Barbara to attend a match. She arrived home cold, bored, tired, fed up, and promised never to try the experiment again!

Probably every reader will remember the year that Nottingham Forest won the Association Cup Final. The year escapes me. It was most likely after the decline in fortunes of Notts, and when Forest had once more emerged as the dominant team in Nottingham. Neither do I remember their opponents. No matter. What is important is that this was my one and only visit to Wembley, and what a memorable day it was.

John Booth was a friend introduced to us by my sister Win. He was a fellow member of the Mechanics Institute and was either unmarried, or long since separated from his wife. To all outward appearance he was a benevolent but rather ageing bachelor, with a formal manner which derived from his years of service as butler or footman. He rarely referred to this period of his life, except wistfully to refer to the goings on of the upper classes which involved swinging on chandeliers. However, John Booth in some mysterious and wonderful way obtained tickets for the Cup Final, and suggested I accompany him!

The journey to London in those days was not the simple (?) M1 trip we experience today, but required - especially on my part - careful planning and preparation. I suppose today chicken is just about the cheapest item on the menu, but in the 1950s it was still a luxury food and Barbara packed us a picnic food parcel with chicken as the principle item, supplemented by lots of other tasty bits. The journey would take about five hours, and the food was consumed while parked at a place about half way to our destination. We arrived at Wembley according to plan about two hours before the start of the match and, to our delight and amazement, were able to leave the car in the area immediately adjoining the Stadium.

I am not qualified to describe the game except to say that the excitement was intense, and the triumph of our own Nottingham Forest was transmitted even to the comparatively uninitiated supporters like Army. The behaviour of the crowd was impeccable, and John and I left London that day with fond memories of the match and a feeling of pride in the achievement of our home team.

This chapter completes my interest in and support for football. During the years which followed, the game has been transformed into big business on a scale which can surely never be good for the old traditions of sportsmanship. An element of so-called supporters has, by their hooligan behaviour, made it impossible, for any normal civilised person to enjoy attendance. What a pity!

**Arnold**

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