

The Pavior



The Newsletter
of
The High Pavement Society
(founded 1989)

February 2022

Your Committee

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

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Faces to Remember
Philip Roger Lynes Pratt
Mathematics Master
1968-69

COMMITTEE NOTICES

Treasurer's Notice

THE HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY EDUCATION FUND APPEAL

Members are reminded that the Society is seeking donations to its Education Fund. Following the loss of contributions from two generous supporters, the fund had reached a point where there was strong possibility that we would have to reduce the awards and other contributions which we make annually to students at High Pavement Sixth Form of Nottingham College.

However, thanks to the generosity of eleven members of the Society the Appeal currently stands at £1745 which will ensure that we are able to meet the expectations of our Annual Awards for the next two years

Further donations would be very welcome and, with a view to the future, you may like to make an annual donation by setting up a Standing Order, payable at a time to suit yourself.

For further information please contact Robin Taylor, Honorary Treasurer (for details please see page 2).

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Editor's Notes

1. On page 9 of this issue is an article about the opening of a small but high class hotel in the old High Pavement School buildings on High Pavement in the Lace Market. We have been in contact with the Propreitors who are pleased to have this feature in our newsletter. Should any Member of the Society wish to stay there **they will be offered a favourable rate** by the management. Please contact the editor for the contact phone number to be used.
2. In these difficult times we have received fewer contributions than normal from our readers but I am pleased to acknowledge those from our Archivist, Graham Wybrow, who has sent several additional items.

ooOoo

HIGH PAVEMENT SIXTH FORM AWARDS

'Student of the Term'

High Pavement Sixth Form , the branch institution of Nottingham College which bears our name and with which we have cordial relations, have instituted a new progress award entitled 'Student of the Term' for their 'A' level students. They have invited the Society Committee to act as judges for these awards, based on the list of nominations created by the course tutors of the student body.

The Committee feels honoured to be asked to make these final judgments and appointed Ken Kirk and Robin Taylor as a small sub-committee to consider the college's reports. They finally selected four students from the First Year and four from the Second Year.

First year: **Kyra Harrison; Cameron Kendrick; Paige Roe; Tyler Dean**

Second Year: **Grace Bedia; Angela Sheard; Hannah Peachey; Abdulla Al Kayal**

On February 1st a ceremony was held at the Chaucer Street premises attended by Ken, Robin, and John Chambers, to present the awards. (Hannah Peachey was not present.)

Photos of the occasion are shown overleaf.



Grace Bedia receives her award from Robin Taylor. Standing behind are John Chambers and Ken Kirk. (On the right is Robin Atherlay of the HP 6th Form staff)



Recipients with their certificates pose proudly with Ken Kirk. **Back:** Abdullah Al Kayal; Grace Bedia; Kyra Harrison; Tyler Dean; Cameron Kendrick. **Front:** Paige Rae; Angela Sheard.

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THE HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY CHRISTMAS LUNCH



At just after 1.00 pm. On Thursday, December 9th, 2021, twenty two members and honorary members, together with another twelve wives or partners, sat down to their annual Christmas Lunch, at the **Mapperley Golf Club**, Central Avenue, Mapperley, Nottingham.

During the now obligatory, pre-prandial drinks session, the usual *Hello!s*, *How-are-you!s* and *Long-time-no-see!s* were exchanged between friends who had, because of the restrictions imposed by the Covid-19 pandemic, not seen each other for some two years.

Our numbers were also slightly depleted compared with the original bookings, some by the current outbreak, others by the fear of not wanting to spread the disease, but our spirits were not dampened. Oh dear no!



We were all welcomed to the occasion by our President, Ken Kirk, who then went on to say grace. Then we all tucked into the meal, beautifully prepared, and expertly served, by the golf club catering staff, this time following a slightly different format. Our previous festive visits, had taken the form of a two or three course meal, delivered as a three-meat carvery with

the opportunity to help yourself to a veritable feast of vegetables. This year, in contrast, we were seated in groups of approximately eight to a table, with courses served to us by waiters, ably supervised by restaurant manager, Rob.

The outcome of this was that everybody was served with the choice they had ordered and helped themselves to the mountains of vegetables available in tureens on our tables. There were no delays and everything worked like clockwork. It was a masterpiece of organisation.



From the noise within the dining room it was apparent that all present were well

satisfied, and many long established friendships were rekindled. It was astounding to realise that, in spite of the restrictions imposed by the government, our members travelled from as far afield as Lincoln, Grantham, Spalding, and distant Derbyshire. As ever, our party stalwart Harold Blythe and his wife Leila made their



pilgrimage from remote *Fleetwood* in Lancashire, for which we say 'Thank you and well done!' to the both of you.

Of course no High Pavement gathering of such magnitude could end without a lusty rendition of *CARMEN PAVIOREM* and this occasion was no exception. The rafters echoed to the sounds of our noble anthem.



Some two hours after sitting down we all bade each other fond farewells, with promises of 'See you next year!'

In the humble view of the writer, our gathering was a resounding success.

John Mason

ooOoo

HIGH PAVEMENT IN STAINED GLASS

Society member David (DG) Taylor is well known for his interest in *Omnibuses* but he also has a keen interest in the history of local Chapels and Churches. Recently, David discovered that there was a church in Nottingham with a Stained Glass Window that prominently incorporates the High Pavement School Badge and he wondered what the connection was with the School? Subsequent investigations have provided the answer.

The Church in question is St Margaret's in Aspley Lane, Aspley, adjacent to the current Blue Coat School campus. The church is a red-brick building constructed in the mid-1930s, at



The Church of St Margaret, Aspley Lane, Aspley, Nottingham (viewed from the South).



The two windows with the Coats of Arms. The High Pavement Shield is upper left.

the time that the Aspley Housing Estate was being developed. This Church was built by the family of John Dane Player, the well-known Nottingham tobacco manufacturer. The window of interest is in the south-east corner of the church in a small side Lady Chapel.

There are two adjacent windows, each decorated with two Coats-of-Arms. At the bottom of each window there is a stained-glass text panel. These read:



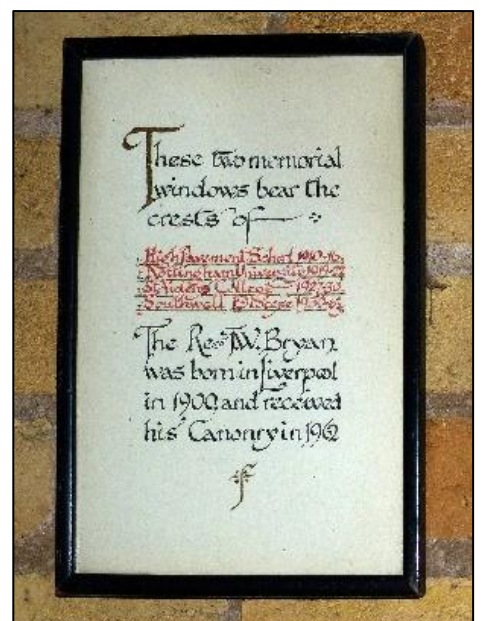
‘IN LOVING MEMORY OF
THOMAS W. BRYAN,
CANON, FIRST VICAR OF
THIS CHURCH
1934-1950’

and

‘THIS WINDOW IS GIVEN BY HIS WIFE ALMA ELISABETH AND FAMILY’.

A framed card (right) mounted between the two windows explains that the Coats of Arms are those of:

- High Pavement School 1910-16** (top-left),
- Nottingham University 1919-22** (bottom-left),
- St Aidan's College 1927-30** (top-right)
- Southwell Diocese 1930-64** (bottom-right).



This card also records that Rev T W Bryan was born in Liverpool in 1900 and received his Canonry in 1962.

There is also a Memorial Plaque to Canon Bryan in the main body of the Church which records that he died in 1965.

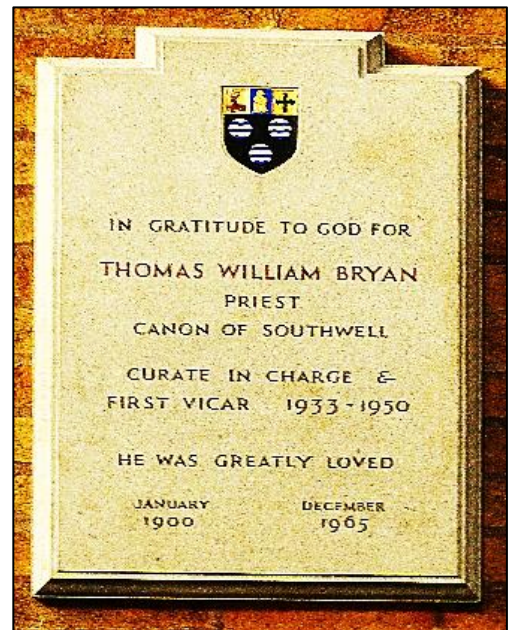
Canon Bryan would have been Vicar of St Margaret's during the very difficult years of the 1930s (The Depression), followed by World-War 2 and the post-war 'Austerity' (including rationing).

Adjacent to the current church there is a residential block called 'Bryan Court' and it is presumed that this is also named in memory of Canon Bryan.

High Pavement Admission Records record that Thomas William Bryan attended the school at Stanley Road from Monday 11th September 1911 to Saturday 24th July 1915 (four years). His Date of Birth is given as 23rd Jan 1900, his father as William Powell Bryan and his home address as 49 Victoria Road, Sherwood. A Leslie Harold Bryan (possibly a younger brother?) also attended High Pavement School from Tuesday 7th Sep 1915 to Friday 25th July 1919 (4 years) when his family address was given as 63 Caledon Road, Sherwood.

Graham Wybrow

(The author gratefully acknowledges the assistance, in the preparation of this article by both the St Margaret's Verger, Grahame Stevens, and the Rev Rich Atkinson.)



The High Pavement Shield in Stained Glass.

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THE H P SOCIETY TIE

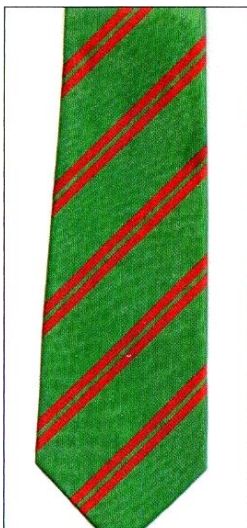
At a recent gathering with several new faces present we managed to sell the last of our stock of Society ties. Even then there was at least one potential customer left high and dry, so the Committee has seen fit to order a further batch of the noble green and red.

As we have restricted the number to 18 items we have had to pay a higher price than hitherto. We will therefore have to offer them at a new price of **£12.00 each** (plus postage if required).

We trust this will not deter those for whom this tie is a significant item of apparel at Society functions.

Please send orders to the Secretary (address on page 2).

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NEW LIFE FOR OLD HIGH PAVEMENT

Old Pavors will be interested to learn of a new use for the buildings of the Old HP School on High Pavement in Nottingham's Lace Market. The premises are located behind the imposing building of the former High Pavement Unitarian Chapel, now a wine bar called 'The Pitcher and Piano' (and well conducted as befits its history). Almost hidden by this building the old school had been used for some time to house a suite of offices and held the title of the 'Heritage Mews'.

This was described some time ago in these pages (in November 2018) following a visit to the site by us. We were able to inspect the school buildings which, incidentally, are clearly visible from the Canal Street area and are built against the cliff face, so they had no original windows on the north side and contain other floors below High Pavement's street level.

At the time of our visit some extensive building work was



We show here a few photos kindly made available by the proprietors of Heritage Mews.



◀ The entrance is at the rear of the *Pitcher and Piano* wine bar (formerly the Unitarian chapel)

The fenestration apertures have been adapted for use in the new interiors. ▶

This apartment is believed to be the Boy's Classroom, with French window, at the lower level ▶

◀ An example of the ingenious lengths the developers have used to accommodate the original window apertures (note window segment half-hidden behind the bath).



in progress to convert the main body into a series of studio flats. Since then further work has established a discreetly placed *hotel* within the premises (which are protected as part of the historic Lace Market conservation area). It advertises itself under the name 'Heritage Mews'.

Now fully operational, the old school has gained a new life. As Graham Wybrow recently remarked 'Wouldn't William Hugh¹ have been impressed!'

Old Pavors can still point with pride at these buildings, now housing the new hotel, and comment that HP history was kindled there. Indeed some of us might make use of it as a place to stay while on a visit from outside the locality! (see note on page 3).

Colin Salsbury, Graham Wybrow

ooOoo

¹ We need hardly mention that he was the Headmaster for most of the time these buildings were in use as a school

FROM KEN KIRK
TOM WILLIAMSON – A GOLFING PAVIOR



Tom Williamson in his prime

It is only recently that I learned that Tom was an old boy of High Pavement School and I felt I would find it interesting to look at his career in more detail.

I was a member at Hollinwell Golf Club where Tom spent the whole of his professional career which lasted for 54 years, still a record for a club Pro.

I have thought many times about his start in life. He was born in Grantham in February 1880 and later the family moved to Bulwell where his father became stationmaster at Bulwell Common station alongside the well-known Bulwell Forest Golf Course.

In about 1891 Tom would have been one of the first pupils at the newly built Stanley Road premises and I imagine he would probably have walked to school (about two miles as the crow flies). Apart from school he must have devoted a lot of time on the course because, by the age of sixteen, he was good enough as a golfer and club maker and knowledgeable about the sport to be offered a trial position as professional at Notts GC. This was initially for a trial period of six months. Later, at a dinner in 1947 to mark fifty years' service he asked the Captain of the day if that meant the job was now permanent!

Tom played in every Open Golf Championship from 1897 until 1947 a record unlikely to be beaten. Given that Championships were played in Scotland or Kent, it is likely that he would travel by train. In 1914 He won £8:15s for coming fourth which might have helped with the cost of travelling to St Andrews.

I was fortunate enough to meet his great niece (who was invited to open 'Tom's Room' at Hollinwell) a few years ago and she told me then how she could always recall the peculiar smell of Tom's Professional Shop—a mixture of oil, bunsen burner fumes, glue and so on..

Initially, Tom would have worked at Bulwell Forest GC although at that time it was probably known as Notts GC. In 1905 the Notts club moved to a location near Kirkby in Ashfield which is where it is today. Tom continued to live in Bulwell and no doubt travelled daily from Bulwell station to Hollinwell Halt.

His golfing triumphs are many and varied, including captaining the England team on several occasions, playing with Harry Varden, winning the Midlands title many times, designing many courses, starting the practice of numbering irons (in 1906) and many more innovations. Tom's brother was Pro at Wollaton Park from 1925 (when it opened) until his death in the 1950s but Tom was the most famous golfer from a family of very good players.

As I mentioned, there is a Tom's Room at Hollinwell containing some very interesting memorabilia and I would be delighted to escort any reader wanting to know more.

Ken Kirk

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Golf News

At the recent meeting of the Committee, the chairman, Ken Kirk, commented on the suggestion made by our member Rex Davies, that the Society should organise a Golf Day to raise funds. However, he said that from his extensive experience the number of golfers within the Society would not sustain a full contest but a Golf venture of some kind was a possibility and he would discuss this with Rex in the near future.

To enable a more objective view the committee would like any interested golfing Pavors to send their names to the Secretary (by post or email, see p. 2). The committee can then notify them of any arrangements that might be possible in pursuing the matter.

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Bestwood Remembered

The Wooden Huts

[Yet another nostalgic description from Graham Wybrow of the former Gainsford Crescent establishment, this time one of the less distinguished but very useful pieces of its architecture!]

Old Pavors will well remember the line of three identical Wooden Huts on the north side of the Playground that were occasionally used as Games Changing Rooms when the Hall and Gym were being used for External Exams (or Mocks).

These huts actually pre-dated the High Pavement Development. They were originally part of a set of six identical wooden huts that formed an earlier Primary School that occupied the same site from 1941-53.

Initially called the Bestwood Temporary School it

later became the Gainsford Crescent Primary School. In 1953, this Primary School moved to the nearby newly-built Henry Whipple Infants School clearing the way for building work to begin on the new High Pavement School. (I wonder if this building was also used as the Site Office for the 1953 development).

However, three of the huts would be spared and enjoy a second career as a very useful 'free' addition to the HP facilities.

By the time the photo was taken (circa 2000), two of the three huts had been replaced (note modern hut behind on left). However, this last wooden hut *was* used as the Site Office during the post-2002 redevelopment and was the last of the HP buildings to leave the site (after 61 years!).



ooOoo

FROM OUR READERS

[Rather fewer contributions than is usual but we have received a loyal offering or two.]

FROM GRAHAM WYBROW
James G Bullock – Maths Master
An appreciation

Readers may recall that in November 2020 *The Pavior* featured in its ‘Faces to Remember’ page the photo of Jim Bullock, who was Maths Master at High Pavement School for some 32 years, from 1934 until 1966. His service was interrupted for a period during the 2nd World War when he served as a Lieutenant Instructor in the Royal Navy. Colin Salsbury recalls that, towards the end of the WW-2, Jim occasionally visited the (Stanley Road) school impressively dressed in his full naval uniform.

Jim Bullock was born in 1911 and grew up in the Lincolnshire town of Grantham. Grantham was then very much a railway town and he was very proud of the fact that his father was an engine driver – surely every schoolboy’s dream. Jim attended the King’s School, Grantham, a school which was founded in the 1500s as the ‘Free Grammar School of King Edward VI’ and is still in existence today. Currently it has just over 1000 boys and has been a selective state grammar school since the implementation of the 1944 Education Act.



James G Bullock, 1955

Jim was proud of the fact that this was the same school that Sir Isaac Newton attended 1654-60, and Jim often spoke of, and recommended, visiting the Isaac Newton Birthplace Museum at Woolsthorpe Manor, near Grantham.

From the King’s School, Jim went on to Selwyn College Cambridge where he studied for a BA in Mathematics from 1930-33, eventually achieving a Cambridge MA degree. He joined the staff of High Pavement School in September 1934 and served as Mathematics Master until his untimely death in Nov 1966, at the age of 55. At that time, he had been Head of the Maths department for several years.

At Gainsford Crescent Jim mostly conducted his teaching from his own small ‘Maths Room’ on the ground floor of the Science Block, adjacent to the Prefect’s Room. However, this was just a normal classroom with no special facilities and Jim long pressed for a dedicated Maths Laboratory. This was eventually achieved with the 1965-6 extension to the north end of the Science Block when he was assigned a large ‘Lab’ on the ground floor below the new and sound-proofed Music Room.

Unfortunately, he was able to move into this new facility only at Easter 1966, less than six months before his death.

Jim Bullock, of course, liked all things mathematical and was the

CURVES OF CONSTANT BREADTH

Which the student was asked to manufacture and features by producing... (text continues)

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS No. 8

The Author: [Name]

These are some of the instruments... (text continues)

1	20
2	25
3	30
4	35
5	40
6	45
7	50
8	55
9	60
10	65

... (text continues)

'Mathematical Pie' magazine of May 1963.

procurer of the Mathematical Pie magazines that were occasionally sold around the school. He would sometimes bring his own sextant into school to illustrate practical aspects of celestial navigation, reflecting his own naval experience.

In our final year at HP, I recall he acquired and constructed a Sinclair Pocket Electronic Calculator. These calculators were sold as 'build-it yourself' kits and he had assembled this one himself. They were far in advance of anything otherwise available at that time and he brought it in to school one day to show us. In addition to the novelty of a red LED display, made up of several separate 7-segment LED display units, it also calculated sufficiently slowly that you could see the display changing with each step in an iterative calculation. I remember wondering at the time if, one day, we might all have one of these 'wonders'.

In his later years at High Pavement, in addition to his teaching duties Jim was also a Senior Examiner for one of the GCE Examination Boards (but not the one that the school used). He explained that his specific responsibility was to moderate the marking of papers to ensure consistency of marking from year-to-year. In order to do this, the Examination Board retained a selection of the examination scripts (the hand-written papers submitted by candidates for marking) from each year, together with the matching examination papers and 'marking schemes'.

Each year, selected examiners from the current year would be asked to re-mark these 'old' scripts using the corresponding 'old' marking scheme, and the derived marks compared with those awarded at the time. By this method, it was possible to relate the current year's marking with that of previous years, effectively providing a 'reference standard' for the marking of GCE examinations. Some years later, I was discussing this with a distinguished educationalist and I was told that such Examination Scripts were no longer retained, and this had been on the explicit instructions of Mrs Thatcher (a perhaps less mathematically knowledgeable product of Grantham). By effectively abolishing the 'reference standard', the door was opened to the now much discussed 'grade inflation'.

Jim had the unusual habit of always wearing to school a 'buttonhole', usually a carnation from his own garden (see any photo). His main sporting interest was swimming and he organised the school Swimming Team and the Swimming Galas for many years. The Galas were usually held at the Victoria Baths because this had a gallery for spectators which allowed many non-competing pupils to attend also. He was a keen photographer and made a point, each year, of taking a class photograph of each Upper Maths Sixth Form.

If I remember correctly, Jim had two children both of whom followed their father to Cambridge University and studied Maths. Sometime around 1996, I was visiting High Pavement College (as it had then become) to take photos of the site ahead of the threatened demolition. While I was there, I was introduced to the then Head of Mathematics, Mrs Gill Bailey and I learned that she was Jim Bullock's daughter. She had been Head of Maths for several years and was proud to be conducting lessons in what was her father's original small 'Maths Room' in the Science Block. I recalled that I had previously met her once before, some 30 years previously, when she was still at school and I was attending Jim's annual 'End-of-Year Tea-Party' for the leaving Maths Class, held at his home.

Regrettably, Gill herself was to die prematurely a few years later, at around the same age as her father. Together, Jim and his daughter made major contributions to the teaching of Mathematics at High Pavement, for which countless students remain forever grateful.

Graham Wybrow

FROM TOMMY GEE

Harvest Camp Experiences

[Several of our older members have written in these columns of their experiences at the High Pavement harvest camps organised during the summer months of the 1940s. Tommy Gee is fortunately able to send a few of his, including a particularly sanguinary incident!]

Goof (Potter) and several other members of the school staff took us teenagers to a large farm in Lincolnshire early in WW2. I have little recollection of where it was but some incidents and experiences are vivid. How many there were of us and where we slept are now beyond memory. I don't know how we got there, when it was and the impact it probably had on us but some memories have lingered on...

We had a simple bread-slicer (bread being a staple ingredient of all meals) operated by a crank handle This occupied one of your hands while your other pushed the long loaf against the razor sharp blade as it rotated, cutting the piles of slices needed at every meal. Mr W E Morris, the popular chemistry teacher, was the operator one mealtime and zealously cut the last slice off the loaf, only to exclaim as he did so, '*That's my finger!*' pointing to a white slice liberally stained with red blood on it. Almost (but not *quite*) enough to put one off one's meal. I assume W E M was suitably treated and made a good recovery.

At 11.00 am there was a break in our labours to partake of bacon sandwiches with a mug of tea in a large barn, delivered by two plump Land-Army girls. Some memories never die!

Working in the cornfield our first job was to follow the mower-binder (this was in the days before widespread use of the combine harvester) and to stowk/stook (stand up) the *sheaves* in leaning rows (3 + 3 and 1 each end) to dry. Then using carts pulled by two horses we would collect the dry sheaves and drive to the farmyard where they were stacked, to be threshed later.

I'd be glad to know if anyone else remembers those happy times, especially when and where it all happened.

Tommy

[Editor's note: W E (Bill) Morris was a popular chemistry master and regular leader of harvest camp ventures. In 1950 he was in charge of a contingent at Horn Hill near Oakham which suffered an outbreak of polio, needing all the contacts to remain isolated (reminds one of today's difficulties) much to their disgust ('Not even a headache!') and earning WEM a good deal of press exposure, which he handled with his typical Yorkshire aplomb.



*After a decade teaching at HP Mr Morris was appointed headmaster of the Cornwell Secondary School in east London (named after its former pupil **Jack Cornwell VC**, the 16-year-old hero of the Battle of Jutland).]*

ooOoo

FROM JOHN FLETCHER

[Though not a member of the Society, John Fletcher has followed its fortunes through his friendship with John Elliott and has sent us this remarkable photo from way back in the days at Stanley Road. No doubt many from those times are among the group. Are you one of them?]

The Upper V 'Lads'

Hello to all Old Pavriors!

This photo, taken in 1953, is of several lads from the Upper V who 'enjoyed' an extra year's attendance at HP because their birthdays were 'out of sync' with the official school year (*Don't ask!!*)

Most of us started our High Pavement Grammar School life in 1947 and the photo was taken in our final weeks at the school.



Front Row	[2 nd from left] – Tony Bull [lived on or near Bell's Lane??]
Middle Row	[3 rd from left - un-buttoned jacket] – myself – John Fletcher
“ “	[5 th from left – tie & light-coloured trousers] – Michael Newstead
Back Row	[looking through the space between Michael Newstead and the lad in the light-coloured jacket] – ' Colin ' Pettigrew

**Regards to one and all,
John Fletcher**

ooOoo

OUR END PIECE
FROM TREVOR JONES

The American West - A Back-packing Adventure

[A welcome return by our globe-trotting Old Pavior. Trevor and his companion with two friendly Australians make a back-packer tour of the western states of the USA, see staggering sights and study the relics of the Native American peoples—and nearly get arrested!]

My companion and I flew into Los Angeles from Fiji in the summer of 1994. Here we met up with a couple we'd met in Australia and stayed in a fellow back-packer's house for a few days to unwind. We did the touristy bit, but found it very 'superficial' but then found a 'British Pub' just off Venice Beach that served, among other things, Burton Bitter. Wow! Unfortunately, It was served ice cold as per American taste – and it was *disgusting!*

We all decided to hire a car for a couple of weeks to tour around and then headed for Las Vegas. As you crossed the state border from California, the road ran straight through the middle of—a *casino!* Welcome to Nevada!

Last Vegas is quite insane and has to be seen to be believed. The first night we stayed in the Sahara (hotel) but then had to move to the Tam O'Shanter Motel, which was opposite 'Treasure Island', because the Sahara was fully booked up.

Vegas is a back-packer's dream, 'All you can eat' buffets for \$6! In the casinos, provided you waited for the drinks waitress to come round *before* you started pumping tokens into the machines, you got free drinks as well! However, it was also extremely weird to see hundreds of people walking around from casino to casino carrying white tubs full of tokens (they fit into all the casinos machines) at all times of day and night.

From Vegas, we drove towards the Grand Canyon and stayed in a town called Williams, about 60 miles south of the canyon. We were told that the best time to visit the canyon was in the late afternoon so you could see the sunset - and they weren't wrong. It was such an enormous place, that at that time of day, it seemed you had the place to yourself. It was an *incredible* experience, the only word for it.

The next place on our list was Monument Valley, but before then, we decided to visit Canyon De Chelly a vast park in north eastern Arizona, on Navajo tribal lands which was the home to prehistoric Pueblo Indians for over a thousand years and served as an ancient stronghold of the Navajo Indians. You could still see many prehistoric Native American dwellings nestled in the steep walled canyons. There too we could see present day Navajo Indian homes but scattered along the canyon floors.



same point. We got

When we reached Monument Valley, we had arranged to wait until the next morning to see it at sunrise, so we found a parking spot west of the featured monuments and slept in the car - setting the alarm so as not to miss it. It was worth the wait. Like the Grand Canyon, we had the whole place to ourselves—it was eerily silent and stunningly beautiful.

From there we headed towards '4 Corners' - the only place in America where four states (Utah, New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona) meet at the there quite early, just as the Native Indians (as the

indigenous population were then known) were setting up their market stalls, so had first pick of some really cheap items.

Next stop was Mesa Verde (Green Tablelands) where there were lots of Native Indian archaeological finds. We followed the 'Petroglyph Trail', which is nearly three miles long in the form of a heavily trafficked loop-walk. It is the only way to view its Native Indian ruins and rock art in a back-country setting without going on a guided tour. While we were there, you could take a branch path which took you right up to the cave dwellings, but since 2015 this path has had to be closed due to the danger of rock falls.

Our next port of call was Salt Lake City where we'd pre-arranged to say our goodbyes to our friends. We were to head up north to Canada and they were turning back to Los Angeles.

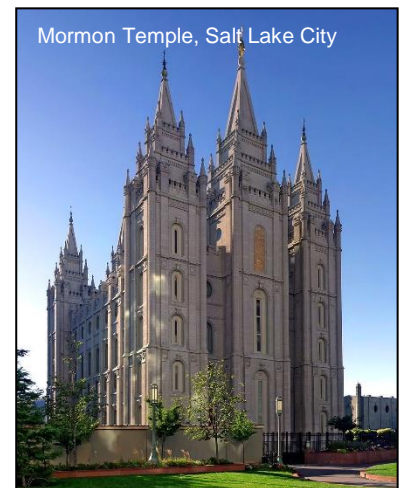
On the drive up to Salt Lake City, we found ourselves on a completely deserted road. Then we saw a car approaching which turned out to be a Highway Patrol car! He passed us, then I saw him do a U-turn, follow us for a while, then turn on his flashing lights! I pulled over and got out of the car (mainly for a leg-stretch) but evidently not the thing to do over there!

The officer, who was walking towards us as I got out of the car, put his hand on his gun, but before he could say anything I said '*We're English back-packers officer, how can we help you?*' When he heard my accent, he smiled and told us that we were doing 70 mph and that the limit there was 56 mph. I apologized and said '*Guilty as charged, officer!*' then explained to him that I was so used to driving at 70 mph in England that I'd completely forgotten about any limits, especially as we hadn't seen another vehicle for miles. Until he turned up, that is.

Actually he was fine with us and started to ask us what the difference was between driving in America to England. We were talking for about five minutes, then he decided that he'd better get back to work, so we shook hands and off we went - at 56 mph!

We reached Salt Lake City, said goodbye to our friends and soon found somewhere to stay. However, the trouble with this place was that, being the headquarters of the Mormon Faith, places to purchase alcohol were conspicuous by their absence.

It was my birthday, so we felt we had to try harder but I confess we failed miserably. We headed back to our motel, but as a last resort, we asked the night porter if there was indeed *anywhere* to buy a birthday drink. He said the only place to get a drink at this time of night was an all-night garage a couple of hundred yards away, but we had to make sure there was nobody else about and to mention his name. Sure enough, at 11.30pm, we managed to buy a couple of bottles of beer each, allowing us to celebrate! Next day, we visited the main Mormon Temple and I have to say it was very impressive!



The day after, we caught a flight to Seattle and after getting through to our baggage, we looked for a car hire company that did 'Drive Backs'. We finally found one and told their clerk we were heading north to Kamloops in British Columbia, Canada. He said they *did* operate a 'Drive Back' but that it was only from Vancouver but he kindly made a phone call and arranged for it to be extended to Kamloops.

We did the paperwork etc, and headed for the parking bay, looking for the car we were to drive—a virtually brand new white Ford Mustang convertible with red leather upholstery with just over 1500 miles on the clock! Next stop Canada! **Trevor** [*to be continued*]