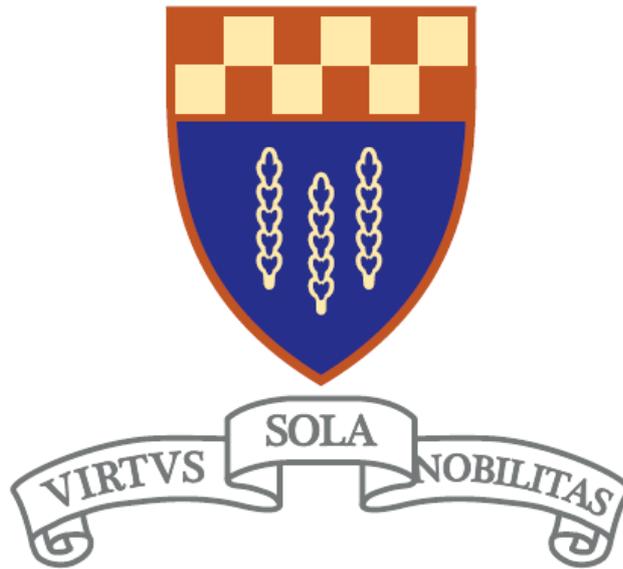


# The Pavior



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

**May 2013**

### **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!

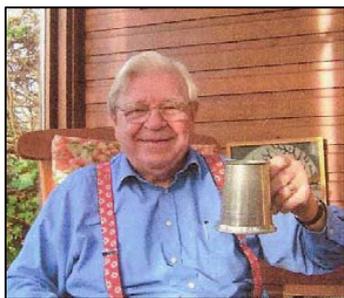
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**Faces to Remember**  
**George Harold Carter**  
**Maths and Science Master at High Pavement**  
**1946-59**

## THE PAVIOR - May 2013



### **COMMENT**

When you receive this publication there is little doubt, according to all reports, you will consider it one of the most welcome bits of paper to drop through your letter box. The improvement in its general presentation, photos galore, and crammed to its full sixteen pages with lively and interesting contributions.

Quite a contrast, if you remember, with my feeble efforts in the past, when I was brave enough to include just one photo, and considered that an achievement.

The man who is solely and entirely responsible for the current high standard of your Newsletter is none other than our good friend and member Colin Salsbury, officially designated Registrar, but almost full time editor of this magazine.

As a regular contributor I have worked with Colin for several years. He regularly messes about with my scribbles, but in every case he is right, and I concur with his wishes. More power to your elbow Colin, and thanks from us all for the work you so successfully do for our Society.

**Arnold**

*[Thanks Arnold. I am glowing with pride! - Colin, Ed]*

### **An apology**

In the letter from Peter Van Spall in our last issue we had put in a few editorial flourishes, including an interpretation of his diary entry '*Une mercredi* as **(one Tuesday, not specified)** and it should of course have been **(one Wednesday, not specified)**. Your editor studied German at High Pavement. Our thanks to Mike Watkinson for spotting this blunder!

### **...and another apology**

We sent birthday greetings to our honorary member and Old Pavior **Dorothy Baldwin** in our last issue, when she was 111 years old. In passing we commented that she was at High Pavement in **1922**. Quick mental arithmetic means that she would then be about 20 years old! It should of course have been **1912**. Thanks to Tony Whelpton for spotting this and apologies to Dorothy, bless her!

**ooOoo**

### **RALPH COX**

Ralph Cox, a loyal and long serving member of the Society, died on Wednesday 20<sup>th</sup> March 2013 at the age of 92. His funeral was held at on Tuesday April 2<sup>nd</sup> at Bramcote Crematorium, when the Society was represented by Arnold Brown. We send our sincere condolences to his family.

## **FROM OUR READERS**

*[Old Paviors continue to send us their reminiscences and it would seem this is always a source of interest. Here is the latest crop.]*

## **FROM RICHARD WAPLINGTON**

*[Richard wrote to The Pavior in November 2010 expressing his anxiety at the apparent neglect of the old school buildings. The threat was looming in his mind that they might be demolished if no use could be found for them. Happily this has not been the outcome and we sent him full details of the current developments. His letter of comment just missed the last issue but it reflects the views of many Old Paviors.]*

**Dear Colin,** How kind of you to remember my ‘anxious’ letter and then put my fears at rest! It all now seems OK to me. It is good that the old school will continue to be used for education and that the primary sector will benefit. I am particularly chuffed about the landscaping and gardens. Primary children will love this.

I take it that *The Pavior* is the official organ of the High Pavement Society. To my conservative mind the High Pavement Old Boys’ Society was never abolished and perhaps on this parting note we can agree to differ.

**Richard Waplington**

*[I wish the Old Boys’ group still existed but sadly it was wound up some years ago, possibly due to lack of support. The present High Pavement Society is now the sole body whose members are professed former pupils of the school. There is, of course, the Paviors Rugby Club based at Arnold, Nottingham which is vigorous and thriving and it does have some Old Paviors among its members, but the connections with the old school as such are tenuous in the extreme. –Ed.]*

**ooOoo**

## **FROM PHIL COTTERILL**

*[Phil is not yet a member of the Society but has sent us this reminiscence of his days in the hockey team at HP. Hockey was a sport introduced after my time at the school and is rarely mentioned by our correspondents (though we had a contribution in the February 2013 issue). These photos show what an enjoyable (and apparently successful) sport it was at High Pavement-Ed.]*

**Dear Editor,** Having read a copy of *The Pavior* on the internet recently, and in particular an article by my old mate Ged Taylor, I sought out the accompanying Hockey 1<sup>st</sup> XI team photo and thought it would be of interest. I have named the players in the team as best I can (the memory is fading a bit after 42 years), but perhaps others can fill in the blanks. As I recall, the 1<sup>st</sup> XI went the whole season unbeaten (albeit we were not in a league), with one memorable victory over Loughborough University who boasted some of the best players in the country. The LU team had a habit of turning up with one or two players short to make games more competitive, and on this occasion made the mistake of turning up with only nine players and finished up on the end of a 5-0 spanking!



**Coaches: ??**

**Back row : 1. Andy Klievens; 2. Ken Bragg; 3. Ged Taylor; 4. ? (goalkeeper); 5. – Caunton?; 6. ? ; 7. ?**

**Front row : 8. Roger Caunt; 9. Steve Kettlewell; 10. Nick Aske; 11. Adie Woodward; 12. Phil Cotterill; 13. ?**  
 (I'm afraid some names are difficult to recall)



Marauding down the wing



Shot on goal

I also attach a couple of action shots of yours truly (in white shirt) purely for the views – I played left wing – and you get a good view of the old school with the Science Block on the right. As you can tell from the conditions, we were not averse to playing in freezing conditions and snow!

All the best to my old classmates.

**Phil Cotterill (HPGS 1964-71)**

## **FROM GEOFF MORRIS**

*[The editor was particularly pleased to see this letter from an Old Pavior, which appeared originally on our website. Thanks to the agency of our secretary, Nat Gubbins, we are able to print it here]*

### **Wartime at High Pavement**

I was a London evacuee to Nottingham in 1941 and started at High Pavement in 1942. I remember the delightful lady biology teacher in our first year from about 1942 - unusual in a boys' school but I suppose a shortage of male teachers at the time had that sort of benefit! What about the potato picking gangs out at Bingham in the November rain and mud in 1944? Also playing Rugby in similar conditions - God knows where - with an outside tank of water in which to clean off after the game! Remember the influx of American GIs into Nottingham and the hero worship that went with it?

It sounds a bit pretentious but while I was at HP I was inspired by a little red haired Welsh man, Mr. Morris (*Yorkshire actually -Ed*), who taught Chemistry, and went on myself to qualify in the subject, and teach it in a long career in Education.

I recall only being really punished once, after I experimented with putting a pair of forceps into the bench mains socket and admiring the firework display. My physics teacher then, so I believe, was Mr Thrasher! (or is my recollection of the incident and the aftermath affecting my recall of his name?) I only had one close friend from the school, Colin Salisbury [sic], and lost touch some time after returning to London post-war. (*contact has now been re-established after 60 years*) Does anybody remember any of this?

**Geoff Morris**

Seisdon, Staffordshire (ex Victoria Road, Sherwood)

**ooOoo**

## **HUMOUR FROM PETER DAWSON**

### **My Favourite Things**

Botox and nose drops and needles for knitting,  
Walkers and handrails and new dental fittings,  
Bundles of magazines tied up in string,  
These are a few of my favourite things.

Hot tea and crumpets, and corn pads for bunions,  
No spicy hot food or food cooked with onions,  
Bathrobes and heat pads and hot meals they bring,  
These are a few of my favourite things.

Cadillacs and cataracts, hearing aids and glasses,  
Polident and Fixodent and false teeth in glasses,  
Pacemakers, golf carts and porches with swings,  
These are a few of my favourite things.

Back pains, confused brains, and no fear of sinnin',  
Thin bones and fractures and hair that is thinnin',  
And we won't mention our short shrunken frames,  
When we remember our favourite things.

When the pipes leak, when the bones creak,  
When the knees go bad,  
I simply remember my favourite things,  
And then I don't feel so bad.

When the joints ache, when the hips break,  
When the eyes grow dim,  
Then I remember the great life I've had,  
And then I don't feel so bad.

**Peter** (with apologies to Julie Andrews who reputedly sang it on her 69<sup>th</sup> birthday)

## ANNUAL REUNION DINNER 2013

The 2013 Annual Reunion Dinner of the High Pavement Society was held on Monday April 15<sup>th</sup> at our usual venue, the Welbeck Banqueting Suite in West Bridgford. The number attending was somewhat less than usual but, following the social gathering in the bar, some 62 diners assembled to enjoy the splendid meal provided. Robin Taylor was again the most competent Master of Ceremonies.

Grace was said by Jessie Woodhouse with a moving poem recalling her former husband and Society member, the late Joe Woodhouse, who previously performed this office. Its sentiments were much appreciated.

Robin Taylor called upon Deputy Chairman John Elliott to propose the Loyal Toast. John first read out our usual message of Loyal Greetings sent to Her Majesty the Queen and then read the letter of acknowledgement from Her Majesty's Chief Clerk. John then went on to propose the Loyal Toast. The Chairman, Ken Kirk, followed by proposing the toast of 'High Pavement' and the response was given on behalf of High Pavement Sixth Form Academy by Robin Kempster, the Vice Principal. He then gave a brief summary of the current activities and achievement of the Academy and acknowledged the support given by the Society.



MC Robin Taylor  
with Anne Taylor



Our guest speaker for the occasion was Tony Whelpton (pictured left) an Old Pavior from 1944 to 1951 and member of the Society. Tony has followed a distinguished career in the field of linguistics, teaching French in both grammar school and university establishments and has written about 30 textbooks—and two books about cricket! He has sung at the Proms, appeared on Mastermind and represented Britain in the European final of the world French Spelling Championships (a

most exceptional achievement for an Englishman). His recently published novel *'Before the Swallow Dares'* prominently features life at High Pavement.

Due to an injury sustained at the Varsity rugby match last December (not playing, one hastens to add—after all he was then 79!) Tony supported himself tonight on two sticks. However, he valiantly stood up to deliver a stream of humour and reminiscence, especially about the



Guests Margaret Roberts, former Governor of  
High Pavement School, and John Allan .

High Pavement of the 1940s when so many of his audience were also at the school. Heads nodded in recognition as we heard about the activities of ‘The Goof’ as our formidable headmaster, Mr Potter, was known to his charges. Warm applause followed the talk as Tony gratefully resumed his seat.

Ken Kirk proposed a Vote of Thanks to all those who helped to organise the evening’s event and to the operation of the Society in

**Right:** Lance Wright conducts the choir of Old Paviers  
**Below Left:** Ray Bryson with son Don and Don’s wife Katie.  
**Below:** Marjorie Salsbury with Mike and Pat Watkinson



general. Mindful of Arnold Brown’s recent discharge from

hospital, Ken then invited him as President of the Society to give a brief message to the gathering. Arnold spoke with feeling about the Society’s need to recruit more members from later generations who had passed through High Pavement since his day.



The final act of the evening was the singing of *Carmen Paviorum*, ‘Song of the Paviers’, our beloved school song. All the Old Paviers present stepped forward as a group and, under the leadership of Lance Wright, pledged once again ‘*With one*

*voice...to unite in praise of our school...*’ while our other guests listened in wonder, if not in rapture. It had been a most enjoyable evening of friendship and reminiscence.

The Annual Reunion Dinner is the principal function organised by the Society and it is hoped that as many members as possible will give it their support in future years. The old school was, and is still, very well worth commemorating—as we must all readily agree.



## A MEMOIR OF STANLEY MIDDLETON

I thought that readers of *The Pavior* might find the following reminiscences about Stanley Middleton of interest, particularly since they relate to his life away from High Pavement School. For several years I was one of his typists and typed many of his novels. I first knew Stanley when he was choirmaster and organist at two Methodist churches in Bulwell: the Bulwell Wesleyan Church on Lower Main Street (now demolished) and the Methodist New Connexion Church at the bottom of Ragdale Road (still standing but now used for other purposes).

Born and bred in Bulwell, Stanley wrote about this area a great deal but had a habit of moving things around, possibly to confuse readers—for example, he set Alexandra Lodge at Bestwood Country park in a completely different environment. Stanley was a fascinating man to know and work with. Much of his material for his novels came from listening to people speaking on buses, waiting at bus stops or standing in shop queues. Much of his thinking time as he called it was done on his feet, walking to and from school, to the church and to his music classes.

I didn't type *Holiday* (with which he won the Booker Prize in 1974) but I did type *Towards the Sea*, possibly my favourite. He was a very unassuming man, very private, never pushing himself into the limelight. 'I want people to remember me for the way I have tried to educate them through my writing, not for the person I am.' The words of the minister who conducted his funeral sum up Stanley very well: 'He was an extraordinary ordinary man.' All Stanley's novels were written in his beautiful, neat handwriting and then passed to me for typing on my manual typewriter. Neither of us wanted to venture into the world of computers! I would read through his manuscript before typing to get into the mood of the plot. From receiving the manuscript to handing back the complete novel would take about three weeks. I began to type for him in the early 1970s but didn't start typing his novels until the early 1990s.

I smiled to myself when he once asked me to make sure that no one stuck a plaque outside his house saying: 'Stanley Middleton lived here' after he had died. However, in Weatherspoon's pub in Bulwell, there is now a large picture of Stanley in his study, with an article about him! I dread to think what he would make of that.

On one occasion he played the organ at an evening service in church. He must have been tired since he nodded off during the sermon. As the last hymn was announced I could see that Stanley was asleep so I went over to him and I prodded him. It took quite a time to wake him. As we left church after the service he said, 'They will give me the sack!' Even when seriously ill during the last few years of his life, he pushed himself to go to church so I am sure that he can be forgiven for taking that nap!

**Sheila Maggs**

## JOHN HENRY DUNFORD

### A Pavior of the Old School

*[This interesting article about a most distinguished Old Pavior was written by a distant relation **David Dunford**. It was based on a talk he gave to The West Bridgford Historical Society at which our member and Society historian, **Geoffrey Oldfield**, was present. It was his idea to ask David to write the article for us and we are grateful to both gentlemen for their efforts-Ed.]*

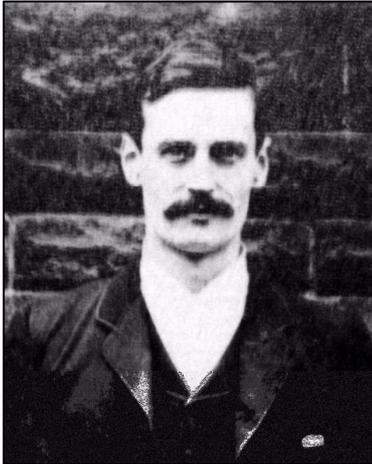


Photo by courtesy of 'Manuscripts and Special Collections, The University of Nottingham'

In 1943, local newspapers did not have much room for obituaries, but the Nottingham Guardian reported the death of John Henry Dunford on its front page. They said that his passing ‘deprives the city and County of Nottingham of one who was, for many years, notable for his shrewd and logical mind’. Few men led such a full public life. John Henry, as he was always known, was born in Nottingham on 15th July 1870. His father was a goods guard for the Midland Railway and the family lived at a variety of addresses, always a convenient walk from the goods yard.

In 1874, a very young John Henry became a Juvenile Forester in the Ancient Order of Foresters. The next year, he started in the infants department of High Pavement School, while the new chapel was still under construction. He moved up to the Boys School in 1877, but missed a large part of his first term through illness. He won various prizes, including for ‘regular attendance, good conduct and success at examinations’, and moved up to the Science School in 1882. From there he went to University College, Nottingham, studying a range of commercial subjects. Looking back in 1918, John Henry was reported as ‘cherishing the kindest memories of that fine old headmaster of High Pavement, Mr William Hugh.’

John Henry was apprenticed in the lace trade as a warehouseman, but in 1897 he became a Fellow of the Institute of Secretaries and obtained the post of Gas Accountant with the Cleethorpes Gas Company, in competition with over 300 other applicants. He also married Lucy Freeman. The couple had met at High Pavement Sunday School, where John Henry had been very active, eventually becoming its secretary, responsible for organising many of its activities. His leisure activities included chess—he was a member of the county team by the age of 18—and gardening

At Cleethorpes he developed bronchitis, and his doctor recommended a return to the Midlands. J N Derbyshire, one of his chess opponents, found him a job as company secretary, first at the New Simpson Cycle Company in Derbyshire, and then in Nottingham at Hall’s Glue and Bone Works beside the railway bridge at Lady Bay. The family then settled in Lady Bay.

In the meantime, John Henry had been busy in the Ancient Order of Foresters and was elected president of the Order – or High Chief Ranger, as it was known – for the year

1918-1919, in which capacity he served on the post-war committee set up by the government to review the Old Age Pension. While at Hall's, John Henry was, at various times, chairman of the Nottingham section of the Society of Chemical Industry, chairman of the United Kingdom Glue and Allied Trades Association, and president of the Nottingham and Derbyshire Traders' Association

In 1915, John Henry became Managing Director of Hall's and was also elected to the West Bridgford Urban District Council. He was twice Chairman and, at his death on 20th August 1943, was the longest serving council member. As councillor, he is best remembered for leading the fight against an attempted takeover of West Bridgford by the city of Nottingham. However, he was also very committed to education, being for many years a very active governor of West Bridgford schools and also a trustee of Nottingham Mechanics Institute.

In his will, after providing for his family, John Henry left the remainder of his estate to what was to become the University of Nottingham, which resulted in the founding of the Dunford Chair of Computer Science.

**David Dunford**

**ooOoo**

### **TIM HAMER'S GERMAN ODYSSEY**

*[The Society has received a rather mysterious attaché case sent to us by the daughter of the late Tim Hamer, a former member of the Society who died some little time ago. She discovered it when clearing out the garage at her father's house and we were pleased to receive it into our care.]*

The contents of the attaché case are quite interesting. There is Tim's *Learner's* swimming certificate, dated 1934, and an older certificate unconnected with High Pavement Pavement probably belonging to a relative (Harold Hamer, dated 1931). Both of these were neatly wrapped in a page of the *Daily Mirror* for Saturday September 19<sup>th</sup> 1936 with its picture strips of *Gordon Fife – Soldier of Fortune* and *Pip, Squeak and Wilfred* (for the younger generation). However, the great bulk of the contents is a collection of documents relating to school holiday trips, possibly led by Mr H (Harry) Walker, to the Rhine valley, an innovation for the school<sup>1</sup>.

Now, this was at a time when the Nazi regime was building its strength and on reflection we might suppose it would not be an ideal environment for a group of impressionable schoolboys. On the other hand High Pavement scholars were pretty tough when it came to independence of critical thought. After all, one participant was called Arnold Brown, as he has related in his 'Book'.

There were several such trips on an annual basis until they were finally stopped in the autumn of 1939 at the outbreak of hostilities. Tim Hamer apparently went on the 1936 tour during the Whitsuntide holiday break (High Pavement, unlike other city schools, was well-known for always having the full week off at Whitsuntide). Obviously it was greatly enjoyed, since he recorded most of the places in an album of photographs, found carefully

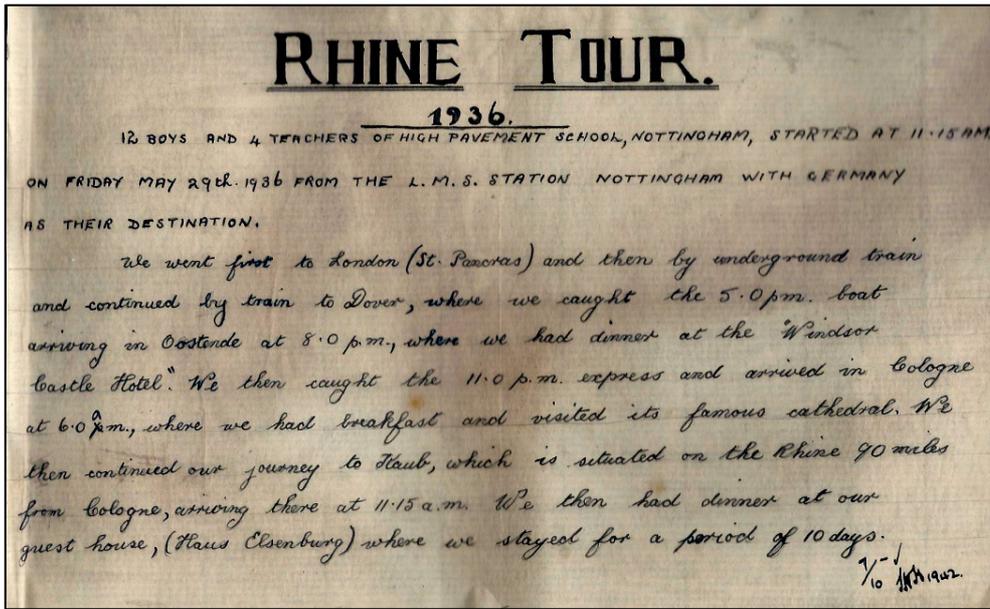
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<sup>1</sup> There is also some material relating to a similar trip in 1937 and another in 1939 to Lake Lucerne in Switzerland. It is not known if Tim Hamer participated as there is no other record among the ephemera

preserved in the attaché case. It is possible that in those days he did not possess his own camera and most of the photographs were selected from small packets of local views on sale in the tourist shops.

In the album is a very neatly presented resumé of the journey. (left) <sup>2</sup>

The party stayed in the town of Caub-am-Rhein (or 'Kaub' to use its modern



Pfalzgrafenstein

spelling). It is famous for the strange Pfalzgrafenstein 'castle' built on an island in mid-stream and used as a river toll collecting station (a useful source of income for riverside towns on this busy waterway).

The residence was at Haus Elsenburg, a combined guest house and youth hostel operated by *Westdeutschen Jungmännerbundes e.V.*, the German equivalent of the YMCA. (It still operates today.) The Nazi influence was at that time was penetrating all youth movements but then, apparently, the

organisation still had its independence. However, in those days even this small town had an Adolf-Hitlerstrasse and Tim has thoughtfully included a view of it. (It now has another name, of course.)



The two parts of Haus Elsenburg (see left) were not managed separately and their brochure says '...a 10% reduction is given for young men who have to sleep in the youth hostel rooms'.



<sup>2</sup> Possibly this was entered for some kind of competition because it bears an award of 7/10. Also there are somebody's initials and, inexplicably, the date 1942 – when Tim was about 22 years old. We don't know the real reason for this.

The outward journey, via the channel steamer (ferry), was broken for dinner in Ostend but then continued through the night on the express to Cologne, where breakfast was eaten in the station restaurant. This was followed by a visit to the famous cathedral (only a stones-throw away). The journey ended on arrival in Kaub at 11.01 am (the notes are very precise) with the travellers no doubt feeling a little shattered.

The 10 day tour for the party of 12 boys and four teachers cost only £6 for those under 16 and £7 for older persons. Even so, this was then a considerable sum for many families to find and the notes do say that '*arrangements can be made for the balance to be paid in instalments*'.

A vigorous programme of visits and activities ensued, involving a great deal of walking. One presumes this is so because in the kit list issued is an item: '*...boracic powder for tender feet*'! Also included in the same list is '*Soap – (this is essential as soap is not provided on the continent.)*'! (Our exclamation marks.)



Kaiser Wilhelm Monument - Koblenz

It would seem that Tim selected photos for his album to show all the places that were visited, including the cities of Frankfurt-am-Main, Wiesbaden and Koblenz. (A few such photos have been used to illustrate this article). River traffic in many of these pictures is almost exclusively steam powered and the occasional street scenes show a very small number of motor vehicles.

Among the ephemera is a special book of rail tickets issued in London by the *Mitteleuropäisches Reisebüro* (to Thomas H Hamer—parent perhaps) covering all the rail travel undertaken in Germany itself during the tour, comprised of some half dozen journeys. The week must have been 'action-packed'.

The fact that Tim made such a detailed record of the trip must mean that it had made a big impression on him. It was in an age when foreign travel was not normally available to 'ordinary people'. This would perhaps explain why the attaché case remained among his possessions for the rest of his life. This interesting relic now belongs to the Society, for which we would like to thank his family.

ooOoo

### PUB LUNCH NEWS

There is not much to report this time. The Country Luncheon Club of the Society (its full and proper name) had arranged to meet at the **Lathkil** [sic] **Hotel**, Over Haddon, near Bakewell in April but had perforce to cancel the event due to inclement weather, hence the absence of a report in this column. Members will recall the sudden *snowfalls* that incommoded everyone at the time.

The Club is hoping to hold its next event at **The Countryman Inn, Kirkby-in-Ashfield** on **Thursday May 30th**. Full details will be sent out to the mailing list in due course. For those who enjoy reading about these events a report will follow in our next issue (August 2013).

## NAT'S NATTER

*[Our Secretary takes a trip down Memory Lane]*



### **Yes, I Remember.**

Or do I? My memories of my first day at Stanley Road are not so clear. I vaguely remember setting out on a September morning in 1948 to catch the bus, kitted out in my brand new chocolate brown blazer, grey shorts and grey socks with brown, yellow & blue hoops and my satchel over my shoulder and the walk along Berridge Road to Stanley Road. After that, things become a little hazier. I remember I was assigned to Form 1A located in classroom T4 in the so called “T” Block with Mr (Charlie) Mardling as our form master (a very dour man who never seemed to smile). I was also assigned to School House with Mr (Chick) Farr as the House Master.

I have no recollection as to how all this came about but I am reminded by Society member Dave Marriot that this was already sorted at a meeting with parents and masters at the school in the July prior to commencement of the September term. This must be correct because I was the proud owner of the red School House rugby shirt and all the other relevant items needed by the time I first attended in September.

I remember the morning assembly in the main hall prior to commencement of classes with the masters and prefects lined up at the front waiting for Mr (Taff) Davies to appear in his flowing gown at the sounding of the big brass gong. Over 800 bodies squeezed into the hall which was never designed to hold such a number. The atmosphere was at times almost unbearable and it was not unusual for one or more pupils to pass out during the proceedings. I remember the short religious service with prayers and the singing of hymns and the *Nunc Dimittis* and *Magnificat* from our pocket sized blue *Songs of Praise* hymn books which were also used to hide “crib notes” at exam times.

I remember the mad rush up and down the dusty stone stair cases in between classes to attend the next lesson taking place in a different class room. Having come from a sheltered existence in what was at the time a very modern, single story school with adjacent sports field it was a bit of a shock but I soon learned to accommodate and enjoy the new order of things and wouldn't change any of them.

I have many more pleasant memories of rugby and cross country at the cow pat encrusted playing fields at Strelley; cricket & athletics on the Forest; swimming at Noel Street baths; plus, of course those happy Friday evenings troop meetings and camping expeditions with the 121<sup>st</sup> Scout Troop, of which Mr (Fred) Tippet was a very popular Scout leader. On the other hand, I have not-so-pleasant memories of the school dinners at ‘Palm Court’.

As I write down these words memories keep flooding back and I fear I have used up more of the space available for this article. With this in mind I may take up the pen again for another trip down memory lane when the opportunity arises. **Noel (Nat) Gubbins**

## STANLEY ROAD - LATEST



Things are really happening on Stanley Road. Your editor was invited to visit the Forest Fields Primary School, inheritors of our former home, on April 24<sup>th</sup> to meet Ms Sue Hoyland (left), the Head Teacher, who explained some of the more recent developments.

She said the plans have now been revised to allow the use of two more classrooms in the main building: the former Room 12 and the Art Room, for ‘*ambulant access*’ (no lift to that level). It was possible to take a couple of photos to show how things look now work is under way. The general structure of the main block is now undergoing refurbishment as can be seen in the right hand picture, taken from the yard of the primary school. Meanwhile, the removal of the old laboratory block is proceeding, necessarily on a ‘brick-by brick’ basis to avoid distressing the occupants of the nearby houses in Sturton Street, as shown in the left hand view. The former lecture room has all but disappeared. Ms Hoyland reported that the condition of the main building has been found to be remarkably good, indeed better than expected and the anticipated renewal of the roof will be nothing like as extensive (or expensive) as was feared.



With work continuing at this pace Ms Hoyland predicts the first stages of occupancy will take place in December. Soon after that she hopes to commence a series of study projects associated with the former High Pavement buildings. For this purpose the children would like to interview some of the old pupils and learn what life was like so long ago, apparently a type of study they undertake with great enthusiasm. This Society is invited to participate in the work (who else?) and full details will be given in these pages when the time approaches. We are grateful to Ms Hoyland for her interest in the Society and hope that this will be reflected in our co-operation with the project.

**ooOoo**

## ARNY'S BOOK

### Hitler, Mussolini and Mushrooms

*[In 1939 the war came. Life on the Home Front began to develop wartime features like air raid shelters but for Arny this could bring back memories of a most unproductive experience.]*

The time in the early Spring of 1939 which signalled my launch into the world of work was a very significant one politically because Chamberlain had signed his so-called pact of appeasement with Hitler in the previous autumn, but at the same time everyone realised that this was merely a delaying tactic and the build up of armaments, by both the Nazi regime and Italy's Mussolini, was increasing at an alarming rate.

Life became dominated by thoughts of gas masks, ration books and particularly, air raid shelters. Every household with room in the garden to erect the so-called 'Anderson' shelter was provided with one delivered to the door, but to be erected, in whatever way he devised, by the occupier. A great spirit of mutual cooperation ensued which has not been matched since the war days - a spirit we could very well use today. The size of the shelter was no more than about seven feet by five or six, and the idea was to dig a hole about three feet deep, erect the shelter in the hole, and cover the top with the soil extracted from the hole, perhaps liberally augmented by more soil for greater security. Our 'Anderson' was sited at the bottom of the garden on a patch about fourteen feet square which had previously been the mushroom bed.

Though it is a little out of context I must tell you about the mushroom episode which occurred immediately prior to this and before I left school. During the early 'teen' years my reading consisted almost entirely of the foremost six boys' magazines - they were rather more than comics - consisting mostly of fairly closely printed adventure stories. They were published one on each of the six days: Monday to Saturday. The titles, as far as I can remember, were the Adventure, Rover, Hotspur, Skipper and two other titles which I cannot recall. On the back pages of these publications were small adverts offering items for sale by post; for instance, a device which enabled the user to throw the voice, plastic snow, imitation soot and other, more revolting materials, magic tricks and so on.

One of these advertisements suggested that an enquiry to the 'British Mushroom Company' would open up the way towards the production, at home, of a veritable mountain of saleable mushrooms with little effort at all. After some persuasion I persuaded Mum to allow me to order the starter pack which contained 'specially selected mushroom corms', and various other items, but including a thermometer to take periodically the temperature of the material from which the crop was to be grown - namely horse manure. The use of horse transport by such as coal dealers and milkmen was then quite common; there was therefore little difficulty in persuading one of these to deliver us a *ton* of the material the horses leave behind, and by some means it was transported to the patch at the bottom of the garden designated for the mushroom patch. The comprehensive instructions supplied by the British Mushroom Company indicated the steps to be taken before planting the corms could begin. I was informed that the temperature of the manure on arrival must be taken and recorded. Each day the heap must be thoroughly mixed and turned over by a fork and the temperature retaken. The maximum was reached after about ten days, when the growing material was deemed ready for planting. After forming the growing medium into a grave-like shape and covering it with a thin layer of soil the corms were evenly distributed just below the surface - the whole then covered by straw. The whole process involved many hours of effort and was not without serious accident when the manure impregnated fork penetrated my shoe, injuring my big toe, and necessitating visits by the doctor to attend the ensuing septic appendage! I well remember the caustic comments of my German teacher ('Harry' Walker, if you knew him) on receipt of the note excusing my absence!

After many days of fruitless search the whole project produced barely half a dozen tiny mushrooms. Many years later the British Mushroom Company were still offering their service by advertising on the back pages of similar publications. Obviously a paying proposition—to them!

**Arnold**