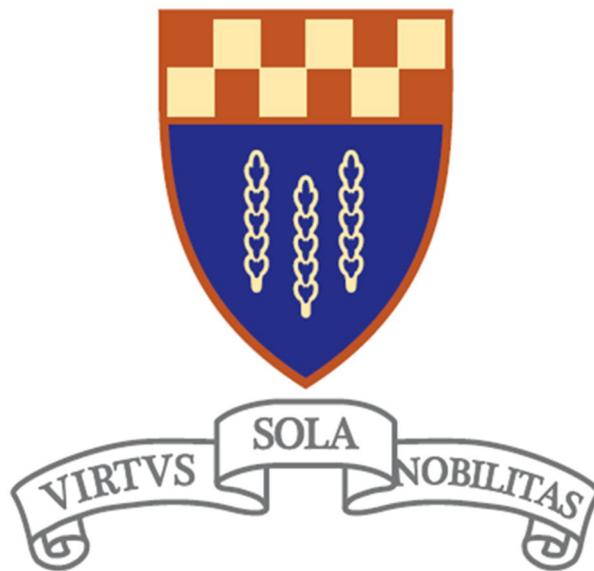


The Pavior



The Newsletter
of
The High Pavement Society
(Founded 1989)

May 2016

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 Basil John Dodd
Languages Master at High Pavement
1950-74

Henry Charles

We have been informed by his family that our loyal member Henry Charles died in September 2015.

Geoff Gay

Our loyal member Geoff Gay passed away, aged 69, in April 2016 after a long battle with Motor Neurone Disease. Geoff, who lived alone, had been an active local councillor and a notable mathematics teacher in Loughborough, prior to his retirement. The Society sends its condolences to his brother, Roger. At his funeral in Loughborough on April 20th, which was attended by more than 200 mourners, the Society was represented at by Colin Salisbury.

Marcus Pegg

Our loyal member and one-time member of the Society's committee, Marcus Pegg, died on March 29th 2016. His funeral was held on April 22nd at St Mary's Church, Clifton. The Society was represented by Ken Kirk, Robin Taylor and Colin Salisbury. The Old Paviers present, who included the Rector of Clifton, (Rev. Owen Page), sang *Carmen Paviorum* as a tribute to our old friend.

Stan Smith

Our loyal member Stan Smith passed away, aged 78, on April 13th 2016. His funeral was held at Brinsley Church on Wednesday April 27th at which the Society was represented by Ken Kirk and two other members. The church was filled to capacity by a large congregation of his family, friends and colleagues.

Geoffrey Oldfield MBE

Geoffrey Oldfield MBE, one of our founder members, passed away at the age of 95 on Monday April 18th 2016. His funeral, held on Tuesday May 10th at St Giles' Church West Bridgford, was attended by a large congregation of Geoffrey's, family, friends and colleagues. The High Pavement Society was represented by John and Carol Adkin, Robin Taylor, Trevor and Alison Fisher and Colin Salisbury.

The Society sends its sincere condolences to the families of these former members.

ooOoo

THE COMMITTEE-MEN'S COLUMN

Farewell to good friends

One of the task's undertaken by the members of the committee is recording the passing of our older members and, where possible, arranging for the representation of the Society at their funerals. It is then not uncommon for a request to be made to those Old Paviers present to make a contribution to the ceremony by singing our old school song, *Carmen Paviorum*. Its rousing tune and heroic Latin stanzas usually succeed in turning a sad farewell into a triumphant occasion, celebrating the life and times of the departed friend.

Although there may be only as few as four singers present, the years of practice we all endured deliver a splendid climax as we reach the final 'Rei Publicae, Non nobis!' It is a proud moment for everyone. May the tradition long continue.

GEOFF OLDFIELD MBE MA



With the recent death of Geoff Oldfield the Society has lost a member with a most profound historical knowledge. He was renowned for his insight into local history of Nottingham and had published many titles dealing with Nottingham's development from early times until the present. His monograph on the Lace Market is acknowledged to be the most readable coverage yet made. He was awarded the MBE for his contribution to local history. His list of publications is formidable.

Geoff often contributed articles to these pages, many gleaned from files in the local county archives (an institution that was almost a second home). He also occasionally spoke on High Pavement historical matters at our gatherings. He was a member of the both Nottingham Civic Society and the renowned Thoroton Society dedicated to local history of the district. Ken Brand, his friend and colleague in has sent us this short appreciation:

'I have known Geoffrey for many years, probably from the late 1980s, and heard of his reputation as a local historian some time before that. I started as editor of Nottingham Civic Society's Newsletter in September 1982 (No.59) and I find on looking through those early newsletters of mine that Geoffrey as a member of the Civic Society sent me an article 'Nottingham's First Civic Society' which I printed in the next issue in January 1983. Naturally I was quite proud to have such a well-known contributor in only my second Newsletter. Geoffrey next appeared in Newsletters 65 and 66 with a two part article 'Take a Walk along Gregory Boulevard with Geoffrey Oldfield'. Although a very keen photographer, he used a few well-chosen architects' drawings as illustrations here.

Thereafter Geoffrey would from time to time contact me asking if I could use an article on, what turned out over time, to be a variety of topics of architectural, historical or planning issues. As I became more confident as an editor I found out from the Local Studies library that Geoffrey had been a member of a number of local working parties. One example to hand, is a joint University Extra-mural and WEA group who in 1971 had published 'Nottingham in the Eighteen Eighties'. Another reference reveals that Geoffrey had 38 entries in 'A Nottingham Bibliography before 1998.'

Geoffrey was particularly interested in the Nottingham's Lace Market and had written about it for several publications. In the 1990s I put together his 48-page booklet for the Civic Society on 'The Lace Market Nottingham', with illustrations including Geoffrey's own photographs showing the more recent changes in the Lace Market.

Geoffrey was an active member of the Civic Society, particularly as an occasional speaker (when he would bring along his fan club from West Bridgford!) and as a member of its Plans sub-committee. He was quite generous with the use of his photographs by others and would sometimes send some photographs 'out of the blue' with a note saying 'You might find these interesting.' Many reflect on the fact that Geoffrey's photographic and recording achievements were accomplished by travelling around on his bicycle – 'sans auto'.

More recently he became less of public figure, sufficient for his friends to report 'Saw Geoffrey Oldfield in town.' He told me, on different occasions, of his personal claim to be both the oldest Old Pavior and the oldest member of the Thoroton Society. **Ken Brand**

After leaving school Geoff entered local government administration, a field of work in which he spent his whole career, mainly in the Nottingham City Treasurer's department. While at High Pavement in the 1930s he was a successful scholar and we are pleased to reproduce his short essay which was chosen for insertion in *The Pavior* for July 1935, when he was in the third form:

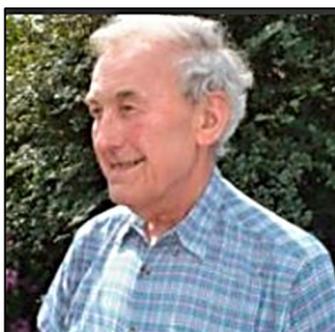
A Stormy Sea

The sea was rough, angry and turbulent. Like a pain-maddened bull in the arena, it dashed its foam-flecked breakers against the massive, overhanging cliffs. As if infuriated by the impassiveness of the beetling crags, it hurled itself again and again, the wind whistling, howling and shrieking its accompaniment, as if goading the furious monster on. The rain beat down pitilessly, an uninterested spectator of the drama. But now the sea was beginning to realise its failure, and retreated with bad grace, muttering angrily to itself, whilst the wind's voice had sunken to a low moaning of despair.

G. OLDFIELD (Classical III.)

ooOoo

STAN SMITH



Stan Smith, Old Pavior, formerly of Hyson Green, Sherwood and Bulwell, lived in Brinsley Notts and, like his fellow member, the late Geoff Oldfield, was an enthusiastic local historian. He frequently made use of the pen-name 'Ztan Zmith' and published many titles.

For almost 30 years Stan was a member of the Nottingham Writers Club in which he has held many offices, including Chairman, Vice Chairman, Secretary and Competitions Secretary for Prose and Poetry.

Until recently he was Chairman of the Basford and District Local History Society. With his twin loves of writing and local history he happily combined both interests.

Stan had written many articles, short stories and poems, which have featured on Radio, TV and in a variety of newspapers and periodicals including Thomson's Weekly, The Nottingham Evening Post and the e-magazine The Nottinghamshire Times.

He wrote about fascinating local characters from the past who lived in extraordinary times and this led to the publication of five books for Merrill Foundation's Nottinghamshire Heritage Series, a further ten books based on his home village of Brinsley, five books about nearby Underwood and Bagthorpe. He also produced books on Basford and Cinderhill and the Celebration of Marriage.

Stan was for some time also editor of *The Basford Bystander* a bi-monthly Community Newspaper devoted to nostalgia and local history around Basford, Nottingham. One of these included a memoir of Bill Benner the popular High Pavement art master which was later reprinted in these pages.

FROM OUR READERS
FROM GEORGE HEYWOOD

No Snow?

[Readers will recall that George lives in Alaska.]



As some of your readers may know, in Alaska we have a 1000 mile sled dog race each year called the Iditarod. I won't go into the details, just Google it. Actually there is a lady entrant from the UK entered this year.

The race always used to start in Anchorage but because we sometimes don't have enough snow in the city they decided to change things and just have a ceremonial start in Anchorage, where dignitaries and others rode in the sled with the 'Musher' for about 10 miles. The race was then started the next day a little further north at a place called Wasilla or Willow.

Anchorage has had a record low snow this year and in fact all the main roads are completely snow free and there are only remnants of snow in the yards (gardens). This year we broke the record for days without snow: 35 days! So this year it was decided to make the start at Willow as usual but because of the lack of snow they couldn't have the Anchorage bit. However, they still wanted to have the ceremonial start in snow-less Anchorage. So how can you do that one would ask?

Answer: They reduced the ceremonial run to a mere 3 miles and ***brought in snow by rail*** from Fairbanks, 360 miles away.

Yes! Carrying coals to Newcastle all right!

George

PS We have had the 2nd warmest February on record. However we have a chance of snow in the next few days. It's not over till the fat lady sings!

PS2 (sent March 21st) Well, the first day of spring comes and we get dumped on. We had about a foot of snow yesterday. That's ALASKA!

ooOoo

FROM KEN JONES and COLIN SALSBURY

Scouting in Seugy (where?)



[Ken Jones and Colin Salsbury were both privileged to travel to France with the school Scout Troop in the summer of 1949, led by Fred Tippet and Chick Farr. This is a joint memoir of the event. It may trigger a few memories among the rest of the membership.]

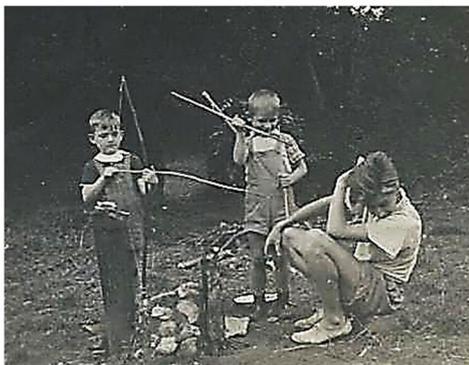


We travelled by train in those days, via Paris and another town, whose name escapes us, and finally along a very rural branch line to the little village of Seugy in the *Val d'Oise* Département of the Ile-de-France. The line was served by a single diesel railcar called the 'Autorail' which was a strange beast to the steam-driven British. Its trumpeting horn was audible from our campsite. Humping all our gear to a field outside the village, we soon set up a thriving camp which was our home for about eight days.

The group of 16 Scouts included Neville Kay, 'Archie Daykin', Don Jones (brother of KJ), Gordon Lindley, John Acres, John Cawkwell, Norman Richards (NuDRah), John Polkey, Dennis Rutley and the two scouts called Wilcoxon (B & J, cousins, we believe).

We were a source of considerable interest to the small local community and were visited by a couple of small boys aged about five or six, whom we allowed to wear bits of our uniform and equipped with home-made bows and arrows in true Robin Hood tradition.

The district was a good fruit-growing area and we were inspired by the lines of mature pear trees lining the roads. It was explained to us that a casual removal of ripe fruit from the lower branches was quite acceptable but the remainder of the crop was the property of the local council who sold it off in the autumn to dealers. Needless to say we followed the practice with enthusiasm and continued to exploit a tree nearer the camp until Chick admonished us quite severely for overdoing it (two stout fellows were up the tree vigorously shaking masses of the fruit down to colleagues below!).



These photos bring back fond memories of those days.

◀ Dennis Rutley under attack by the two little lads who visited us. DR is tending a camp oven but we don't recall eating anything from it!

The little lads appear here in bits of our scout uniform. ▶

A party led by KJ (left in glasses) apply a little cooling to Fred Tippet who had complained of the heat. ▶



An interesting object was parked by the public wash house where local ladies

gathered to launder their clothes. It was a mobile *still* that had been brought along to process last year's fermented apple crop and produced a powerful liquor, like Calvados maybe. Apparently large amounts were made, judging by the line of basketed carboys. The hooch was for consumption during the cold winter months.

We never tasted any of this apple liquor but one scout, Arthur (aka 'Archie') Daykin, begged a 'thimbleful' from the operators (as only *he* would) and reported on its great

strength. For want of a better name some of us christened the apparatus '*The Beer Engine*'. The local kids are in view with their pedal car.

Among other places, we made a visit to Chantilly, which was only a bus ride away. It was famous for its chateau and a fine art collection housed there. In addition there was also a popular race course, where we were to encounter two English-speaking gentlemen of diminutive stature who turned out to be retired



jockeys. They were glad to meet someone from back home in England.

In the final days we moved from the rural delights of Seugy to a suburb of Paris called Meudon where we stayed in a school, used as a hostel in the summer. However, the move (by Autorail) was not without incident.

To ensure we caught the early train next day we dismantled the camp *the night before* and dossed down under the trees in an orchard. The motto of the Scouts is *'Be Prepared'* but, as we might well have expected, it rained quite heavily. Next day the good burghers of Seugy on their way to town were astonished to see a group of very mud-spattered Scouts drag their kit aboard the Autorail and spend the journey cleaning themselves up, even changing into dry clothes after washing off the mess in the only toilet.



From Meudon we were able to visit the capital and see something of its sights, losing no one in the process. Our leaders allowed us to roam around in small groups, confident we would use our High Pavement language skills to advantage. CS and D Rutley even ventured across Paris by train to visit an old friend whom C had met on a visit in 1947 at the World Jamboree near Paris. However, both had studied German at HP so the journey, though successful, was exciting, to say the least!

KC and CS

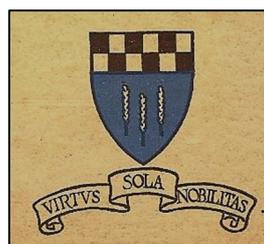
ooOoo

FROM MICHAEL GLADWELL

The Old and The New in 1950

Dear Colin, Interestingly, the school logo on the Pavior changed in style during the year 1950, as these specimens show. The one is on the left is for March 1950 and on the right, December of that year.

Mike



[Thanks Mike for pointing this out. The old style dated back to 1933 and is still used by the High Pavement Society. The new design is perhaps a little more elegant and was used until the old School was sadly terminated, to re-emerge as the new High Pavement City Sixth form College. At least the newly designed wheatears looked more able to yield a decent loaf of bread! The motto though re-shaped is unchanged, as ever. -Ed.]

ooOoo

FROM RICHARD MASLEN

Dear Colin, Thanks for the latest edition of *The Pavior*, which I enjoyed as usual. In all the editions of the *Pavior* I have never read anything about boys who played in the school orchestra. I was its leader in my last year, 1951, and played in the Albert Hall during the Nottingham Music Festival when the orchestra won the Frankland Shield. This was a much coveted trophy and I have mentioned this achievement in an earlier communication. Do any of our readers remember the occasion or perhaps have actually played in the orchestra?

Mr Douglas Madden conducted the orchestra and played a big part in our success.



When he later died in 2001, a few of us Old Paviors sang at his funeral, joined on the occasion by two musical former Manning School girls. They were Stella Booth and Pat Humphreys, who lived in Cinderhill in those days. Somewhere I have a photo which I will try to find.

I left High Pavement in 1951 and was called up for National Service in 1953. I enclose a photo of me taken in Newport Docks in South Wales where I served until 1956. We were called No 2 RAF Movements Unit (Embarkation). Why in the docks? (I hear you ask!) Well, in those days most of the RAF's men and materials were shipped by sea, not in the huge aircraft now in use. We became very busy as the RAF came away from stations in Aden, Cyprus and the Middle East. Busy and exciting days!¹

I would love to hear from anyone who remembers me². **Richard Maslen (1946-51)**

Editor's note:

The School Orchestra in the 1930s

Further to Richard Maslen's letter above, we did a little research and discovered that the school orchestra were often the winners of the Frankland Shield including 1935, 1936 and 1937. This



picture was taken in the school hall in 1937. Notable in the centre is Stanley Nolan (Nobby) the inspiring head of School Music. (Photos of previous headmasters in the background will be familiar to many old Paviors.)

It was in 1937 that the orchestra competed nationally at the Queen's Hall in London and won first prizes for their three entries. They also auditioned at the BBC's Birmingham studio with a view to making a possible broadcast.

¹ This was mentioned in the 'Old Boys News' pages in *The Pavior* for September 1954 –Ed.

² Richard's address is as given in our List of Members but he regrets he is now **without** email facilities. The editor will pass on a message if required.

FROM JOHN HOLLIS
A Rugby Star

JOHAN PALLANT, the Notts. RFC forward, has again been picked to play for England against France at Twickenham on February 25.

Pallant was at number eight in the pack in the team which beat Ireland on Saturday, and the selectors have given the side a massive vote of confidence by picking the same 15 men to meet the French, who defeated the Australians last week.

"I shall play much better this time than I did on Saturday," said Pallant today. "I was rather overawed in Dublin and did nothing particularly outstanding.

"I thought our forwards were much better than the Irish, but I hadn't a clue whether or not I'd be picked again." This may mean that Pallant will miss Notts. game against Hartlepool Rovers at Beeston on Saturday.

Dear Colin,

I came across this cutting from The Nottingham Evening Post, dated 13th February 1967. I am passing it on to you since I recall that John Pallant was an Old Pavior.

It seems a long time since I was in contact with you, possibly when we had that excellent visit to the old High Pavement School—it was a really fascinating experience, so a belated 'thank you' for making it possible. Looking forward to the next issue of *The Pavior*.

John

[John Pallant was indeed an Old Pavior and, for a while, was also a member of this Society. See below for news about a visit to Stanley Road -Ed.]

ooOoo

ANOTHER VISIT TO FOREST FIELDS?

The Society has been in touch with our friends at the Forest Field Primary School, who now occupy our old premises on Stanley Road. We have visited the old building (now brilliantly restored) several times in the past but there have always been some members who were disappointed due to the intrusion of other commitments. We are pleased to announce that the Head Teacher, Sue Hoyland, has invited us to make another visit sometime during the summer months, probably towards the end of June or early in July. Anyone who would like to take part in the visit please notify the editor who will advise details of the time and place by email or by post.

ooOoo

AN APPEAL FOR HELP

Once again we have been contacted through our website, this time by Mr Ray Hooley, an Old Pavior, of North Hykeham, Lincoln who has written asking for help in tracking old acquaintances:

Hi! Do you have any members who were in the Science 'A' stream from 1939 to 1945?

Ray Hooley

If you knew Ray in those days please contact him via the editor. Ray will be pleased to talk about old times.

'Pavior Shot down by MiG -15'

[A tragic story from the Cold War, when relations near the Iron Curtain were hostile, to say the least.]

On 12th March 1953, at 14.30 local time an Avro-Lincoln Mk2 RF531/C took off from Central Gunnery School, RAF Leconfield, North Yorkshire on a training flight to RAF Gatow, West Berlin. It was captained by F/Sgt Peter J Dunnell, with S/Ldr H J Fitz the new CO of 3 Squadron as co-pilot who went along for a familiarisation sortie. Among the crew was an Old Pavior, Sgt Ronald F Stevens. The plane was part of a regular training flight which took place every fortnight over Europe to provide radar tracking and fighter affiliation training for both RAF and Allied forces.

Another aircraft, also a Lincoln, involved in this sortie was RF302, which had left some 2 hours before RF531 and while near Kassel, still well inside the British Zone, it had been approached by two Russian MiG-15s, suddenly appearing from underneath the aircraft on the port beam. After visually inspecting the aircraft, the two MiG's peeled away and then conducted a series of high quarter approaches, as if they were about to attack the aircraft, but without opening fire (all this was recorded on the cine-cameras attached to the Lincoln's guns). To ensure the position of the Lincoln aircraft did not encroach into the Russian Zone it was turned from a northerly on to a westerly heading and eventually returned safely to Leconfield.

Two hours later, at 13.20, RF 531 was entering the 20 mile wide corridor from Hamburg to Berlin when it was attacked by two MiG-15s which opened fire without warning. The Lincoln went down in a steep dive, followed by the MiGs who continued to pour fire into the crippled aircraft. The aircraft's starboard wing caught fire and began to break up in mid-air. The main body of the aircraft crashed into the Russian Zone, with four of the crew still in the wreckage. The remainder of the aircraft fell to the ground near Bleckede, on the edge of Lüneburg Heath, 15 miles southeast of Hamburg, inside the British Zone. The two other crew members landed by parachute (one of them in the British Zone) but both died of their wounds and injuries. A number of German eye witnesses confirmed that the MiGs had been responsible for the attack on the aircraft and suggested that one of the fighters had also attacked the descending parachutists; this would explain certain features of the medical reports on the deceased.

While the aircraft had undoubtedly strayed close to, and possibly even slightly over the border, its track was clearly intended to take it into the air corridor, a fact that must have been quite obvious to the Russians. The Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, described the incident in the House of Commons as 'wanton attack' and a strong note of protest was delivered to the Russians. The Russians replied by claiming the Lincoln crew fired first. However, it was soon pointed out that on these training sorties the belt mechanisms were removed from their cannon and the aircraft carried no ammunition.

The Russians eventually expressed regret over the death of the 7 crew members and returned their bodies and the wreckage to RAF Celle shortly afterwards.

I have related this story because an Old Pavior was part of the Crew.

Lance Wright, HPS Archivist

ooOoo

A GASWORKS FABLE

A close shave witnessed by Colin Salsbury

The alarming tale from Mike Hopewell in our last issue reminded me of an accident which happened during my career at the Basford gasworks, where I was on the technical staff during the 1950s. The works, now long demolished, was in its day well known to many Pavors, if only by the smell, and many groups from our school made guided tours to witness a chemical plant on their doorstep.



Do you remember the gasholders, those great storage tanks, like giant tin cans holding 2 million cubic feet, floating in a deep tank of water? There were two such gasholders (*never* gasometers) built in 1882, near the entrance on Radford Road. The holders were used as storage to balance the steady rate of gas production with the fluctuating demand throughout the working day. One of them filled up during the night and was then shut off from the stream while the other was partly filled by breakfast time and slowly emptied as the demand overtook the supply. At about 12 noon (it varied) this working holder would be nearly empty and it was the job of the operator to manually open the great underground valves, changing the inlet and outlet to the full holder from the nearly empty one. A residue or ‘cushion’ in the empty one kept the casing afloat.

The next bit needs a little concentration. On the day in question the emptying holder was a bit slow reaching the final position and the operator saw fit to speed things up because his shift was nearly over and he wanted to make a prompt exit. He opened the inlet to the ‘full’ holder only, where there was still a little room to spare. The gas from the (nearly) empty one was now the sole supplier to the hungry booster fans which were busy sending out gas for the lunchtime cooking peak. The contents began to dwindle rapidly. So far so good.

As soon as the safe level was reached in this ‘empty’ holder our friend should have opened up the outlet to the full holder *but he absent-mindedly operated the wrong valves*. He had effectively shut off the full holder and left the empty holder to supply the boosters from its tiny residue of cushion gas. He walked away to put on his street clothes and wait for the arrival of his relief at 1.00 pm.

The residual gas was soon used up and the holder settled on its foundation blocks. It could now get no lower. The pressure dropped quickly to atmospheric, prior to developing a partial vacuum. Over the huge area of the top dome the air pressure load totalled hundreds of tons and the aged internal girders began to collapse. The smooth dome began to look like a battered ping-pong ball after a heavy game. The boiler man on duty in a nearby building heard the noise from within as the steelwork gave way and strolled over to the manager’s office to say ‘I think there’s something wrong with that gas holder. It ain’t ’alf making a lot of bangs!’ The engineer in charge raced over to the valves and restored the flow of gas, just in time. The wounded gasholder was shut off for further investigation.

There were sighs of relief among the technical staff. Brows were mopped. They knew that the thin sheet of the dome might have ruptured and allow large amounts of air to be sucked

in to form an explosive mixture. (Remember those lab experiments?) It doesn't bear thinking about. It was not made public at the time.

Both holders were eventually pensioned off and replaced with more modern designs (right) equipped with safety locks on all the valve gear. The holders can still be seen from Radford Road and from the Bulwell trams. They are now little used.

All that's left of the works ►



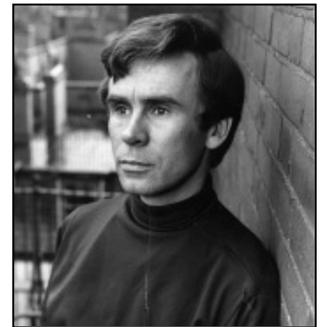
Colin Salisbury

ooOoo

ANTONY LINFORD 1933-2012

A Thespian Pavior

[Tony Linford was one of several Paviors attracted to a career on the stage. Those of us at school in the 1940s will perhaps remember him as a keen scholar and an enthusiastic member of the school Scouts. He was less prominent than some HP actor professionals but he was able to follow his interest with considerable success. This extract is taken from the RADA obituary pages to whom we express our sincere thanks.]



Tony began life in Nottingham, where his first career as a telephone engineer was quickly cut short, a scholarship to RADA plunging him abruptly into a different world. While still a student and working as a dresser in the West End, an actor's indisposition catapulted him onto the professional stage for the first time.

Soon - in 1960 - he was Tom Sawyer in the musical of that name at Stratford East, then a member of the permanent company at the Old Vic. He appeared in the world premiere of Stoppard's *The Real Inspector Hound* at the Criterion, meanwhile clocking up a succession of cameo TV roles in such landmark series as *Crossroads* and *Emergency Ward Ten* - as well as playing Romeo for BBC Schools.

National tours were sprinkled into the mix between 1965 and 1985, roles ranging from Feste in *Twelfth Night* to Paddington Bear...

In the regions he led the permanent company at Eastbourne's Devonshire Park Theatre from 1969 - 1974, playing Hamlet and Widow Twankey, as well as everything in between, from Osvald in *Ghosts* to Felix in *The Odd Couple*. On the stage of Northampton's Royal Theatre, he was a major presence between 1964 and 1985, and Associate Director from 1981 to 1983. One-man shows included George Rylance's *Ages of Man* and Patrick Garland's *Brief Lives*. His full-time acting career ended with the world premiere of Jimmie Chinn's one man play, *A Different Way Home*, which was written specially for him in 1987.

After that a new change of direction led him to Paris, where, as later in London, he taught English. Health problems dogged his last years, first heart, then cancer, against which he battled in a spirit of cheerful fortitude. He died, peacefully asleep, in Hastings, on 23 January 2012.

THE HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY 27TH ANNUAL RE-UNION DINNER.

They came from far and wide, (though not in such great numbers as in previous years) but still they came. Yes, *really* far and wide with Harold and Leila Blythe from Fleetwood; Lancs; Michael ‘Chic’ Fell from Reigate Surrey; John and Carol Adkin from Lincoln, and our own Lance and Christine Wright from Ashover, Derbyshire. They all came to celebrate the 27th year of the Society, and what a celebration it was.

Among the 50 or so guests there were a few new faces, most noticeably Bob Studholme (Basford House 1956-64) and Keith Readyhoof (Trent House 1941-48). Our age range was well spread, from Geoff Lindley (Wollaton 1938-43) to Graham Wybrow (also Wollaton 1959-66). Well done one and all!



After the obligatory and enjoyable pre-prandial drinks, when it was already obvious that a good night was to ensue, we all sat down to dine very close to the appointed time of 7.30 pm. The three course meal, with a choice on each course, was beautifully prepared and expertly served by the efficient Welbeck staff, and was finished off with traditional coffee and mints.



(Photos by
Graham
Wybrow)

During the meal Vice Chairman John Elliott read out our letter of congratulations sent to Her Majesty on her 90th birthday and Her Majesty’s reply, followed by the Loyal Toast. The toast to ‘High Pavement’ was again proposed by our chairman Ken Kirk.

What followed the meal can only be described as a complete surprise and entertainment for everybody as we sat and relaxed full of good food and friendship. We had been advised that there was to be a talk by our after dinner speaker, Mr. Colin Bower, entitled ‘*The Humour That Surrounds Us*’. Well, I can tell you it was no ‘*talk*’ but an absolutely riveting 20 to 25 minutes of fun-filled examples of things that are said and seen in our ordinary everyday lives. I have never seen so many elderly folk laugh so much, so hard, and for so long in many a long day. The examples of silly sayings that we see and hear daily, were so numerous that I have difficulty remembering many of them.

We hear comedians today who think things are only funny if accompanied by swearing or other profanities, but not once did Colin even forget himself and utter a single 'bloody'. Well done sir! You entertained us admirably.

The evening was, as usual, rounded off with the former pupils gathering to sing *Carmen Pavorum*, after which we all said our heartfelt goodbyes with a promise to meet again in 2017. A wonderful night indeed.

John Mason.

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OUR END PIECE



*[We are pleased to hear once more from **Tommy Gee** (pictured then and now) with a piece about *The Duke of Wellington*, inspired by Tommy's own travels]*



The Key to Spain

In 1946 with WW2 just ended, food and drink were scarce so, first stop out from home, my ship called in at Gibraltar to revictual. While there we took the opportunity to buy a few dozen cases of duty free gin and whisky for the ward room from Messrs Saccone & Speed, then and now the principal supplier of provisions in that colony.

This visit to 'Gib' was the closest I had been to Spain, until March this year when I visited Ciudad Rodrigo, a square Moorish style border castle on the river Agueda which flows through Portugal into the Atlantic. It is one of many Spanish *Paradors* - historic buildings around the country that have been made into comfortable places to stay. You can still see the marks of cannon balls where Wellington laid siege and then breached the castle in 1812, during the Peninsula war. The extensive flat open countryside of the plains provides grazing for sheep and cattle. Olive trees abound.

The success of Wellington's sizeable but outnumbered army, with its accompanying baggage train drawn by oxen, turned on fast skilful manoeuvres, and daring reconnaissance of the enemy. Wellington was an accomplished cavalryman, an audacious and brave leader, who cared for his men and looked after them. He was a teetotaler (but also a notorious womaniser).

One night, hearing at dinner that some wounded had been dumped out of doors, he immediately rode 30 miles to their bivouac, ordering them to be carried into the officers' quarters. He rode there again the next night to check that his orders had been obeyed. Finding the sick men still outside, he had them brought into shelter and the officers cashiered.

Three years later he was at Bruxelles attending the best known ball in history (see novels of the period), and hearing that Napoleon was closing in, snatched two hours sleep before the most famous battle in history—Waterloo. Today's Bruxelles is renowned for its EU bureaucracy. However, 200 years ago Wellington gave Whitehall bureaucracy short shrift. Whilst on the march through the Iberian Peninsula he sent a memo to the Foreign Office saying that from a position commanding Madrid, his officers had diligently complied with the many requests sent by ship from London to Lisbon and thence by despatch rider to his HQ. These

messages laboriously explained that Whitehall had enumerated all manner of sundry items for which HMG held him accountable: saddles, bridles, tents and tent poles.

There were two regrettable exceptions for which Wellington begged indulgence. He explained as follows: *‘Unfortunately one shilling and nine pence remained unaccounted for in one infantry battalion’s petty cash; and that there had been a hideous confusion as to the number of jars of raspberry jam issued to one cavalry regiment during a sandstorm in Western Spain, and that this reprehensible carelessness may be related to the pressure of circumstance since we are at war with France, which may come as a bit of a surprise to you gentlemen in Whitehall.’* He then goes on to ask which of two duties he should pursue as he cannot both train a British army of uniformed clerks in Spain for the benefit of accountants and copy boys in London, and also drive Napoleon out of Spain!

The ‘Brexiters’ of our own time yearn for a sovereign Great Britain where we can once again stand erect and alone, whereas the opposing ‘Remainers’ advise that (to quote Hilaire Belloc) we should ‘always keep a hold of nurse for fear of finding something worse’. Many of us now facing this difficult Hobson’s choice long for inspiring leadership as in days of yore when we ruled the world, and much of the map was painted red.

In 1946 I had the good fortune to meet one of the men who opened up Africa, a then famous nonagenarian called Colonel Grogan who was retired and spending his last few years in the bush on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. That meeting persuaded me to abandon mathematics and to work in Africa.

Ewart Grogan’s fiancée had challenged him to walk from the Cape to Cairo before she would marry him. It was a remarkable achievement in 1899. Like Wellington some 80 years earlier, he was feted on arrival home in London. This colonel was made of the same stuff as Wellington. Both flourished under harsh conditions and made fame and fortune.

Will a gap year in the Far East deliver the leaders who we now need and search for? Grogan didn’t have a mobile, and his few gold sovereigns weighed heavier than today’s plastic. The War Office was slow and close-fisted in sending money and supplies to Wellington. Sounds familiar? Both relied on the good will of local people to succeed, and both travelled mostly by foot through unmapped terrain, without the help of satnavs. They lived off the land.

Eton is widely derided these days, but there may have been some truth then in the saying that Waterloo was won on its playing fields. Pavors certainly learned a lot at Strelley!

Tommy

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