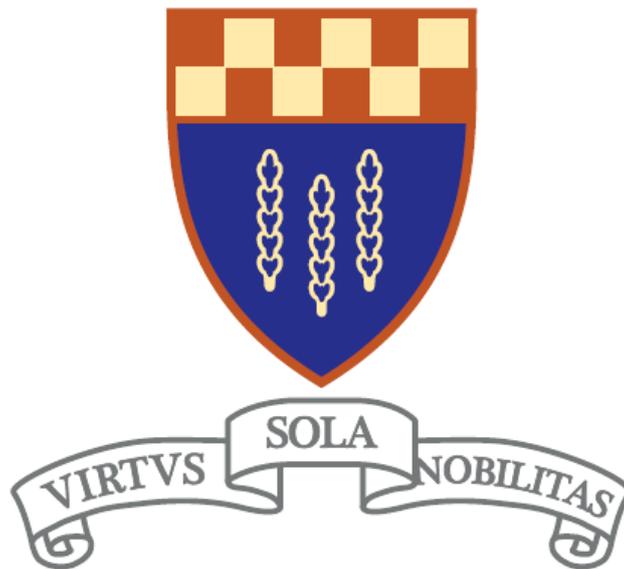


The Pavior



**The Occasional Newsletter
of
The High Pavement Society
(Founded 1989)**

May 2011

Your Committee

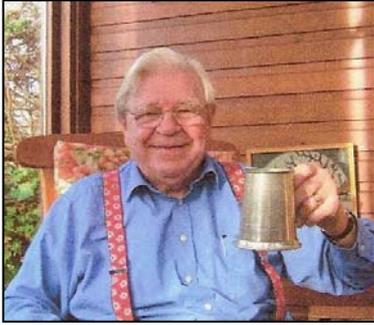
The Committee Members listed below are always delighted to talk to you on any matter – particularly if you have a contribution to make to this publication!

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Faces to Remember
Mr Gilbert John Reginald Potter
Distinguished Head of the School
1929 – 1947



COMMENT

The letter below from Michael Simpson, commenting on material in the last issue, clearly shows a lifelong interest in matters of education. He first shows an abiding love of High Pavement as he experienced it. Later he refers to grammar schools ‘creaming off’ about 2 per cent of children, and suggests that the 11+ exam does not always work, as many late developers may miss out. However, if we accept that gifted children must have the opportunity to benefit from advanced education we must find a way to effect this. Clearly Michael favours comprehensive schools, but only if we can afford to resource them with both finance for necessary equipment and for well-qualified teachers.

Allied to this debate is the renewed interest in, and plans for, apprenticeships. As I understand it (and this is an assertion made from personal experience), a true apprentice must possess the necessary enthusiasm, and agree to serve his ‘master’ for a specified number of years until qualified. I wonder if the present schemes follow these criteria. In the next issue I would like to expand on this theme and would appreciate the views of readers for or against apprenticeships (send them to me by email or by post).

When I was closely concerned with the Nation Association of Master Bakers around 1970, I proposed that the current apprenticeship scheme be discontinued owing to the very poor support within the industry. I suggested we should put a more effective system in its place. We have waited thirty years for the subject of apprenticeships to be revived. However, when it is announced that 30,000 industrial apprenticeships are to be provided nationally, one wonders if the basic criteria mentioned above will be faithfully followed.

Arnold

LETTERS FROM READERS

FROM MICHAEL SIMPSON

Dear Arnold,

In the late 1950s, Harry Davies, then Headmaster of High Pavement, went head to head with the Headmistress of Woodberry Down School, a pioneer comprehensive, on the BBC Home Service. I believe that the chairman was Jack Longland, a former Everest climber but then Director of Education for Derbyshire; he described High Pavement as ‘one of the six best boys’ grammar schools in England’. Harry Davies, who championed the grammar school, had previously been headmaster of a small Yorkshire grammar school and was to be one of the earliest schoolmaster fellows at Cambridge.

We who are members of the Society have joined because we enjoyed and appreciated our schooldays. There must have been pupils who did not – but we are unlikely to have their company in the Society. In my own day (1950-1958), several pupils were weeded out at the end of the second year, while a whole new form (3C) entered through the ‘13+’, having shone at secondary modern schools. Some secondary schools ran ‘O-Level’ forms and I

believe some pupils came to HP in the Sixth Form. At that time, Harry Davies said, Nottingham had one of the lowest rates of '11+' passes in England and Wales. It was, I believe, about 11%; only Bolton (9.3%) was lower. In Wales, rural counties averaged 40% or more, and the overall average for England and Wales was 20% or so. This all means that the '11+' was not totally successful, as many pupils were weeded out or added to grammar schools. Furthermore, it is evident from the figures given above that there was a postcode lottery of alarming proportions. Children, as is now generally acknowledged, develop at different rates; that applies to undergraduates—I have taught many a 30-, 40-, 50- and even 60-year old—people who discovered the delights of education in their mature years.

Comprehensive schools are now widespread; most of our children attend them. One or two mainly rural counties maintain grammar schools alongside their comprehensives, though I believe they simply cream off the top couple of percent. There are, undoubtedly, failing schools—most of them comprehensives. I would not claim, however, that all old grammar schools would pass the immeasurably harder tests of 'fitness for purpose' which we impose today. In today's economic climate, the many grammar schools of small size (200-300) of our days would not provide the education expected now; they would not be able to justify the expenditure on equipment that is demanded.

I spent over thirty years teaching in universities at home and abroad. For nearly all that time, I served as an admissions tutor. I cannot recall any marked differences among new students, irrespective of their previous education. Over that time, too, I spoke to many schools of all types—comprehensives, grammar schools, and public schools—and even to High Pavement Sixth Form College. The audiences everywhere were attentive and intelligent; I would say that the public school children were more polished and better read.

This country has few natural resources. That means that we must rely on the talent of our people to make our way in the world. It behoves us, as a nation, to develop that talent, at whatever age it shines forth, to the maximum extent. In that past, so-called 'good old days' of the '11+', many primary school pupils who missed out on selection, simply gave up, as did their parents, on education – and the country suffered from the neglect of talent. This must not happen again. The throw-away remark about Conservative and Labour politicians not knowing or caring about education is nonsense; many members of all parties have considerable experience of education and care deeply about it. Politicians sometimes dream up schemes written on the backs of envelopes, as vote-catching exercises, and ignore specialist and experienced advice—but most of them have a deep appreciation of education's value. The one regret I have is that when education was re-organised in Nottingham, High Pavement did not continue as a comprehensive school, thus allowing many of its best features to be passed on to a new generation of pupils.

Michael Simpson

(Trent House, 1950-58. Educated subsequently at Fitzwilliam, Cambridge; Ohio State University and the University of Glasgow. Retired as Reader in US History at the University of Swansea).

FROM MARCUS PEGG

[Marcus Pegg is in the process of writing his memoirs—‘An Interesting Life’—and has allowed us to extract this brief passage about his time at High Pavement although he initially attended Mundella School in south Nottingham when it was about to be evacuated to Stamford, Lincs.]

In any event grandpa was against the (Stamford) idea, and took me up to High Pavement School, which was near Leslie Road, where I lived. It was where all my uncles had gone, and was a boys-only school. Goofy Potter the head accepted me, and I soon settled in. I liked it much better than Mundella. When air raids started it was decided that the school, which was four storeys high, was not safe, and it was closed for a time. Uncle Jack and Uncle Frank took over my education for a short time. Then we went half time to the Manning School for girls, which was a modern single storey building of a style similar to Middleton Boulevard and Cottesmore. The girls went in the afternoons and boys in the mornings. However before long we were back at HP, where I spent the rest of my school days, gaining an Oxford and Cambridge School Certificate with distinctions in French, English Language and Literature and credits in Maths, Advanced Maths, German, History and Art, and a pass in Latin. The teaching was of a high standard, Bill Benner, the art teacher was an excellent artist and Mr Hastie, the Maths teacher was a real enthusiast and made Maths a voyage of discovery for us. The Masters all wore gowns and discipline, particularly in the lower years, was quite strict.

Several chapters could be written about my time at HP—Harvest Camp in the summer, Fire Watching all night, speech days at the Albert Hall—but this must wait for another time. One incident, though, I must relate. One day the English Master, a very able man, came into the classroom, and sat at his desk immobile. We knew something must be wrong and after some chat we sat silently, looking at our work. After some time, one or two of us became quite worried, and it was decided that I should go to the Head's office, and report the problem. Goofy Potter soon came back with me, took Mr Gilbert by the arm and led him away, telling us to get on with our work.

After some time Mr Potter returned, to say that the Spitfire piloted by Mr Gilbert's son had been shot down and his young life lost. It was some weeks before English lessons were resumed...

Marcus Pegg

FROM BOB COOPER

Dear Colin

February's issue of *The Pavior* had several memory joggers for me. Was not Mr Caulton my first form master? Mr Shepherd was certainly my geography teacher. He took the class down Gedling pit where we met his son. That was an experience—they were still using ponies...And ah! yes, the Benevolent Fund...

And there was the small piece by the involuntary boxer. Something similar happened to me. I saw a notice about boxing for your House and I suggested to my friend, Ken Evans that he should volunteer, pointing out that even if he lost he would gain a point for his House. He asked if I was going to put my name down. ‘Of course’ I replied, but having

no such intention. Later Ken came to me to say a list of boxers' names was on the notice board but my name wasn't on it so he had put it on. I couldn't find the notice - perhaps it had already been taken down and not wanting to cause Ken any grief by making a fuss I went through with it. On the day my Housemaster, R.E. Jackson, came to the ring to take my spectacles and I found myself facing an area champion.

He was a nice lad. He only hit me once. I fell out the ring three times, tripping up over my own feet. Once I fell on one of the judges, Mr Wells the maths teacher. I always claimed that was why I lost—I had upset one of the judges. My opponent tried to get me to come forward by dropping his hands to his side as Mohammed Ali was to do years later. Several people asked me why I did not hit him then. They did not understand that he could move his fists faster than I could move my feet. When it was over after three rounds I could not lift my leg over the bottom rope and my opponent helped me out of the ring. I told you he was a nice lad.

Bob Cooper

FROM MIKE WATKINSON

[Following the reminiscences by Arnold Brown and Colin Salsbury, who had both experienced the rigours of RAF Cranwell, Mike Watkinson was moved to write about the times he spent there. We liked his staccato style and have left it undisturbed—Ed.]

Memories of Cranwell

Huge barrack blocks where on quieter days the ablutions could be shared with large rats. The unannounced change from three bed 'biscuits' to a single mattress, which altered the basis of kit inspections.

Camp dances banned because of complaints from local farmers of flattened corn crops. Trips to Sleaford with rifle and five rounds to collect cash for pay parades. As pay was issued the following day, further enjoyment was derived from keeping the safe company overnight, still armed. On rota, some nights were also spent guarding the radar site with cudgels and no lights.

During cold weather, coal allowance for a month lasted for only about one week. We were therefore persuaded to go round other sections and 'borrow' their supplies when no one was looking.

February 1953, brought unexpected trips on the backs of lorries in the middle of the night, dressed in fatigues and armed with shovels and picks. The destination was the inundated East Coast, with the intention of 'Canuting' the water back into the sea.

A little later that year, found from the notice board that I had been 'chosen' to appear on the Queen's Coronation Parade in June. As I was to be demobbed in August, I had no intention of doing any more training in marching or standing still at the road sides. I therefore spent many hours running round the camp until I was delisted. The senior officer who had final decision was horrified that I had turned down such an honour which carried the promise of a medal. However, I never met anyone who had enjoyed the parade or received the promised medal.

I did obtain a day off on one occasion and booked an outing to the Lincoln races. It was as well that I had prepaid the outing because the horses didn't run for me and I would not have had the fare to return to Cranwell.

Is it true that we only remember the "good times?"

Mike Watkinson

FROM PAUL HANDFORD



Colin, Thanks for including my request for contacts with old HP pals in the Feb Pavior Newsletter. My initial contact with the Pavior was prompted by an out-of-the-blue email from Mark Seabright, an old HP pal. Wish I had old pics to contribute, but many house moves strip away much of the old stuff...

I was much amused by Richard Maslen's little poem (p.18) about old Notts words, and it made me recall travels on the Nottingham city trolley buses, where the conductors would always shout '*Owdjertite!*' before the bus would suddenly lurch forward as (s)he pressed the bell twice. Those who failed to attend to this friendly advice, and not having grabbed on to something firm went staggering, were then treated to the head-shake of disbelief and the comment of '*Tojertojerdinta?*' Cheers!

Paul Handford (Canada) [handford@uwo.ca]

FROM ALAN RADFORD

[Alan Radford, an octogenarian expatriate Pavior, lives near Brisbane which experienced terrible flooding earlier in the year. We dropped him a line in case he had been washed away but we received this reassuring reply.]

Hello Colin, Many thanks for your prompt letter, even if I feel a bit lost...

We are in a place called Redcliffe just outside Brisbane, and we had very little trouble with the floods. I am now well retired and taking it easy most of the time. This morning (SUNDAY) is a busy day, check the car, put out the rubbish bins, wind up the clocks, and get ready to make a few phone calls. So getting a couple of e-mails unbalances things. Anyway, if you decide you want to do anything with this message, you are welcome. (Optimistic me !!!)

Seriously it is very good to hear from you again. As I said, I am well out of most excitements. I normally play bridge twice a week (NO expert but enjoy it !!!!) and otherwise take it pretty easily. I'm just learning how to use the Microsoft Life Cam set up on the computer, and am having a bit of fun and games with it....Anyway, I must call my offspring now, so I will close down.

Thanks a lot for your message and I hope to hear from you again.

All the best,

Alan Radford (**Radish !!!**)

Heard that nickname the other day from Don (Woodward) ... First time in years !!!!

FROM JULIA MEADOWS

Dear Colin

I have had a wonderful correspondence with Lance Wright - he has been so very helpful, sending me (by post) and emailing me everything that he could find out about EHS (Edmund Saayman). I am in the process of requesting his birth certificate from South Africa House in London. I wonder if any of you Paviors know where my grandfather was born? This correspondence has now filled in so many of the gaps in my knowledge of EHS and I will say it even made me realise more about him than I could have imagined.

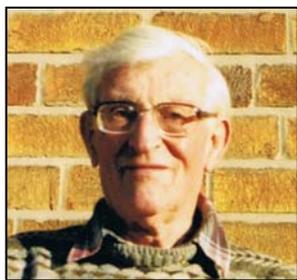
This has been a wonderful experience, as apart from the correspondence most gratefully received from Lance it has brought back wonderful memories for me, e.g. I remember attending a dance at the school when it was at Bestwood (some of the boys from my primary school attended High Pavement), all of which come flooding back for the first time in many years: John Dickens, a relative of mine attended your school and became Professor of Engineering at Loughborough University. Other things that I had not thought about for years came to mind—I used to walk by your old school on my way to school.

Oh, what happy days! I have not heard from anyone else apart from yourself and Lance. I would love to hear from anyone that has any story to tell about my ‘grandpops’. I have promised to keep Lance informed of what I hear about EHS in order that he can keep you in the picture. Thank you again for all your help, best wishes to you all. The kindest of regards,

Julia

ooOoo

Fifty Years a Schoolmaster



This month our historian Geoff Oldfield MBE writes about William Hugh, who was headmaster at the time the school moved to Stanley Road.

The above title is that of a document in Nottinghamshire’s Archives, reference SBX 282/92. The schoolmaster in the title was William Hugh, a headmaster of High Pavement School from 1861 to 1911. Bound in one volume are a number of reprints from other works and newspapers cuttings relating to this topic. The first of these is dated May 1914 and is a foreword from High Pavement Chapel’s Chronicle. It is unsigned but is obviously by a member of the Chapel who had known William Hugh well. It is an interesting article as well as a record of changes in the School. The writer was well educated and had the style of a classical scholar as the following extract shows:



‘On two memorable occasions the High Pavement Day School was threatened with extinction. Today it lives and is by no means a minor power in the educational activities of the City of Nottingham... In 1891-2 came a great crisis. Disaster was averted by the efforts of ten prominent men and one woman and in 1895 the school was moved from the sordid surroundings of the smoky marsh and set on a hill in a beautiful building looking down on the windswept forest and the green expanse of the Forest Fields.

With the venerable Comenius the head master could exclaim:

’ O mihi praetoritas Jupiter si referrat annos’*

The writer praised the work of William Hugh as headmaster and a number of other articles gave details of Mr Hugh’s life. He was born in Bristol in 1835 and in 1851 he was appointed as a pupil teacher at a school there. Although he had to work long hours studying

how to become a qualified school teacher, he also found time to sing in church and chapel choirs, in three harmonic choirs and in glee societies. He also learned to play the violin. He later moved to London and entered the Borough Road Training College, where he was required to stay for a fixed period of years. However Hugh was outspoken in his strong views on the nonconformist religion and seems to have met similar minds, one of whom was Edward Enfield, a member of the well known family in Nottingham. This helped when the governors at Borough Road decided that, because of his views, he could no longer remain in the college (and also meant that he had to repay the cost of his maintenance because he could not fulfil the undertaking to remain for the full time.)

With the help of Enfield and other members of the High Pavement Chapel, he managed to become head of a school in London, a British voluntary school which supported non-conformist education and was opposed to the National school movement. At this time he also studied at London University where he matriculated, gave lectures and served as a Sunday School teacher. His broad experience was no doubt why he was subsequently appointed headmaster of High Pavement Day School in 1861. William Hugh was probably unique in serving as headmaster throughout the manifold changes taking place nationally in education. In 1872 an Education Act made elementary education compulsory, more or less, and was governed by School Boards, which were elected by ratepayers. The Nottingham School Board built the first schools and continued until 1902 when the boards were abolished. In Nottingham, as a County Borough, this meant that the City Council now became the Local Education Authority. Major changes in High Pavement School in the 1890's continued under the City Council with High Pavement and Mundella becoming High Grade or Secondary Schools.

In addition to the material about Mr Hugh the volume also contains a printed prospectus of what is described as 'High Pavement Higher Grade School and School of Science, Stanley Road'. This covered the years 1895-1899 and includes a number of excellent photographs, including one of the new buildings, standing in isolation and of various activities including one of swimming in the 'puddle'.

Geoff Oldfield

[‘If only Jupiter would restore those bygone years to me’—quoting from Vergil]*

[A portrait of Mr Hugh once hung in the Stanley Road hall, alongside those of Dr HJ Spenser and Mr GJR Potter. I confess its identity was unknown to me until now.—Ed]

ooOoo

Barbara Lokes

Members of High Pavement Society will be sorry to hear of the sudden death of Barbara Lokes, wife of Ken who, over many years, has joined her husband in his unstinting support of Society activities. A Funeral Mass was held on Friday 15th April at Our Lady of Grace RC Church, Candleby Lane, Cotgrave where the Society was represented by Geoff and Irene Lindley. The Mass was followed by cremation at Wilford Hill. The Society has made a donation to The Multiple Sclerosis Society in Barbara's memory.

NOSTALGIA CORNER

*[We found this delightful memoir in the July 1930 issue of the **High Pavement School Magazine**. Its editor points out that the writer was the guest of 'one of our Senior Girls' through a scheme for hospitality between French and English pupils. The editor of those days also said; 'We have thought it best to make but few alterations in her manuscript'.]*

IMPRESSIONS OF A JOURNEY TO ENGLAND

It is with pleasure that I hasten to write my impressions about England. I landed on a cool August morning at Southampton. This town reminded me of Caen, my shipping port, on account of its morose sight. I went into the Custom-house; there the not very amiable tone of voice of Custom-house Officers frightened me at first. But I did not limit my attention to trifles and joyously I take the train for London, in the company of a pleasant lady that was very amiable for me. When I was settled in a 3rd-class wagon, I fancied to be in our French first-classes, I thought about English travelling in our railways and I understood that British people are to be astonished concerning the comfort of our waggons. In London I was terrified, thinking I must go down rolling staircases and rolling carpets with great rapidity. In France there are rolling staircases in show-feasts, but I would not like to get up on them. But I cannot find expression for my admiration of Westminster, the House of Parliament. All seemed splendid: Trafalgar Square, Buckingham Palace, and the marvellous Parks whose names I have forgotten.

I saw little companies of soldiers who wore a magnificent uniform, and I laughed, thinking about the French military suit, which is reduced to the lowest terms. I have been very pleased to get English money, but I must tell you that I think it is more inconvenient than French money. I shall never forget my first five o'clock (meal). I was embarrassed before several plates, not knowing in which one I must put salad or fruits, because I did not suppose that there was one for the bread. I have been also very astonished to find in all the houses wireless and gramophones. Certainly in France we have some, but the number is limited.

From the first days I admired the practical sense of English people. All the necessary implements in a house are improved, and the electricity used currently. We have it, but we are far from this result. All is made quicker in your England; especially means of transport are swifter. What difference between our little trains and your gigantic "Bus"; and what a regular circulation, thanks to bold policemen (that confound you with grave looks). Really these policemen are different from ours. The roads are broad and clean and I was stupified to find wastepaper baskets every step.

But, concerning your dwelling houses, I reproach them to be too similar. It is evident to a French person that all the streets are built on the same style and it is very difficult to recognise which one is your own house. I have verified that English people prefer the useful to the agreeable. It is just the contrary in France. We French people prefer to be less comfortable and to prove our originality.

I regret that we do not possess your wonderful Parks and your splendid roses. I have been astonished to visit Museums, without paying something. In our country to visit Monuments or Museums it is necessary to pay out of one's pocket. In short, I shall always keep a good remembrance about England, and it is with joy that I shall come back to the British Isles. All the persons I have frequented have made proof of hospitality. At least my stay in England was as instructive as it was agreeable.

Marie-Antoinette Seillier

PUB LUNCH NEWS

The Bear Inn, Alderwasley

After some problems with navigation a compact group of 21 gathered at this 17th century pub, situated on a hill top with beautiful views across the Derwent valley towards Crich. The weather was fine and sunny for a change. Inside the Bear was historic in the extreme with 'olde oak beams' galore and one low doorway with which a head or two impacted during the visit. We had been urged to attend by Arnold's words, saying it was *'undoubtedly the best venue by far and away I have ever recommended in my nearly twenty years of pub hunting'*. After that it had to be good. It certainly was impressive and we had two dining areas dedicated to our use. The food was good (if a little pricey) and the service was cheerful. Those that didn't go missed a real treat. Like most of our lunches it was a convivial gathering.



The Full Moon, Morton, Fiskerton

Friday April 1st seemed a day to do something foolish but the Pub Lunchers sensibly gathered at the welcoming premises of the Full Moon, Morton near Fiskerton. The occasion happily coincided with the 67th Wedding Anniversary of Arnold and Barbara Brown. Arnold, who organised the lunch with his



The 'top table' with George Taylor, the Underwoods and the Browns ▲

◀ A view of the main table with 'all the rest' !



customary flair, generously bought everyone a drink in honour of the occasion. Among the twenty other guests present was George Taylor, who was Arnold's best man all those years ago.

All the friends present signed a greeting card for Mr and Mrs Brown. We wished the Browns many more years of happy marriage. The food was equal to the occasion, though possibly to the detriment of our waistlines and as usual there was much reminiscing and friendly conversation of good Pavior quality.

Our Next Meeting

We are due to meet at the Ferry Boat Inn, Stoke Bardolph on Wednesday June 8th. Details from Arnold. It is said to be 'the best value in the Trent Valley', according to Jean Nutting and Arnold has promised that the air will be as sweet as it ever was on Stanley Road.

ANNUAL REUNION DINNER 2011

The Welbeck Rooms at West Bridgford were once again the venue for what turned out to be a splendid Annual Dinner of the High Pavement Society. The event was very well supported and ninety members and their partners, from Canada and all parts of the UK as well as Nottingham, attended for their principal social event of the year. The master of ceremonies for the evening was Robin Taylor, in the absence of the president Arnold Brown, who was away on holiday but sent a greeting for the occasion. The Grace was said by Joe Woodhouse and The Loyal Toast was given by fellow committee member John Elliot. The committee chairman Ken Kirk proposed the toast of 'High Pavement' and Martin Slattery, Principal of High Pavement Sixth Form College, responded. Mr Slattery spoke warmly of the links fostered between the Society and the College and summed up by quoting from their mission statement currently in preparation, one that he hoped encapsulated the ethos and tradition of High Pavement:

'High Pavement is a Sixth Form College committed to high standards, academic excellence and to the personal development and progression into Higher Education and Jobs of the Future, of all its students in a safe and supportive environment in which learning is valued, achievements are celebrated and respect is mutual.'



▲ Canon Alan Haydock

The assembled guests ►

A vote of thanks was given by Ken Kirk, who then called on all Old Paviors present to step forward for the traditional singing of *Carmen Paviorum*. And sing we did! With Kendrick Partington at the piano our school song was proudly rendered in the usual *fortissimo* style.



This brought to a close a particularly successful and enjoyable Annual Reunion Dinner for which the organisers earned many congratulations. We slowly dispersed with memories and friendships renewed, already thinking about the next time we would meet.

MORE SPORTING PRINTS - OLD FRIENDS AS WE REMEMBER THEM

[Old photos of sports teams and other subjects are always welcome and a source of great interest. Prints can be copied and returned.]

FROM DEREK ROBINSON



Derek sends this photo of the triumphant Sherwood House XI outside the pavilion at Orston Drive playing fields, Wollaton Park, on July 29th 1943 after winning the House Cricket Trophy (by 8 runs).

Back row:

(Unknown); Derek Robinson; Brookes; Birch.

Middle row:

Bob Onley; Holliss; Day; Garret; Casajuana.

Seated on the grass:

Padgett; Boyden.

FROM ALBERT HORE

Hello Nat! I'm sure you must remember some of these boxing lads. In my case, I remember five of them. The middle three went to Stanley Road Juniors before passing the 11+ and eventually becoming Old Paviors. I haven't been able to contact any of them. Anyway, attached is the picture from the *Nottm Evening Post*. Hope you are well!

Albert



Back row: J West (Player); B Nicholson (Morley); R North (Cambridge House); J Dilks (High Pavement).

Middle row: B Clements (Radford Boulevard); B Peck (Morley); D Williams (High Pavement); D McKenzie (High Pavement); P Houghton (High Pavement).

Sitting: J R Sayers (People's College); B Ward (High Pavement); G W Gee (High Pavement); R Humphreys (High Pavement); G Todd (Player).

Front: S Weatherall (High Pavement); G Waites (High Pavement).

Left: Mr J J Marsden (secretary, NSBA).

Right: Mr B J Dodd (team manager).

FROM THE LATE TONY NUTTING

A splendid print of the Old Paviers Rugby team in 1947. This is from a collection of material originally submitted by Tony for the Evening Post 'Bygones' issue devoted to High Pavement. Old Paviers from the 1940s will recognise many familiar faces—in spite of the masculine moustaches, then all the rage.



Back: Ray Caulton; Joe Becket; John Bamford; Jack Rowleston; Paul Whitehead; Derek Dunn; Tony Whitehead; Dick Williams; Julian Theobald.
Front: Tony Nutting; Wally Gell; Tubby Shaw; Len France; Des Walker; Ron Clarke.

Notices

AGM, Quiz Night and Social Evening 2011

This event will be held on **Friday September 30th** in the Welbeck Rooms, West Bridgford. Please make a note of the date. Also please tell any Old Paviers of your acquaintance who are not members that they will be welcome to attend. We would like to see as many friends as possible attending and are sure you will enjoy the evening's entertainment. Please come, we need your support. Full details will be posted nearer the date.

MESSAGE FROM THE TREASURER—ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP

Members are reminded that Subscriptions will be payable on JULY 1st

The majority have chosen the trouble-free method of paying by **Standing Order**—Many thanks! If you haven't already arranged a standing order please give it serious consideration.

Have you thought about LIFE MEMBERSHIP?

It's really good value with a one-off payment of JUST £75.00

Help us to reduce our on-going admin costs.

Ask for the forms now from the Hon. Treasurer :

Robin Taylor, 190 Kenrick Rd, Nottingham NG3 6EX.

Tel: 0115 9609483 email : robinatnottm@aol.com

ARNY'S BOOK

[At High Pavement Arny had been placed in the 'Sixth Remove' among the school's brightest hopes but was unable to compete with the pace set by their brilliance, something that occasionally happened to pupils who had shown earlier promise.]

Into the World

I was scanning the Evening Post for a job for which I might be qualified. Although the present level of physics I was studying was beyond me, the study of light always proved the most interesting aspect of the subject. I spotted an optician in the centre of Nottingham who was looking for an 'Indentured Apprentice'. Here was the opportunity to make a livelihood utilising the very discipline in which I was most interested. Without further ado I telephoned Hudson Verity of Long Row in Nottingham and applied for an interview. This was granted immediately and the following morning I took the trolley bus into town to meet Mr Wood, who was very soon to become my new boss.

At this point I had neither informed the school or my family of this act of revolution on the part of a child barely sixteen years old—sixteen-year-olds were regarded as children in those far off days—I never returned to school, although I believe mother or sister Win telephoned them to announce my resignation. Mr Potter supplied me with quite a glowing testimonial, at the same time regretting I had missed the opportunity of rising to my full academic potential. Despite the very serious employment situation my interview with Mr Wood was short; he very quickly offered me an apprenticeship, explaining it was for four years, and a premium of £100 was required. The working hours, believe it or not, were 9 am to 7 pm Monday to Wednesday, 9 to 8 Friday and 9 to 9 on Saturdays. There was a half holiday on Thursday when the shop closed at 1 pm. Allowing one hour for dinner this gives a working week of 52 hours. The change from school hours was dramatic, but at the age of 16 I suppose we have an, ability to cope which is lost in later life. I was able to continue my swimming practice by cycling madly to Noel Street on my release at 7 pm, arriving about ten past enabled me to have a good half-hour's swim before closing time at eight. The time was early spring 1939. My aim was to enter—and win—the Notts. County 100 yard Open Championship held in late September.

It was with eager anticipation I boarded the bus for the first morning at my new employment and apprenticeship, but I was surprised to find on my arrival at 9 am that the door was locked. The first lesson was that Mr Wood did not open the premises promptly, but arrived shortly after the given time for opening. After unlocking the door and depositing his hat and umbrella he turned my attention to the first, and most important, task of the day. This was precisely as laid down in my indentures - to wit, dusting and cleaning the floor of the shop. Mr Wood demonstrated cleaning and dusting as an art form, indicating the check he would make at unspecified intervals by running his finger along picture rails and other areas I would be likely to miss. Disappointment is hardly the word for my feeling of rejection, not to say dejection, felt after years of study and prowess in my leading subject, Physics, and interest in my principle field, light. On that first day the first impression I received of my boss was of a perhaps finicky and meticulous man. Only later did I discover what a kind and lovable character was behind that formidable front. I am sure he formed an affection for both me and Barbara (who later came to work in the business) and never let us down.

The previous apprentice, now qualified, instructed me for a week or two before finally leaving the company, and in that short time taught me the craft of spectacle glazing. This was a part of the optician's work I had not anticipated, imagining it was carried out in some remote optical factory. Much of it was, but Hudson Verity took pride in glazing their products on the premises themselves, and Army was soon to be their craftsman. Banks of lenses of practically every imaginable strength lined the shelves in the basement, some convex, some concave, some spherical and some correcting astigmatism. The process of reducing the lenses to fit various sizes and shapes of frames, and bevelling the lens edge appeared to me a primitive and crude one. The shape of the lens would first be indicated by a special glass marking pencil, and the excess removed by a tool not unlike household pliers. Final bevelling and smoothing was then undertaken on a revolving grindstone, the final size reached by numerous trial attempts to fit the frame. If the lens was made too small a length of packing strip could be used to correct this. Sometimes metal frames would need to be brazed. This was a particularly tricky operation to learn, and not always successful, especially when carried out by an apprentice with little more than a week's tuition in the art. Nevertheless, after that short training I was deemed qualified, and thereby the sole glazing and spectacle craftsman at Hudson Verity—for Mr Wood *never* worked in the basement!

To me life in an optician's shop came as quite a shock. Thoughts of a busy life with a continuous flow of 'customers'—we could hardly call them patients—were soon replaced by the reality of many hours spent waiting in an empty shop for the ones who never came. The average number of 'tests' a week was five—one a day. To this day I will never appreciate how the branch (for Hudson Verity was a large nationwide chain of shops) paid its way. To a large extent the work was tedious and boring in as much as a greater part of the time was spent in idleness. It is difficult to recall how Mr Wood spent his time, but the basement was my usual place. I remember hours of boredom, but I also discovered the Public Library. The Central Library in Nottingham was situated in the presumably Victorian building which then housed the Bakery School in the Nottingham Regional College of Technology, later the Trent Polytechnic, and which now glories in the title 'Nottingham Trent University'. With permission I would take the short walk to Shakespeare Street and there discovered Darwin's 'Origin of Species' and other works which at the time fascinated me. I had plenty of time for reading, and my boss viewed my books with fatherly benevolence.

There was, however, another consideration which ought to have taken my full attention because from the day of starting I began my correspondence studies with 'The British School of Optics' (I forget the precise title). By this time I had acquired a fairly ancient portable typewriter and composed all my work on this machine. My typing was of a fairly good standard, but not so my work, which, from the very beginning, was hurried and sloppy. After my success in the final school examinations together with my knowledge of light I was excessively over-confident. This, coupled with swimming, which remained my main interest and spending most evenings with Don Roome who became a very close friend for a time, sowed the seeds of my eventual disenchantment with the optical trade. We'll leave Hudson Verity for now, as the Second Great War looms ahead... **Arnold**