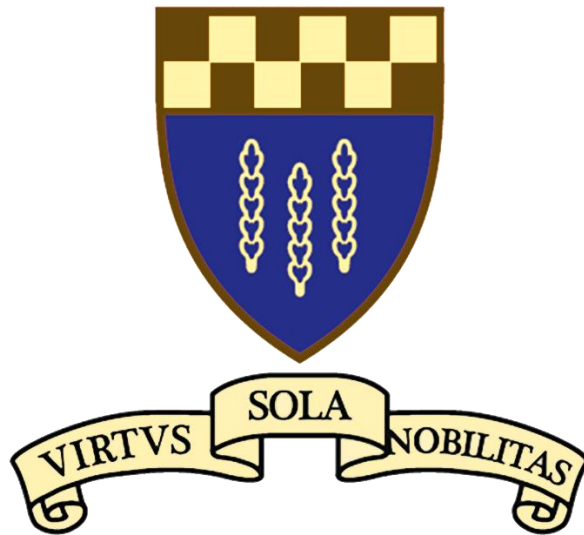


The Pavior

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



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

February 2026

Your Committee

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

Gerald Taylor: news@highpavementsociety.org.uk,
who is glad to receive articles, reminiscences, old pictures, and titbits to
do with High Pavement School.

The HP Society **Website** address is: www.highpavementsociety.org.uk

The HP Society **Facebook Page** is: www.facebook.com/groups/232442222741252/

ooOoo

From the Committee

Contributions to *The Pavior*.

Your editor would be very grateful for contributions to our magazine, even if they are only in the form of comments amounting to one or two lines. Some chance recollection of yours might be of great interest to others. Of late there has been a dearth of submissions to us, and in this issue I have depended a lot on material from Graham Wybrow, who also kindly proofread. Without his contributions, publication of the magazine would have been delayed.

ooOoo

HP Titbit: High Pavement School was founded on exactly the day modern Australia was founded, namely 26th January 1788, the date that is celebrated round the world as Australia Day.

An Old Pavior's Unusual Life After School, Continued.

So far Clive Bagshaw (HP 1956-61, Sherwood House) has told us of his flying adventures and then of his move to Africa in the early 1990s. Now he recounts his flights and frights in the Dark Continent.

Chileka Airport, Malawi

I was allowed to fly solo at the club there after logging 6 hours and 35 minutes of flying. I experienced throttle failure and a forced landing at 16 hours; and undertook my PPL (Private Pilot's Licence) flight test after 40 hours. Thank you Les Antrobus, Norman Edwards (ex-RAF Spitfire Instructor), and Jerry Dunn (ex-RRAF), and a few others. Dudley Barlow (ex-Bomber Command, 26000 hours) declined my request for instruction. He said he couldn't steer without four throttles.

Can you imagine the parties in the airway club pub? And a Speedbird Captain making a special visit to buy me a beer after my throttle failure (and to thank me for getting out of the way of his VC10, which was on long finals at the time)?

After I had logged 43 hours, Chip Kay gave me two hours of short field landings at Conforzi's Tea Estate (loose sand), Malamula (trees both ends, goats in the middle) and finally at his home base, Satemwa Tea Estate, starting at 500', all controls at their limits, the stall warning screaming, total commitment at 400ft, touching down on a veritable golf tee... I still sweat at the thought but revelled in every second.

My own memories of Chileka are many, some good and some unbelievably bizarre. I used to go flying from Chileka early in the morning around 6 am before going to work. I was learning to fly there all over again to finish my PPL course and finally get my wings, and my instructor was either Basil Tennet or Stan Masauley. An hour's circuits and bumps before full stop landing then off to work in Blantyre. Basil was a great encourager. He had such a lovely way with him that seemed somewhat laid back, but you soon learned he was actually very attentive and on the ball. He missed nothing. He was the only man I have met who could criticise you in such a way that you enjoyed the criticism and laughed about it yet learned a valuable lesson that stayed with you. I swear he could tell you to go to hell in such a way that you would look forward to the trip. Very sadly, Basil died of cancer. He didn't deserve that. I used to go to his home to visit him when he was dying. I sat in his bedroom and prayed with him. I remember him saying, "I have made my peace with God and it is OK".

Another pilot I found to be a very interesting guy was Les Antrobus, who flew a small Cessna. I had many a beer and some good chats with him. Stan Masauley, another one of my instructors, was a man who filled you with confidence: strong, forceful but gently directing you at every step with explanations and instructions, and leaving you in no doubt as to his professionalism. He gave me great confidence. He was a man of politics, a member of Government, and he commanded a lot of respect in all circles.

Early morning was a great time to fly before the heat started to make low altitude turbulence something to be reckoned with. I recall once I was about to turn left onto the final approach in order to land when the tower called me to abandon my landing and get out of the way pronto by turning right, and head clear of the airfield in order to make way for a Lear jet coming in fast from the south. In fact he came in so fast he overshot the runway, and had to go round and try again before making what still seemed, to me, to be a very fast landing. He used up all the

runway. I clearly remember the feeling of awe and that drooling sensation of “I want one, I definitely want one of those”. They say that as a civilian jet it is the closest you will ever get to flying a military fighter jet. Wow. I still want one!

My daughter, Jo-Anne, had fallen in love with a man of Italian descent and was to be married. My wife, Margaret, took her to South Africa for wedding shopping. Any man with any sense will leave that to the women, so I stayed home and continued working. On their return I went to Chileka airport to meet their flight. Being a student pilot, I used my connections and my security pass to go up to the control tower to monitor their flight coming in from South Africa. On the one hand it was a wonderful opportunity to develop the friendship with the guy who was in charge of the control tower and with whom I had spoken so many times over the radio as a student pilot. What I discovered was not really very encouraging. First of all, there was a horrible thunderstorm approaching the airfield that threatened to cause the flight to be diverted. There was another storm in Lilongwe, the only other Malawi airport, so the diversion was most likely going to be to Lusaka in neighbouring Zambia. The next problem was that the approach radar was not working due to overheating, after the cooling plant failed. I heard the pilot calling but he could not hear the responses of the control tower. The controller explained that the main two-way radio system was also down and that he was using as a last resort, a small 5-watt handheld walkie talkie radio with limited range. This beggars belief but then again it is Africa.

The VASI, Visual Approach Slope Indicator, was no longer working either. It is a landing aid consisting of bars of red and white lights that tell the pilot whether the aircraft is on, above, or below the glide path. If all lights are red the aircraft is below the glide path, (you are too damned low and will hit the ground before you get to the runway); a combination of red and white indicates you are correctly on the glide path and all is OK; and “all white” tells the pilot that the aircraft is above the glide path, (you ain’t gonna touch down till after the end of the runway!! You will crash!). VASI will guide the pilot down to about 200 feet above the ground, and to continue landing, the runway must be clearly visible. But this is Africa. Not working. This is not good. And that is my wife and daughter on that plane. Now I am getting nervous.

After a quick battery change, the handheld radio finally contacted the pilot but by now he was very close. A minute by minute update on how close the storm is to the airfield, (and we are watching its approach like a hawk, and it was coming in fast and was only half a mile across the other side of the runway), and with both of us (yes, there are only the two of us in the tower) looking through binoculars, we talked that plane in and saw it land as the storm swept across the runway and an African rainy season deluge hit the airport full force.

You can have no idea just how good it made us feel when the aircraft finally came to rest on the apron in front of the disembarkation area. I remember saying with my hands clamped together and looking towards the heavens, “Thank you Lord”.

On visits to the Thyollo Club we were often delighted at seeing the tea estate crop duster, a bright yellow plane with a radial engine, suddenly roaring up, just a few feet over the club house. The Conforzi and Satemwa tea estates dominated the area around the club. That pilot did not fly in the air, but on a thin air cushion a few feet off the ground, a few feet over the roof, and brushed the tree tops, I was never sure whether he trimmed the top of the trees with the propeller or whether he was just so close the down-draught blew the leaves off, but leaves did come off. He was guaranteed to make you duck if he came over you. Great pilot.

High Pavement to now.... Well, it's been a journey.

An alumnus of HP College, who modestly wishes not to be named, tells us of his experiences.

My A level results were not great; my fault entirely, as I failed to recognise you actually had to put some effort in to get decent grades rather than just sporadically turning up to lessons.

I firstly had a go at Electronic Engineering at Trent Polytechnic, but dropped out after the first year. I wound up working in a pub in Nottingham for a year or so when my Mum was diagnosed with cancer. The pub work meant I had the flexibility to take her for radiotherapy up at the General Hospital, and over the months got chatting to the radiographers there. So I thought I'd give radiography a try, and trained at Queens Medical Centre, qualifying as a diagnostic radiographer in late 1992.

There were no jobs in the UK at the time, and so I went to Dublin and worked at an inner-city hospital there for about three years. It was an eye-opener, as the emergency departments there at that time were quite tough, but the humour and team work by everyone involved was amazing and the work was really rewarding.

By 1996 I had been bitten by the travel bug and knew if I didn't leave Ireland then I would stay for ever. So I moved to Australia. I spent three years in rural northern New South Wales, being the duty radiographer across three hospitals covering an area roughly the size of Yorkshire but with the population of a small village. It was very interesting and certainly had a lot of variety, but was quite isolated and I missed working with other people.

In 1999 I chanced across the original High Pavement Website, and shortly after adding my name to the past alumni section I was contacted by another ex-pupil (Catherine) who was living about an hour and a half away up on Queensland's Gold Coast. We arranged to meet up and, happily, we've been together ever since.

The bright lights of the Gold Coast were too much to resist, so I got a job at the Gold Coast Hospital working mainly in the specialised imaging and emergency departments. After a couple of years I was promoted to the regulatory stream of Queensland Health, becoming inspector for medical radiation sources for the State. I stayed in that role for 6 years or so. However, by the time our second child was born the distance between us and the rest of our families was becoming too great, and intercontinental travel was very difficult with two children under two years old; and so we decided to move back to Nottingham.

Over my time at Queensland Health I had become increasingly involved in information security and risk management, and I pivoted careers at this point to move to IT security full time. Since then, I have worked almost exclusively for public sector bodies, mainly central government departments, advising on cyber-security governance, risk, compliance and security architecture. I'm a Chartered Member of the UK Cyber Security Council, and I do quite a bit of work with the Chartered Institute of Cyber Security Professionals trying to engage and inspire the next generation.

Our youngest decided she wanted to follow Catherine and me by going to High Pavement for her A-Levels, which she completed this year, rather more successfully than I did, I might add.

High Pavement has quietly played a significant role in our lives, bringing Catherine and me together 10,000 miles away from where we started and then, when we returned home, helping our daughter pass her A levels.

High Pavement Winners.

Our chairman, John Chambers, recalls Pavors outstanding in sport and other activities during his time at the school.

Colin Bacon was a top javelin thrower and represented Cambridge University and England.

John Pallant won three England Rugby caps.

John Elliott, a fine rugby player, was hooker for Leicester Tigers before Peter Wheeler, and an England Reserve, Barbarian, Assistant England Manager and England Under 16s' manager.

Lance Wright was not only a fine rugby player but also England Schools' boxing champion.

Martin 'Butch' Stinchcombe and **Roger Moakes** were both excellent rugby players.

Bob Studholme represented England Schools at rugby. [His name appears elsewhere in this issue of The Pavior. Can you spot it? See page 16 for the answer – ed]

Cliff Knapton was an all-round sportsman tragically taken within months of joining Loughborough University from school.

I hope that my memory serves me accurately!



Church (Rock) Cemetery. A Surprising Site for Research

Excellence was, of course, a thing to strive for in other fields of endeavour than sport. In the annual drama, poetry and speech awards a memorable, very funny and insightful talk on 'Tombstones' was given by a contemporary who did his research in the huge cemetery at the join of Mansfield Road and Forest Road. So very funny and a deserved winner.

In the speech competition I myself had a go at the Henry V's speech at Agincourt. I made an embarrassingly porcine ear of it!

Another Latin Mystery.

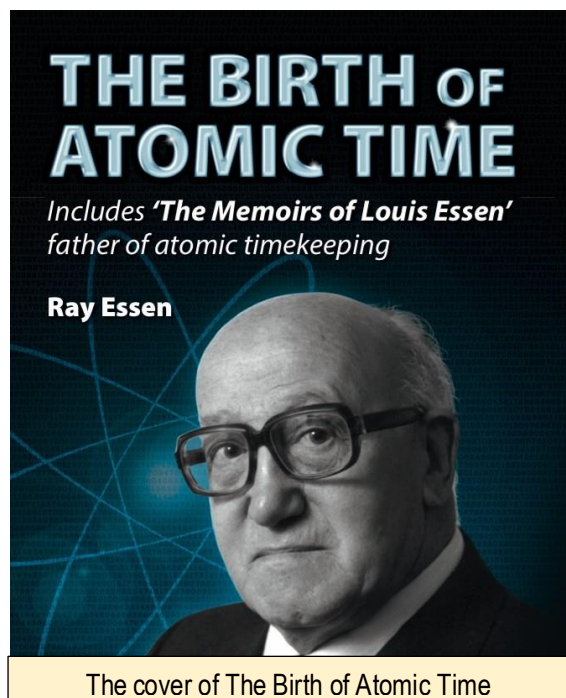
You met classicist Professor Oviceps in the two previous issues of The Pavior. He is now away at a conference in Italy about Roman remains, and has sent to his assistant Dr Quidfilious a copy of a puzzling inscription found on a large jar at Herculaneum. The Doctor is also unsure of its interpretation, and having heard of the high standards attained by Old Pavors wonders whether anyone might be able to elucidate it. The inscription is reproduced in capitals below with a few notes by Dr Quidfilious about the words.

ITIS	verb = you (plural) go
APIS	noun, fem sing nom/gen case = a bee
POTANDA	gerundive, fem sing nom/abl case, or neuter pl = to be drunk i.e. consumed
BIGONE	proper name?

What do you make of it? The editor's suggestion is on page 16.

An Old Pavior Becomes Supreme Timelord.

Louis Essen, who was introduced in the previous issue of *The Pavior*, achieved this distinction, though he is known more formally as The Father of Atomic Time. For much of what appears here I am dependent on “The Birth of Atomic Time,” a book by his son-in-law Ray Essen.



Louis grew up on Alfreton Road near its junction with Bentinck Road. He tells us his first recollection was of his aunt Annie taking him in a pram to see the trains at Bobbers Mill Crossing, half a mile from home. She later took him on longer outings, travelling excitingly on an open-top tram.

His father owned a shop in Bentinck Road, the sign above it proclaiming “bespoke boot and shoemaker.” It was at the school on that same road that Louis Essen began his formal education, under a “dreadful dragon”, who he says scared him so much that he was incapable of learning anything. None the less, he did learn, and under the tutelage of a Mr Wallis he was encouraged to try for a scholarship to study at Stanley Road Preparatory School. He records that the entrance exam was “too stiff” and he was offered a place only

as a paying pupil. Then they changed their mind, and made it a free scholarship. Perhaps, Essen speculated, Mr Wallis had interceded for him with the headmaster.

Louis Essen records that at Stanley Road he enjoyed an enormous stroke of luck: his form master was Ralph Crossland, a man full of enthusiasm. Mr Crossland gained an appointment as Chemistry teacher at High Pavement and did much to help him win a scholarship to the school. Many Old Paviors will remember Mr Crossland as a Deputy Headmaster in the 1950s. This was before the editor’s time, but I gather from HP tales and legends that despite not being in the most robust health he none the less struck fear and respect into pupils in those later days.

From High Pavement Louis Essen went on to Nottingham College, which he tells us was the only one he could afford to attend, since his staying away from home would not be within his family’s means. Fortunately, the college had connections with London University and he graduated with First-Class Honours in Physics, which he reports was the only one for Nottingham. Thanks to this success he was invited to stay on in order to undertake a higher degree, studying under a Dr Brose, whose speciality was atomic physics.

Through acquaintance with Albert Einstein Dr Brose developed an interest in modern physics, presumably quantum physics, the strange and yet highly successful theory of particles that are also waves, and things that might be here or might be there, because no-one can be sure, and Essen describes himself as missing an opportunity of delving into the theoretical side of his work, because of a preoccupation with experimentation.

Though it is not strictly relevant to the life and career of Louis Essen I wish to recount a delightful anecdote about Albert Einstein in 1930 when he was expected at University College Nottingham, where he was due to give a talk. It was from Einstein in 1905, when he was a 26-year-old clerk in a patent office, that the world learnt of an unexpected characteristic of time: perception of it depended on the observer’s state of motion, whereas before that, time had been

regarded as absolute. Well, Einstein arrived for his talk two hours late. But it was not through space travel at terrific speeds: he had gone off on a trip to see Isaac Newton's birthplace. He also found he had got no money, and had to borrow a fiver. To be fair, he repaid it when he arrived back home. Let us now resume our story.

Before the end of his first year as a PhD student he was told by Ralph Crossland that the National Physical Laboratory was seeking staff, and Essen felt that it was more important to secure a job than to complete his PhD, and succeeded in being appointed a Junior Scientific Assistant. He spent the rest of his career there.

We have now completed the part of Essen's biography that has what we might regard as local interest. We next look at the important work that he carried out. However, even if I had the necessary knowledge to describe his work in detail, it could not be done in two pages of *The Pavior*, and so I give a very sketchy outline here.

To measure time accurately we traditionally attempted to divide the solar day into 24 equal hours or 86400 seconds. Unfortunately, the earth's rotation is not as constant or as steady as we might have hoped. It is gradually slowing, owing to the tides raised mainly by the moon, but also by the sun. Energy is required to set large bodies of water in motion, and this comes at the expense of our planet's rotational energy. But the rate of change is not uniform or predictable, presumably because it is affected by changes in the distribution of mass within the earth, such as occur, for example, when a volcano erupts, and perhaps also by climate change, which affects the structure of the atmosphere. Besides this, to measure very short time intervals is another problem.



The Orion Nebula, photographed by your editor. The red is due to emission from hydrogen atoms.

Essen solved both problems by using the natural clocks of atoms. They can be induced to emit light at very definite frequencies that are characteristic of the atom. In a way this is familiar; for light of different frequencies has different colours, and we associate the red colour of advertising signs with the neon gas that fills the tubes, whereas the traditional yellow street lights owed their colour to sodium vapour. You will also have seen in spectacular astronomical photographs a lot of red, which is due to emission from hydrogen at a precisely defined frequency, not the same as that from a neon light, but

which the eye also sees as red. So an atom emitting visible light is in a sense a clock that 'ticks' at something like 500 million million times a second, the precise value depending on the atom. This provides the basis of a very accurate and very steadily running clock. For practical reasons microwave radio was used rather than visible light, but the principle was the same. So, "all" that had to be done was to determine the rate at which a particular atom ticks and count the ticks. Louis Essen was the first to accomplish the task, thus producing the world's first atomic clock in 1955.

Precise measurement of time is not purely for scientific research or guiding spacecraft. It is also necessary for telecommunications and the GPS. By inventing the atomic clock Louis Essen, an Old Pavior, bequeathed a great gift to mankind.

Gerald Taylor.

Christmas Lunch, December 2025.

Twenty-three of us including guests gathered for a most enjoyable occasion at Mapperley Golf Club, which proved again to be a fine venue with excellent food and service and very nice ambience.

Harold Blythe and his wife Leila travelled down from Fleetwood as ever and it was great to share the occasion with them. Thank you both for your continued support.



Paviors and Guests: Pensive at Left, Relaxed at Right

President Ken welcomed us all. Colin Salsbury travelled from Loughborough with daughter Helen and we were delighted to welcome three guests from the 6th-Form College: Acting Deputy Principal Mandi, Head of Administration and good friend to us all Dawn plus their colleague Louise. Their support of our Society is much valued.

After a delightful meal we had a couple of amusing items courtesy of my good self and Michael Johnson's wife Julie together with Ken. Julie's idea, thank you Julie.

Then just a couple of carols, our usual proud delivery of the school song and finally a blast of 'We wish you a merry Christmas'.

Thank you all who attended and shared a very happy event.

John Chambers.

ooOoo

Teachers' Pet Topics, Pet Hates, and Little Fads.

Featuring in this issue of *The Pavior* is a foible of Chemistry teacher John Preston, and one of Biology teacher S.W. ("Swill") Hill.

Mr Preston did not like *some* in such statements as *some sodium carbonate was heated with a bunsen burner*. His view was that the word was superfluous and should therefore not appear. It occurred to me that even when more or less meaningless omission of it would at times be idiomatically harsh, e.g.: *The bacon was on a plate next to some eggs*.

To me it would not sound right without that *some*, for all its lack of meaning. Of course, in those days, which were good and old, one did not argue the toss with the staff.

As for Mr Hill, if you thought it politic not to have your Biology exercise book available for his inspection, it would not do to tell him you had lost it. He could, on the other hand, be pacified by a confession that you had *mis*laid it.

Do you recall other teacher idiosyncrasies? Let us know about them.

Do You Remember? [1]



The top picture shows the school's Gainsford Crescent site as it appeared in June 1995, when it had become a college. The other picture shows the school on the day when it opened for business there in 1955. Of course, in that distant age everything happened in black and white; but now, thanks to the wonders of artificial intelligence, you can experience this scene brought back to life and in colour, though the artificial brain had to use its imagination in order to provide the colours, and to show what the pupils were doing. The ten-second video is on our website.

Both pictures here were provided by Graham Wybrow.

Do You Remember? [2]

At least in the school's later years a list of our summer sporting fixtures was published on a small folding card, which teachers sold to their pupils, sometimes inducing them to buy through methods of which a high-pressure salesman might have approved. The one shown here, in a picture provided by Graham Wybrow, is dated 1964. The list of cricket, rowing, and tennis fixtures appears on the other side.

SCHOOL ATHLETIC FIXTURES 1964

Mar. 28 & 30	A.A.A. Indoor Championships at Wembley
Apr. 24 & 25	L.A.C. Schools Championships at Motspur Park
May 4 & 5	City Schools Heats at Harvey Hadden
" 9	Loughborough Relays Meeting at Loughborough
" 12	v. Loughborough G.S. v. Henry Mellish G.S. (home)
" 30	Notts. A.A.A. Senior and Boys' Championships at Sutton
June 6	City Schools Finals at Harvey Hadden
" 6	Mid. Counties' Junior Championships at Brierley Hill
" 10	v. Nottm. Teachers' Training College (away)
" 13	Notts. A.A.A. Junior & Youth Champs. at Harvey Hadden
" 20	Notts. Schools Championships
July 4	Mid. Counties' Youth Champs.
" 17 & 18	English Schools' A.A. Championships at Hendon
Aug. 8	A.A.A. Junior Championships at Hurlingham
Oct. 14-21	Olympic Games at Tokyo
	Invitation Relays:
	Cuthbertson Cup at Q.E.G.S. Mansfield
May 14	Loughborough 4 x 110 at Loughborough
" 30	Mundella Golden Jubilee Cup at Mundella
" 30	Corinthian Cup at Sutton
June 6	Trivett Cup at W. Bridgford G.S.
	Jardine Cup at Harvey Hadden

SCHOOL SPORTS

April 22	Under 17, Open	} Heats
" 24	Under 13, Open	
" 27	Under 15, Open	
" 29	All Finals	

SWIMMING

May 12	Loughborough G.S.	... a
" 25	Mansfield	... a
June 3	Retford	... a
" 9	Trent College	... h
" 11	Burton-on-Trent	... a
" 16	City Gala Heats	
" 17	City Gala Heats	
" 23	Nottingham High School	... h
" 30	Ashby G.S.	... a
July 9	City Schools Gala Finals	
" 10	City Schools Gala Finals	
" 13	School Gala Heats 9-12—Northern	
" 14	Midlands Inter-Public and Grammar Schools Gala at Loughborough	
" 21	School Gala 9.30-11.30—Victoria	

GROUND

Gainsford Crescent, Bestwood. Number 6 'bus from Trinity Square passes the gate.

SCHOOL AND GROUND TELEPHONE

Bulwell 27-1235

SUMMER TERM 1964

April 14th	...	Term Begins
May 18th-22nd	...	Whitsun Holiday
June 17th-July 14th	...	G.C.E. Examinations (S.A. and 'O' Levels)
July 6th-11th	...	School Examinations
July 22nd	...	Term Ends

NOTTINGHAM HIGH PAYEMENT SCHOOL

ROWING, CRICKET ATHLETICS, TENNIS and SWIMMING

Fixtures 1964

CRICKET	TENNIS	ROWING
Captain:	Captain:	Capt. of Boats:
J. Kerslake	M.J. Bramley	I. W. Duncanson
Vice-Captain:		Vice-Captain:
T. Lee		F. M. Gresham
ATHLETICS	Vice-Captain:	SWIMMING
Captain:	M. D. Fell	Captain:
R. B. Studholme		G. Shaw
Vice-Captain:	Secretary:	Vice-Captain:
D. A. Perry	B. M. Mason	M. Fell
Secretary:		Secretary:
P. J. Carroll		J. Soar

You may find it hard to make out the small print on this card as it is reproduced here. Unfortunately, to show it much bigger would have required it to be turned ninety degrees round, and to use up a lot of valuable *Pavior* space. Some things about this card get my attention.

The Captain of Boats is I. W. Duncanson. This must surely be Ian Duncanson, who was mentioned in the previous issue of our magazine, though not for the best of reasons; for sadly, he died last year. However, we published an account of his influential life in Australian legal circles.

The 1st XI cricket captain is J. Kerslake. Could this be a kinsman of RT Kerslake, who in 1932 won one of the first two Oxbridge scholarships awarded to a Pavior?

The 1st XI vice-captain is T. Lee. This is likely to be Terry Lee, who was a demon fast bowler. Being six or seven years younger, I never had to face him while he was at High Pavement, but I do recall opening the batting against him for the school against Old Paviers. He pretty much disposed of us on his own, but at least I held out for an hour, though only twelve runs accrued to me in that time.

The card tells us that a “number six ‘*bus* passes the gate.” [My italics.] Evidently a bus was still felt then to be properly an omnibus.

Does this card revive memories for you? Please let us know.

Gerald Taylor.

Do You Remember? [3]

These pictures of High Pavement staff were extracted from Pete Brown's video, which was recorded in the late 1960s. You can see it on YouTube. How many of them can you identify?



1. The background is a clue



2. Another long-serving HP teacher



3. Physics teacher



4. Chemistry teacher



5-8. Likely to be known to a great many



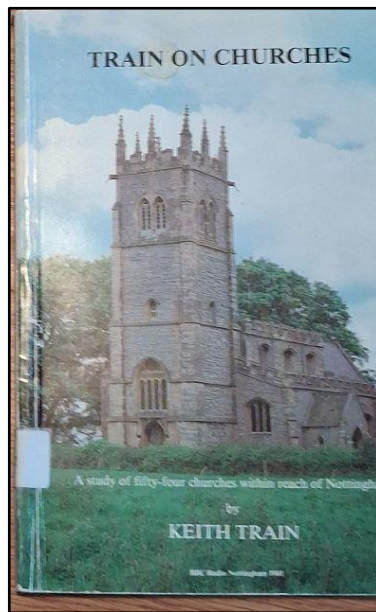
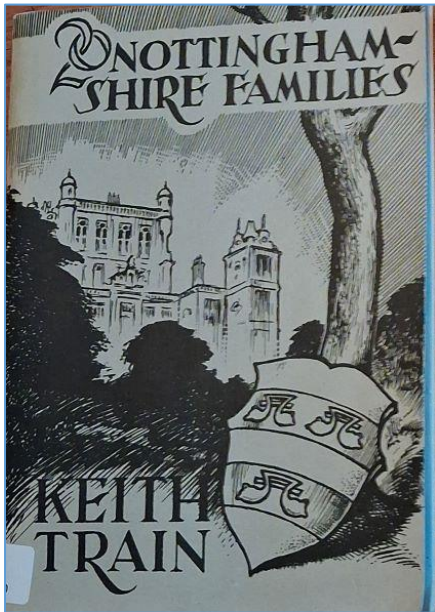
9-10 Two Physics teachers

11. The hardest to answer?

My answers are on page 16. If you think any are wrong, please feel free to contact *The Pavior*. If you want to see the video that the pictures were extracted from, search YouTube for "Scenes from High Pavement Grammar School"

You do Remember: Keith Sydney S. Train (1905-1985).

Mr Train's name will be familiar to most Old Pavors as a somewhat irascible but kind-hearted Deputy Headmaster. His nickname *Jack* was due to a radio comedian in the 1940s and 50s. Our Mr Train taught Science before retiring in the mid-1960s. What many may not realise is that he was also an eminent local historian. I recall his presenting a radio programme about a walk that took in sights of interest in part of Nottingham. He also took my first-year class for Local History; and he is the author of the two books shown below in pictures supplied by John Chambers.



ooOoo

High Pavement Hard Quiz.

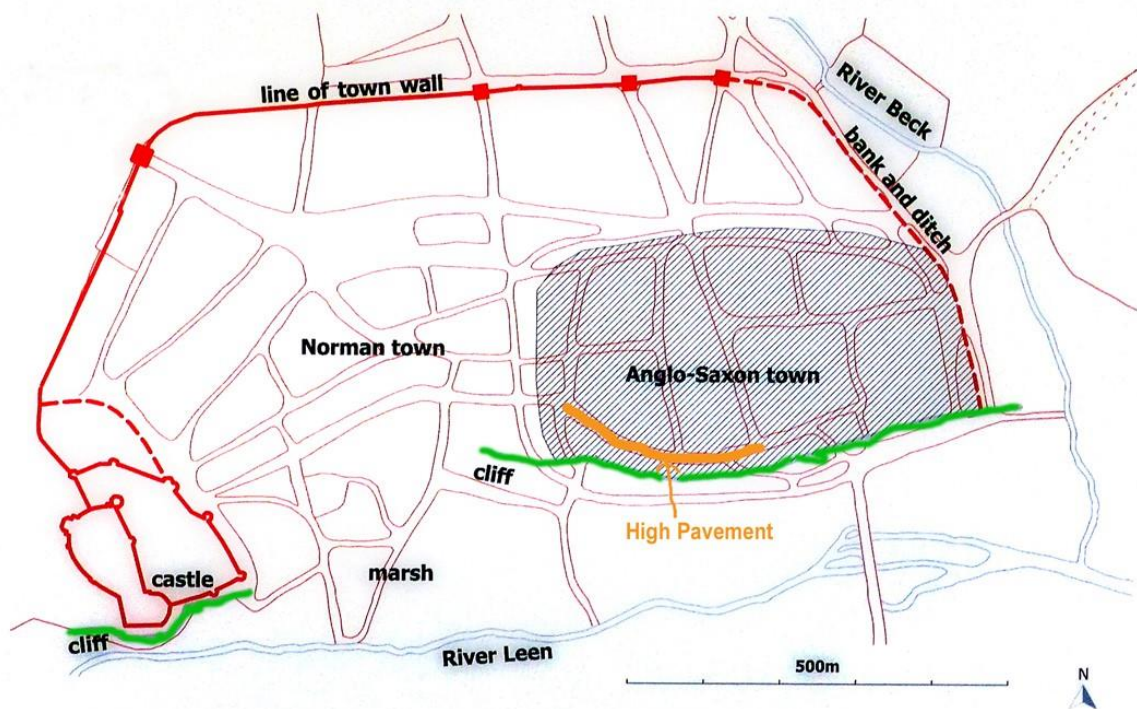
You have in the past few issues of *The Pavior* had a few Quick Questions to try. Now we have some less easy challenges.

1. Thomas Wheatcroft was our first headmaster. Where did lessons take place in his time?
2. Who invented the name *Pavior*?
3. In whose headship did the school change to being for boys only?
4. Who introduced rugby in place of football?
5. The school's badge, which was introduced in 1933, shows a chequer pattern above three wheat stalks. What did the chequer pattern symbolise?
6. Ray Caulton is known to many as a teacher at High Pavement. He was also an Old Pavior. What distinction did he achieve as a pupil?
7. In what year did High Pavement become a mixed 6th-form college?

The answers are on page 16

You Don't Remember.

These two pictures, which were provided by Graham Wybrow, need no explanation. Even our oldest and most venerable members will be pleased to say it was all before their time.



Showing the position of High Pavement firmly within the Saxon township.

Random Jottings, by Alex Rae.

Alex completed the sixth year in 1973, and thus is one of our youngest members. His knowledge of the school's affairs in its last years is extensive; and if you were not lucky enough to be present at his talk "A Literary Ramble Around Nottinghamshire," you can make up for lost opportunity by accessing it on our website. In this article Alex presents a miscellany of facts and memories.

I did English A-level. We studied three Shakespeare plays (Othello, King John and The Winter's Tale) under the tutelage of Stanley Middleton. We used the Arden Shakespeare series as our texts. As we entered the class, Mr Middleton would always ask us: "Have you got an Arden?"

Henry Whipple was Nottingham's first Director of Education, appointed in 1924. He was married to the notable novelist Dorothy Whipple, described by JB Priestley as "The Jane Austen of the 20th century". The Henry Whipple Primary School in Bestwood is named after him. In an article written by him in 1937, he mentions that High Pavement was the first "unsectarian" school in England and the first organised science school in the country. It was his re-organisation of the city's educational system that led to the creation of Manning School in 1931.

I appeared in the school's Gilbert and Sullivan productions from 1969-1973. The musical director was Jeremy Morris and the producer was Bill "Odd Socks" Gray. In 1972, we performed "Iolanthe" in which Strephon - half mortal, half fairy - becomes a Member of Parliament. The Fairy Queen has a major solo in Act 2. When she was singing it, Bill Gray would walk behind her, apparently cleaning the stage with a mop and a bucket: Eric Morecambe would have approved!

We studied Chaucer under EWN "Compass Face" Smith. Following the precedent set by the noted literary scholar Professor Neville Coghill in his radio broadcasts, we had to read the text in a purported "authentic" mediaeval voice. EWNS's son John had done part of his teacher training at my junior school (The Elms in St Ann's) and I was always embarrassed that I was the only pupil whom EWNS addressed by his Christian name.

My interest in the law was inspired when in December 1966 I arrived at High Pavement Chapel for our annual carol service at the same time as England's most senior High Court judge, Mr Justice Stable, was entering the adjacent Shire Hall to open at the Nottingham Assizes. He was fully robed and was welcomed by the High Sheriff and trumpeter. The Minister of High Pavement Chapel was the Reverend Gordon Bolam from Derby. I have often wondered whether he was related to the actor James Bolam, (The Likely Lads) who although born in Sunderland grew up in Derby and attended Bemrose Grammar School.

I end by paying tribute to three of my closest school friends, who are sadly no longer with us - Peter Sansam, Martin Fisher and Philip Bartlam. I attended Grey College at the University of Durham at the same time as Peter. We were both encouraged to apply to Grey by Ray Caulton, who as a trainee RAF navigator during WWII had completed a maths course at Durham taught by Sydney Holgate, who became the first Master of Grey on its foundation in 1959. [*Hucknall Grammar School was renamed Holgate Academy after his mother, Annie – ed.*] Sydney was from Hucknall and attended Henry Mellish Grammar School along with his chum, the actor Robin Bailey. He was a notable cricketer. Martin was a devout member of the Shakespeare Street Synagogue and succeeded his father Nelson as its President. Nelson Fisher was recruited from London to be the Head of Ashfield School, Nottinghamshire's first Comprehensive school. Philip became a notable architectural historian and helped produce the 1979 edition of the Nottinghamshire volume of Niklaus Pevsner's *Buildings of England* series. I was lucky enough to accompany Philip on many of his visits to historical properties. Philip's mother had been the Lord

Mayor's secretary and had lent her pen to Princess (later Queen) Elizabeth to enable her to sign the visitors' book at the Council House when she and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Nottingham in 1949 to mark the 500th anniversary of the City's Royal Charter. She was also present when the Robin Hood statue at Nottingham Castle was unveiled in 1952.

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Pupil Howlers.

I do not recall howlers from my time at High Pavement, though I may have perpetrated some. But in my time as a teacher, not at High Pavement, a few enhanced the joys of existence. Here are my favourites.

Heard from a fifth-year pupil on emerging from the English exam: "I done good."

Second-year response to a general science question asking what a fossil is: "a fossil is a dead animal that lives under ground."

I should have been delighted to report that in response to a mathematics question asking what is meant by *symmetry* a pupil had stated that "it is where dead people live." But I never did hear of such an answer.

Second-year response to a question asking pupils to explain why it was important for us to conserve energy: "Because if we don't we'll be toiling." Can't argue with that.

Fourth-year statement about the meaning of a certain electrical symbol used in circuit diagrams: "it means a light blub."

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Answers to the questions on page 6

Bob Studholme's name appears on the fixture card shown under the heading *Do You Remember [2]* as the Athletics Captain.

The 'Latin' inscription makes sense if the words are divided differently and are taken to be in English. I therefore think that someone has pulled the Professor's leg.

Answers to the Questions on page 12.

1. S.W. Hill. 2. Stanley Middleton. 3. Ralph Bloom.
4. Mrs P.A. Richardson. 5. W.J. Gray. 6. Eric Shepherd. 7. Douglas Slater. 8. R.J. Dodd.
9. Squadron Leader T.L. Thompson. 10. G.G. Steel. 11. Ray Caulton??

Answers to HP Hard Quiz.

1. Thomas Wheatcroft's lessons were at his house.
2. Dr H. J. Spenser introduced the term *Pavior*.
3. G. J. R. Potter was headmaster when the school became single-sex.
4. Dr H. J. Spenser replaced football with rugby.
5. The chequer pattern in the school's badge symbolised High Pavement.
6. Ray Caulton became Head Boy at High Pavement.
7. The school became a mixed sixth-form college in 1974.