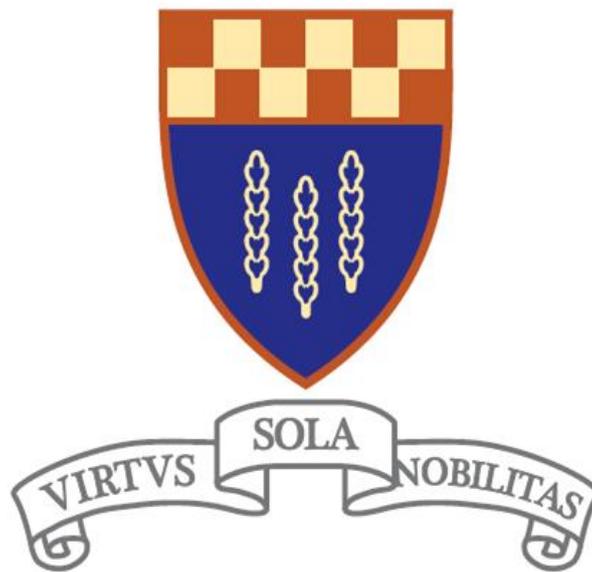


The Pavior



The Newsletter
of
The High Pavement Society
(Founded 1989)

August 2015

Your Committee

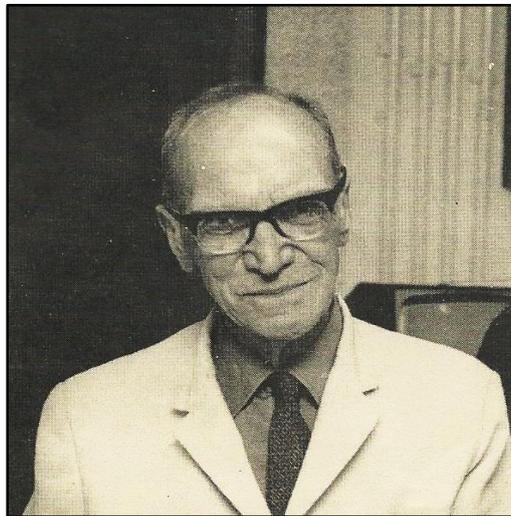
The Committee Members listed below are always delighted to talk to you on any matter – particularly if you have a contribution to make to this publication!

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Please note new email address

116 Leicester Road, Loughborough, Leics. LE11 2AQ
Our website address: www.highpavementsociety.org.uk



Faces to remember
Keith Sydney Sayer Train
Chemistry Master and latterly Second Master
at High Pavement
1927-1966

COMMITTEE COLUMN

Whither High Pavement?

There has recently been a furore in the local press about certain aspects of the educational provision in the City of Nottingham, relating in particular to the finances of the Further Education sector. New College Nottingham, of which the academy bearing our name is a constituent part, has apparently run up a serious deficit, partly due to the well-meant over-enthusiasm of its former principal, and to other factors, which we wish neither to praise nor condemn.

For this and other reasons it is planned to merge New College with Central College, another FE college based on the city to form a larger (and presumably more stable) institution to be known as Nottingham College with a flagship building in the Broad Marsh area.

Presumably the work of the FE sector will continue in the best interests of its students, including the fine work at High Pavement Academy, which we do our small part to help and encourage. However, the news report did include a slightly ominous forecast that... *'Elsewhere, buildings will be sold off and courses combined to save money.'*

We are very conscious that High Pavement Academy endeavours to maintain some of the tradition of academic excellence once provided by our *alma mater*. We would hope that its existence (including the cherished name) will be maintained throughout this crisis and continue to provide for the advanced educational needs of its students into the foreseeable future and beyond.

Arny's Book goes back on the Shelf

Over the last few years the pages of the Society's newsletter have been graced by excerpts taken from the pages of the family biography *'Arny's Book'* in which our Founder Member and former President, the late Arnold Brown, under the editorial guidance of his granddaughter Rebecca Brown, compiled his reminiscences of a colourful life.

We have found these both amusing and poignant but the lode has become almost worked out and we are regretfully drawing the series to a close. Thanks Arny! We have enjoyed the wit and wisdom of your life's experiences. Perhaps we'll have another browse from time to time and learn more about the life of Arnold Brown, Old Pavior, Master Baker and Good Friend to the High Pavement Society.

You can read more of Arny's Book on Google if you visit

www.sweetsuccess.uk.com/arnys-book.pdf.

Don't forget all the dots, the / and the hyphen, and that there are no spaces.

ooOoo

FROM OUR READERS
FROM NORMAN COLLINS

I was born in North Wales and had inherited a problem with my sight called ‘optical atrophy’ (deterioration of the optic nerve) – which meant I had difficulty seeing both distant and close objects. During my early years, due to my father’s occupation, I found myself in many different places. I went to primary schools in Wales and in Leicester firstly in Leicester, then North Wales, before moving to Lancaster, where I attended Lancaster Grammar School.

At this school I found the teachers less than helpful. Although I played cricket and rugby for the school, I was unable to see what was written on the blackboard because of my eye problem. Often when I tried to explain my difficulties I was seen as being disruptive and was ejected from the lesson. As a result I left Lancaster Grammar School with just one ‘O’ level.

In September 1953 (when I was 16) my family moved to Nottingham and my parents chose High Pavement Grammar School (over Mundella), probably because it was an all-boys school. **Without doubt this was the best thing that ever happened to me.**

It was a totally different experience from the previous schools I had attended. I often said to boys who were at High Pavement that they probably did not realise just how good a school it was. Unlike my previous school, everyone at High Pavement was treated as an individual. I went straight into the 5th form (Science 5B) where John Dodd was my form master. Eric Shepherd was my house master (Forest House).

Moving to High Pavement was a revelation. All the teachers were more than helpful - in addition to John Dodd and Eric Shepherd they included Messrs Train, Hill, Slater and Smith (EWN). When it came to sport there were Messrs Caulton, Page and Crick, the latter being in charge of rowing. All the staff were sympathetic to my condition and were encouraging in every possible way, both in academic subjects and sport. One of the highlights was when I captained the school football team in the annual game against the staff at Bestwood.

After my first year at High Pavement I was awarded the progress prize. I had passed seven more ‘O’ levels to add to the one from my previous school. These were followed by ‘A’ Levels in Zoology and Botany and I later proceeded to The London Royal National Institute for the Blind to study Physiotherapy.

Another of the encouraging things that happened to me at High Pavement was being made a school prefect, although I firmly believed there were plenty of guys who were more sporty and academic than myself. However, the appointment did wonders for me and went a long way to overcome the lack of confidence I had experienced at my previous schools.

I have many fond memories of friendship among the other pupils, including Peter Pavior, who was captain of Forest House and incredibly supportive during my school days. When Peter left school he studied to become a doctor and for many years had a practice in Arnold. Other good friends of mine at the school at the same time included Harold Bird, John Leivers, Keith Skilbeck and Bob Haywood. Bob as I remember, held the school mile record for many years - does anyone have any idea where he is now?

When I was in my mid 40s I rang Mr. Davies (Taffy) to thank him and all the staff for everything. Had it had not been for all their care and understanding I would not have been in the position I was able to enjoy in later life. Taffy said that he was very appreciative of the telephone call – but sadly four months later he died.

Norman Collins

[We are aware that Norman has recently not been in the best of health and is grateful for the help of his neighbour, John Elliott of the HP Committee, in compiling this interesting memoir]

FROM DAVID ESDEN

[We received this communication from David Esden via the webmaster who thought it deserved publication in this newsletter.]



Hello! I am David Esden and I appear on the 1955 junior school panoramic photo. I am on the top row, 2nd right from Joe Adcock (looking at photo). I am extremely interested in your website, having only discovered it after posting the same photo on Facebook asking for possible contacts. I remember so many of those names shown on the website.

Obviously I am now retired, I live in Lancashire after spending the last 20 years until 2008 in the computer industry. I would be happy to renew any contacts with anyone who remembers me, and provide any further memories to enhance the website **David Esden**



Do these photos arouse any memories? Incidentally we can only assume that Joe was the fellow on the end of the row, extreme right. Joe will perhaps tell us if we are correct. –Ed.

FROM ANDREW HARWOOD

Dear Colin, I was at High Pavement Grammar School from 1958 to 1965. I just scraped through my 11 plus so ended up in form 1D. Gradually, through my career at High Pavement I made it up through the ranks and ended up in Science 5A and then on to the 6th form. I was in Newstead house with Charlie Mardling as my housemaster and also as my French teacher. My French wasn't very good and Charlie told my parents that I wouldn't make much of myself.

I well remember our headmaster, also Stan Middleton but the teacher most influential on me was Dinky Dunn who taught me higher school chemistry. I recall Bunsen burner experiments in chemistry, trying to identify elements. Stan Thrasher taught me physics and I have fond memories of Wheatstone's Bridge among other things.

I was not much of a sportsman but I *was* good at chess so became captain of the school chess team for several years. We used to have intense matches with the Nottingham High School. I was awarded school colours for chess and I'm sure that learning this game has developed abilities which have proved very useful to me throughout my life.

I have vivid memories of my 'A level' biology practical when I had to dissect out a frog's spinal cord and brain. I went on from High Pavement to Sheffield Medical School after leaving HP. Surinder Aujla was in my year and he too, like several of us at that time, was fortunate to proceed to medical school in 1965. I later went on to become a Consultant Oncologist in Canada and the USA.

Charlie Mardling lived on the same street as my parents and every day when the milkman's horse drawn cart came by, Charlie would go out with a brush and dustpan and recover what the horse left behind, saving it for his rose garden.

I have pleasant memories of the Tuck Shop and also the ice cream guy who sold '99s' for a penny or tuppence outside the entrance to the school.

Recently I was back in the UK I was back for my father's funeral; he was a chemist in Sherwood and lived to the grand old age of 102. I would like to hear from anyone else who was at HP during those years and can be reached at aharwood@aol.com. **Andrew Harwood**

FROM HAROLD BLYTHE

Hello Colin, I have just read Barrie Starbuck's article in the May Pavior, and remembered that we lived in the adjoining semi to the Rattenbury twins, on Eltham Drive at Aspley, in the 40s and early 50s. Because of the age difference and the fact that they did National Service, I don't remember too much about them but I assume they are the same twins. **Harold Blythe**

Colin Salsbury replied: There can only be one set of Rattenbury twins, I'm sure. I remember them as a lively pair in the school Scouts and it was almost impossible to distinguish between them. Ivan O'Dell, the prolific Scout leader, devised a sketch for an HP Scouts concert where the tall burly red-headed 18-year-old John Cawkwell was invited to sample '*Colley's Turkish Baths*' operated by Derek Colley, another of the senior scouts (both my contemporaries). Once behind a screen and supposedly partaking of his bath, brother Cawkwell bawled that it was '*Freezing in here!*' so Colley turns up the controls—until Corky complains that it was now too hot and would he please turn it down as he was almost burning! Colley shouts: 'I can't! It's stuck!'

After a period of agonised shrieks and cries of distress the control is successfully reduced. Then a skinny, but equally red-headed, Rattenbury (one only, then aged 11 or 12) ran out from behind the screen draped in a small towel. Geddit? (It brought the house down). **CS**

FROM PETER CHESTER

Memories of Youth

When we were in the final year of the Player Junior School at Bilborough we all took the 11 plus exam and I was awarded a scholarship to High Pavement Grammar School. This was no ordinary school, they wore a *uniform*. A brown standard blazer with the school badge emblazoned on the pocket was obligatory, together with a matching cap.

The school's long history and tradition brought many surprises: one was a school song *in Latin*, as was the grace said before dinner. On the wall of the school hall there was a list, proudly displayed, of old boys who had won scholarships to Oxford or Cambridge. Morning Assembly saw up to 700 pupils crammed in the Hall which was originally built for 300. It was a short Christian service with a hymn followed by a reading, then a sung psalm. All this preceded any announcements. Prefects stood around like gods, handing out punishments and detentions at their own discretion.

I was the only one from our junior school starting at High Pavement in 1943 and I was placed in class Science 1A. Others were Classical 1, Science 1B and General 1. Among the subjects which our class studied were English Language and Literature, Maths, Physics and Chemistry and German. I found it difficult to cope with homework. Unlike me, my best friend went to People's College, studying carpentry, so he never had as much homework as I did!

My sister Ann was very helpful, being 10 years older than me. In English we were given an essay to write over a period of 6 weeks, which was to be our *magnum opus*. I was quite lost but Ann wrote a story for me entitled '*The Life of a Long Distance Lorry Driver*'. Thankfully, I handed it in just on the deadline with a sigh of relief. However, when all the essays had been marked our English teacher, Mr (E W N) Smith, announced that although all the essays were good, mine was outstanding. I had to go to the front and read it out! Naturally, I was expected to keep up the same standard afterwards, but Ann had been called up and was posted to the Women's Air Force so I had to pull out all the stops to cope!

In Religious Studies we were given a story to read from the Bible for homework but I was distracted by my friend, John, who called in the evening and asked me to go for a bike ride, so I didn't read it. The following day we were tested on the homework and I struggled to write anything at all but my friend in the next desk was writing furiously so I looked over his shoulder and managed to copy most of his text. Unfortunately much of what he was writing was rubbish! The teacher (the name is impossible to recall after so long) when reading our efforts saw that we had written the same things. He called my friend out and punished *him*, not me! Phew!

I found I was always hungry due to the operation of food rationing. When we had our school dinners at St Simon's Hall, a local church hall, we sat at tables of 8 and the two outside boys collected the meals and passed them down the table. I chose to sit on the innermost seat and I put one plate on my knee out of sight. Then I was able to get a second plateful to eat, switching plates later and eating the first one. Unfortunately on one occasion the first meal overbalanced making a terrible mess on the floor. Nothing is ever straightforward!

This also applied when we had our morning $\frac{1}{3}$ pint bottles of milk. There were often several left in the crates so I challenged a friend to a contest, for a small bet, to see who could drink the most. He gave up after five but I managed six and won the bet! However, back in class, he turned to tell me something and promptly threw up, all over me!

We were divided into 4 houses and had a house master (another name I have forgotten) who looked after our welfare and academic progress. We had half a day for sports each week,

playing rugby in the winter and cricket in the summer against the other houses. I liked playing cricket at home with friends but at school this was serious stuff with a hard ball and no face protection. Consequently I preferred keeping the score as 12th man. However, after 2 Seasons my absence from the house score sheet was noticed. I was then told I could perhaps play tennis or go rowing, instead of cricket. Preferring the latter I would cycle down to the River Trent, sometimes arriving as late as 3 pm, passing the cricket field on the Forest where they had been at it since 2 pm. We would row for, say, half an hour in teams of four, cycling home soon after 4 p.m., passing the cricketers who would still be playing! I felt I had cracked it!

Some of us were fast-tracked so that we took the Oxford and Cambridge School Certificate at the age of 15, a year early. We would then be able to tackle the Higher School Certificate at age 17 to prepare for university entrance at 18. Unfortunately I was under pressure to leave school to help our family finances and I failed the Higher Certificate.

I then left school to work as a technician at the Hosiery and Allied Trades Research Association (HATRA) on Gregory Boulevard. I was in their Physics Department investigating holes in men's socks, and variation in length of ladies' fully fashioned nylons produced on flatbed machines. My employers gave me a day off each week at the Nottingham and District Technical College towards the Intermediate BSc examination of London University, which I passed the next year. I then began to study for a degree and had to attend 3 evenings and Saturday mornings, so it was hard work. Continuing with study for a degree was mandatory in order to get deferment of National Service in the forces until the course was completed.

However after two years I needed a break and decided to get National Service out of the way. Rather than serve the obligatory two years as a conscript I signed on as a 'regular' for 3 years (for better pay among other things) in the Royal Army Education Corps, and after receiving the necessary training was posted as a sergeant instructor to the Army Apprentices School at Harrogate, teaching science to the future NCO tradesmen of the Regular Army. I had my own science laboratory equipped with Bunsen burners and chemicals—the lot!

It was very rewarding but I still wanted some variety, so when a notice was put up asking for volunteers for 2 weeks at Porton Down, I applied. There was to be extra pay and plenty of free time. Now Porton Down was the government chemical warfare centre and we volunteers were to be guinea pigs!

We had to test new gas masks in a gas chamber to see if they worked satisfactorily, which was not appealing at all. Since we were excused if we had a cold, I managed to fake one but unfortunately I was then sent to hospital, with instructions for 'nil by mouth' overnight, after which they extracted a sample of my gastric juices by a tube down my throat.

There were numerous other trials. Dilute mustard gas was spotted on our arms, followed by various antidote creams to find the most effective. In other tests we had to wear gas masks while running on treadmill machines to see if we had the ability to fight while wearing the masks. We really earned our extra pay!

Later, while still in the army, I was able to attend a weekend course on '*Recent Advances in Physics and Chemistry*' at Hull University. This changed the course of my life, because on the Saturday night I went to a dance in the City Hall in Hull, where I met my future wife, Eileen!

Peter Chester (1943-49)

ooOoo

FROM JOHN MASON

The Other Pavement

Those of us who went to High Pavement Grammar School at its site at Bestwood will remember that the school and its sports facilities were on a 27 acre site bounded by the South to North semi-circular arc of Gainsford Crescent, and its diameter of Arnold Road. It was, in the eyes of its pupils the pre-eminent school in the area. However it did not rely only on the surrounds of Bestwood, and Bulwell for its intake but also drew in pupils from Arnold, Sherwood, Woodthorpe, Carrington, Aspley, Clifton and parts of the St. Anne's district. The land had been purchased in the mid 1930's by the city council and earmarked for an educational replacement for the ageing Grammar School on Stanley Road. Unfortunately the war delayed its construction until the early fifties, and the school opened in September 1955. It was not the only newly built school to occupy a site on Gainsford Crescent, since the Padstow Secondary Modern School was built on the northern side of the road, just a few years earlier.

Unfortunately, as far as we Paviers were concerned, Padstow was on a physically more elevated position. This school catered solely for the residents of Bestwood and was to be a permanent source of competition. There was always friction between the pupils of the two establishments who travelled to school by bus, on foot, or pedal cycle (there were no school runs then). We had to 'run the gauntlet' of the pupils from Padstow.

As grammar school pupils we were required to attend school in our uniform of brown blazer, white shirt with school tie, and grey trousers; plus of course the school cap, whereas our neighbours attended school in whatever trend of the time prevailed. As a consequence we were continually having to protect our caps or retrieve them from some garden along Gainsford Crescent.

We did not actually compete with Padstow School either on an academic level or at sport, but there was one area where the competition was at its highest level.

Our headmaster Harry Davis, had been very successful in setting up and running the 'Sixth Form Society' a joint venture between High Pavement and the Manning Girls School, unfortunately it was limited to the sixth form only. Consequently Padstow had something for which there was great competition: GIRLS. They came in all shapes and sizes from blondes to brunettes, tall, short, fat, skinny, big bosomed and less so.

Now girls, to an eleven or twelve year old are something of a distraction from the 'boy things' that we all encountered but, as puberty set in, girls changed from a distraction to an attraction and we at High Pavement were no different from any other lads of that age. We did our best to attract those of the opposite sex at Padstow, much to the annoyance of the boys from that school.

I had the good fortune to become very friendly with one of the girls (whose name I will omit to mention in order to protect her from any embarrassment) and most afternoons I would meet her at their school gate and walk hand in hand to her home on Arnold Road at the bottom of Gainsford Crescent.

This 'assignment' caused much disquiet to some of the male pupils at their school and one morning I was accosted by one of them who insisted that I fight him for the honour of courting the said young lady. I showed some reluctance to undertake scrapping in my school uniform whereupon the other fellow threw quite a heavy punch in my direction. However having had the benefit of the school boxing club, I rode the punch and told the lad 'if that's

the best you've got you had better clear off before I black your eye!' He backed down and no further fighting took place. I continued my association with the young lady.

Another fixture on 'the other pavement' outside the school was a privately owned ice cream van owned by an old man by the name of Harry Mann (or Mando's as the van was known). He sold ice cream that he made at his own premises in Basford but his van was also the place where, if you were one of the selected few, you could get in and have a crafty fag, (no Elf and Safety rules then).

So life outside the school, even during school time, was not without its excitement and we continued our education, and our relationships with Padstow, in a mainly happy and convivial atmosphere, with not too many upsets.

John Mason

ooOoo

FROM KEITH POUNDER

[The Society receives many enquiries about its past pupils and this letter was received following an earlier enquiry from Mr Pounder asking about any record we might possess showing the junior schools from which the 1949 intake originated. Our archivist replied that such records have not been maintained by the present High Pavement College and that the only possibility was to search the County Archives.]

Dear Colin, Thank you for the reply. I will be near the archives shortly and may be able to call in and enquire. I was prompted to try and find this information after a chance remark whilst waiting to be served in a pub/restaurant about two weeks ago. I can't remember the actual context but it was something about reading upside down. A comment was made about only 1 in 400 going to Grammar School. Thinking about it afterwards I realized that I could not recall anyone else from my junior school, John Player, who went to HP and this prompted me to look into it more closely.

I myself was in the Engineering Sixth, a scheme instigated by the Head and involving local employers and the Nottingham Technical College. I was with Ericsson Telephones as a Student Apprentice and obtained a Higher National Diploma eventually becoming a Chartered Engineer. Others from the scheme were with Boots and Players.

My final year was at Gainsford Crescent. My son also went to HP and was taught Physics by Lawrence Milbourn and I served as a Parent Governor. I actually finished my career as a teacher and following redundancy was put on the supply list. This resulted in my teaching the occasional session at High Pavement. Possibly a unique combination. **Keith Pounder**

Colin Salsbury writes: *It is interesting to hear these experiences from Keith Pounder as it has parallels with my own career.*

After High Pavement (at Stanley Road) and the RAF I entered the Gas Industry in 1952 as an Engineering Pupil and qualified as a Chartered Engineer via the part time route at Nottingham Technical College. I switched careers after ten years and became a technical teacher at what is now Loughborough College (not university). Like Keith I eventually faced redundancy and in my case was able to take early retirement.

It will be interesting to hear just how revealing are the statistics to which Keith refers.

ooOoo

HIGH PAVEMENT CITY SIXTH FORM ACADEMY AWARDS EVENING



John Elliott presents the Academy Certificates together with HPS prizes to

1. **Connor Beastall**
2. **Eden Pritchett**
3. **Lilly Litchfield**

(The fourth award winner **Ross Woodward** was unable to attend.)

The Academy's 2015 Awards Evening, was held in the Lecture Theatre of Nottingham Trent University on Monday June 23rd and attended by many students, who were in some cases accompanied by their proud parents. Most of the awards were in the form of certificates denoting outstanding endeavour during the past year and in each case a member of the academic staff personally presented the document.

Exceptions were four certificates which were sponsored by The High Pavement Society and accompanied by a £25 Book Token donated by the Society.

These presentations were made to the deserving recipients by John Elliott, Deputy

Chairman of the High Pavement Society.

A small team of other committee members attended in support and afterwards enjoyed a chat with many of the staff, students and parents over light refreshments.

ooOoo

AN ENQUIRY RECEIVED

Chris Beaumont (not a Society member) wrote to us asking to see the Membership List and we replied, as we do to all such enquiries, that for security reasons the list is only supplied to paid-up subscribing members, a point with which he readily agreed. He did respond with these lines:

Hi Colin, There was no one in particular that I was looking for but I've made contact with some of my peers on Genes Reunited. I was at the School from 1960-65 in Wollaton House and my brother Tony attended from 1948-53, in the same house of course. **Regards Chris**

If any former friends among the Society members would like to contact Chris his address is:
chris.beaumont1@me.com

FROM GRAHAM WYBROW

Thoughts on Wikipedia

I recently did a Google Search for 'High Pavement School' and was a little surprised to find that our old school does not have a Wikipedia page of its own. There is a very limited reference to the school on the Wikipedia 'New College Nottingham' page:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/New_College_Nottingham

but that is all.

Famous Alumni are listed on the elaborately titled Wikipedia web page: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/New_College_Nottingham#High_Pavement_Grammar_School and on the mysterious but well intentioned Wikipedia Page:

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Category:>

[People_educated_at_Nottingham_High_Pavement_Grammar_School](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Category:People_educated_at_Nottingham_High_Pavement_Grammar_School)

('mysterious' because I cannot figure out who created it). There are of course also other web pages including

The NCN's own website

The High Pavement Society website

and even Wikipedia Pages for

High Pavement (i.e.the street of that name)

The High Pavement Chapel thereon.

I have a vague recollection there did used to be one specifically for the school, but I may be imagining this.

I feel we may be missing a trick here. A Wikipedia Page for High Pavement would provide an excellent way of publicising the history and achievements of the school which could well live on long after the eventual demise of the High Pavement Society (because it wouldn't require maintenance/cost). Also, like most Wikipedia pages it could 'grow' with time and provide a focus for school communications e.g. Famous alumni lists etc. Has anyone thought of this in the past or possesses any relevant experience? I can't believe I am the first to think about the matter. I regret that I am far too busy at the moment to contemplate such a task myself but am willing to add it to my long list of 'not too urgent' jobs to be done, should I live long enough. I would appreciate your opinions on this. **Graham Wybrow**

[This letter was sent to the Committee and raises some interesting ideas which may stimulate similar thoughts in the minds of other members. If so, why not write or email your views to the editor who will put them before the Committee?]

ooOoo

Also from Graham Whybrow

[This contribution relates to the topic discussed on p.3]

Gentlemen,

On a slightly different subject - I attach two extracts from a Nottingham Post article from Sat 2 May 2015, about the proposed merger of New College Nottingham and Central College Nottingham. The extracts give the histories of the 2 colleges and I thought you might be interested to compare the two and, of course, note the HP mention under NCN.

Graham Wybrow

THE history and formation of Central College Nottingham:

- 1970: South Nottingham College formed in West Bridgford.
- 1998: Bethany Lewis achieves a maximum three As in human biology, sociology and psychology A levels. She is awarded one of the top five grades from the 1,741 students who sat human biology nationally.
- 2003: Former student Wes Morgan makes his Forest debut.
- 2007: Student Debbie Ball named AOC National Student of the Year.
- 2009: Student Tom Birch wins the AOC National Student of the Year Award.
- 2010 The college opens a tourism school in the Gambia.
- 2011: South Nottingham College merges with Castle College.
- 2011: The college is honoured with a Queen's Award for its Balls to Poverty Project.
- 2012: Renamed Central College Nottingham.
- 2014: College launches a darts academy.

THE history and formation of New College Nottingham:

- 1788: High Pavement School founded, becoming sixth form college in 1975.
- 1919: Clarendon College founded.
- 1960: Arnold and Carlton College founded.
- 1969: Basford Hall College founded.
- 1998: Amalgamation of Clarendon and Basford Hall to form New College Nottingham.
- 1998: Renovation transforms Lace Market's historic Adam's Building into new flagship campus.
- 1999: High Pavement and Arnold and Carlton become part of New College Nottingham.
- 2000: Clarendon Courtyard Theatre opened by actor and NCN alumni Robert Lindsay.
- 2001: High Pavement moves from Bestwood to brand new £6.3 million city centre campus.
- 2014: College attracts record grant from Skills Funding Agency to rebuild Basford Hall.
- 2015: New £27 million Basford Hall campus to open to students.

PUB LUNCH NEWS

The Nag's Head, Woodborough



A stalwart group of 22 Society members, many with their wives and guests attended a lunch at the Nag's Head, Main Street, Woodborough on Wednesday June 3rd, a particularly sunny day. The event (but not the weather) was organised by John Elliott, ably assisted by his wife, Helen.

The usual scenes of convivial comradeship developed and a splendid lunch was supplied by the pub staff.

August Event A boat trip on the River Trent was planned for the month of August but at the time of publication no arrangements have been made due to other commitments by the organiser. If any member is willing to tackle this type of task their help will be most welcome and of course we shall continue to hold more pub lunches from time to time. **All members and their guests are welcome.** Please contact the Secretary to be put on the invitation mailing list.

ooOoo

Advance Notice

THE HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND QUIZ NIGHT

Monday September 28th 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, indeed it is a legal requirement 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.

The AGM is your chance to give 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. When the day arrives come along and enjoy it!

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. In this last (see p.3), edited, excerpt we hear about the occasion of the **Concorde trip to Moscow** with which he and Barbara celebrated his retirement back in the 1980s.]*

To Russia with Love

On my 65th birthday, the last day on which I officially attended work, and the theoretical day when the first payments of pension should have been received, Barbara and I were feeling particularly pleased with ourselves. To celebrate the new way of life on which we were about to embark I had responded to an advert by a firm named Goodwood Travel which announced various short breaks by Concorde. One of these was irresistible to me, and Barbara needed little persuasion to join me in my enthusiasm. The destination was Moscow, the main object to see a performance of Swan Lake at the Bolshoi Theatre, coupled with a tour of Moscow and the Kremlin. The length of the break was all of 36 hours. £2,500 - a lot of money - seemed almost an unseemly sum to pay for such a short break, but on a wave of euphoria we booked.

The first item on our programme asked us to meet at Heathrow at 6 a.m. where we were served coffee in elegant surroundings, while all pre-flight procedures were dealt with. Concorde is a surprisingly small aircraft, two seats each side bus fashion, but those seats upholstered in soft grey leather add a touch of luxury which was matched by all other aspects of the plane and the flight. The captain and his crew adopted a relaxed attitude, mixing freely with the passengers during their off duty moments.

Once take-off was achieved breakfast is served in the most remarkable way ever experienced on an aeroplane. In the tiny space afforded between the seats where other airlines serve their abominable plastic meals, we were provided with a breakfast accompanied by all the accoutrements one would expect in a restaurant on the ground - china and cutlery of an elegant standard, and traditional food to match not forgetting butter, sugar and marmalade without the ubiquitous plastic containers. Meanwhile the height and speed of the aircraft were displayed in electronic splendour, for us all to share in the supersonic nature of the flight, and the incredible height at which this was achieved.

Down to earth once more at Moscow Airport, in more ways than one. The stark reality of pre-Gorbachov Russia made its immediate impact. Coldly impersonal officials, complete with side arms, afforded us tardy progress through customs and passport control before boarding an ancient but robust bus, complete with a Russian (though English speaking) guide - equally soundly built.

Before the evening meal there was little time for other than a quick change and a visit to the government office next door - the only place to change sterling into roubles. We had been warned not to change more than £10 as there would be no opportunity to spend it.

Thence to the banquet where the food served that evening was lavish in its quality and variety, including caviar and champagne as well as smoked salmon and a variety of other Russian specialities. The comparison between the splendour of the fare with which we were plied, and the aura of austerity, which was clear about all aspects of the Russian way of life with which we were surrounded, was remarkably apparent. Although our hotel was specially designated for overseas visitors (hard currency only was acceptable) the refurbishment, particularly of the bedrooms, was not only austere, but badly in need of repair and decoration.

We were then transported to enjoy the main object of our visit - to see and hear the Bolshoi Ballet. Tickets were issued, but no further instructions given as we left the bus to join the pressing crowd of humanity striving to take their seats in the theatre. No information was available in other than the Russian tongue, and the printing on the tickets was of no help. There were clearly no English speaking staff, and after receiving conflicting instructions by sign language we realised that the practice in this cold climate was for everyone without exception to visit the cloakrooms, which were designed on a massive scale in order to accommodate the outer apparel of the whole audience. After depositing our coats and from there finding our way easily into the auditorium we were delighted to find our seats were by no means of the conventional theatre or cinema style, but each person was provided with an individual chair of material and construction more appropriate for the dining room.

The theatre was vast, and the familiar performance of Swan Lake was as impressive in execution as in content. After barely more than six hours in Moscow we were beginning to realise that our enormous investment was already paying huge dividends in terms of an unforgettable experience.

After the show we were strongly urged not to miss the midnight changing of the guard at Lenin's Tomb in Red Square. Barbara, replete after the banquet and theatre, declined, so Army ventured forth alone through the Moscow streets towards what is perhaps the best known feature of the City - Red Square - spread below the vast walls of the Kremlin. We had been assured that there was no likelihood of muggings or other disturbances – Russians, they said, are well behaved compared with their English counterparts in this respect. And so it was.

Two soldiers, with rifles and all other necessary paraphernalia, represented the old guard, and stood motionless at the tomb's entrance. At three or four minutes before midnight, but, as you will see, precisely timed, the new guard appeared from a point over a hundred yards away, and began their slow march towards the entrance to the tomb. After ascending the steps and presenting themselves before the retiring pair, the changeover was effected on the midnight stroke with uncanny precision, and the retiring guard in turn began their slow retreat to the Kremlin Gate from whence they had emerged two hours previously.

I understand that this ceremony, performed twelve times daily, has now been discontinued because it is not now considered correct in a political sense. This seems a pity because it serves the same purpose in Moscow as the Changing of the Guard in London - an undoubted attraction for tourists.

The following morning, after an undistinguished breakfast, we boarded the bus which was to take us for a whistle stop tour of Moscow and the Kremlin, and the charming, though serious minded Intourist guide took charge.

Our final stop before returning to the hotel was to visit the extensive Tourist Shop where hard currency only was allowed, and where the prices were pitched to attract the wealthy overseas visitor. I had secretly coveted a magnificent fur hat as worn by most Moscow citizens, on sale at £150 a time - rather more than I had hoped to pay. There was little consolation in a pale imitation of one later bought back in England.

A farewell luncheon banquet complete with roisterous but excellent music provided by a folk group proved a fitting end to our short Moscow sojourn before returning to the Concorde and crew who were patiently waiting at the airport.

The homeward flight lacked none of the thrills of the outward-bound one, and we were all sorry to see the runway at Heathrow rushing towards us less than 36 hours after leaving on our expensive but unforgettable trip.