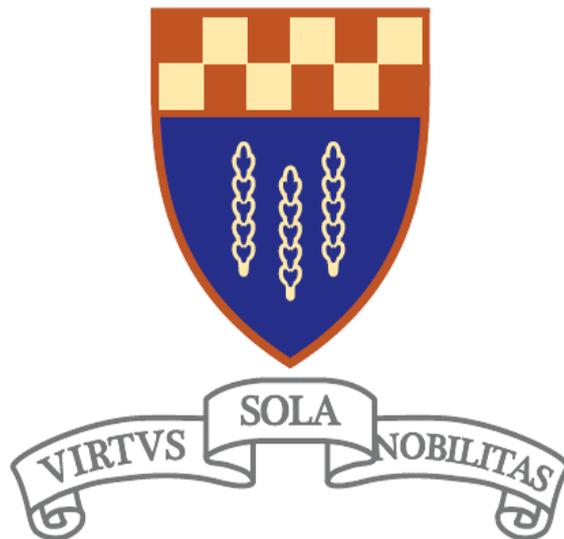


The Pavior



The Newsletter
of
The High Pavement Society
(founded 1989)

February 2021

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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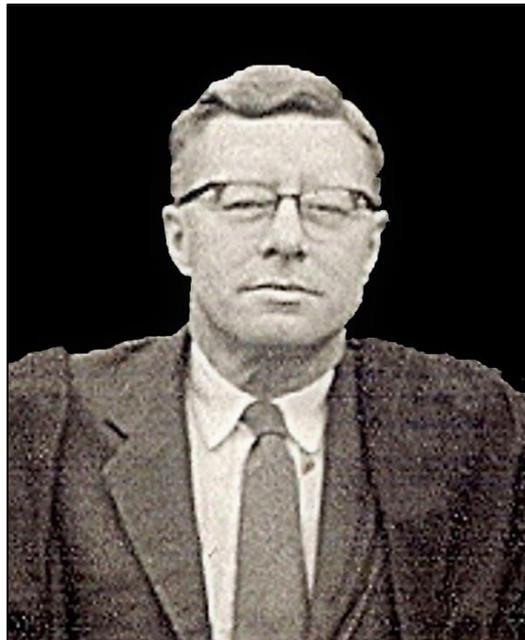
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**Faces to Remember
Harry Davies
Distinguished Headmaster at HP
1947-63**

Committee Notices

A Time of Hope

These last few months have been a difficult period for the Society. We have been unable to hold our enjoyable social gatherings and are wary of any behaviour that might expose ourselves to Corvid 19 infection, a danger to which our age group is particularly vulnerable.

However, there is perhaps now a gleam of hope with the introduction of the mass vaccination now in progress. We could wish that we were able to resume our activities within a few months but for the time being, still under justifiable constraints, we are sustained by the regular arrival of *The Pavior* with its rich harvest of memories sent in by our members.

Due to a steady influx of newcomers our membership is stable, even though we lose a few friends with advancing age. May we bid these newcomers welcome to our ranks and hope they will gain much from their membership.

Keep safe.

Ken Kirk, President of the High Pavement Society

New Members

We are pleased to welcome the following new members of the Society:

Honorary members for 2020-21: Tia Duckmanton (2020 HP prize-winner)
Liam Pearce (2020 HP prize-winner)

(Old Paviors)

Rex Davies HP: 1941-48

Roy Johnson HP: 1966-71

Paul Dudley HP: 1966-73

David Pendleton HP 1961-68

Keith Fothergill HP: 1948-53

Terence Swinn HP 1957-64

Derek Bristow HP: 1960-67

Missing members

Peter Bryan (Canada) and **Geoff Richards** (Sutton on Sea, Lincs) have not responded to our enquiries about their well-being. We also wish to contact Mrs **Janet Nutt**, an honorary member, who has moved from her former Rise Park address to a care home. If any reader can help, please contact the Secretary.

Subscriptions (now £15 p.a.)

The treasurer has yet to receive the additional subscription of £5 from several members who have omitted to amend their banker's orders for £10.00. Will those concerned please check and attend to this as soon as possible. Thank you.

Editor's Note - Railway Ramblings

A Railway Society is known to have existed at Gainsford Crescent and even at Stanley Road there was a 'railway mad' population. Other members have become enamoured of railway matters later in life, especially in retirement. Railways are a source of almost universal appeal.

We are aware that some members have continued their railway interest by helping with the work of 'heritage railways' so we are now planning a new feature (possibly bearing the above title) and interested readers should contact the editor if they would like to participate. An initial article has been received from member Alan Bullimore (HP 1958-63) who left HP to follow a railway career. His letter appears on page 10.

ooOoo

FROM OUR READERS

FROM JOHN MASON

Girls at High Pavement

I am sure that most of the pupils, who went to High Pavement Grammar School, at both Stanley Road, and Gainsford Crescent, will have thought that it was purely a grammar school for boys. In an education act of the early thirties, the government of the day decided that boys and girls over the age of 11yrs ought to be educated separately, and so it was with High Pavement but as we now know, prior to that point High Pavement had been a mixed sex education establishment.

It was quite recently, when I was going through some old family papers, that I discovered that my step-mother had in fact been one of those High Pavement girls.

She was born Phyliss Elizabeth Bowler, and in 1907 lived on Bernard Street, in Carrington. She had two brothers, William and Albert and a sister whom we knew only as Dorrie, so it would have been either Doris or Dorothy. It is conceivable that others among of her siblings may also have been 'Paviors' as they were all from an educated family.

Phyliss ('Phyl' to us) went to High Pavement in 1919 and remained there until 1924. A testimonial from the then headmaster, Dr H J Spenser, stated that her work and conduct throughout were 'very good', saying she did especially well in English and History. She was described as having excellent health, was good at games and music and was a girl who would make every effort to win success and to give of her best. Her School Certificate, issued by the University of London, says she got a Credit in English, English History, Geography, Latin, French, Elementary Mathematics and General Elementary Science, so she was obviously quite clever. After leaving High Pavement, Phyl studied further at Nottingham University College and qualified as a teacher.

For the next 40 years she had only one employer, namely Nottingham Education Authority to whom she gave tireless service, working as a teacher at many of the then infant and junior schools in Nottingham. Her final position was as Assistant Headmistress at Greenwood Infants School. However, her record does not end there.

During the war years she volunteered for the Red Cross, and for 6 years organised help at her various schools in the National Savings scheme to help the war funds, and even found time to study the new language of Esperanto where she obtained 1st Class passes at both Grades One and Two. I think it is fair to say, that overall Phyliss Elizabeth Bowler, was a credit to High Pavement School.

Nevertheless all good stories have a twist to them, and this one is no different. Before meeting and marrying my father in December, 1961 she and I had what the police would call 'previous'. During the 1950's we both lived on Sherwood Estate, she on Oxton Avenue, and I on Joyce Avenue. During the winter months, whenever the snow fell heavily enough to facilitate the sport, the slope of Oxton Avenue would become our estate's main sledging track.

However, every time it occurred, she would come out and throw hot ashes into the road so that her aged father could walk across to visit their friends opposite. She was not popular with me and my friends! Fortunately, I was of a forgiving nature and, after she married my Dad, did not hold it against her. We eventually became firm friends which lasted until her death in 1992.

John Mason

ooOoo

FROM PHIL WARD

The terrors of Sc 4b

I felt I had to comment on the piece in the November *Pavior* from Gordon Moore about the broken window, as I think I may be able to jog Gordon's memory. I vividly recall the infamous Science 4b, especially their finest hour, when they exploded a *bomb* at school.

This was the story that circulated at the time. As budding scientists, certain members of Sc4b decided to apply the lessons derived from their excellent tuition. They assembled a cocktail of potentially explosive materials in a dustbin, placed it on the path in front of the Science Block and detonated it. The explosion was truly awesome; I have never heard or seen a bomb exploding, nor did I actually see this one, but I and all my form mates, in the adjacent block, heard it and were shocked. The rest of the school cannot have missed it. The lid of the bin was allegedly lifted some ten feet up into the air, (and that height grew with every passing day). The sound effects reverberated around the School yard, echoing noisily between the walls of the School's buildings, accompanied by the crash of breaking glass (hence exhibit A in the previous *Pavior*).

At the dinner break dozens of fascinated Paviors queued to inspect the bombed area, the evocative 'bonfire night' smell still lingering. No H&S in those days, no taping off the scene for forensics. It was just seen as a tremendous feat of scientific, or quasi-military, experimentation. Speculation about the perpetrators was frenzied; some alleging it was our own boys running a trial, others claiming it was saboteurs from a rival school attacking us!

The event was much discussed for many weeks after. The lads involved were all seen as heroes, and later martyrs, not villains to be punished. Taffy made them pay for the breakage, to make a point I suppose, as the 'bomb' could have caused serious injuries or more damage. We never learned (until today!) who was directly involved, though many claimed credit, and that number grew by the week, as the tale of derring-do was exaggerated in the telling.

*Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot.
But they'll remember with advantages
What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words—
Cousins! Huskinson! Stevens! Moore!
Be.... remembered.*

So, if my theory is correct, maybe Gordon can now tell all; no time to hide in modest forgetfulness. Surely there must be other old Paviors who can recall this day - for example Messrs Cousins, Huskisson and Stevenson, named on the bill?

*And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here
(or there?), upon Sc 4b's day!*

Phil Ward

Gordon Moore writes:

All I can recollect is that the incident caused a real stink (in many ways) and we were all in trouble, interviewed in Harry Davies office, thrashed verbally then presented with the dreaded bill to take home to our parents. To be fair I remember the consequences more than the actual incident. After that the men of Sc 4b were branded as trouble!

Over the years this was forgotten. I stayed on in the sixth form and left around 1962/63—without a criminal record!

Gordon

FROM MICHAEL SIMPSON

[Following Alan Clarke's photo of the School prefects of 1956-7 we have received this annotated photo for 1957-8 from Michael Simpson, also a regular contributor to our pages.]



BACK ROW: 1. Lance Wright; 2. Brian Taylor; 3. Ian MacPherson; 4. Roger Revell
5. John Worthy; 6. Mick Birch; 7. John Rainsden; 8. John Wilford; 9. S. A. Marshall;
10. Roger Davis; 11. John Greenslade. (Captain/Vice-captain refers to the School)

MIDDLE ROW: 12. M. R. Southgate; 13. Michael Simpson; 14. David Nathan;
15. Dave Penfold; 16. Eric Caldwell; 17. Dave Allen; 18. Dave Morton; 19. A. R. Wilkinson;
20. D. R. Pickersgill.

FRONT ROW: 21. Phil Wombwell; 22. Colin Craib; 23. Tony Corbett; 24. Brian Benjamin;
25. Dewi Tudno Williams (Vice Capt.); 26. Jeff Ling (Capt.); 27. Tony Firkin;
28. Tony Coward; 29. Terry Boyington; 30. M. Wright.

[Missing from the photo: 31. M. W. Pilkington; 32. Bob Deacon; 33. J. R. Auty; 34. M. Wright; 35. A. Barsby.]

[Left school during the academic year: Tony Neville (Captain); Colin Bacon (Vice capt.); Bill Gunn (Vice capt.); Dave Andrew; John Stokes; David McCormick; Bill Morley; R.S.Bartlett; Henry Charles.]

For the 1956-7 photo, which appeared in our last issue, Michael also offers these missing names dredged from his phenomenal memory! Numbering relates to Alan Clarke's listing;

Back row: 1. Dave Nathan; 2. Colin Bacon; 3. Bill Maclean; 4. Bill Morley; 5. Keith Higginbotham; 6. David Pratt; 7. Ben Green; 8. Graham Whatmore; 10. John Thompson.

Middle row: 1. T.A Coombes; 2. Mick Stuchfield; 3. Tony Neville; 4. Michael Hurworth (Vice capt.); 7. John Worthy; 8. Michael Simpson; 9. John Stokes; 10. Bill Gunn.

Front row: 1. Henry Charles; 3. Dave Morris; 4. Paul Kerry; 5. Peter Houghton; 6. Dave Morton; 7. John Sharman (per Dick Beasley).

Missing from the photo: 1. Tony Husbands; 2. Harold Somers; 3. Tony Firkin;
4. Johnny Walker; 5. Cal Arrand.

FROM TREVOR JONES

[Another contribution from our globe-trotting member when he, paid a visit to the Antipodes with his girl-friend.]

Bungy Jumping in New Zealand

On the 10th February '94, we flew over to New Zealand from Sydney, Australia with the intention of spending 3 weeks there but in the end we stayed there just over 3 months!

We landed in Auckland and hitchhiked up to Keri Keri in the Bay of Islands. We were lucky to be picked up by a Maori gentleman who lived near Keri Keri and he took us to a place on the coast where the locals were practising in their huge war canoes ready for the next day's celebrations for *Waitangi Day*, which celebrated the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi. This treaty, signed in 1975, established that the New Zealand government had, by law, to consult with the Maori elders on any matters concerning Maori customs, traditions etc.

We then got a lift from an old guy in a ramshackle pickup who had, a strong family connection with Nottinghamshire. His brother was a pilot in the war but the whole New Zealand crew died when their bomber crashed near Bottesford trying to get back from a raid¹.

N-Z is amazingly beautiful and we visited most of it, from the 90-mile beach in the north down to Stewart Island in the very south. Apart from the Bay of Islands and Coromandel Peninsula in North Island, the highlights for me were concentrated in South Island, including the *Banks Peninsula* (just round the corner from Christchurch), *Wanaka* (which is still one of my favourite places anywhere), *Milford Sound*, *Franz Josef Glacier*, and the *Abel Tasman National Park*, all incredibly beautiful.

However, there was one place I just *had* to visit: *Queenstown*, birthplace of the **Bungy Jump**. In England during the early 1990's, if you were over 50 years of age you couldn't do a bungy jump (also spelt 'bunjee' = rubber) because of insurance restrictions. I was then 50 so New Zealand it was.

The take-off platform was 500 m (1600 ft) up a mountain, which you reached by cable-car and it was fortunately positioned (I thought) because when you stood ready to jump and you looked straight down, you were directly above the church graveyard! There was a photographer half way down the mountain who took every jumper's photo as they hurtled past. This photo is of yours truly in full flight!

The view from the top was incredible. You could see the whole of Queenstown and reaching across Lake Wakatipu to the huge *Remarkables* mountain range, absolutely stunning.

My girl-friend said that the best thing about the experience was at the instant when, just as you were seeing where you would probably spend the rest of eternity, the rope stopped stretching and lifted you back up!

(PS She also said afterwards: 'What mountain range?')

Trevor Jones



¹ Upon returning to England later in the year, I visited the graveyard, took photos etc and wrote to him letting him know his brother and the crew were being well looked after. Their graves are surrounded by rose bushes and were being lovingly cared for - the brother in New Zealand wrote me a beautiful letter back

FROM MIKE SPEAKE

While reading the November issue of *The Pavior*, I was delighted to see my name in David Taylor's informative article about the HP Omnibus Society. Unfortunately I have no recollection at all of ever attending any meetings, and certainly not of going on trips to local garages! Not that I didn't have an interest in buses though.

I started at HP in September 1958 and one of my earliest memories is learning to swim at Noel Street baths first thing on a Monday morning. We would return to school on one of the ancient NCT low-decker (low roof double decker) buses and then the master with us would organise an impromptu quiz to fill up the time until the next period started. Having just moved to Nottingham from South London, I thought I'd be clever by asking about the route taken by the London Transport 197 bus (Peckham to Croydon). It was DG who shot me down by immediately asking me a question about one of the East Midlands Motor Services routes. I never made that mistake again!

Early memories include geography, with Eric Shepherd, who taught us 20 different ways of finding north without a compass (and who could be easily distracted by asking him a question about the war). Tom Ormanroyd taught us French and early on we learnt the whole of 'La Marseillaise'. I well remember the whole class singing with gusto, banging our desk lids up and down to emphasise the beat! What the nearby classes thought....?

During that first year, the school's woodwork master was away on long-term sick-leave, so I never learnt to use a saw, but did technical drawing instead. However, some of these classes were taken by students from Loughborough Teacher Training College (as it was then known), although I never met any of them. That is until 15 years later when I started my own teaching career at Bristol Grammar School and discovered that the Craft master there (Norman Woolley) had been one of those students at HP.



During the Easter break of 1959, there was a school holiday to Whitby (see photo). I'm the chubby one in the jumper, No.6 from the right. Unless I'm mistaken DG is at the left hand end of the front row. Second boy from the left is Alan Sears and in front of him is Melvyn Cresswell, who became a life-long friend and was also, apparently, in the Omnibus Society.

Jumping forward a couple of years, I remember our form room being the history room and every week having to scrub our desks with 'Briz' (a scouring powder) under the watchful eye of Mr. Graham, our form master. This spawned a plague of *Briz Go Fizz* graffiti on

blackboards everywhere. Later, in the fourth or fifth year, there was the Great Board Rubber Robbery, where nearly every board rubber in the school ended up in an empty desk in our form-room. Needless to say those involved (including me!) ended up suitably punished and blackboards could be cleaned properly again. Mike

ooOoo

FROM GRAHAM WYBROW

A Happy Picture

[GW sends this short report to cheer us all up after a rather devastating winter.]

This photo, taken in the 1960s, shows 3 happy Pavians in school uniform, enjoying a private *bird-watching* expedition after school hours. From left to right they are Richard A Preston, Michael Reid and Paul G Ward. Richard and his father (probably the photographer)



were keen ornithologists and often travelled as far as the coast in their family car to pursue the interest. Michael and Paul were more recent recruits to the activity.

I guess the picture was taken in the spring of 1966 in Wollaton Park on what was clearly a very windy day. All three would have been in the Upper Sixth Form and this photo shows how Sixth Formers dressed in those far-off days. You can even see the ‘compulsory’ name label sewn on Paul's tie. The picture was sent to us by our member Phil Ward (brother of Paul). GW

ooOoo

FROM DAVID EASTWOOD

[David Eastwood comments on a notable rowing performance when the High Pavement crew valiantly defeated the formidable opponents from Loughborough Colleges]

Dear Colin, I came across this photo recently and it records the trophy presentation to the **1st Coxed Fours** crew's win at the Loughborough Regatta in 1961, I believe. We won the Maiden Fours after a second row off against the Loughborough Colleges.



To the best of my knowledge the team, from left to right, are:

(Mr J Smith i/c Rowing); Peter (Spud) Taylor (2); myself (stroke); A R Branson (3);
D Coupe (bow), W Haylock (cox).

David Eastwood

FROM GRAHAM WYBROW Sixth Form Life in the 1960s

Sixth Form life seems to have changed considerably since my days at High Pavement in the 1960s and I thought I should record a few of my recollections.

I entered the Sixth Form in Sept 1964, having already completed my GCE O-Levels after five years at the school. It was school policy at that time that you did not sit O-Level exams in subjects that you were planning to take at A-Level. The only exceptions to this rule were for English and Maths, which everyone took at O-Level, these subjects being considered too important to risk any pupil having to leave the school (e.g. due to a family emergency) without these qualifications.

I embarked on a two year course of study for GCE A-Levels in Pure Maths, Applied Maths & Physics. I already had a Grade 1 pass in O-Level Maths but had not, of course, sat O-Level Physics.

By modern standards, the choice of A-Level subjects was mostly limited to 'main-stream' academic subjects. Also for timetable reasons, only certain 'themed' combinations of subjects were permitted. My choice of subjects placed me in the class known as the '**Maths 6th**'. Other Science classes were the '**Science 6th**' (Maths, Physics, Chemistry) and '**Biology 6th**' (Biology, Physics, Chemistry). There were similar classes and subject combinations for the non-science subjects, but I cannot recall these.

The Sixth Form classes were generally fairly small compared with the

30+ class sizes that we had been used to up to O-Level and the 'Maths 6th' tended to be smaller than most (masochists are hard to find !). In my year, the 'Maths 6th' class consisted of seven students (see photo). All had come through the HP lower school with the single exception of Steve Jackson, who had transferred in from some other institution. This was a larger 'Maths 6th' than usual. In the preceding year there had been four pupils and in following year, only two. The 'Science 6th' tended to be the largest of the classes on the science side.

Once in the Sixth Form, there was a marked difference in the way we were treated. We were all then past the 'school leaving age' (then 15) and it was appreciated that we were all at school because we '*chose* to be', and no longer '*had* to be'. The staff respected this and we were certainly treated much more like adults, although we were certainly not allowed the freedoms that modern Sixth Formers enjoy.

Sixth Formers were still expected to wear school uniform (albeit a special Sixth Form tie was permitted) and keep normal school hours, including attending Registration twice a day and Morning Assembly. We were granted the privileges of being allowed in the school



*Upper Maths 6th-Form Class 1966: Names L to R:
Back Row: Michael Oswell, Steve Jackson & Graham Wybrow.
Front Row: Wesley Carter, Robert Richardson, Graham Philpott & David
"Fred" Field.
Location: In front of new (c1963) Boiler House at Gainsford Crescent.*

buildings (unsupervised) before and after school, and during lunch and break times, when younger pupils had to stay in the playground. We were also privileged to walk up the School Cycle-Track (more pleasant than Gainsford Crescent) on our way to and from school (even *without* a bike).

Also, our timetable included some unsupervised 'free-periods' (in my case 4 per week) which we had never experienced before. We were, however, expected to spend these at school in private study in the excellent Senior Library. I have always considered this a wise arrangement as it ensured that we made good use of our time at a period in our lives when it really mattered. At that age, I had yet to develop sufficient self-discipline to resist the temptation of a 'lie-in' when faced with a free first period.

However, there are 'no privileges without responsibilities' and Sixth Formers were expected to set an example to the rest of the school and to take some responsibility for the day-to-day running of the School. Back in the early 1920s, the Headmaster, Dr HJ Spenser, (himself an old boy of Nottingham High School) had introduced to the school the 'self-governing system' in which general school discipline was placed in the hands of the Prefects and Form Monitors, thereby freeing Staff from much routine supervision. At Gainsford Crescent, the Prefects operated from their own 'Prefects Room' on the ground floor of the Science Block. Even those Sixth Formers who were not appointed prefects were still expected to conduct themselves with appropriate dignity and contribute to the running of House / School activities (e.g. House plays, sports practises, school team events etc).

The weekly timetable for the whole school (Sixth Form included) consisted of forty periods, each of 40 minutes duration (i.e. 8 per day). The school day ran from 9am to 4pm, with a lengthy Lunch Break from 12.35 to 2.00 pm. There were five periods in the morning (with a break from 11 to 11.15) and three periods in the afternoon (with no break). My Sixth Form weekly timetable was made up of eight periods for each of my three main A-Level subjects, two periods of General Studies and four Free periods (making 30 'academic periods'). There were of course, several additional hours of homework each day.

The remaining 'non-academic' periods were Morning Assembly (4 periods), House Meetings (1), Games (3) and Craft (2). There were (mercifully) no Physical Education (PE) periods but we were expected to do Games on Wednesday afternoons. I opted for Cross-Country (winter) and Tennis (summer). I feel that these periods were valuable, in different ways, and fear that comparable periods may not appear in the lives of modern Sixth-formers.

On reflection now I am pleased that I attended a sixth-form that was part of a larger secondary school. I always felt that the lower school benefitted from the daily presence of the more mature Sixth Formers whilst the Sixth Formers gained much from the responsibilities and authority they were given.

The Sixth Form bridged that important gap between child and adult and, with their various achievements in the 'adult world', provided accessible role-models for the lower school. Once in the Sixth Form, I felt the need to set just such an example and learned much from the responsibilities that I was given. At the same time, I was guided through the challenges of growing up by helpful staff who I now regarded more as friends than authority figures.

I was also grateful for the 'green surroundings' and ready access to sports facilities at Bestwood, which greatly helped relieve the considerable pressures of the stressful Sixth Form years.

Graham Wybrow

FROM HOWARD HEWITT

[Old Pavior Howard Hewitt, though not a member, has sent us these recollections of his time at HP which he sent to us after a visit to the Society's website]

Cricket memories

I have been visiting the Society's website and in the memories section there is a photograph of the 1970-71 Senior Cricket XI. I am the boy on the far right front row listed at present as 'unknown'. As I recall, Clive Swinn and myself (both front row) were the only two regular fifth form boys to play that season. Clive was a very strong lad and a good batsman while I, on the other hand, was a rubbish at the crease but happened to be a very good spin bowler.

I enjoyed my school years with very fond memories of my time at High Pavement. I left to go to work with my hard earned six 'O' levels. However, I did continue to meet a couple of the teachers after that, namely Bert Dodd and Bill Gray. They both played cricket for Woodthorpe Cricket club and they invited me along to join them, which I did for two or three seasons. After that family life saw me drift away from the club and sadly, I never saw them again though I always had great respect for them and liked them both.

A footnote: Some 27-28 years later my wife, who in our courting days used to help out with the players' teas during the matches, came across a more mature Bill Gray in the hospital where she worked. He was being treated for some illness at the time. My wife saw his name on the bed and, remembering who he was, the following conversation took place:

'Are you the Bill Gray that used to teach at High Pavement?'

'Yes, but I didn't teach you!'

'No, you used to teach my husband.'

'Who was that?'

'Howard Hewitt.'

She told me he just lay there in the bed and said *'Ah yes! Slow left arm round the wicket!'*

To be remembered as a team mate by Bill after all those years is something I shall always cherish.

Howard

ooOoo

FROM ALAN BULLIMORE

Dear Editor (and brother-in-law, for such you happen to be),

Further to our recent email exchange about my activities as a heritage railway volunteer, I was interested to read your remarks about other Old Paviors with similar interests and would like to suggest we each contribute something about such activities to *The Pavior*. I am sure there are many among the High Pavement alumni who could (hopefully) interest, and even entertain, the readership. What do you think about the idea? I have drafted an article which is enclosed.

Alan Bullimore

[This will appear in the May 2021 Pavior as the inaugural article of our new feature –Ed.]



HP Society Ties

We still have a few in stock at £10 each, including postage. Contact the Secretary, Cheques preferred. *[The colours are those used by High Pavement when it was a mixed secondary school. The design with brown, blue and gold dates from 1933.]*

TOP OF THE FORM!



Robin Taylor to Colin Salsbury: During my time at HP broadcasts of the above BBC quiz programme took place featuring our school versus two other grammar schools. I can't remember the names of the brain-boxes comprising our team but I think they were possibly from forms higher up the school than mine I think I may have then been in the third year.

Recently, whilst sorting through some old books I came across one entitled *Top of the Form* which was a selection of some 800 questions by Tom Williams, the compiler of those questions featured in the series. I have picked a number of the brain teasers from across the range of subjects which might be a diversion for the readers of *The Pavior?*

Colin Salsbury to Robin Taylor: You have stirred deep memories for me. Top of the Form came to HP about a couple of years after I left to go into the RAF. I was a 'wireless' mechanic (the RAF still called it that in those days) and one morning I was killing time, as one does, in the telegraphists' room at RAF Coningsby. There was nobody else there so I put on the headphones and tuned their big R1155 receiver to the BBC.

To my astonishment I found I was listening to TOTF with *High Pavement*, no less, sparring with another school. One of the HP contestants was my old friend Norman Richards, whom I knew in the school Scouts (he was called NuDRah which is how you pronounced his initials NDR.). He correctly answered a question: 'Why are the TT motor cycle races held in the Isle of Man?'

I sat there entranced, rather surprised to hear such strong Nottingham accents on the BBC. People came and went as I sat there, no doubt convinced I was repairing the receiver!

So Yes! Yes! Let's give our friends something to chew on in these lockdown languors and see if in their mature years they can match the intellect of the 1950s

So here they are!

- 1) From what work was the following extract taken and who was the author?
'Over this style is the way to Doubting Castle which is kept by Giant Despair'
- 2) Can you link the word MORPHIA with the name of a legendary person?
- 3) What is the origin of the word BUNKUM?
- 4) What is the opposite of MISANTHROPE?
- 5) What is the difference between AESTHETIC and ASCETIC?
- 6) What is a BARMECIDE feast?
- 7) What is the simple meaning of the following TO HAVE AN EXCESS OF ADIPOSE TISSUE?
- 8) Who was the Scottish writer given the title of 'Tusitala' - the Teller of Tales by the people of Samoa?
- 9) Who was the man, born in Poland, who, though knowing little English until he was nearly 20, became one of the greatest English novelists?
- 10) What nations fought at the Battle of Marathon?
- 11) Who was the Prime Minister who said 'Roll up the map: it will not be wanted these ten years'?
- 12) What kind of creature is a pipistrelle?
- 13) Can you distinguish between a weasel and a stoat?
- 14) What British writer described cricketers and footballers as 'flannelled fools and muddied oafs'?
- 15) Why did Newfoundland issue a stamp commemorative of Wilfred Thomason Grenfell?
- 16) How many arms has the common starfish?
- 17) How does a sea mile compare in length to a land mile?
- 18) Which of the countries in South America have no sea coast?
- 19) What is an ichthyosaurus?
- 20) What is the difference between a refracting and a reflecting telescope?

Answers on the next page

Answers to Top of the Form questions

1) **Pilgrim's Progress** (Bunyan) 2) **Morpheus**, the god of sleep and dreams 3) The Member of Congress for **Buncombe**, N.Carolina who spoke in Congress needlessly and lengthily – merely to try and impress his constituents. 4) **Philanthropist** 5) **Aesthetic**, descriptive of a person who can perceive and appreciate beauty. **Ascetic**, self-denying (as in monastic life) 6) An **illusion** - a 'feast' with rich dish-covers, and nothing under them. 7) To be **too fat**. 8) **Robert Louis Stevenson** 9) **Joseph Conrad** 10) **Greeks and Persians** 11) **Wm. Pitt the younger** (after Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz) 12) Small kind of **bat** 13) a) The **stoat** is much larger of the two. b) the **weasel's** coat is more reddish and its tail is short without a brush 14) **Kipling** 15) He was a medical missionary who did remarkable work in Labrador and Newfoundland 16) **Five** 17) It is **longer** by 226 yards) 18) **Bolivia** and **Paraguay** 19) An **extinct marine reptile** 20) A refracting telescope has a **lens** converging the rays to focus, a reflecting telescope has a **mirror or 'speculum'**.

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EDWARD FRANCIS

A Connection with the People's College

EDWARD FRANCIS, (1845-1918), was Head Master of the People's College, Nottingham and was a writer of valuable contributions in works on physical science. Until that College was opened in 1847 there was no higher education in Nottingham available for young men who wanted to gain mental development, and increased business capacity, through a training in knowledge of the sciences and languages, at a moderate cost.

Later however, the (then) University College and two Secondary Schools (i.e. like High Pavement) had been created and between them they supplied this want, so the People's College was changed to the status of a Higher Grade School to which Mr. Francis was appointed (1st January, 1883).

In 1905 this School and its Head Master were transferred to the new **High Pavement Secondary School** (as it was then known), bringing with him a large number of the senior grade pupils and several of the staff. The older (People's College) building then became an Elementary School. Mr Francis then became Headmaster at High Pavement, serving until his death in 1918.

The record of Mr. Francis at the People's College was as quoted as '...one of the most popular and successful Head Masters.'

[Adapted from the records of the Thoroton Society to whom due acknowledgement is made]

William Hugh Memorial

We are interested in the present whereabouts of the School memorial to William Hugh, the former Headmaster of High Pavement School from 1861 to 1905. He was headmaster for 44 years and his tenure covered both the period when the school was situated on High Pavement in the Lace Market and afterwards in new buildings on Stanley Road, Forest Fields.

The memorial took the form of a framed, inscribed wooden tablet, approximately 30in high by 20in wide (see photos).

At Gainsford Crescent, it was mounted in the Main Hall, on the wall of the side-corridor that provided access to the gym. The photo shows the Memorial around the year 2000 when it was in much the same location that I remember from the 1960s.





It was originally flanked on the RH side (looking towards the photo) with the School Honours Boards which commemorated academic successes but I believe that these were moved to a different location a couple of years before the photo was taken.

Would any reader who has knowledge of the memorial's fate and, hopefully, its present existence, please get in touch with me. I am currently trying to compile a list of historic, non-document (i.e. lumpy) items that may be of interest to the City Museum's Service. Historic documents relating to our school are of course lodged with the Notts County Archives.

Graham Wybrow, Society Archivist

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ALAN GODBER

We have been informed by his family that our member, Alan Godber, died, aged 93, on November 24th 2020. He was in hospital after a fall and while there died from the effects of Covid 19. His funeral was held privately.

KEN JONES

We have heard from Matt Jones that his father, our member Ken Jones, died peacefully at his home in Norwich, aged 91, on December 12th 2020.

HARRY EVERITT

We have heard from his wife Valerie that our member James Harry Everitt has died in a care home in Southport, aged 74, on January 31st 2021.

ROSSE HESLOP

We have received news from our member Derek Tonkin that his friend and fellow Old Pavior **Rosse Heslop** (*not a member of the Society*) died in the USA on 6th March 2020 at the age of 90.

Rosse is well remembered as an outstanding Captain of the School in 1948 and he excelled academically and athletically, reading Chemistry at Queen's College, Oxford University where he was awarded degrees: BA, BSc, MA and DPhil - in Physical Chemistry. He earned a Half Blue in Athletics (track), and was a leader in the university Scouting community.

Rosse spent his whole working life in the USA. (In 1967, among his many other activities, he was involved in determining the cause of the fatal flash-fire aboard the Apollo I spacecraft at Cape Kennedy.)

PHILIP VOSS

*[Phil Ward has drawn our attention to the obituary of Old Pavior **Philip Voss** (not a member of the Society) which appeared in The Guardian in November, from which these two short extracts are taken.]*

The commanding actor Philip Voss, who died on November 13th 2020 of cancer and complications from Covid-19, aged 84. Voss was born in Leicester... but when the family moved to the village of Wollaton, near Nottingham, Philip attended the city's High Pavement School. He joined a local amateur theatre and, after national service with the RAF, trained for the stage at RADA....

The Society sends its sincere condolences to the families of these former Old Paviors

OUR ENDPICE
FROM TOMMY GEE

[Tommy has often entertained us with his memoirs in past issues and from distant Brasil (sic) he returns to the fray with a few more bizarre experiences]

Kuwait and Beyond

During my naval career I was aboard HMS Glasgow as she sailed up the Persian Gulf visiting the small gulf kingdoms. The British had good relations with them, nurturing their rulers through *Residents*, responsible to the Foreign Office rather than the Colonial Office.

At the time I was in touch with Steve Berridge, an Old Pavior, no less, who was Chief Chemist of the Kuwait Oil Company. He collected me from the *Glasgow* when we called at Kuwait and took me for lunch with the Resident. He then drove me across the desert in a large black Humber car to see the oil wells. I recall him explaining how large the oil deposits were and that Kuwait had a fantastic future ahead.

[We later sailed up the Shat-al-Arab to Basra where Britain had already developed a massive oil industry based on Iranian oil. We anchored mid-stream with our captain warning the ship's company that any 'man overboard' had little hope as he would be carried away too quickly for rescue. (I might say that at sea we rehearsed this eventuality regularly by throwing a ring buoy, over the side and putting the helm hard over, completing a large circle and keeping a lookout to recover the buoy). Fast rivers, however, were another thing.]

My next memory linked to Kuwait was in my days on the staff of The University of Sussex in Brighton. The University reflected the policy of my former employers, the old Foreign and Colonial Office, of winning friends and influencing people. We were told that the Kuwait Finance Minister had accepted an invitation to visit Britain; would our Institute of Development Studies (IDS) accept him in his programme as a Visiting Fellow? (Possibly Britain's sterling balances were involved). The minister, it seemed, had no academic pretensions and was not an economist, just a member of the ruling elite charged with looking after Kuwait's finances.

When he arrived I asked him what he would like to do, and was rather taken aback when he said 'Learn to ride a horse!' I don't think Brighton measured up to his expectations. Is there a riding school in Mayfair (where he was more at home)?

An ex-colonial hand from Nigeria told me he was landed with a similar job after independence when the FCO was wooing new politicians. When he asked his rich visitor, who had progressed via retail trade, what he wished to do, he said to visit *Woolworths*, where he had an enjoyable spending spree.

When the Soviet thaw took place we were asked to host a Professor of Economics from Warsaw. Before he returned home I hired suitable apparel for him to visit Glyndebourne and also asked what he would like to take home as a present? He opted for 18 inches of ptfе tubing to enable his water heater to reach the bath—and some meat, as this was very scarce.

Idi Amin, self-proclaimed King of Scotland, was never a UK guest. He chartered a cargo plane to carry his regular UK shopping to Entebbe. However, after Uganda had lived for 10 bleak years under Amin we were to welcome a Uganda Professor to the IDS. He simply asked for help in getting a carburettor for his car - an easy assignment.

Our world has many unfulfilled needs. Peace, friendship and equality, truth, food and shelter, wisdom, education, health, prosperity,

The task ahead is daunting.

Tommy