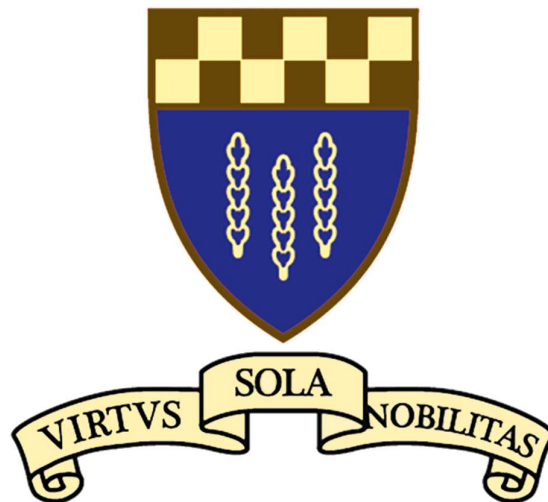


# **The Pavior**

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



**Commemorating  
High Pavement Schools  
(founded 1788)**

**August 2024**

### **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: Ken Kirk**

Honorary Vice Presidents: John J Elliott  
Colin Salisbury  
Noel Gubbins

Committee Chairman: Vacant  
Deputy Chairman: Vacant  
Secretary: Vacant  
Acting Treasurer: Elicia Hodgson  
Registrar: Alex Rae  
Pavior Editor: Colin Salisbury (01509 558764)  
Assistant Pavior Editor: Gerald Taylor  
Archivist: Graham Wybrow (0115 9626249)  
Web-Master: Lawrence Milbourn  
Committee Members: Malcolm Pilkington (01623 491260)  
Noel Gubbins

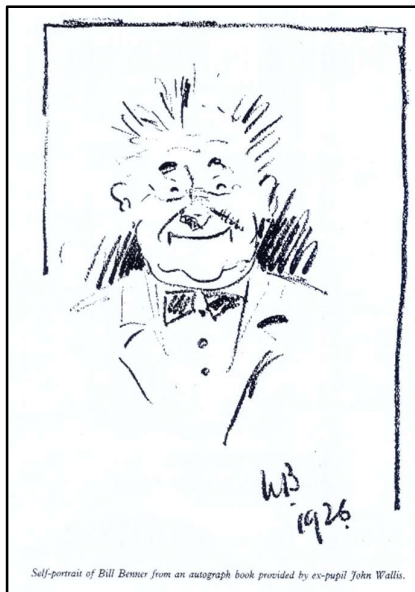
Copy for *The Pavior* newsletter may be sent to:

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

**116 Leicester Road, Loughborough, Leics. LE11 2AQ**

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

The HP Society **Facebook Page** is: [www.facebook.com/groups/232442222741252/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/232442222741252/)



### **Faces to Remember William (Bill) BENNER**

**Art Master & Rugby Player: HP 1922-1949 (27 yrs)**

***Self-Portrait (1926): from an Autograph Book provided by ex-pupil John Wallis.***

## Committee Notices

### JOHN LONSBROUGH

We have been informed by his daughter, Mrs Mary Meadows, that our loyal member John Lonsbrough passed away in May 2024, at the age of 97.

John attended High Pavement from 1938 to 1944 (Wollaton House) went up to Keble College, Oxford, to read Engineering Science. After National Service in REME he took a teaching post at Brighton. He followed this with a spell in Agricultural Engineering about which he sent entertaining accounts to *The Pavior*. However, afflicted by the dust encountered in work on grain driers, John developed serious lung trouble.

Later he moved to the south coast when he saw fit to switch to transport, taking employment with the Southdown Bus Company, as a driver, until he finally retired due to ill health in 1984.

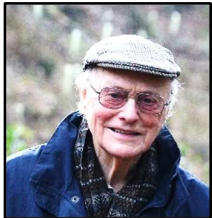
### KEITH WOOLLEY



We have received a message from his niece reporting Keith's death at the age of 90. A long serving member of the Society, Keith was active in many sports and other activities while at HP, including travels with the School Scout Group. He attended Cambridge University followed by a distinguished career in East Africa.

His funeral took place at 11:30 am on Monday 19th August at Brimington Crematorium (Chesterfield) followed by interment at a nearby cemetery. In response to Keith's wishes Ken Kirk and Colin Salsbury attended the funeral service to provide a rendition of *Carmen Paviorum*, which was warmly received (and applauded) by the family and friends.

### ROY TAYLOR



We have been informed, by his son and daughter, of the death of Roy Taylor on 26<sup>th</sup> June 2024, at his home in Swadlincote, Derbyshire. Known as 'Flash' from his prowess on the rugby field, he became a successful Civil Engineer. He also contributed to *The Pavior* on several occasions.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

### High Pavement Society AGM and Pub Lunch

All Members are cordially invited to attend the **Annual General Meeting of the Society**, which is being held at the **Poppy and Pint Inn, Pierrepont Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 5DX** on **Thursday September 12<sup>th</sup>, 2024**. The Committee recommend that everyone is on site by **11.30 am**, so that the AGM can commence at **12 noon**.

The AGM is expected to be of short duration and will be followed by our Pub Lunch which should last up to 2 hours. Guests are welcome at the Lunch.

**We want to make a success of this event so please make every effort to attend.**

We have enclosed a Flier which should be completed by all members intending to participate and returned, as soon as possible, **by post please** to me at:

**116 Leicester Road, Loughborough LE11 2AQ.**

**Colin Salsbury, Acting Secretary.**

## **50 Years of High Pavement Sixth-Form College**

This year, 2024, marks the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the HP Sixth-Form College, which opened its doors as a dedicated Sixth-Form College in Sep 1974. On Thursday 11th July 2024, a friendly gathering of members and guests met at the Chaucer Street, Nottingham premises of the High Pavement Sixth Form (also known as the High Pavement College) to celebrate this milestone in the development of High Pavement as a Sixth Form institution.



Graham Wybrow coping with the College's high-tech display facilities.

The HP Society was also pleased to organise what was the first 'Post Covid' meeting since that affliction put a temporary stop to these informal gatherings. Although we managed to gather a group of just 16 members and guests it was a triumph of a kind since communication lines had proved difficult to set up. Nevertheless, several members had travelled some considerable distances to be present. As well as a group of our longstanding members we were delighted to welcome two recent students, Gaige Bailey and Libby Faulconbridge who have just completed their studies at the Sixth Form and are moving on to university and a

pharmacy apprenticeship respectively. We bade them welcome and hope their presence sets an example for other students to become involved with the Society.

Graham Wybrow, our 'very-committed' committee member and historian gave a terrific PowerPoint presentation of the history of the school from its founding in High Pavement in 1788, through its times there and later at Stanley Road, Forest Fields and later still at Gainsford Crescent, Bestwood. The presentation was a wonderful delivery of information and detail, with excellent photographs and historical background all presented in a very relaxed and friendly manner.



The keenly interested audience.

The facilities and hospitality of the Sixth Form college were excellent, including their provision of welcome refreshments. Graham lightened the occasion by screening a video with a tuneful background made at Gainsford Crescent in its heyday (before its ultimate demise).

We tried hard to advise as many members as possible about the event, mainly via email to those members for whom we had an email address and via Facebook and the website generally. Communications with you all are a vital part of our activities. As the The Pavior newsletter only goes out quarterly email addresses are becoming more and more important. Can we urge that you advise the committee of any change you may have made in your current address and check for accuracy in those listed.

Facebook and our website will be a very important support resource about our activities. Do please visit whenever you can.

**John Chambers, Committee Member**

**ooOoo**



## A Tribute: John PRESTON (1937-2023)

### [HP: Pupil 1948-56, Woodthorpe House & HP Chemistry Master 1961-94, 33]

John Preston was born in 1937 into a strongly Methodist family in Old Basford, Nottingham. John grew up in Rydal Grove, a terraced street conveniently (for a young boy) close to the southern entrance to Vernon Park. During the War years, John started his formal education at Southwark Street Infants & Junior School.

It was in 1948 that John won a place at High Pavement Grammar School, then located at Stanley Road, Forest Fields. This gave him the opportunity to fully exercise and prove his capabilities. He earned a place in the school Cross-Country 1<sup>st</sup> Team and was also

appointed Captain of the School Chess Team. He went on to become a School Prefect and also Captain of Woodthorpe House. Outside of

school hours, John was an active member of the Boys' Brigade and he was also developing his skills as a pianist/organist. John stayed at High Pavement just long enough to spend his last year in the new buildings at Gainsford Crescent.



1956: John as Captain of House Athletics Team.



1960: Graduation from Christ Church, Oxford.

In 1956, John won a place at Christ Church, Oxford, becoming the 1<sup>st</sup> person in his family to go to University. At Oxford, John became a member of the Christ Church 1<sup>st</sup> Soccer Team and a member of the Christ Church 2<sup>nd</sup> Chess Team. In 1957, he became a Bostock Exhibitioner of Christ Church and went on to earn an Honours Degree in Natural Science (Chemistry) in 1960. In Jun 1961, John completed a Diploma of Education. By this time, John was also a methodist Local Preacher and an accomplished Church Organist. He was also an Officer in the Nottingham Battalion of the Boys' Brigade.

In 1961, whilst working for his Diploma of Education, John was approached by Harry Davies, then Headmaster of High Pavement, inviting him to return to the school as a Master and Harry Davies wrote a glowing testimonial in support of John's application. John joined the School as a Chemistry Master in Sep 1961 and went on to become Head of Chemistry in 1968, Head of Science in 1974 and Acting Principal for a short period in 1979. John eventually retired in 1994, after some 33 years as a Master at High Pavement School and Sixth-

Form College (and, of course, also 8 years as a pupil).

John always appreciated what High Pavement School had done for him personally and much of his subsequent career as a Master was motivated by a strong desire to "give back" to the School. There was always a strong community spirit amongst the staff at High Pavement, with most staff participating in "out of hours social activities", each according to his particular interests. For his part, John was a keen member of the School Staff Cricket Team playing regularly for many years. John was married with 3 children and cricket matches on the School playing fields provided excellent opportunities for staff families to mix and socialise. His daughters still have fond memories of rolling down the terrace embankment outside the Staff



1948: John's 1<sup>st</sup> day at HP Stanley Road.

C O P Y

High Pavement School,  
Gainsford Crescent,  
Bestwood,  
Bulwell,  
NOTTINGHAM.

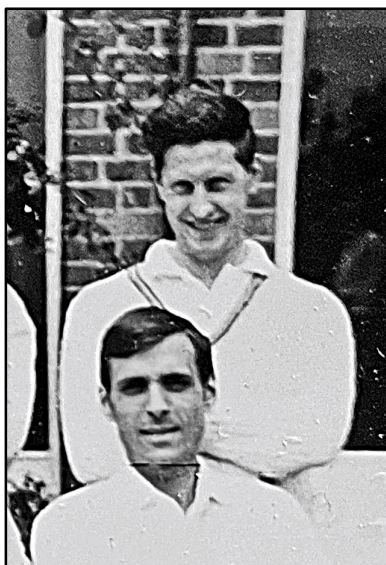
10th January, 1961.

I can recommend my old pupil, JOHN PRESTON, for a teaching post with complete conviction. I found him a determined and hardworking pupil with intelligence of a high order and I am not surprised to hear of his successful academic career. While at school he was already developing into a good leader: he was a responsible and effective School Prefect, House Captain and Captain of the School Chess team. He was a strong Cross Country runner and a member of a very successful school team. He had a strong interest in Music and joined actively in the life of the Sixth form. He gets on well with people and can be relied upon to support a school generously in its activities. He should develop into both a good schoolmaster and an enthusiastic and effective teacher of his specialist subject.

(Signed) H. DAVIES.

Head Master.

1961: The glowing testimonial from Headmaster Harry Davies (left) in support of John's application to join the teaching staff at HP



1970: John in the HP Staff Cricket Team (v HP School 1<sup>st</sup> Eleven) with Gerry Steel.

also a Southwark Street boy and we spent over an hour reminiscing. When I asked why the Science Society trips were always to Switzerland, he said "it was a nice place to go". The real value of such trips was to provide an opportunity for staff and students to socialise outside the classroom environment and to generally widen the pupil's experience of life.

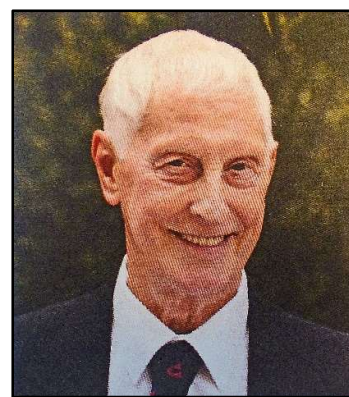
After retiring from High Pavement, John enjoyed a very active retirement of almost 30 years. He continued as a Methodist Local Preacher for most of those years.

John Preston died on 26 Oct 2023 in the Queens Medical Centre at the age of 86. A "Service of Thanksgiving" was held at Arnold Methodist Church on 29 Nov 2023.

Room and overlooking the 1<sup>st</sup> Team pitch.

John also led School holiday parties to Switzerland. He led parties from the HP School Science Society to Brienz (1963), Spiez (1967), Buochs (1969) and Wilderswil (1971). John also played the Organ at the Albert Hall for the annual School Speech Days (dressed in his academic gown).

In Oct 2020, John was kind enough to allow me to record a Telephone Interview with him while we were both living in enforced isolation under Covid lock-down restrictions. Like John, I was



Enjoying a long retirement.

At the service, the High Pavement School Song was sung. It was noted that this had been introduced to the school in 1937, the year of John's birth.

**Graham Wybrow**

## FROM OUR READERS

### From Norman PEARSON [HP: 1960-67, Woodthorpe House]

*[A report from part of the world with which we do not regularly make contact, ie. Southern Africa. However, this Old Pavior has forged a prosperous existence in Johannesburg and at my suggestion has written this account of his life at High Pavement and after- Ed.]*

#### **Hello Colin**

Living in a working-class home in Bulwell I attended the Highbury Junior School (the same as our member David Taylor) and my family, including myself, were all surprised when I was offered a place at High Pavement Grammar School.

Later that year, off I trotted to their Bestwood establishment. It took some time to get used to a new large school with different rules, not knowing anyone. Nevertheless, by the third year I was better established, and, in addition, that was the time we were reorganised on merit.

I was then placed in the lowest form because I wanted to study both History and Geography. As a group we were not at the highest academic level, but *boy!* did we have a good time! Not everyone enjoyed their stay, but I thoroughly enjoyed my time at the school, and it showed when I left, as I was a House Captain (of Woodthorpe House), a Prefect, and had school colours for rugby and basketball. I finished with 3 A levels and 2 S levels. So my time was not by any means wasted.

This little incident might give some idea what the school felt it could achieve. When I turned sixteen, I spoke to the Sports Master, Ray Caulton, to say that I couldn't continue playing rugby because I just *had* to work on Saturdays to earn more pocket money. Ray asked to see my dad and persuaded him to increase my pocket money so I could continue playing for another 2 years. Where there's a will, there's a way!

When I left HP, I didn't want to go to university, so I persuaded the firm of Stanton & Staveley of the iron and steel industry, to sponsor me on a Business Degree course at Ealing Business School. I graduated after 4 years and returned to Nottingham, but an attempt to work at British Steel was not a success, so I went to London and joined Lyons Bakery, finishing up as their General Marketing Manager.

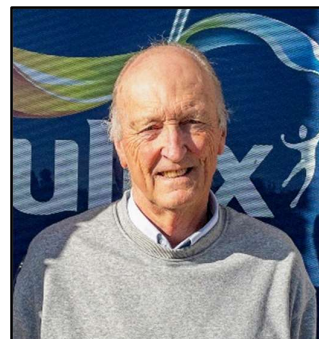
My wife came from South Africa, so we eventually finished up settling there and I had a complete career change, joining Dulux SA, the branch of the well-known British paint manufacturers and after a number of positions, I was appointed a director.

A further development followed, in association with my business partner, we left Dulux to set up our own paint business selling predominantly Dulux Paint. Now, thirty years later, we are a major player in the market, moving about 6 tons of paint a day.

We live in a suburb of Jo'burg with 3 rescued Border Collies who let us stay in the house provided we pay the bills. Jo'burg itself is a bit like the Wild West without the sheriff but there are plusses: the weather and the scenery are magnificent, and the majority of the people are kind and considerate, with a beautiful 'make a plan' attitude, which solves most problems. We would not swop it for any other country.

My passion outside the world of business is wildlife photography, specifically birds. You can see some of my work at [www.normanpearson.co.za](http://www.normanpearson.co.za)

**Regards, Norman**





**From Phil ATKINS [HP: 1957-64, Basford House]**

*A few reminiscences from our member who obviously enjoyed his time at High Pavement.*

**Mr S W Hill and Other Memories**

Harking back to *The Pavior* for November 2023, I can add a little on the master we all called 'Swill'. Mr S.W. Hill (HP: 1931-72, 41) was one of the longest serving members of staff. Although a teacher of biology, he had a great interest in music, once attending Wagner's Ring Cycle in its entirety at Bayreuth.

I recall that he was also engaged in constructing a full set of instruments for a string quartet, some of which he presumably was able to play. The cello, unvarnished, for a long while was clearly visible through the window of a ground floor storeroom at Gainsford Crescent (which fortunately faced north).

In 1963 Swill led those of us in the Lower Sixth Biology stream to visit a natural history centre at Slapton Ley in South Devon. This included a visit to Dartmoor to see Wistman's Wood, and on our journey back, by coach, we passed Stonehenge. Previous visits had usually been organised to Malham Tarn in Yorkshire, (not so far from where I am now living). I might mention that among our number was one Fred (Harold) Shipman.

Some eighteen years after leaving HP, by which time I was married and with a young family, I bumped into Swill and his wife, who were looking in a shop window, in Alnwick in Northumberland. It's a small world.

I also recall Jim Bullock, although he never actually taught me. Maths was his subject, and I believe he taught mathematical subjects to the navy as a Lieutenant-Instructor during the war, and in more recent times we reckoned he aligned his TV aerial with reference to the stars. Swimming was his passion. Barrel chested, he rarely seemed to be wearing a tie and with seemingly boundless energy he would leap up onto the stage at the end of assembly with a school swimming announcement. Sadly, he died in service in Nov 1966. A year or so after I left HP I used to see him shopping in Sherwood with his wife, whom my father knew slightly, and he was but a shadow of his former self. It was quite a shock.

As I look at past issues of *The Pavior* it is quite remarkable just how long some teachers, or masters, as we used to call them, served the school. When I entered the school in 1957 Messrs Graham and Train still had some years to go, and yet my late mother (born 1917) recalled both from *her* time at HP when it was still a mixed school, but she left for the Manning School as soon as that opened, around 1931.

I have very fond memories of world-weary Fred Millidge, who used to treat boys as adults, and used to work out the teaching schedules (timetables) every year. He would apologise to us for once having to land us with 3 French classes on a single Tuesday morning.

Mr Train never lost his London accent, the first such I ever encountered. In retirement, of course, he was a regular on Radio Nottingham, giving talks on aspects of the city's history, especially churches. I have found that incomers to the city are often more enthusiastic about their adopted surroundings than the natives. We Nottingham 'natives' never thought *we* had any accent, but one also encountered the odd Geordie and Norfolk accent from boys whose fathers were officers at Nottingham Prison and had presumably transferred from elsewhere.

**Regards, Phil Atkins**



**From Robin TOWLE [HP: 1951-59, Basford House]**

**A Tribute: Steve MARSHALL [HP: 1951-58] - A Great Achiever**



Steve Marshall, known as SAM, was a year ahead of me at High Pavement so I hardly knew him. All this changed when we were paired for our first year at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He had deferred his place for a year and spent this year productively in getting married. Their first child was born just before preliminary exams to the Tripos and was nicknamed Prelim. Their second child, born in our third year was accordingly called Part Two.

Steve and I both came from humble backgrounds: his father operated a coal delivery service from Gainsford Crescent while my father worked on a factory floor. Inevitably, with a wife and two children to support on a student's grant, Steve was very hard up and worked selling hot dogs from a mobile kiosk, completely against the university rules, but he was never caught. This job came to an end when the then Mayor of Cambridge removed his licence (only to give it to his own son a few weeks later!).

In his second year Steve moved into a terraced house with his wife and first child, and I remember 'Taff' Davies visiting while on a sabbatical in Cambridge. Other Pavors at Cambridge at that time were Dave Bland (Fitzwilliam) and John Wakelin (Pembroke). John tragically suffered a serious car accident which meant he could not continue with his studies.

After graduation, Steve taught Modern Languages at Cambridgeshire College of Art and Technology where he was soon promoted above longer serving colleagues. He had the difficult job of overseeing redundancies, but also lowered the requirements for Modern Languages so successfully that numbers in his faculty increased without any loss of degree success.

Steve was again promoted and played a large part in the merger with Essex Institute of Higher Education, to become the Anglia Polytechnic and eventually Anglia Ruskin University of which he was Pro-Vice Chancellor. Not many people could claim such a rise in their fortunes, from working as an assistant to coal merchant dad, to a senior position in a university.

Steve was also active in the Liberal Party and important enough to be satirised in Private Eye. Among his other achievements he had also played a major role in the creation of the largest unit of the U3A in the country at Cambridge.

In his last email to me Steve expressed the hope that he would make it to see the result of this year's general election. Unfortunately, he died two weeks before it took place.

I placed a high value on Steve's friendship. He never boasted about his considerable achievements, and I learned as much about them from Google as from Steve himself. He was sensitive and caring and gave this shy 'scholarship boy' memorable support during our first year. The six Trinity Hall alumni used to have annual meetings in Cambridge or London, but now, with Steve's death, there are only two of us left. I will miss him keenly.

I was able to give my condolences to his second wife, children and grandchildren at his funeral.

**Robin Towle**

### From Tommy GEE [HP: 1936-43, School House]

*[This is an edited version of a letter from our venerable correspondent, Tommy Gee who, we are almost certain, is the oldest member of the High Pavement Society. We can usually rely on him to send us a greeting for the newsletter. This month is no exception!]*

**Hello Colin,**

Here in faraway Sussex, so many memories were evoked by the May newsletter. May I tell you a few?

I passed the exam and moved from Berridge Road Primary School to High Pavement in 1936. I had three sisters, Alice, Dorothy and Joan. Alice went to the Manning School, but the two youngest moved our family upmarket, and they went to the Girl's High School, developing a social divide.

Alice, who became Head Girl at the Manning, married Ray Caulton, whose father was a *beef* butcher. Our father was a *pork* butcher, like his father. He bought his pigs from Melton Mowbray, and I recall the carcasses being divided into two parts and hung up for butchering. The meat was then manufactured into sausages, pies, black puddings, polonies and so on. He would say: *Nothing was wasted, except the squeak!*

My father was a war cripple and wore an artificial foot. My mother used to say he was exploited, as the profit he earned from his shop at 199 Radford Road, Hyson Green, was divided threefold and his mother and sister received two thirds so lived on the fruits of *his* work. Mother was especially upset by my father's brother-in-law, a health inspector, who she said, took advantage of his post to exploit our father. I wonder, can any readers remember our shop at 199 Radford Road, bearing the sign 'Thos Gee'?



I can recall every inch of it. My father would spread the floor with saw dust to keep it clean.

The factory at the back, however, was a 'hell's kitchen' where every bit of pig was converted into cash and nothing ever wasted.

One day, before long, I will reach my centenary and my grand-daughter, Jessica, is arranging a get together down here in Sussex, a long way away from you.....but who knows??? Everyone will be welcome.

This recent picture of me is a reminder that my 99th birthday party took place in August 2024. My regards

to all Old Pavivors.

Ever yours, **Tommy**

ooOoo

### Bestwood Remembered

It is regretted that space does not permit the inclusion of this regular feature in the current edition. It is hoped to resume this regular series with the next edition. Sorry for any disappointment.

**Graham Wybrow**

## **FROM DEREK TONKIN [1942-48, Woodthorpe House]**

*Derek Tonkin has sent us this enjoyable account of his life as shared with his wife Doreen. I had the pleasure of meeting her only once, when a party of HPS members made a nostalgic visit to the newly restored premises of our old school on Stanley Road. -Ed*

### **A Life with Doreen**

It was Michaelmas Term 1949 when two late teenagers arrived in Oxford to start their studies. One was myself, Derek Tonkin, a grammar school boy and a man of the world now that I had done my National Service. The other was Doreen Rooke, educated at Haberdashers' Aske's Girls School then in Acton, who had won a scholarship to St Hilda's College.



We met quite by chance one Saturday evening, during that first term, at the Cecil Sharp Club commemorating the folk songs and folk dances collected by that celebrated lecturer and composer. There I espied an attractive young lass and daringly invited her to join me in learning the Morpeth Ramp and other folk dances.

The following week I was attending my first classes when I saw the same lass in a German language class. She had not forgotten me.

Doreen caused quite a stir when she softened the heart of the University Reader on Medieval German, Dr John Knight Bostock, who was inclined to address his lectures only to the men present as he was not at all convinced that women had any sensible reason to be educated to university level. It was Dr Bostock's habit to have a glass of water on his lectern while he carefully laid out 2 or 3 throat lozenges which he cut in two. That day he had forgotten his penknife, and so he appealed to the young gentlemen present if he could borrow one. But none of them could help. Then Doreen literally rose to the occasion, demurely approached the lectern and proffered to the learned professor her own penknife, because she was after all a Ranger Girl Guide and their motto was: 'Be Prepared'. Dr Bostock accepted the offer gracefully, and later invited Doreen to tea with his wife.

Doreen was to become his star pupil. She gained First Class Honours in Modern Languages, specialising in Medieval German literature. She also *rowed* for her college, and indeed for the University in 1951 when Oxford beat Cambridge by 2¼ lengths, not on the Thames as nowadays, but then on the River Isis at Oxford. Doreen, being lightly built rowed in the bow, a tactical move to prevent the bow dipping too deeply into the water, hence reducing the speed.

After graduation in 1952 Doreen had a choice of careers. The academic life was not for her, but she was offered a post with GCHQ, the Government Communications HQ at Cheltenham. The Cold War was looming.

Doreen pondered on whether to go to Cheltenham, but that would have meant that I rarely saw her, and what might happen to me without her company? So, she took a post in London with the Educational Foundation for Visual Aids.

In 1953 we married. Doreen knew that my life in the Diplomatic Service would take me all over the world, but we were young and adventurous, and we would not have to face the mortgage problem for a few years yet! Over the coming years we were to find ourselves variously in Poland, Cambodia, New Zealand, East Germany, South Africa and Thailand.

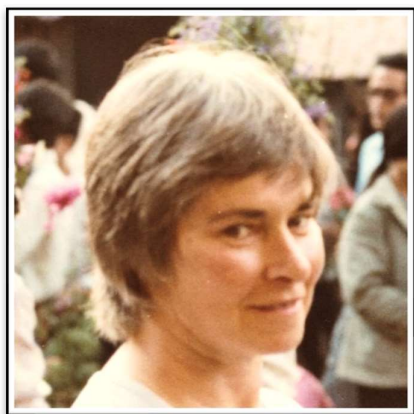
Now, Poland in 1955 was behind the 'Iron Curtain' and not an easy place to live. Our Embassy found us a flat on the fifth floor of a badly damaged apartment block. Like all foreigners in those days, we were subject to the attentions of the Polish Intelligence Service.

Interestingly, their archives in these enlightened times are now open for public inspection, and we were able to read the account reported by their agent 'Piwo' (which is the Polish word for 'Beer') on 7 December 1955:

*'Concerning the Vice-Director of the Bureau of Translations and Press: TONKIN Derek, nothing concrete can be said. It is confirmed that he never returns home late when the door [to the apartment block] is closed. It is noticed that he does not go out anywhere with his wife to any reception. Nor does he likewise arrange any receptions at home. In addition, on no occasion since he took up residence at this address has any car been seen to call. He goes to work on foot and returns on foot. They do not have any domestic help; his wife prepares the meals herself and cleans the apartment. It has been seen that on several occasions she goes into town shopping by herself with a basket to buy provisions and she also puts out the rubbish herself. In addition, they go around poorly dressed, with ordinary jackets and shoes, which is really astonishing.'* (We suspected that the report was made by the concierge of our apartment block and that her rather sneering words were partly due to our refusal to tip her!)

I was only 25 and Doreen only 24, recently married. We did not need any domestic help. When going out shopping, Doreen cannily dressed down to look as shabby and inconspicuous as possible so as not to be overcharged as a foreigner in the local market.

Doreen and I were indeed a working team from the moment we arrived in Warsaw to my retirement from the Diplomatic Service in 1990. It was very much a case of two for the price of one. Yet I have no doubt that when appointing me to successive posts around the world the Foreign Office looked very carefully at Doreen's own character and personality, taking note of her gift for languages, her charm, her modesty, her sense of humour, adaptability, loyalty and rugged determination - invaluable qualities for us both to represent the UK overseas.



We were blessed with four children. Our elder son Christopher, a mechanical engineer, sadly passed away in South Africa in 1983. Our other children are here today: Caroline, a software consultant; Susan, a coastal engineer; and Jeremy, in financial services.

So it was that we returned home on retirement in 1989. Doreen set about renovating our home, took lessons in painting, learnt Italian, ran the accounts of our local Wildlife Park, was an enthusiastic swimmer, and transformed our garden. We travelled all around Europe, into the Baltic States and Russia, and back to Southeast Asia, delightful years of retirement.

A wonderful, talented, and devoted partner. She brought so much joy and happiness to everyone who met her, and especially to me personally during our 70 years of marriage.

**Derek Tonkin**



## Less Well-Known Staff of Period 1964-71 – Part 1

*Gerald Taylor writes: I've noticed that members of staff do not all get equal mention in the pages of the Pavior. Some get a mention in almost every edition (e.g. Shepherd, Middleton, Train) whilst others hardly get a mention. I was at HP from 1964-71 and have decided to list a few of the less well-known staff members from my years. Perhaps younger Pavors could bring them to life with recollections and anecdotes of their own.*

Mr. R. C. Newman (HP: 1965-??), aged about forty, who taught English. He was a Queen's Park Rangers supporter, and so got ribbed when QPR lost matches.

Mr. F. A. (Fraser) Blagg (HP: 1966-68), who taught Latin. Likewise Mr. G. L. Osborn(e).

Mr. M. A. R. Tuck (HP: 1961-66), who, before those two, also taught Latin. Evidently, after Mr. Alfred Wilson, Latin at High Pavement was divided, like ancient Gaul, into three parts:

LINGVA LATINA IN PAVIMENTO ALTO IN TRES PARTES DIVISA EST

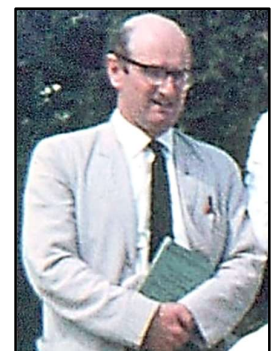
... or the teaching of it, at any rate. I recall a mannerism of Mr. Tuck's, possibly deliberate and intended to avoid lulling pupils to sleep by talking in a monotone: as he spoke his voice occasionally rose in volume, as the sound level of a radio would if the loudness control was turned up for a second or two.

Mr. Alastair G. Summers (HP: 1968-74), a very tall, youngish man, known as Big Al, who taught Mathematics. I remember him as mild of manner, and so it was a surprise, almost a shock, to hear him at the staffroom door more or less raving at an errant pupil while brandishing a thick block of foolscap paper, equivalent to what is nowadays known more decorously as A4 and yelling "You're going to get work to do, and you're going to get a lot". The incident made such an impression on me that it was no doubt the inspiration for a dream I had that night, in which a teacher was going through the proof of some mathematical proposition or theorem, and at each step in the argument he raised his voice above its level at the previous step, till by the conclusion he was bawling. I wish I could remember what was proved.



Alastair Summers

Mr. Victor Hartree (HP: 1968-73), who, at a later time than that of Messrs Wilson, Blagg, Osborn and Tuck, taught Latin. He appears in one of the cricket team photos I submitted a few years ago, in which it looks as if he is the scorer. When out on the sportsground he often wore a hat of the kind commonly seen on Russians in their notoriously cold winters, and so he was known to some of us as Vladimir.



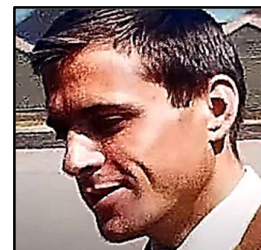
Victor Hartree

Mr. V. C. Lockwood (HP: 1967-71), who taught French, and assisted with games, at any rate rugby. I recall a peculiar misunderstanding that began when he, a son of the West Country, made a disparaging remark about Nottingham's inhabitants. In response I muttered something about Somerset yokels. He caught *yokel* but mishearing it as *Yeovil* began to talk about the football ground there. For my part, I misheard Yeovil as *The Oval* and wondered how he could imagine that football was played at a cricket venue, and what The Oval, which is in Surrey, had to do with Somerset or its yokels. I eventually worked out what had happened.

Mr. P. J. Philips (HP: 1966- ??), who taught Mathematics.

Mr. C (Christopher) Smith (HP: 1967-??) taught Physics and sounded as if he was from the Birmingham area. He caused amusement once by telling us that all the pupils at the school he attended were ignorant louts. He was known as “Cyril” to my year and “Cecil” to the year below.

Mr. G. G. (Gerry) Steel (HP: 1963-71), who also taught Physics. As a cricketer he bowled at a lively pace, and had a disconcerting habit as he delivered the ball of baring his teeth and uttering a kind of snarl. He was known to the pupils as “Bob Steel”, but I think this was the name of a prominent sportsman or athlete at the time.



Gerry Steel

Mr. Peter E Pickering (HP: 1967-70) took games.. He was notable for wearing a colourful track suit, and so became known as the Purple Haze.



Mrs Richardson

Mrs. P. A. Richardson, who taught Chemistry. I think it is she that is shown in Pete Brown’s video (see left). She was known as Meg, after a character in one of the soap operas showing on television at the time.

Mr. J.K. Hodgson (HP: 1965-67), who taught Geography. I recall almost nothing about him, perhaps because I was not the most interested in the subject, or the most attentive. That helps to explain why, the last time I sat a Geography exam, I came bottom of the class, thus doing marginally worse than in my previous attempts.

Mr. T. J. Hamer (HP: 1964-??), who taught Religious Knowledge. We always felt this subject had the great virtue that there was no exam in it, not to mention that we were not compelled to work hard in class, or to commit to memory the seven orders of angels, the ten commandments, or who killed Abel (spoiler alert: it was not the butler). Nor did we have to carry out *practicals* (e.g. spend an hour not committing adultery and not coveting thy classmate’s very nice logarithmic slide rule). I do not remember his supervising sport, or acting as umpire or referee, but I do recall his accompanying us to a cricket match in Mansfield. It was raining on our arrival. When he got off the coach, leaving us in it, there was speculation that he was about to command the clouds to part. The rain continued.



Mr. Hamer

Mr. Spencer, whom I remember as a small man with black hair, but whose subject I do not recall. He was known as “Thad”, after an eminent boxer of that name.



Mr. Spencer

The pictures are mainly from cricket team photos taken about 1970. Graham Wybrow extracted the two higher quality photos from Pete Brown’s precious video of High Pavement doings around 1968. It can be seen on YouTube and is of remarkable quality by the technological standards of the time.

**Gerald Taylor**

## OUR END PIECE

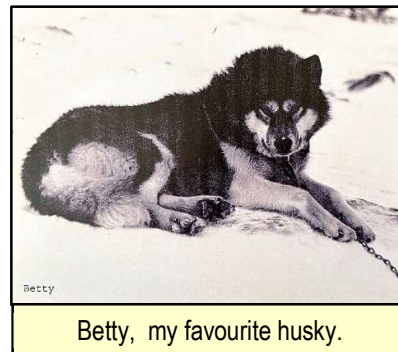
Alan A SMITH [HP:1943-48, Basford House]

### **Just An Ordinary Bloke – 6. Signy Island & Return Home (1955)**

*[93 year old Alan (now living in Australia) describes his return to the UK in 1955 via South Georgia and the Falklands]*

I was landed with taking the tidal readings, and another project that became mine was taking casts of snowflakes for a Canadian university. When snow was falling, not drifting, I exposed a glass slide horizontally to get a snowflake on the glass then with a pipette cover it with a resin. After the flake had melted and the water leached out the sample was logged and set aside. Ultimately several hundreds were packed and despatched to the university.

With Spring, Harold came into prominence. At Marguerite Bay there had been a severe shortage of seals and his project could not be accomplished, so for his second year he relocated to Signy. He was charged with obtaining 30 skins from Weddell seal pups. The pups were to be shot in the head and then flensed carefully, so that the inside of the skin should be perfect. The pelts were to be salted and dried before packing and despatch to London. Initially it looked as though we would have a repeat of Harold's experience; however the first pup was shot on the 21st August. On the 21st September Harold, Alan and John walked around the island, about 14 kilometres. We counted 512 adult Weddells and 393 pups. There was plenty of material for Harold and by the 30th October the project had been completed.



Betty, my favourite husky.

Our hut was in poor shape: the roof leaked and in places we could see between the floorboards down to the ground below. A replacement was due and we were advised the new one would be 96 feet long and 28 feet wide. The materials and two carpenters would arrive towards the end of 1954. What site was considered most suitable? We decided on the site of the old whaling station. A great deal of rubbish had to be cleared before a start could be made. Everything was ready for when the Biscoe arrived with the materials and two carpenters. There was no concrete mixer, all the concrete being hand-mixed with shovels on flat pieces of timber. The timber was hand-sawn to size, and every nail was hammered in by hand. About ten weeks later the Biscoe arrived for the final call of the season, the hut was finished on the outside, and painting and electrical wiring were nearing completion inside. It was 12th April Harold and I went aboard and the Biscoe left for South Georgia.

We were told it would be a slow trip as the Biscoe had come off second best with some ice and its propeller shaft was bent. We went to Salvesen's Leith Harbour establishment. They had two floating docks, both able to handle the requirements of the whale catchers and tow boats. The Biscoe was floated into the larger dock and she projected beyond the ends, both at the bow



RRS John Biscoe in floating dock at South Georgia, 1955



and the stern. The engineers built a timber platform and set to work. On the third day the Biscoe was reversed out and belatedly set sail for Stanley.

A few days later the Biscoe left for the UK with a full complement of staff of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey having completed their terms. I stayed in Stanley, and handed in most of the clothing and linen that I'd been wearing/using for the past couple of years. I had agreed to extend my term somewhat to ensure the meteorological office kept functioning. I arrived home in September 1955.



Midwinter Spread Signy, 21<sup>st</sup> June, 1954



Ice at Factory Cove with Whaling Ruins



North Point Camp, Signy, 1954

*[This completes our tale of Alan's very unusual career as a scientist far down in the southern hemisphere. In the next issue of The Pavior we hope to have Alan's account of his life after leaving the inhospitable far south for warmer climes, mostly Australia. The two pictures below give a foretaste; not a snowball in sight]*



Alan with Termite Mounds in Litchfield National Park, NT (Left) & (Right) a resident of the Yellow Waters Billabong, Kakadu, NT (NT = Northern Territory, Australia).