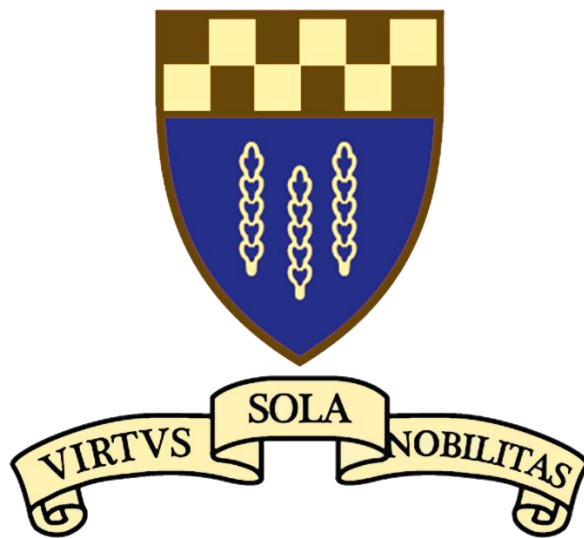


The Pavior

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



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

February 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 Salsbury
Noel Gubbins

Committee Chairman: Vacant

Secretary: Vacant

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Faces to Remember
Keith Horace BONSER
PE & Russian Master
1958 - 61

John Preston (1937-2023)

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of John Preston. John died on 26 Oct 2023 in the Queens Medical Centre at the age of 86. John was a former pupil of the School (Stanley Road from 1948-55) and returned to the School as a Chemistry Master in 1961. He served as a Master at the School and later the Sixth-Form College for some 33 years before taking retirement in 1994. A "Service of Thanksgiving" was held at Arnold Methodist Church on 29 Nov 2023.



Malvern (Mal) Tedds

We have been informed by his wife, Joan Tedds, that Mal Tedds passed away on October 18th 2022, the day after their 63rd Wedding Anniversary.

(This date was incorrectly stated in our November 2023 issue. The error is regretted.)
The High Pavement Society sends its sincere condolences to Joan and the family.

Committee Notices

From Barry Johnson, Committee Chairman

"On behalf of the members of the Committee may I wish all Old Paviers A Happy New Year."

The High Pavement Society has had a reasonable year of progress with the Committee holding regular meetings throughout the year.

In April 2023 Ken Kirk stood down from the office of Chairman and I was chosen to take his place as Acting Chairman, this decision being confirmed in September at the next AGM. Ken continues as President and for the time being as Acting Treasurer. Colin Salsbury has given notice he will stand down as Acting Secretary from February so we now need to fill this vacant position. Colin is to continue as the Editor of the Pavior Newsletter.

This year the Committee are in the process of reviewing all aspects of the Society's organisation. This means the Committee is in dire need of new blood or even perhaps new old blood to equip the Society for the future. The Covid Pandemic and other drawbacks have taken their toll and, from the Constitution downwards, all aspects of the Society are now in need of being brought up to date. If you have the spare time please give serious thought to offering your services in helping the Committee with this important task.

I hope you are all able to enjoy a good spring and summer.

Barry Johnson

ooOoo

Retirement of Chairman

Dear Members, I am sorry to have to announce the retirement of our Chairman, Barry Johnson, mainly on the understandable grounds of ill health. During his brief tenure, Barry did considerable work on behalf of us all and was particularly successful in consolidating relationships with the Paviers Rugby Club to the benefit of both organisations. We wish Barry well and trust that he will enjoy a long and healthy retirement.

Ken Kirk, Society President

ooOoo

Appointment of new Acting Treasurer

The Society has operated without a permanent Treasurer since the untimely death of Robin Taylor and the task has been undertaken for some time by our President, Ken Kirk, as Acting Treasurer. However, Ken has now had to terminate these duties due to health problems.

The new Acting Treasurer of the Society is **Mrs Elicia Hodgson** and her appointment was confirmed at the recent Committee meeting on February 7th 2024. She is well qualified to undertake this task, and acts in a similar capacity for the Paviers RFC with whom we enjoy fraternal relations. Her father is Ken Marriott, a newly joined member of the HP Society.

Elicia's appointment to the office of Treasurer will be confirmed at the next Annual General Meeting and her inclusion as a member of this Society will also be confirmed under **Clause 3 (e)** of the Society's Constitution.

ooOoo

New Subscription Rates

From July 1st 2024, the subscription for Ordinary Members of the Society will be increased. It will be necessary for all **subscribing members to notify their banks** of the need to increase their Standing Orders before that date. For your convenience, a separate **Flyer** is enclosed with this newsletter for that purpose.

The Committee

ooOoo

Bestwood Remembered: 1960s Audio-Visual Aids

When construction of the new school buildings on Gainsford Crescent began in 1953, television was still in its infancy. However, as teaching aids, many of the classrooms in the Main Building at Bestwood were equipped with highly ingenious built-in Back-Projection Units. There were certainly such units in the Geography and History rooms on the 1st Floor and in Classrooms 10 and 13 on the 2nd floor (and, most likely, several other classrooms also).

The picture shows the Projection Unit in Classroom 10 (in 2002). When not in use, these units folded flush to the wall and were covered with the blackboard. When erected, there was a translucent back-projection screen, made of tracing paper, covering the larger left-hand aperture (seen in the photo covered by the green metal of the folding light-shade). The light-shade was made up of several hinged sheets of metal that folded out to form a square section 'tunnel' in front of the screen. The Projector (either Slide or Cine) would be mounted within the smaller right-hand aperture – often on a small stand to reach the required height. Behind the unit, set into the wall, there was a large empty space the same size as the unit's front frame and approx. 2ft 6in deep. On the back wall, there was a



Back-Projection Unit set in to the wall of Classroom 10 (Top Floor Main Building).

plane mirror mounted at a slight angle. The projector was arranged to beam into this space, to be reflected off the mirror (on the back wall) and onto the back of the Back-Projection Screen.

The Back-Projection screen required a left-right inversion of the projected image and this was provided by the mirror in the light path, which also served to shorten the light path for a compact design. Adjacent classrooms in the Main Building were built with stockrooms between (the Room 10 Stockroom Door can be seen in the photo to the left of the Projection Unit and just behind the open Classroom door). These stockrooms provided sufficient space to accommodate 2 such Projection Units (back-to-back) and also served to provide some degree of sound-proofing between classrooms.

It can be seen that the projected image was barely the size of an old TV screen and the light-shade severely restricted the viewing angle. When in use, it was usually necessary to ask the class to all move forward to cluster, as far as possible, in a tight group around the centre front desk. If I remember correctly, the Geography and History rooms were also fully fitted with very effective black-out curtains (set within frames, to prevent light leakage around the sides) whereas, the Main Building classrooms (eg 10 and 13) were not. Whether or not there was sound depended entirely on the capabilities of the Projector.

I can only remember seeing these units in use on about 2 occasions (both in my first 3 years). Once in the Geography Room for a cine film on Canada (with Eric Shepherd) and once in the History Room for a slide show on stone-age round houses (with 'Puff' Graham).

Some of the Classrooms (certainly Rooms 10 and 7) were also fitted with 'Rediffusion'. This was a 'piped' radio (often referred to as *wireless*, though this system was sent by wires).

Many homes in the area were also fitted with this facility which, for a modest regular rental charge, provided access to reliable radio without the expense of buying a receiver. At that time, such receivers would have been expensive, fragile, fiddly to operate, thermionic valve-based and about the size of a beer crate. Rediffusion (trade mark) first introduced its radio service in 1929 and continued in the UK until the 1980s.

For Rediffusion, each classroom had a good quality loudspeaker, about 9 inches in diameter, mounted within a slightly larger wooden box (with a circular fabric grill). This box was mounted high up on a wall at the front of the classroom and usually near the entrance door. At a convenient height below the Speaker Box, there would be a Control Box consisting of a single rotary Volume Control and a Station Selector Switch. This was usually a rotary 4-position switch which gave access to 3 BBC Stations, the 'Light Programme', the 'Home Service' and later the 'Third Programme' and, of course 'Off'. These stations later became Radio 2, Radio 4 and Radio 3 respectively.

I can imagine that there was some practical difficulty co-ordinating lesson times with appropriate broadcasts. I can only recall this facility being used once – in that case for a live broadcast. It was in my second year (May 1961), last period in the afternoon in Room 7 (probably a re-directed RE lesson) with Alan Beck. We were allowed to listen live to the Countdown for the first US Manned Spaceflight. Alan Shepherd was about to make a 15-min sub-orbital flight but his launch was subject to multiple delays. Eventually, that particular launch attempt was 'scrubbed' and Alan Shepherd eventually made his flight, successfully, a couple of days later. This, you may recall, was a desperate attempt by the US to catch up with the USSR in the Space Race, the Soviets having put Yuri Gagarin, the first man in space for a full earth orbit (of about 90 mins), about a year earlier

Graham Wybrow

The 2023 Remembrance Ceremony

This year the ceremony was jointly held, as usual, between the HP Sixth Form of Nottingham College and the High Pavement Society. Those attending were drawn from the staff and students of the College and members of the Society with guests from the Paviers RFC.

[In previous years this ceremony was led by the High Pavement Society President, Ken Kirk, a member of the Royal British Legion. However this time Ken was confined to hospital with an injured leg and his place was taken by a professional colleague, Ms Amanda Willis.]

The date of the ceremony was Friday November 10th and the venue was the entrance hall of the Sixth Form premises and centred on the 1914-18 High Pavement War Memorial plaque which is kept there, after previously being housed in the HP Stanley Road and Bestwood



Current students of the College reading the 190 names of the High Pavement Fallen from both World Wars.

premises.

Order of Service.

Reading of the Names. A team of volunteer students under the leadership of Adam Beazley, the Head of the Centre, read out in turn the 190 names of the fallen from both World Wars, including their ages, some as young as the students themselves.

10. 58 am The act of Remembrance recited by Amanda Willis:

They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old.

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn

At the going down of the sun and in the morning

We shall remember them.

(All repeat) We shall remember them!

11.00 am The Last Post sounded by the bugler (Sarah Emblen of the Royal British Legion) at the start of the

Two Minutes Silence.

11.02 am Reveille sounded by the bugler to mark the end of the two minutes silence.

The Kohima Epitaph recited by Amanda Willis:

When you go home, tell them of us and say,

For your tomorrow we gave our today.

Laying of Wreaths The service terminated with the laying of poppy wreaths before the 1914-18 Memorial Plaque. The fallen of the 1939-45 War are commemorated in a separate Book of Remembrance kept in the College Library.



▲ The bugler (Sarah Emblen of the Royal British Legion) sounding above the Memorial, with Amanda Willis in the foreground.

ooOoo

The 2023 HPS Christmas Lunch

This year, for a change, the venue for the High Pavement Society's Christmas Luncheon was to be the well-appointed function room of our friends the Paviers RFC, following the earlier use of the same venue for the Society's AGM. Initially there were misgivings as it



A photo taken at the AGM shows the splendid interior of the premises. Regrettably, no photos were taken at the Christmas Lunch itself. ▲

was feared that the difficulties involved in travelling to the site might deter some members from coming. However, some 40 or so members and guests arrived safely and were guided to their parking spaces by no less than the Paviers' *President*, wielding a huge umbrella!

A trifle damp and muddily shod, we were soon inside the building's cloaking warmth where we relaxed and greeted other members and friends, all defying the unpleasant weather outside.

In these hospitable surroundings the excellent Christmas meals had already been prepared by the gallant cooks. The staff then served up the fare in the

most gracious manner. (Here I might mention the generous barman who impressed your stick-dependent scribe by insisting on carrying his pint all the way across the room back to his table—without spilling a drop!).

During the session we were addressed by Neil Kendrick who welcomed us on behalf of the Paviers RFC, of which he is the distinguished President (now relieved of his valiant marshalling duties).

We ate and drank our fill and felt that this was as good as all the Christmas meals we had enjoyed in the past. It certainly felt as if the effort of reaching the venue was fully justified. In fact, we all had such a good time that we completely forgot to arrange for any photos of the event to be taken.

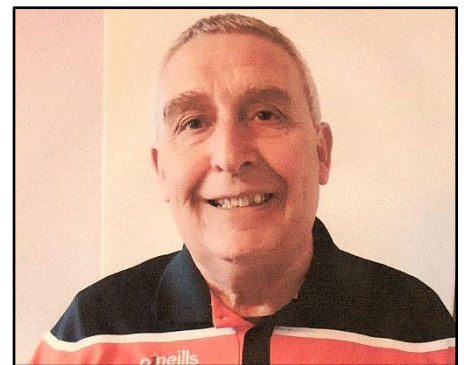
Later in the proceedings the impromptu Pavior 'choir' stepped forward (of course) and made the rafters ring with their rendition of *Carmen Paviorum*, greatly helped by the on-screen display of a past Speech Day performance. (Guests in particular commented how *moved* they were by such fervour). Indeed, thirsts needed quenching after and the bar was busy.

At last, as the afternoon waned, we bade farewell to our hosts and set off for home, thankful that the weather had now settled down. All who enjoyed themselves felt they wanted to thank Barry and the other organisers for such a splendid event. **Colin Salsbury**

ooOoo

New Cover Design for 'The Pavior'

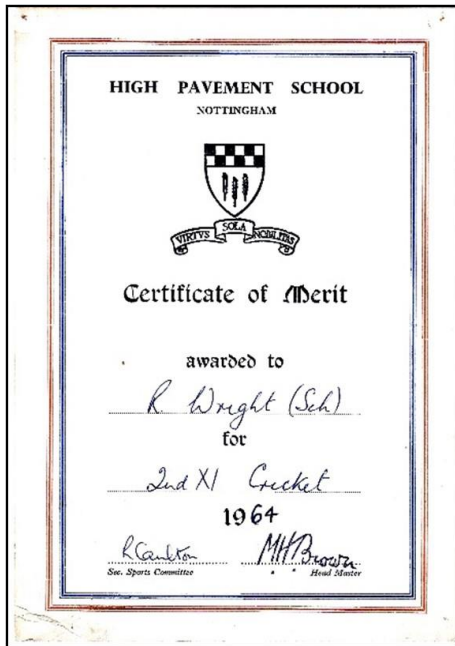
This edition of 'The Pavior' is the first to use the new Cover Design. The intention has been to preserve the simplicity and dignity of our old design (used continuously since 2009) whilst explicitly stating the purpose of the Society and emphasising the long history of High Pavement Schools. The new design was explained in the last (Nov 2023) edition of 'The Pavior' (P.11) - but note the slight modification – the use of the plural 'Schools' !



Paviers RFC President Neil Kendrick, who addressed the assembled guests. ▲

FROM OUR READERS FROM RAYMOND WRIGHT [HP: 1959-64, School House]

In the last Pavior, we published 2 photographs of School Cricket at Bestwood, provided by our member Raymond Wright. Raymond has now produced two more.



He gained a place in the School U13 Team when he was in the 1st year, and he worked his way up through all the various school 'age' teams until he made it to the Senior School Teams when still only in his 5th Year. The photo of him in the 1964 School First XI is shown on the next page.

After leaving school Ray maintained his interest in cricket by becoming a regular member of the Old Paviers Cricket Club.

He was a member of that Club in 1973 when they won the Division One Championship of the Nottingham Evening Cricket League with a total of 83 points, 32 points ahead of the nearest rivals, Arnold CC. To prove it, he even provided a copy of the 'Nottingham Sport' newspaper with the Old Paviers Team Photo on the front cover. An enlarged photo of the team is shown below:



Old Paviers Cricket Club (1973)

Division One Champions -Notts Evening Cricket League 29 Aug 1973.

Back Row:

Sue Chetwin (scorer), Pete Ward, Dave Yates, Ray Wright, Graham Wright, Terry Lee, Steve Morley, ????? (Umpire).

Front Row:

Brian Ward, ????, John Chetwin, Ian Collings, Bob Pollard.





High Pavement 1st XI (1964)

Back Row: Mr B J Dodd, Roger Batty, Raymond Wright, Jess Aujla, Peter Barker, Peter Warner, Peter Stretton, Andrew Smith, Tony Moore (Scorer).

Front Row: Geoffrey Ellis, Peter Jarvis, Terry Lee, Johnny Kerslake, Roger Lowe, Brian Keeling.

ooOoo

FROM TOMMY GEE [HP: 1936-43, School House]

[Tommy is our 'oldest inhabitant' and regularly sends us a memory of the HP of long ago. This time a reminiscence of the evacuation at outbreak of WW2.]

Hello Colin

I remember September 1939 when the war began. I was just turned 14 and our classes were assembled for evacuation from possible German bombing of Nottingham. We were to travel, by bus, to the relative safety of Mansfield.

Each of us received a carrier bag containing nightwear and a bar of Cadbury chocolate. We were disembarked into a long line where Mansfield families were waiting to take us into the safety of their homes. My sister Alice was in another queue and similarly allocated to a house nearby. In Mansfield we had shared their local schools on an am-pm basis.

Apparently neither Mansfield nor Nottingham was on Hitler's immediate target list so we soon left our billets and were back home before Christmas, after which HP and Manning resumed their normal classes. Happy days.

Regards, Tommy

ooOoo

FROM GODFREY GLEADLE [HP: 1953-60]

I remember: High Pavement and Me

I was born and raised on the Broxtowe council estate and went to High Pavement on passing my 11 plus in 1953. However, my memories are somewhat fragmented.

I remember the high ceilings and tall windows at Stanley Road and being bussed out to Strelley to play rugby on a misty afternoon where you couldn't see one side of the pitch from the other. A couple of the less sporting lads played trains up and down the pitch lines; I did at least have a go. Surprisingly I played in the front row as hooker but being tall and skinny, each time I got the ball I was immediately flattened by a heftier boy.

I remember Mr. Page the PT teacher. Stocky and white haired, he must have been 60 or thereabouts but would still demonstrate walking on his hands. He also organized boxing contests between the houses. (Mine was Basford, light blue and dark blue stripes.) Boxing wasn't for me but I can remember two first form boys ineffectually dabbing at one another with their heads turned away and their eyes more or less closed!

I remember Mr Crossland (Crock) and his famous walking stick. One break time (I think it was raining) some boys decided they wanted to be inside rather than get wet and set out to storm the door. This caught others' attention and maybe 20 or 30 threatened the door of the building, only to have Crock appear waving his stick. Instantly everyone turned tail and fled.

On another memorable occasion three or four of us decided to go down to the Forest at lunch time. We jogged down the road, through a gate only to find ourselves in the middle of the Manning school. Just as above we also turned and fled!

Later in our time at HP some of us went down to the Manning for dance lessons. Like most of the lads I was very shy and we sat around the edge of the floor until the girls, at their teachers urging, were forced to come and ask *us* to dance. Things became better at the end of the class when we had an hour to ourselves. Someone had brought a pop record, just the one. It was *Stupid Cupid* by Connie Francis and it must have been played 10 times but, alas, I was still too shy to do anything but stand on the edge of the group.

At the beginning of my third year we moved to the new school at Bestwood. It was the playing fields, on two levels, that made the biggest impression. The modern classrooms and integral canteen were also very different, but surprisingly, I now have an impression of tackiness. Perhaps the school wasn't well built and looked a bit the worse for wear by the time I left.

I think that by this time Mr Page had left but Mr Crossland was still very much there as deputy head to Mr Davies. There seemed to be a small group of older teachers and then a divide to younger ones. Mr Siemens¹ was one of the older ones; he looked very elderly, with a bald head, wrinkled features—and very nicotine stained fingers. I began to form the impression that Mr Crossland felt he had been passed over for headship in favour of a younger man but I may be wrong.

I had no strong love for school but, there again, neither did I dislike it. It was just a part of life you got on with. I was always middle of the road, always in the top year class, but never top of the class.

I didn't play rugby at Bestwood because by that time I was in the school swimming squad and had swimming on games afternoons instead of rugby. I much preferred it and was quite a

¹ I think you are referring here to Edward Hugo "Eddie" Saayman. He originated from South Africa, hence the "aa".

good swimmer, representing the school a couple of times at the City Gala. The only drawback was that swimming finished a week ahead of cross country so we had to do the longest run with no practice whatever while everyone else had a few weeks building up to it!

I found athletics enjoyable too. I was good at the high jump and did get as far as representing the school once at the City Games but I enjoyed the cricket season most of all. I was quite a good bowler and (occasionally) good at the crease. As with most ball games I did well if I acted on reflex. Hitting out at a fast ball on instinct, good. Trying to think about defending the wicket, hopeless!

I also have memories of school trips of which my first was to Swanage, my first visit to the South Coast. (As a family we usually went camping for our holidays, by the Trent at Hazelford Ferry or at Skegness.) I found a wonderful specimen of an ammonite, but unfortunately my mother gave it away to somebody when I went to university. Later there were other school trips to the Lake District and to Malham Tarn. This last was a genuine field trip with just six of us in our sixth form science set. There were lots of other schools there of course. It was Easter and we were told it could be cold so take warm clothing. In fact it was unseasonably warm and we walked over the moors bare chested and even dipped our toes in the tarn. No further though; the water was freezing! We analysed the different plant species in quadrant squares and the plankton in the tarn.

In the first and second year at school I was in the classics class, because I was good at English but I decided it wasn't for me and swapped to the science side.

I took and passed 8 'O' levels. A good all-rounder said Mr. Davies. Perhaps surprising for a scientist, my highest mark was for English Literature. In the 6th form I took Botany, Zoology, Physics and Chemistry. Perhaps because they all required learning a lot of facts, I passed two and failed two. Mr. Davies wanted me to stay another year and retake the two I had failed but Leeds University, who had offered me a place, still held it open so I moved on.

After the first hesitant year at Leeds I threw myself into university life and only occasionally visited Nottingham to see my parent—and never contacted High Pavement. I spent my vacations visiting my sister in Germany (where she lived for a few years) and also working on a farm in Norfolk, hop picking in Kent or washing railway carriages on the night shift in Leeds.

I stayed at Leeds for five years, leaving with an honours degree in Agronomy and Crop Husbandry. I clung on at Leeds for a week or two after the end of term, only leaving for the south coast the day before taking up my job with Plant Protection which was part of ICI. I was in the newly formed Overseas Development Department and was soon abroad living and working doing field trials in Nigeria, then four years in Sudan and four years in Indonesia with a short spell between in Ghana,

I have some great memories from those places, swimming in the Blue Nile, sleeping under the stars hearing lions roar in the Sudan, spending Christmas watching the sun go down on Bali beach to the sound of a gamelan orchestra. I travelled out to a perfect tropical island in a small boat and watching the flying fish skimming the water. I also acquired a wife and two sons along the way, one son born in Nigeria, the other in Sudan.

I have always been a here and now person and High Pavement was far from my mind but looking back, it was High Pavement that gave me the chance to leave the council estate and enjoy that very different life.

'Goff' (Godfrey Gleadle)

FROM KEITH WOOLLEY [HP: 1944-52]

Memories of High Pavement

Cross Country

I well remember the 1952 Notts Amateur Athletic Association championships which were held in the Strelley area in open fields, including a stream, familiar country for lads at High Pavement. The changing room facility was a community centre on Aspley lane. I was in the entrants from HP who were under the supervision of Mr Shepherd. He had issued us with red tape ribbons to be worn over white singlets so the team bunch were easily able to recognise each other.

There were two HP teams, the 'Youth' team (17 years and under) who easily won their class. However, the 'Junior' team (17-19 years) had to cover an extended course. Our captain was Handford who led the way for us with the rest bringing up the rear. All went well until the final run along the stream when only three of our team managed to make it home, meaning we would come second in what was a three team race!

A trip to the Isle of Arran

This was a trip organised to Arran in the Firth of Clyde, during the school holidays and was memorable for a 'three-boat rowing safari' from Brodick Harbour round the headland to nearby Holy Island, a distance of a few miles. I recall that Rosse Heslop (then one of the organisers, on vacation from Oxford university) was drafted into one boat so that each craft contained a good swimmer!) Three out of the four aboard our boat could row and our boat made it, just as a squally shower swept over us but we claimed victory. The blisters lasted a week!



In our boat, Mike Hall rowing, Fatty Hearn lying down, myself grinning.

A football wager

While at HP I made a wager with a lad called Revell, who was a Notts County supporter, that Nottingham Forest would be promoted from Division 3 (where both teams were then languishing) before County.

Now Forest had been demoted to Division 3 in 1948 and Notts now had Tommy Lawton and Broome (ex-Derby County) so the outcome of the promotion race was perhaps unpredictable.

The wager was for the sum of 2s 6d (half a crown = one eighth of a pound sterling and a sizable chunk of pocket money in those days).

Alas, brother Revell left school after the next exams and I never saw him again but *Notts* were the first to be promoted next season and Forest had to wait till later to achieve the new status *so I never had to pay up!*

It has been on my mind, if not my conscience, ever since. What ought I to do? It would now be worth quite a bit more [*about £5.50! –Ed*] and I sometimes feel like donating it to the Education Fund to contribute to the Society's Awards. (That is unless Mr Revell turns up to claim it!).

Keith

High Pavement Trip to London Airport (1959)

One of my first school trips and my very first flight on a real aeroplane was at HP. It was in 1959, and we travelled to London Airport and Derby Airport. Organisation by the staff (“Oscar” Carlisle) was excellent. However, since part of the trip involved ‘Gammy Cammy’, (our name for the coach firm) all did not run smoothly. Many will remember the disasters that Camms created with so-called ‘coach’ and ‘double deck’ vehicles. Their buses broke down on almost every trip, even just to and from the swimming baths.

The Derby Aviation DC3 was fortunately wholly reliable for the journey between Derby Aviation’s grass strip at its aerodrome and London Airport (as it was then known) and also for



The Derby Aviation DC3 at Derby Aerodrome.

the return flight back to Derby. The HP students were divided into two groups. The first group went by Camm’s bus to Derby Aerodrome, where Derby Aviation took them to London Airport. Their trip went smoothly. We all met up on the observation tower on the top of what was The Queens Building. That later became the basis for Heathrow’s Terminal Two.

My group did things in reverse. We went by bus to London Airport, where we all met up to view the few aircraft that landed and took off (a minute number compared to the ever expanding airport capacity of Heathrow today). After sandwiches and a drink sitting on the roof of The Queens Building, we split again into two groups, the first going back to the bus for a drive up the motorway (which at that time only went as far as Watford Gap).



Four of the party. Third from left is Rog Edwards

We were led out from the ground floor, in the open air, to the aircraft steps and on to the DC3 for our flight, which was to Derby Aerodrome. The plane slowly climbed into the sky over what is now the M25. It passed by Birmingham and Coventry, turning left towards Derby. There were no refreshments on that flight, unlike the great meals that its successor, British Midland used to serve on a trip to anywhere. We landed a little bumpily on the grass strip in Derby. (This was *not* at East Midlands Airport (EMA), that came later; BMA took itself to EMA as a base). A single file snaked off the plane and on to the bus.

Near Sandiacre the Gammy Cammy broke down. We were all somewhat tired after an exciting day, but had to await the arrival of a replacement bus to take us back to school but that was too small, so we all fitted in, on seats *and floor*. Thankfully there was no need for a report to The Health and Safety Executive since they didn’t exist until many years later. In reality the buses were not even ‘plated’ (a bus term for their MoT test). Gammy Cammy

would never have passed the tests. However, we all had a great time on each trip using their buses. How times have changed!

ooOoo

FROM MARTYN BEARDSLEY [HP: 1969-74, Forest House]
High Pavement Alumni



Scrolling through the list of HP ‘Distinguished Former Pupils’ (pupils *and* masters!) on the Pavior website recently, a few missing names came to mind that I felt belonged there.

I was at HP 1969-74 (in the lowly ‘S’ form - they obviously had me sussed from the start) and one of our games teachers was Pete Aldwinckle, a regular for Nottingham Rugby Club at that time. A quick bit of detective work reveals that he played 91 times and scored 71 points, including 14 tries. He was very well liked by us. You wouldn’t want to mess with him, but at the same time he was open and fair and we had a better rapport with him than perhaps almost any other teacher.

This led me to remember that pupil Jon Billam also played for Nottingham RFC: 67 games, 32 points. Another games teacher who deserves to be on the list is Dick Milne, who competed for Notts Athletics Club as a distance runner.

I’m not sure whether amateur sport counts for a place on the List of Distinguished Alumni, but I do know that my old Aspley mate Steve Musson has long been a major figure at Beeston Hockey Club, initially as a player, and still, I believe, as a coach.

Still in the seventies, Gordon Coleman joined Preston North End not long after leaving High Pavement - signed by none other than Bobby Charlton. He was there for ten years, playing 269 times and scoring 25 goals. (I gained a love of rugby from my days at HP, but always quietly seethed at the injustice of not being able to play football. We had a terrific rugby team, but I’ve always felt strongly that a High Pavement football team might well have been even more formidable.)

Hopefully there might be room in an ‘Authors’ section of the list for a certain 5S reprobate, whose main academic strength was sitting on the back row making funny noises.

Despite being an educational under-achiever I always loved reading. I dreamt of emulating the authors of some of the wonderful books I found on the shelves of the Junior Library, and being taught English by the fondly remembered Stanley Middleton probably helped in that regard. I did eventually become a published author, and while I didn’t match Stan for quality I’ve at least outdone him in quantity by now. I started out writing for children, and my Sir Gadabout books were, in the early 2000s, turned into a TV series for Childrens ITV. I then drifted into non-fiction, allowing me to indulge my passion for history and write books on subjects such as the Gunpowder Plot, the escape of Charles II into exile, and a biography of the Arctic explorer Sir John Franklin.

I was recently watching the Martin Clunes remake of Goodbye Mr Chips (excellent!) which somehow always makes me think of High Pavement even though it's set in a public school. In the film, many of Mr Chips's former pupils die in WW1, and something reminded me of a board we had in the Bestwood School Hall bearing the names of our own pupils/former pupils who gave their lives. Does anyone have any idea whether it was saved when the school was demolished?

Martyn Beardsley

[Editor’s note - you are probably thinking of the School’s WW1 memorial. This bronze plaque, which graced the hall at Stanley Road and later Gainsford Crescent, is now in the entrance hall of the current High Pavement Sixth Form premises on Chaucer Street – see photos P6]

OUR END PIECE

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

Just An Ordinary Bloke – 4. Life on South Georgia & Penguins

[93 year old Alan (now living in Australia), describes his arrival, in 1952, at the UK Government's Station at King Edward Point ("The Point") on South Georgia, Lat 55° South]

The snow cover was over a metre thick. I was taken to a small building and kitted out with clothing considered suitable for the area: towels, sheets, blankets, pillow cases, pyjamas, string vests, woollen "long johns," a dozen pairs of socks, a polo-necked jumper, shirts, trousers and bomber jackets that were issued to army and navy personnel, windproof anorak and trousers, RBLTs (a Canadian boot - Rubber Bottoms Leather Tops), silk gloves for outdoor work, woollen gloves, woollen mittens, leather mittens, kit-bag etc, etc. These items were all of natural materials; synthetics were just being introduced and the term *thermals* had yet to be invented.

Quite quickly I was introduced to PESCA²'s slop shop or slop chest. It was open only at selected hours and sold items for personal use, toiletries, writing paper and envelopes, camera film, clothing. Among the items I bought were a thick woollen jumper, a pair of ski boots and a pair of skis and poles.

King Edward Point's buildings comprised Discovery House which had been in use since the 1930s by the scientific Discovery expeditions. In 1952 it was occupied by the single blokes. There was the radio station with its attached residence and there were the magistrate's abode and two houses, one occupied by the odd-job man and family and the other house empty, it being normally used by a radio operator currently on leave in the UK.

I was quickly put onto cooking duties, when it was obvious none of the other single men relished the activity. In the kitchen of Discovery House was a large coal-burning stove. The RRS³ John Biscoe brought annual supplies for the people on The Point but these were supplemented by visiting ships and occasional fresh items arrived. The bakery at Grytviken kept us supplied with bread, only ever large white sandwich loaves, and the butchers provided whale meat intermittently. Whale meat had been marketed in the UK for a short time after the war. We had it at our house once and only once. It was terrible. However, that which we received at The Point was very acceptable. At the whaling station was a chicken-wire cage about 2 metres square with a sloping corrugated iron roof. Large chunks of whale meat were suspended in it, exposed to the air and protected from the birds. Gradually the oil dripped out of the meat and its surface became progressively darker, approaching black in colour. After the butchers cut off the dark stuff and disposed of it the interior meat was sliced into usable portions. It was very tasty, particularly when fried with plenty of onions.

One Sunday a reindeer hunt took place. Willing participants from The Point went in the Stella and a group went in another small boat from the whaling station. Of course, the



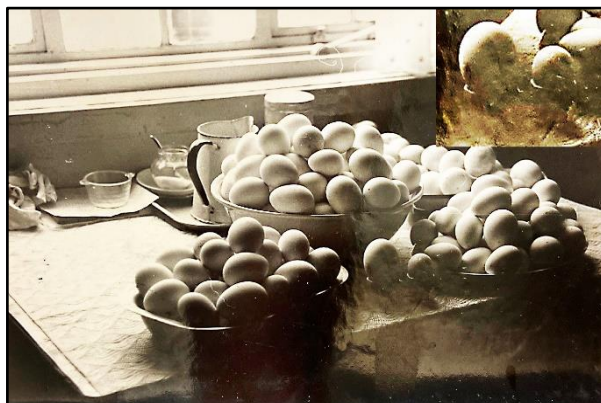
King Edward Point from PESCA flensing plan.

² PESCA was an Argentinian company that ran a whaling station at Grytviken.

³ RRS = Royal Research Ship

guns were reserved for the magistrate and the company's managers. The rest of us were the ghillies. We had to get behind the reindeer and drive them towards the gunners. It was slowly achieved and eventually a shot rang out and a reindeer fell. Then came the hard work, carrying the animal suspended on a metal pole to the beach over very rough ground. Eventually we received some venison to be shared among our group at The Point.

Penguin eggs, which are about twice as large as hens' eggs, were harvested for use in the kitchen. Early in the season a trip was made to an adjacent penguin rookery. An area would be marked out and the eggs in it collected and dumped. That induced a second laying of eggs, and these would be collected about two weeks later with the knowledge that, not containing embryos, they were suitable for use. The albumen in the eggs is of a translucent blue colour and the taste is "different" and takes a while to get accustomed to. They were excellent for use in cakes and puddings but fried eggs with a bluish surround to the yolk can be rather "off putting."



Penguin eggs. Note the hen's egg in the centre (also enlarged top-right) for comparison of size.

Some of our food was dehydrated: milk, potatoes, cabbage and onions, but most, such as fruits, meats and fish, was in tins. It was a very pedestrian offering and with very amateur cooks, and it was no wonder the activity was not popular. The single blokes took turn about with the cooking one week at a time. Happily for us some 6 months later a full-time cook arrived at The Point. As he had also been a cook in the Royal Navy, the quality of our meals improved significantly. His wife accompanied him. She was from Sydney, a Sydney-sider as we say in Aus, and the feminine presence was welcome.

The people at The Point were employed continuously. Those in the weather service covered the 24 hours of every day. The radio officers had regular schedules to keep 7 days a week. Ships arrived at the island frequently and the customs officer had to be available. However, it was not all work; there were activities providing relaxation and interest, and a cinema, "The Grytviken Kino," where two programmes were shown each week commencing at 8.00 pm. The management and the Point people sat upstairs on wooden benches with backs. Downstairs the workers sat on benches with no backs. From memory only B-grade films were shown with the occasional cartoon included. All the dialogue was in English, there being no special translation for the Norwegians.

On a summer's day a shooting contest was conducted at The Point. The range was located between the buildings and Mount Duse. In the 100 yards shoot I and a Norwegian tied in 1st place. He won the "shoot off." At 200 yards I was in the middle of the bunch.

One Sunday during the winter the Norwegians at Grytviken had their skiing competition. The Point people went along to see the spectacle. In the morning was the cross-country race over about 5 miles and the ski jump occurred in the afternoon. The jump was located to the rear of the whaling station towards Mount Hughes. There were 3 prizes, one each for both the winners, the top prize going to the individual who performed best overall.

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