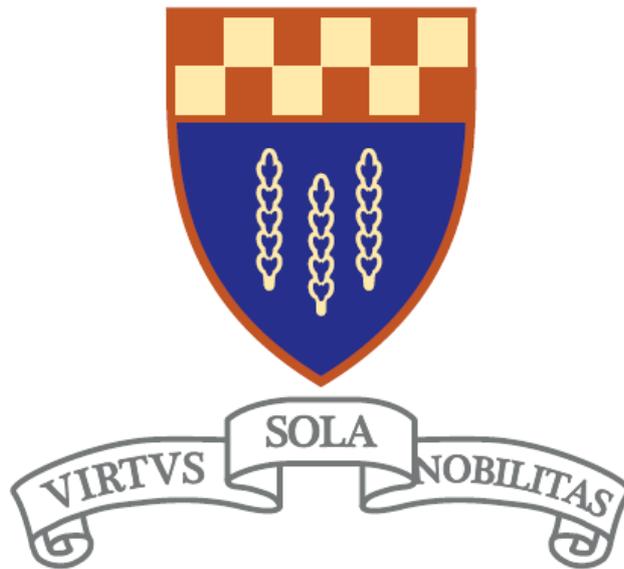


# The Pavior



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

May 2012

### **Your Committee**

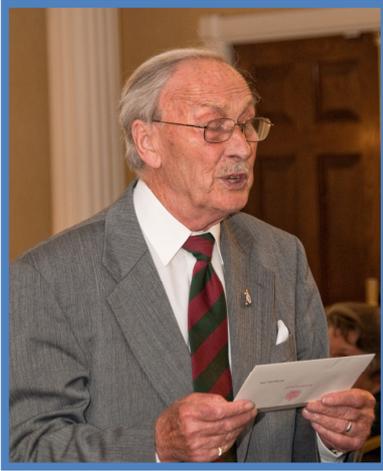
The Committee Members listed below are always delighted to talk to you on any matter – particularly if you have a contribution to make to this publication!

President:	Arnold Brown	0115 8770395
Committee Chair	Ken Kirk	0115 9568650
Secretary	Noel Gubbins	0115 9756998
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22 Chalfont Drive, Aspley, Nottingham, NG8 3LT  
Our website address: [www.highpavementsociety.org.uk](http://www.highpavementsociety.org.uk)



**Faces to Remember**  
**Eric Shepherd (always known as ‘Shep’)**  
**1932- 1967**  
**Geography Master at High Pavement School**



## **Neville Wildgust (died 22nd April 2012)** **‘A Very Good Pavior’**

**George Taylor and Arnold Brown have joined forces to write this appreciation of the life of their, and our, old friend and fellow member of the High Pavement Society:**

We first met Neville in 1928 when starting Infant School at Forest Fields. There were four of us together: Neville, the late Roy Gilbourne, Arnold Brown and George Taylor. We were all born about 1922/3, all aged five or so and we commenced our education together under the tutelage of Miss Smith.

Neville very soon showed his mettle and was given the task of gathering all the boys in the playground, then leading the line back into the school to commence lessons. This ability to lead was soon spotted by the masters of our next school, Stanley Road, and Neville became the opening batsman in the School cricket team. Then, after passing our eleven-plus exams, we moved on to High Pavement Grammar School, with GJR Potter firmly in charge, where Neville was again opening batsman in the School eleven. He was also very keen on the drama lessons and took leading roles in many plays. Then in 1939, after five happy and memorable years, he left High Pavement School and started work in the office of the City Treasurer’s Department of the Nottingham City Council. Very soon after the outbreak of World War II Neville, now 18 years old, volunteered for the Army and joined the Sherwood Foresters Regiment. Showing great promise as a leader he was sent to Sandhurst for officer training. He qualified as an officer and rapidly rose to the rank of Captain.

Soon after, his regiment was posted to the Middle East war zone but after some time in action there disaster struck. He was leading an attack on a German stronghold in the hills of Tunisia when he was hit by machine gun fire. Whilst lying on the ground seriously injured the Germans continued to fire at him. When he was eventually rescued by his platoon he was in a very bad way. He was taken back to base strapped on the back of a mule and, as you might imagine, this journey of ten miles did nothing to help his problems. After some treatment in Tunisia, Neville was quickly sent back to England, where after much further treatment, coupled with his own resilience and determination he made a good physical recovery although his face, neck and some parts of his body were badly scarred by bullet wounds. He soon began to walk and move about more readily but was not fit enough to return to his army duties.

**George then briefly takes up the story:** *Neville began to visit me at my home in Watnall where the RAF had opened a camp as a base for 200 or more WAAFs. Neville and I made every effort to meet these girls and they in turn could not resist making a great fuss of the handsome war hero. What a time we had!*

**(Arnold, of course was away in the RAF and unable to join his friends in this idyll.)**

**The joint narrative now continues:**

Neville then returned to army duties until the end of the war. During this time Neville received treatment from the renowned plastic surgeon, Sir Harold Gillies, who made a remarkably effective job repairing the damage to his face and body.

At the end of the war Neville quickly returned to 'civvy street' and met Pat, whom he married in 1945. He fathered three sons: Richard, Patrick and Timothy, and enjoyed happy married life for many years. During the remainder of his working life Neville worked as a representative for several leading firms in the clothing trade.

Being Neville, he now found a multitude of things to do in addition to his employment, including work for many years with the British Legion. Each Christmas, in his home village of Lambley, he would organise a highly successful fund raising Carol Service on behalf of the Legion. He gave a great deal of time to fund-raising which was such an important part of the Legion's activity and he also worked to help unfortunate army veterans in many ways. He spent much time as a case worker for the Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen and Families Association (SSAFA), reporting to them on needy cases requiring help. This led him to being invited to several functions at Buckingham Palace.

Some years ago Neville joined the Wollaton Park Probus Club and, as if he were not busy enough already, was voted on to their committee. For many years he organised excellent holidays for the members which were very much appreciated by the membership. He was elected President of the club in the years 1997/8. Then, not to waste any time, he organised visits backstage at Nottingham's Theatre Royal and also tours of the caves that abound beneath Nottingham's city centre. He was an expert player at the game of 'Coarse Bridge' with Arnold and other friends.

Very soon after the foundation of The High Pavement Society Neville was made a member of its committee and performed much valued work over the years, including five years as the quizmaster of the 'intelligence' contests between High Pavement house teams which followed the Annual General Meeting every autumn. A quiz quite unlike any other! Each year Neville acted as the representative of the Society in sending Loyal Birthday Greetings to Her Majesty the Queen. Neville then took great delight in reading the reply of the Queen's representative to the Society when gathered for their Annual Reunion Dinner as he proposed the Loyal Toast.

Neville Wildgust spent a full, happy and extremely busy life, helping countless people and making, and subsequently entertaining, many friends. He was indeed a remarkable man and 'A Very Good Pavior'.



**In Happier Times**  
'Manning the pumps!'  
at the  
**Earl of Chesterfield Inn**  
Shelford  
**1995**  
**L to R:**  
Arnold Brown  
Jack Sherwin  
Vic Inkley  
Neville Wildgust  
Duncan Underwood  
George Taylor

**Neville Wildgust's funeral** was held at Lambley Parish Church on May 15th. The High Pavement Society was well represented at the service and the foregoing appreciation by George Taylor and Arnold Brown was read out during the service. The crowded congregation also contained large delegations from The British Legion and the Wollaton Park Probus Club.

**PAULINE ROBINSON**

Pauline Robinson, wife of our member Derek Robinson, died on 15th April. She frequently attended our functions with Derek and her charming personality made her many friends there. The funeral was held at Bramcote crematorium on Tuesday May 1<sup>st</sup>. We send our sincere condolences to Derek and his family.

**Correspondence**  
**FROM MIKE HOPEWELL**

*(Edited from two letters we have received from Mike)*

**Dear Robin,** Very quick scribble—all I'm capable of these days—to explain my 'late rejoining'; due mainly to family ill health and late computer illiteracy.

I left High Pavement in 1950 for a short service commission in the RAF as a pilot (I was back there this year for the centenary celebrations of the Central Flying School at RAF College, Cranwell). I left the RAF in 1958 to work for BEA and British Airways, training their aircrews and took early retirement in 1981. I have spent the time since between the UK and Australia.

**Dear Colin,** Many thanks for your kind letter. I enjoyed it and the HP news and 'history' very much. You were right, it is myself on that very wide photo (*of the Senior school taken in 1948, not shown here—Ed*). I had a copy made from mine, a few years ago for Mike Tomlinson (Oxford and Dow Chemicals) who came with his family to live near my family in Handforth Cheshire around 1975. Nearby on that photo are my friends 'Adj' Stevenson and Leo Bryan and my namesake Dave Hopewell in ATC uniform. Down and along is Barrie Cholerton with whom I boxed at open weight, prompting the question from Mr W Smith (a great English master): 'What was it like to punch the Head Boy at will?' I can't remember who won. We were all in the swimming team as well but spent time at the Nottingham YMCA (near the police HQ) playing billiards and drinking ice cream coffee.

A last note about HP; the new headmaster, Mr Davies, taught history to our small group. I enjoyed it and came top a couple of times before the external exam. I then wrote about *seven* sides—thought at least a credit—failed!

I have enclosed 1950 photos (see 'Sporting Prints on p. 9—Ed.) and there you can see many of my sporting friends. High Pavement was one of my life's happiest times and unfortunately many of those friendships were lost in the excitement of learning and later teaching the art of flying.

**Regards, Mike**

*The editor thanks Mike for the correspondence. We wonder what he will make of the extract in this issue from **Army's Book**, the idiosyncratic autobiography of our President, which has entertained our readership almost since the very first edition of our newsletter.*

### FROM ALEX RAE

I read Jerry Morris's article entitled "Music at High Pavement 1966-1973", which appeared in the February 2012 edition of *The Pavior*, with great interest. Many of the Old Pavors who have been active in local music since the mid-1970s owe him a great debt.

I note also that the editor has added a footnote relating to the nickname "Albert" that was given to MH Brown MA, Head Master during the period 1966-1973. While there are many theories about how he came by the nickname, it might have been more appropriate to have named him "Mr Thwackum", after the character of that name in Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones* (students of literature will no doubt be aware that Mr Thwackum was the teacher who sought to instil some rudiments of learning into his charges by the liberal use of the cane and the tawse).

On an unrelated matter, I have often wondered why a school with such a strict uniform code should have permitted blazers with such different shades of brown. Blazers bought from D&P were dark brown whereas those bought from the Co-op and Smalleys were a much lighter shade of brown. Can any of your readers shed any light on this anomaly?

Lastly, on a further unrelated matter, I have a copy of White's Commercial Directory of 1864, which describes the school as "the Unitarian Free School". Again, the views of your readers would be welcomed.

**Alex**

ooOoo

### A REQUEST FOR HELP

This letter was received from Steve Leatherland, M Eng, Director of Software Development, MARLEX Engineering Inc., 1374, Sandhill Drive, Ancaster, Ontario, Canada, L9G 4V5.

Email: [sleatherland@marlexeng.com](mailto:sleatherland@marlexeng.com)

Gentlemen,

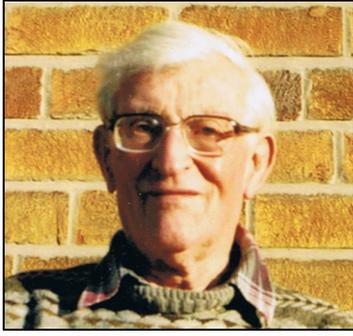
My father graduated from High Pavement School around 1961 and he is looking for an old school chum of his by the name of **John Broughton**. I am trying to help track him down. My father's name is **John F. Leatherland** and he tells me that his address while attending the school was as follows:

**3, Withern Road, Broxtowe, Nottingham**

He also tells me that both he and John Broughton were the same age and born in 1943, so it is most likely that John Broughton is now retired.

Thank you in advance,  
**Steve Leatherland**

*Anyone who might be able to help Mr Leatherland with information should contact him directly at the address shown.*



**GEOFF OLDFIELD MBE our historian writes this month on: DR SPENSER'S CHALLENGE (an interesting discovery in the archives)**

In 1870 an Act of Parliament introduced compulsory elementary education. It provided for administration of the schools by local elected bodies to be set up, financed by ratepayers. The Nottingham School Board performed the duties initially but, like others of its type, was abolished in 1902 when these functions were transferred to local councils. Nottingham City Council appointed an Education Committee to supervise the administration henceforth. The Minutes of the Committee are available in the Nottinghamshire Archives. In the volume for 1925 ( an extremely large volume) are found the relevant sections relating to High Pavement and Mundella Secondary Schools (as they were then known) and whilst searching for these I came across two documents which were themselves *not* Minutes. These were actually *reports*, one by Mr A H Whipple, the first Director of Education who had been appointed a year earlier, and the other by Dr Spenser, the Headmaster of High Pavement.

Mr Whipple was to make a number of recommendations affecting Nottingham's schools. One of his first was to suggest a radical overhaul of the systems whereby pupils could be transferred to secondary schools from the age of eleven. To qualify they would have now to pass the Annual General Examination (AGE).

Dr Spenser was opposed to this and in his lengthy report he listed the reasons for his opposition. He was apparently critical of the independent role played in the selection process by the elementary school teachers (who had a say in selecting entrants for the AGE) and even gave voice to this once in public, naming a teacher involved.

Mr Whipple was having none of this and thereupon drew up a further report which rebutted Dr Spenser's objections. He wrote that, whilst Dr Spenser was entitled to his opinions which were contrary to his own (i.e. Mr Whipple's) recommendations, this did not necessarily mean that he (Mr Whipple) was wrong. Mr Whipple concluded wryly that 'It seems difficult to obtain any system that would meet with Dr Spenser's approval'.

Arthur Henry Whipple continued as Director of Education until 1938. A school was named after him, known still as the Henry Whipple Primary School at Bestwood. His wife Dorothy also achieved considerable recognition both locally and nationally as a novelist.

The Minutes also included items relating to pupils whose parents sought to remove them from High Pavement School at the age of 14 instead of staying until the age of 16 (as they had contracted to do), usually because 14-year-olds could then start work. It was a period of mass unemployment when parental income was sometimes low or non-existent and an extra wage was important. You can imagine my surprise when I found my own name appearing as one of these. My parents never told me about this but fortunately the Committee refused their application.

**Geoffrey Oldfield**

**Early Warning!**

**Annual General Meeting and Quiz Night**

**Monday 1<sup>st</sup> October 2012 at the Welbeck Banqueting Rooms. Details to follow.**

## DORA E ROLLINSON

In February we were approached, via our webmaster Lawrence Milbourne, by Mrs Gillian James, a dealer in second hand books who had acquired a bound copy of The High Pavement School Magazine for the years 1925 to 1928. We decided to purchase the book and found that it covered part of the school career of Dora E Rollinson. (This was in those pre-Manning days when High Pavement was a mixed school.) We shall no doubt dip into it from time to time; a poem from it by the noted journalist, the late Harold Atkins is included below. An article about Dora herself is in preparation and will appear in a later issue.

**Editor**

## A POEM BY THE LATE HAROLD ATKINS

*Harold Atkins who died, aged 92 in 2002, was a distinguished journalist, especially in his time on the staff of the Daily Telegraph, but he cut his journalistic teeth as editor of the High Pavement School Magazine in the late 1920s (see above). He regularly included items from his own pen, often because of the paucity of other contributions. Some of these were of a humorous, even witty, nature. Here he has composed a graphic description in verse of his (imaginary) attempts to be a star athlete in the school sports. Students of English poetry will notice an affinity with Browning's 'How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix' a popular piece with English teachers at HP and worth reading now if you have a copy by you. However, the poem is a splendid piece of light-hearted verse in its own right. It appeared in the magazine in April 1927—Ed.*

### How I nearly won the Mile

I said to my friends, with superior smile  
“This year I propose to go in for the Mile.  
You needn't start sniggering, Richardson D...”  
But he sniggered, Dirck sniggered, they sniggered all three,  
I looked disapproving, but merciful too,  
For some people laugh at whatever you do.

“You'll have to start training,” said Pickering, K.,  
“And modify eating and drinking all day;  
Repudiate Wrigley's and synchronise smokes,  
Eat rather less 'tuffies' than ordinary folks!”  
I looked disapproving, for 'tuffie' you know,  
Is a word I consider a little bit low!

The picture that Pickering brought to my brain  
Was neither inviting nor sensibly sane,  
For training's a word that's repugnant to me;—  
I always like plenty of cake for my tea,  
Pikelets and pastries and peaches and pears,  
Macaroons, doughnuts, and chocolate éclairs.

Quivering jelly and shiv'ring blanc-mange,  
Potage de tortue clair, asperges en branches,  
Filets de truites—I prefer 'em in shoals,  
And dear little, delicate, brown sausage-rolls.  
So did I start 'training' myself to a wreck?  
No, gentle reader, I *nourished* like heck!

Fateful at last came the fateful day;  
Crowded the greensward, the audience gay,  
Loud acclamations from house-prefects hoarse,  
Man selling chocolate and nougat, of course,  
Upper-third athletes with antics and airs,  
Hundreds of fathers and mothers on chairs.

Little first-formers, vivacious and spry,  
Bulls-eye in their cheek, and cool cheek in their eye,  
Myriads of dazzling green-and-red caps,  
Maidens demure, with their hands in their laps,  
Vivid confusion and noise all the while,  
Suddenly silence—then uproar! The Mile!

I felt while awaiting the signal to start,  
Weird palpitations and pants of the heart,  
Nauseous shivers, uneasiness pent,  
For I had had several cakes in the tent,  
Pikelets and pastries and peaches and pears,  
Macaroons, doughnuts, and chocolate éclairs.

Crack! And we speeded it, Pick'ring and he;  
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three.  
The onlookers tense laughed a pitiless laugh,  
Our feet crushed the muddy green stubble like chaff,  
But I,—I was suffering from shiv'ring blanc-mange,  
Potage du tortu clair, asperge en branches.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace,  
Neck by neck, nose by nose, never changing our place;  
I foremost, then Dirck, panting painfully near,  
And Pickering—charging along in the rear.  
Behind us, a broad, ever-changing expanse  
Of runners, regarding our speeding askance.

The third lap is finished—a thundering shout  
Of “Keep it up Tomkins!” and “Run the race out!”  
And “Basford for ever!” I slackened, they say,  
Then staggered, recovered, and Dirck led the way:  
And suddenly, all in a moment, he fell,  
I jumped him, but Pickering came down as well.

Then I threw off my muffler, each jersey let fall,  
Shook off both my leggings, let go gloves and all,  
And cast off the head-gear, which my mother had said  
I must wear, lest I catch a bad cold in my head:  
But internal doughnuts were playing at bowls  
With dear little, delicate, brown sausage-rolls!

Still onward—I sighted the tape, and—rash thought,—  
Remembered the havoc my luncheon had wrought,  
Digressed to the dishes at dinner that day,—  
And Richardson pulled himself level they say,—  
Filets de truits —I had eaten a host,  
I gibbered, turned pallid, and gave up the ghost!

And all I can remember is friends flocking round,  
As I lay with my head on the muddy green ground,  
With my mouth open, eyes shut, and limbs spreading wide,  
And a pain in my neck, and a pain in my side,  
And a pain in my head, which was ready to crack,  
And a pain in my chest and a pain in my back!

A.H.A

ooOoo

### MORE HUMOUR FROM PETER DAWSON

#### Where I have and have not been

I've been in many places, but I've never been in Cahoots. Apparently, you can't go alone. You have to be in Cahoots with someone.

I've also never been in Cognito. I hear no one recognises you there. I have, however been in Sane. They don't have an airport; you have to be driven there. I have made several trips there, thanks to my family, friends and work.

I would like to go to Conclusions, but you have to jump and I'm not too much on physical activity anymore.

I have also been in Doubt. That is a sad place to go and I try not to visit there too often. I've been in Flexible, but only when it is very important to stand firm.

Sometimes I'm in Capable, and I go there more often as I get older. One of my favourite places to be is in Suspense! It really gets the adrenalin flowing and pumps up the old heart! At my age I need all the stimuli I can get.

The one place I don't ever want to be is in Continent.....

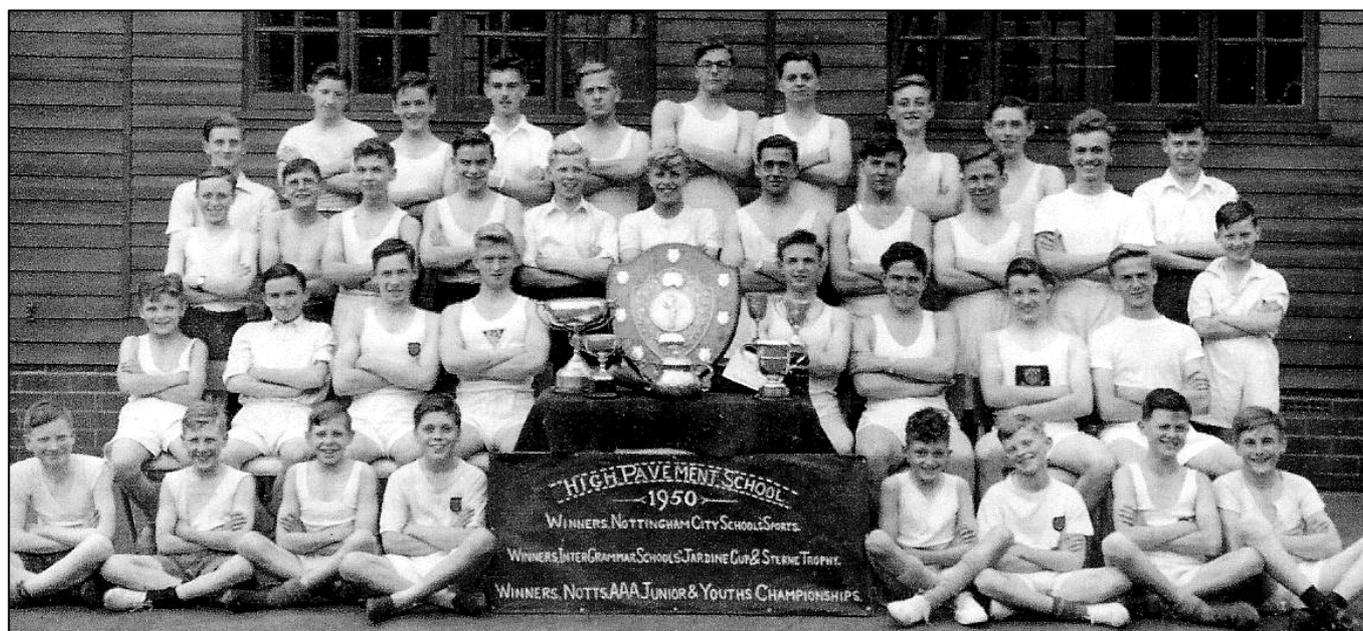
**Peter**

**SPORTING PRINTS**  
**from Mike Hopewell**



**High Pavement 1<sup>st</sup> XV 1950**

Mike Hopewell is second from the right on the seated second row. Mike Tomlinson (captain) is in the centre. In the centre of the back row is Ken Bateman, donor of our new award for Engineering. Other members of the HPS are Leo Bryan (between Mike H and Mike T) and Alan Stevenson (immediately behind Mike H).



**High Pavement Athletics Team 1950**

Winners: Nottingham City School Sports  
Winners: Inter-Grammar School's Jardine Cup and Sterne Trophy  
Winners: Notts AAA Junior and Youth Championships.  
Mike H is next to the trophies on our left,  
Leo Bryan is next but one to the trophy on our right,

## THE 2012 ANNUAL REUNION DINNER

On Monday April 16<sup>th</sup> 2012 some 95 guests assembled at the Welbeck Banqueting Rooms in West Bridgford to celebrate the Annual Reunion Dinner of the High Pavement Society (founded 1989). The evening began with the informal chats over drinks in the bar with many encounters renewed for the first time since the same event in 2011. The green and red ties abounded and a welcome was offered to several new members.

### **2012 Annual Reunion Dinner**

Some of the diners present. As there were nearly a hundred in the room we had to leave out a few. Sorry!

[Our thanks to Graham Wybrow for these pictures]



At the sound of the bell we entered the dining room and were soon seated according to Noel Gubbins's excellent plan. Arnold Brown (President of the HPS) as Master of Ceremonies for the evening called upon Joe Woodhouse to say the Grace, during which we were thoughtfully allowed to remain seated. The meal that followed was well up to the Welbeck's usual standards and we consumed it with relish, even with gusto.

Our Loyal Greeting sent to Her Majesty on the Society's behalf by Noel Gubbins (normally sent by Neville Wildgust but he was unfortunately too ill) was read by John Elliott, Deputy Chairman of HPS. John Elliott then read the response from the Her Majesty and proposed the Loyal Toast. This was followed by the usual presentation of a carnation to each of the ladies present, when the distribution team were rewarded with the usual charming kisses from the recipients. (It's a rotten job—but someone's got to do it!).

Arnold Brown then called upon Ken Kirk, the Society Chairman, to propose the toast of 'High Pavement'. The response was given by Martin Slattery, Principal of High Pavement College, who explained that he was to conclude his appointment in the summer before returning to his home in Suffolk. He said that the college was undergoing changes, as was the whole of the umbrella organisation 'New College Nottingham (ncn)', of which High Pavement College was a part.

Mr Slattery then invited the Chief Executive and Principal of **ncn**, Mr Amarjit Basi to speak in his support and enlarge on the future plans for High Pavement. Mr Basi spoke with warmth about the links with the society, whom he wished well, and its encouragement of the college's students with prizes and awards. He recognised the value of such a body as the society in its support generally, vowing that the High Pavement tradition would always be maintained. He explained that changes would now be brought in, with an emphasis on the *employability* of students and recognition of their potential as creators of the future wealth for the community. The audience were interested to learn more about how this was to be achieved. Warm applause was given to both the responders.



After the short but necessary interval Arnold introduced the main speaker of the evening, Mr Charles Hanson. Mr Hanson is, of course, well known to all people who watch television, as the young and enthusiastic expert on antiques from 'Bargain Hunt' and other programmes of the genre. He launched with great verve into a description of his work as an auctioneer and valuer in Derby and described with awe some of the articles of humble origin which had passed through his and his colleagues hands, only to sell at auction for what most Paviers would regard as quite colossal sums of money. He explained how his field extended over all the Midland counties, which included Nottingham, and encouraged his audience to search their garages and attics for articles which though apparently nondescript might be revealed

by an auctioneer to possess a value which could be a welcome surprise.

Charles concluded with a question and answer session which prompted many of his audience to speak of their interest in this fascinating subject. There was again warm applause for his entertaining talk. Ken Kirk proposed the vote of thanks to Charles Hanson and also to everyone who had contributed to the success of the evening.

The finale of this evening's programme was the singing of the School Song. Old Paviers congregated near the piano on which Kendrick Partington once again rendered Stanley Nolan's splendid music for *Carmen Paviorum*. We sang lustily those words by William Kerr, as we had learned to do all those years ago and our hearts were lifted by the soaring tune. How proud we felt to have attended High Pavement School! We wended our way homeward full of joyful memories.

## **JACK ARCHER—HIGH PAVEMENT’S OLYMPIC ATHLETE**

In this year of the London Olympic Games we might call to mind the 1948 games when one of the competitors was the former High Pavement champion athlete Jack Archer. Jack attended HP from 1932 to 1937 and had always excelled in school sports competitions. His name appeared at least twice on the sports record-holders boards in the school hall in my time at HP.

Jack was brought up on Northgate in New Basford and after service in the RAF went on to pursue his sporting activities at Loughborough College, the renowned centre for sport education. With ambitions to become a teacher of sport he was sent for teaching practice to his (and our) old school in 1947/8 when his arrival was met with great acclaim. A fellow Pavior, Reg Busby (1941-48, brother of our member Roy Busby), recalled:



**British 4 x100 metres relay team in the 1948 Olympics**

Jack Archer, Ken Jones,  
Jack Gregory,  
Alistair Mc Corquodale

‘Shortly before this Jack had the misfortune to break his leg when playing Rugby as wing three-quarter for Notts, Lincs and Derbys. Reg

regarded this as a ‘tragedy’ because Jack’s sprinting was still improving at that point. ‘It is possible that he might have taken the place of the great E MacDonald-Bailey, then Britain’s fastest sprinter, had he not suffered that injury.’

During this era High Pavement also received another student-teacher from Loughborough in the person of Ken Jones, also a sprinter of national stature and later a famous Welsh Rugby player. Jack and Ken were both members of the British team in the 4x100 metres relay at the 1948 Olympic Games in London, winning silver medals in the final. (The medals were briefly upgraded to gold when the American team were disqualified but on appeal the winners were reinstated.) Jack performed well on other occasions, notably in the 4x110 yards relay at the 1950 Empire Games in New Zealand when the British team again made second place.

Later in his career from 1953 to 1968 Jack became a Lecturer, then Senior Lecturer, at Loughborough College, marrying a Loughborough girl, Josephine Hately. I myself went to live and work in Loughborough and I met Jack briefly at a social event sometime in the late 1960s. On this occasion I was pleased to refer to our common links and that I had seen Jack in action during his teaching practice at High Pavement, a subject of which he modestly professed having, by then, only the vaguest memories.

Jack moved to St Paul’s College of Education, Cheltenham on his appointment as Head of their Department of Physical Education. He remained at Cheltenham until his retirement and died there, aged 76, in 1997.

**Colin Salsbury**

## PUB LUNCH NEWS

### The Salutation Inn Keyworth

Our March pub lunch took place on Monday the 26<sup>th</sup> with an attendance of 32 members and their guests. We were pleased to welcome our new member Brian Ferrill, seen talking to Arnold Brown in our photo. The pub served us with excellent fare but in spite of the hard work by the dining room staff the service was on the slow side. We filled the



gaps with our usual chats and reminiscences, which is why we were there.

The Annual Reunion Dinner preoccupied us in April and the May lunch, celebrating the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, has yet to take place.

## ARNY'S BOOK

*Back once more with the RAF in World War 2, Arny's attempts to become a fighter pilot were destined to be fraught with difficulty, as this extract from his life story shows.*

### **Learning to Fly**

Transfer to our Elementary Flying Training School was by a comparatively short train journey across the Pennines to Carlisle, where our base was situated just outside the town. Carlisle has the hills and mountains of the Lake District on its east and south, but to the north and west is a flat estuary ideal for flying instruction. The airfield was a grass one and, as this unit was solely devoted to basic instruction; the only aircraft were Tiger Moths, a biplane with a twin cockpit in line astern and the occupants completely open to the elements.

The first flight was to be purely one of familiarisation and took place on a sunny Sunday afternoon. After donning a parachute for the first time, climbing into the rear cockpit and fixing the rather flimsy looking straps, we taxied to the take off point, gave the final check to the engine, and climbed into the air. There had been so far little time to assess my instructor, who was to be mine for the duration of the course, but he regarded me with a definite derision, and communicated little during the flight. However, he must have been in a holiday mood because the flight took us to the mountains where he flew in very close proximity, giving breathtaking views, enhanced by the afternoon sunshine. My initial reaction to flying was favourable apart from a certain fear that the engine might stop at an inconvenient moment, such as any time we were in the air, but particularly as we were about to take off.

The flight was of an hour's duration and on the return journey I was allowed to control the joystick, causing the plane to gently climb, dive or turn and giving me an insight into the intensive instruction which was to follow on succeeding days. After landing, the thought of the aircraft engine failing stayed with me throughout the following twenty four hours, and developed into an uncomfortable fear of flying which has never left me throughout my life in the RAF. Even today on domestic flights to Switzerland, or wherever, it still persists although there are now only vestiges of that feeling remaining.

The following day serious instruction began, but I was terrified. We learned how to fly straight and level, how to turn, how to climb, how to lose height. Especially we learned how to stall (which normally should be avoided at all costs), and how to recover, once having stalled. This manoeuvre involved allowing the aircraft to climb steeply using little or no power, until the plane literally began to fall out of the sky, out of control. The trick was then to regain control, restoring a normal flying situation, so establishing a system which could be used should a similar problem arise at some future time.

Taking off was a comparatively straightforward affair provided the pupil ensured sufficient speed before easing back the stick—but landing, for me, was a problem I was destined never successfully to overcome. Nearly every attempt culminated in unplanned bumps and unscheduled and temporary re-entries into the air, always accompanied by swearing and shouting from the gentleman in the front cockpit concerning my idiotic and inept behaviour. The final straw occurred when I was approaching from a direction which involved flying over the aerodrome buildings. The dreaded voice now came into my earphones:

*'You're too bloody low—you stupid idiot—I'll teach you to fly low—you silly bugger!'*

The joystick was snatched out of my hands, the Tiger Moth first hedge hopped at minimum height for several fields, then climbed into the air to perform a series of acrobatic stunts which must have been a wonder to watch from the ground. But poor old Arny wasn't on the ground; he was sitting in a helpless position in the rear cockpit. An all time low was reached for me as we flew upside-down, my whole weight was taken on what to me were totally inadequate straps, and supported by a flimsy piece of wire which might quite obviously break at any moment. The fear of flying, seeds of which had been sown on the first flight, increased day by day until by the end of this elementary training I was beginning to regret the day I volunteered. Came the final test, a circuit and bump (take-off and landing) supervised by a more senior officer. To my surprise, and even regret, I performed the exercise beautifully, purely by chance. Fortunately, because by this time I really had no desire to succeed as a pilot, the second attempt at landing was a fiasco!

Leaving Carlisle on the return to Harrogate we discovered that the course reports were wrapped in a brown paper parcel and had been left on the luggage rack in our compartment. We were able to read these confidential reports—mine simply read:

*'Flies well, except near the ground'.*

So ended, one might say 'with ignominy', my ambition to be a Spitfire Pilot. **Arnold**