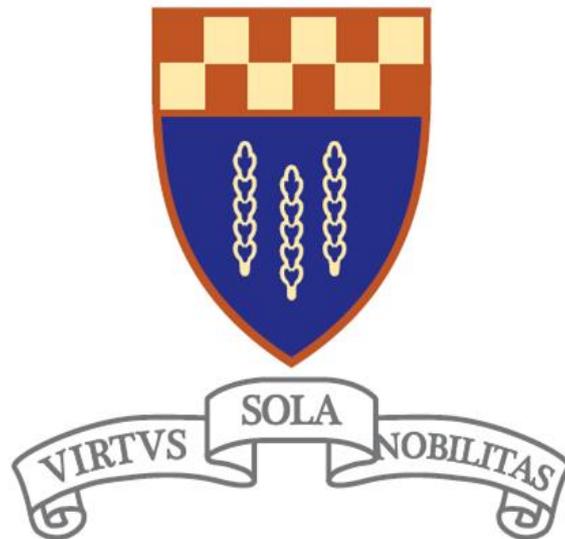


The Pavior



The Newsletter
of
The High Pavement Society
(founded 1989)

May 2018

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: Ken Kirk

Committee Chairman: Ken Kirk 0115 9568650

Deputy Chairman: John Elliott 0115 9266475

Secretary: Vacant

Treasurer: Robin Taylor 0115 9609483

(robinatnottm@aol.com)

Registrar/editor: Colin Salsbury 01509 558764

Archivist: Lance Wright 01246 590029

Committee Members:

Noel Gubbins 0115 9756998

John Mason 01509 768578

Malcolm Pilkington 01623 491260

Graham Wybrow 0115 9626249

Copy for *The Pavior* may be sent to:

Colin Salsbury: colin.salsbury@outlook.com

116 Leicester Road, Loughborough, Leics. LE11 2AQ

The HP Society website address is: www.highpavementsociety.org.uk



Faces to Remember
Winston Snowdon
Mathematics Master at High Pavement
1932-49

THE COMMITTEE-MEN'S COLUMN

Nottingham College

High Pavement College (later Academy) was originally a constituent part of New College Nottingham (**ncn**) the umbrella organisation covering several institutions in the field of Further Education within the area. Also in the area was **Central College**, an FE institution formed when a previous merger has now been implemented place between the former **People's College**¹ and two other FE colleges. A *new* merger has now been implemented between **ncn** and Central College with the title: **Nottingham College** of which the High Pavement element remains as a vigorous part. The title of High Pavement and the historical links with this Society will continue as before. (See also page 14)

Denise Jelly

Denise Jelly has guided the fortunes of High Pavement for the past few years and has been instrumental in maintaining the strong links between that body and this Society. She has now moved on, to take charge as Principal of Barnsley College. Though we are sorry to see her depart, we wish her every success in her new rôle.

EDITORIAL

Editorial from the Pavior, Winter 72/73 issue

When the School song, sang[sic] for the first time at the Speech day, way back in 1937, *Carmen Paviorum* was added to the School, a feature that had been too long absent. There has hardly been a single great institution or political movement that has been able to dispense with a song, a badge, a banner, a standard. The French Revolution brought forth the *Marseillaise*, National Socialism in thirties Germany produced its *Horst Wessel* song, Italian fascism the *Giovanezza*, and their inflammatory sentiments betoken their origin in the battle cries of ancient time. Where the origin of the School song is to be found is more obscure, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that its first parent was that grand old student song, *Gaudeamus Igitur*.

The School song is symbolical of all the school stands for, its traditions, its ideals and aspirations, and, above all it is a link binding the Old Boy to the School, conjuring up the pleasant memories of schooldays long after the unpleasant ones are forgotten. It was, I believe, Lord Roseberry who ordered that the *Eton Boating Song* should be sung to him on his deathbed to ensure that his last thoughts should be happy ones. Whether *Carmen Paviorum* will ever exist to serve a similar purpose we do not know, but we must all realise how fortunate we are to have such a fine song to represent us. [*Words we would echo today –Ed*]

Regulars and Irregulars

This issue of *The Pavior* will be the third to carry parts of two series (of four items each), including the **Picture from the Past** of the 1948 Senior School which the late Peter Bentley prepared shortly before he passed away. Also the long running saga of his early childhood written by Brian Ferrill and featured as our **End Piece**. Both these series will conclude in our August issue.

This announcement is intended to draw attention to the need for more material to be submitted for inclusion in the Newsletter. Why not have a go? **Colin Salsbury**

¹ Notable as the oldest such institution in the country.

RESPONSE TO AN ENQUIRY RECEIVED

[We regularly offer to assist enquirers with their problems, usually involving past Paviers, now deceased. This enquiry was received via our website]

To whom it may concern: Here in Twyford, Hampshire we have been researching soldiers on our war memorial. **Lennox Shrimpton** appears, due I suspect to the family's long/wide connection with our village, both before and after he lived in Nottingham and attended High Pavement

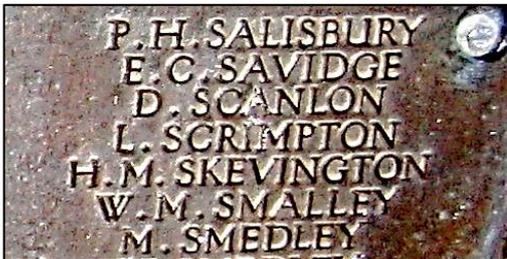
It has been very interesting for us to be able to trace Lennox on your Pavior web-site although I do wonder whether you have his name incorrectly recorded as SCRIMPTON L. Of course I could always be wrong and would be very grateful if you could confirm spelling of your man's name and personal details. Assuming that we have the right man, we have also ascertained that he was a Private in the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards. His army number was 15313 and his DoD was 5th November 1914, when he was 22. He is buried in the Perth Cemetery (China Wall) in Belgium, West Vlaanderen, plot ref. 111.h.20.

I would also be very interested to know what happened to the school war memorial, assuming that there was one – might it appear on a local web-site or be recorded anywhere ?

Much hoping to hear from you.

Christopher Pope

To which we replied: Thank you for the enquiry to the webmaster who has passed it on to me for further attention. I was fairly sure that our man was called **Scrimpton** as this was the name on the war memorial.



(Not much doubt about it! –Ed)

Replying to your second question, the memorial plaque has now been erected in the entrance hall of the High Pavement Sixth Form Centre, a part of the Nottingham College FE complex in Chaucer Street, Nottingham close to the Nottingham Trent University. I attach a photo of it, taken a year or two ago.

The plaque was first erected in the building in Stanley Road, Forest Fields, Nottingham. (The building is still in use as an annex for the local primary school.) The plaque then moved to the modern premises on Gainsford Crescent, Nottingham which housed the school in the 50s, 60s and 70s after which time the grammar school was abolished and became the present Sixth Form establishment. The Sixth Form Centre was rehoused in its present purpose-built premises in the town centre, complete with the plaque and other school relics. The 30 year old buildings were (cruelly?) demolished so the extensive site could be sold for a housing development.

The new Sixth Form Centre has little in common with the former School but we have developed a cordial relationship with the institution and our Society presents memorial prizes to their outstanding pupils. Our Society, of some 160 rather elderly former pupils, endeavours to perpetuate the memory of our *alma mater*.

But... in his recent publication, '*We Will Remember Them*' - *The fallen of High Pavement School 1914-1918*, Peter Foster has given the name as **Shrimpton**. I have copied the appropriate section for you.

Colin Salsbury

Well! Well! Who'd have thought it after all those years? The final response from our correspondent was as follows:

Thank you for your kind, and very prompt response to my enquiry.

I am delighted to see that through all the transformations of High Pavement School the memorial has been kept up and still enjoys a prominent position in the latest 'morph' of the string of educational improvements over the last 100 years ...Thank you for your photo of the memorial.

Regarding that name, I can see that you do have a bit of a problem, one cast in bronze. I am reassured that your enclosure of the research by Peter Foster confirms our own understanding that Lennox's surname *was* **Shrimpton**. His relatively unusual Christian names have helped to identify his details and suggest that we have the right man. The story we have uncovered as part of our project does tally closely with Peter Foster's story.

With Best Wishes

Christopher Pope

ooOoo

YET ANOTHER ENQUIRY RECEIVED

From: Grahame Rhodes (grahameash@hotmail.co.uk)

Date: 10 April 2018

Subject: 1962-1967

Would like to contact anyone who was at school with me 1862-1967[sic]

My name is Grahame Rhodes

[Short and sweet! Would anybody in the Society like to get in touch? -Ed]

Does anyone in the Society want to get

ooOoo

HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY

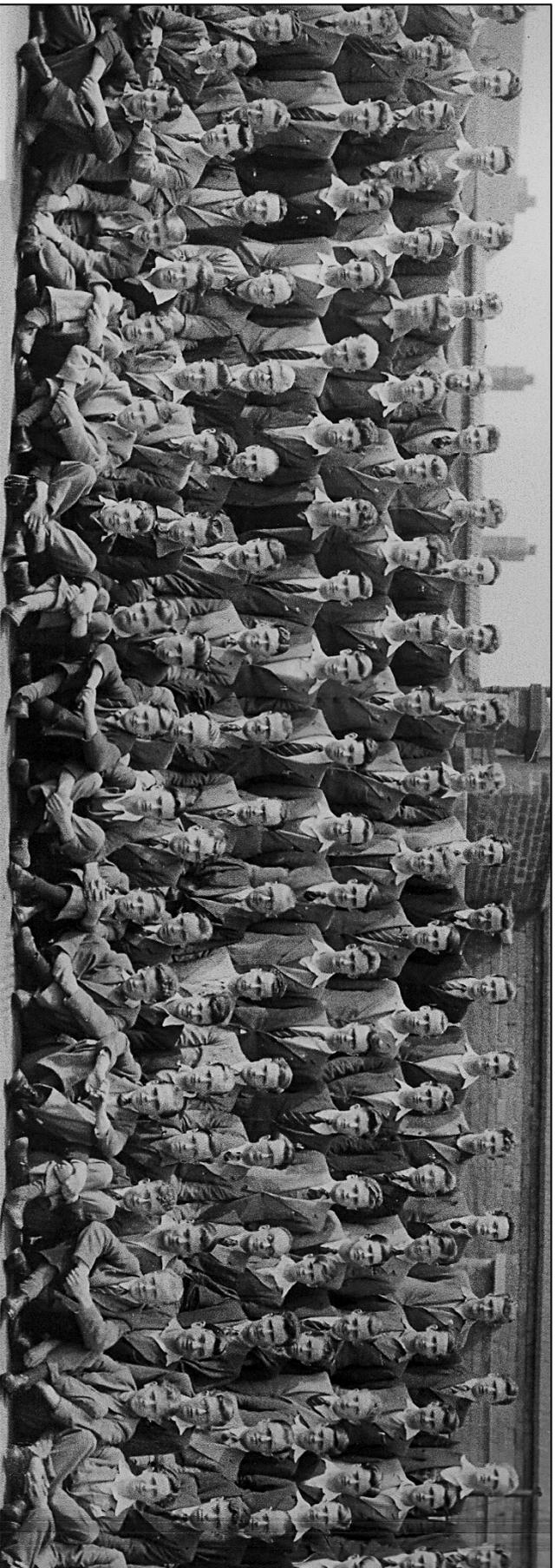
We are reminded that next year, 2019, is the thirtieth anniversary of our Society's foundation in 1989. This primary event followed the series of celebrations which accompanied the **bi-centenary** of High Pavement School (which had by then morphed into the High Pavement Sixth form College, although still housed in its Gainsford Crescent site).

Thirtieth anniversaries are designated as 'pearl' anniversaries, though the word pearl does not readily link with our activities. How shall we celebrate this august occasion? Do we follow the dictionary in defining *august* (inspiring reverence or admiration; of supreme dignity or grandeur; majestic)? Or is the word *pearl* of more help (symbolizing wisdom acquired through experience). Pearls are believed to attract wealth and luck as well as offer protection. The pearl is also said to symbolize the purity (careful now), generosity, integrity, and loyalty of its wearer.

That's a lot to be going on with, so what about a few suggestions for the committee to consider.

Ken Kirk, Committee Chairman

ooOoo



PICTURES FROM THE PAST

Part 3 of the late Peter Bentley's copies from the 1948 panorama of the Senior School. More of the eager members who can remember 1948 may now seek their images. For those still disappointed there will be a final section displayed in the next issue of *The Pavior*.

DELVING IN THE ARCHIVES

One of the items now placed in my care is the small archive of documents belonging to our member Ken Moulds. Ken had fondly preserved the letter notifying his parents of his success in the Annual General Examination (11+ to some) and the award of a place at High Pavement. Even the envelope in which it arrived is saved. Other items include several issues of *The Pavior*, the school magazine, and a copy of the School's Prospectus and Rules.

This provided me with an amusing read as I perused its few pages, noting that the school employed some 43 members of academic staff, to educate about 800+ students (as we now call them – but 'boys' was good enough in my day). This gives a staff/student ratio of approximately 19 but of course class sizes were much larger, up to 35 or so.

In the section on Rules there was much emphasis on disciplinary matters, including the Detention System which needed parental countersigning on the dreaded 'D-ticket'. Also the need for parents to make contact on practically any matter via the Housemaster (which mine never found the need to do).

Another rule, about Home Work [sic], ominously declared: It is not, as a general rule, in the boy's progress in the School that he should devote more than one evening each week to outside activities. This rule precluded (presumably paid) work in the evening (paper rounds?) without the Headmaster's permission.

The school, like many institutions for young people, dreaded an epidemic of infectious disease and the prospectus mentions the parental certificate ('Dog Licence') of freedom from infection that was necessary as each term began. Understandable, really. After all, there was that worrying outbreak of poliomyelitis among the HP lads at a harvest camp in 1951, in those pre-vaccination days. Fortunately there were no fatalities but it was an anxious moment.

However all that was serious stuff. The one rule which caught my eye was Rule 14 which stated bluntly: Pupils are not allowed to buy or sell amongst themselves. Well, if ever a rule was 'honoured more in the breach than the observance' this was it! There was an almost continuous market among Juniors, usually at break times, when items would be bought and sold, often with much hard bargaining. Usually this involved a trade in 'comics' from the D C Thomson stable, which were almost entirely 'story comics'. Funnies like their *Beano* and *Dandy* were strictly for 'fags' in the first year. We wanted narratives we could get our teeth into. I received a weekly delivery of *The Hotspur* and either sold it on or exchanged it for the likes of the *Wizard* or *Adventure* (I was fascinated with the imaginative tale: *The Truth about Wilson*). The going price second-hand was one penny (old money of course) but tatty older copies were negotiated down to ½d. I remember with bitter feelings how a vendor, knowing my anxiety to read the next episode of *The Truth etc*, demanded and received 1½d from me.

A friend once even bought a crystal set in a complex cash/barter exchange. However the modern value of our old penny would be nearly 20p today so the amounts handled were not trivial (in our minds, at least).

There was no attempt to police this transgression of a school rule. No doubt the 'police' (prefects) had more important matters with which to deal.

Colin Salsbury

ooOoo

FROM OUR READERS

FROM TOMMY GEE

Swinging the lead - A 1946 visit to Bahrain

The recent announcement (this month in fact) by their oil minister that Bahrain has just discovered its biggest oil field in more than 80 years reminded me of when I visited that area in 1946 in HMS Glasgow. First, we were to due sail up the narrow 200 km long Shatt al Arab river to Basra but this was challenging navigation for our 11,000 ton cruiser. This fast flowing tidal river was always changing course and we could not rely on the position of sand banks shown on our Admiralty charts.

The only thing to do was for a seaman in the ship's bow to take soundings as we progressed up river. As most Paviers will know this was

HMS Glasgow crew sitting on planks on the forrard six inch gun turrets. Can you spot **Temp Lieut RN Gee**? ►



achieved by lowering a special lead weight on the end of a line until the operator could feel it touch the river bed and he would count the number of markers on the line indicating its depth thereat. He would then holler the value to the officer in charge who was controlling the navigation, adjusting the course to avoid running aground. A tedious task but a necessary one².

After Basra I was welcomed in Bahrain by a youthful Old Pavior called Stephen Berridge (who, I seem to recall, lived in the vicinity of HP, quite improbably off *Berridge Road*). He was the oil company's chief chemist and he met me in a large black Humber car. We drove across the hot desert to see what Stephen said would one day be transformed by the discovery there of vast oil reserves. How right he was!

I cannot recall seeing any skyscrapers, just oil derricks, and simple local houses. The British Resident lived by the sea in a simple local style house, but his floors were covered with magnificent Persian carpets and I was determined that one day I must buy one.

I still have that Bokhara rug, on which all our children played in their early years. They are very hard wearing and it will outlive me. It is strange how past memories are triggered of our forgotten youth.

That was called a '*showing the flag*' cruise. We went on to Singapore where the photo was taken of the ship's crew of some 700 men, mostly seamen, probably some 3 dozen officers, see above. There was the usual exchange of 16 and 18 gun salutes, the Governor's formal visit on the ship, the reciprocal visit ashore by the C-in-C, and a march past led by our marine band.

² This job is the source of the expression 'lead swinging' meaning to avoid effort by *pretending* to work. It seems entirely logical that the impression would have stemmed from the practice of time-wasting motions while carrying out the depth soundings, just swinging the weight without raising and lowering it.

After this the officers were invited to an evening reception by the new Commissioner General for South East Asia, one Lord Killearn. Now, Lady Killearn had earned quite a reputation for her wild parties, and asked us to bring along with us our Royal Marine band. Naturally they enthused so we borrowed a naval lorry with a steel frame covered with canvas and sent them off in advance. It drove into the *port couchere* and being too high swept all the electric lights away and fused the electrics in the palace (belonging to the Sultan of Johore).

Our supper was laid on long tables on the front lawn overlooking Singapore and I well remember the lobster, and the duty free champers. As we supped, the lights had been fixed and we went into the palace for dancing. The women were heavily outnumbered, so most of us sat around until Lady K said 'Let's all do the Lambeth Walk!' She formed us up into a long crocodile and we threaded our way round the palace, through bedrooms, corridors, kitchen and ballroom. My recollections of events was, and still is, somewhat hazy. For me it was a first glimpse of what I term 'Burgess and Maclean life style'.

Tommy Gee

ooOoo

THE HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY TIE

'Never take advice from anyone in a tie. They'll bankrupt you. Don't ask a general for advice on war, and don't ask a broker for advice on money.' (Nassim Nicholas Taleb)



Only joking, of course. We wear our tie with great pride on those occasions when we want to identify our HP origins and current connections. This remarkably tinted piece of neckwear is eye-catching in the extreme and strong nerves, bred in a tough school like HP, are needed to withstand the startled looks that are sometimes provoked (in my student days, when it was called an *Old Pavior's* tie, my tutor remarked that it was a 'real bobby-dazzler').

Seriously, the use of our colourful tie is a matter of pride and we are always gratified to see such a large number worn at Society functions. But now for the bad news... The stock of ties we held is now exhausted and our local dealers, *Smalleys of Derby Road*, have none left either.

Our exclusive design means the ties must be made to order. We have been contacting suppliers and as far as we can gather we must order a minimum number of 36. We are quite ready to do this **if we can be sure that we can sell most, if not all, of them to our members**. A polyester fabric should cost £10 +pp.

If you would like to acquire one and look as smart as all those others, please let us know by contacting the project leader, John Mason at **22 Arnold Smith House, Bridge Street, Shepshed, Loughborough, Leics. LE12 9AD** (or j.mason.144@uwclub.net).

If there are enough takers (and surely with a membership as numerous as ours there *must* be) we will place an order with the suppliers. No need to send cash yet. We will announce through these pages when the stock is available and, after confirming the price, will arrange to collect the necessary cheques prior to despatch.

The Committee

THE HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY 2018 ANNUAL REUNION DINNER

It was on April 16th that some 44 Old Paviers and guests gathered at the Welbeck Rooms in West Bridgford for this year's Annual Reunion Dinner. In addition to the Society members and friends we also welcomed two representatives from High Pavement College (as we shall refer to it for the present) in the persons of Messrs Alex MacDonald and David Morgan.



▲ Alex MacDonald and David Morgan

The usual convivial meetings of old friends took place in the bar after which we sat down to the dinner which of the Welbeck's usual standards. John Mason officiated as the Master of Ceremonies. Wine and conversation flowed freely until it was time for toasts.

Our President, Ken Kirk, read the Society's letter of Loyal Greetings to Her Majesty and followed this by reading the letter of acknowledgement and thanks received from her Majesty's secretary. Our Vice Chairman, John Elliot, then proposed the Loyal Toast.

Ken Kirk proposed the toast of 'High Pavement' to which the response was given by Alex MacDonald who spoke of the desire of High Pavement College to continue and strengthen its links with the Society. He also commented on the status of the College within the organisation of the new 'Nottingham College'³.

At this point we took a break during which a slide show, prepared by Graham Wybrow, was presented. This showed many different views of the former Gainsford Crescent buildings, evoking nostalgic comments by many who had attended school on this site.

We reassembled at our seats to listen to the address by our after-dinner speaker. In the past we have had various speakers and entertainers who often left a feeling of anti-climax when their material did not suit everyone's tastes, something we hoped to avoid if possible.

This year our speaker was to be Sir Kenneth Olisa, Old Pavior and member of this



▲ Sir Kenneth Olisa with Ken Kirk and Colin Salsbury

Society. As well as his activities as a most successful banker and businessman Sir Kenneth also holds the office of Her Majesty's Lord Lieutenant of Greater London (as many will have read in Court Circulars in the press). He has also engaged in notable philanthropic activities including the donation of a new library to Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge, where he was a student. The committee had asked him about a speaking role in 2017 but his appointments diary was already filled. He promised that he would be happy to join us in 2018.

Sir Kenneth rose to speak, wearing his trademark bow tie, and delivered an address that was most stimulating, even electrifying. He spoke of his humble origins when he lived in a small house in Hyson Green 'near the wrong end of Gregory Boulevard'. He described his daily journey on foot along its mile length before catching the bus to school in Bestwood.

Ken expounded on his school life, the profound impact on him made by members of staff – Jack Train, Bert Dodd, Stanley Middleton and EWN Smith to name a few – and his

³ See page 3 for details

clashes with the then head, Mr M H ('Albert') Brown, of whose administration during the closing years of the grammar school Ken was somewhat critical. Clashes which led to his election as Head Boy (or as we used to say 'School Captain') being vetoed by Albert who was unable to block it the second time around in Ken's third year Sixth form, enroute to Cambridge. He clearly relished relating his subsequent Speech Day performance in which, much to the irritation of Albert and the delight of the old guard (and the assembled boys), he voiced his views publicly! In spite of all that Ken was ever conscious of, and grateful for, the sound educational foundations provided by our old grammar school.

Sir Kenneth also spoke, both interestingly and humorously, about his duties attending Her Majesty the Queen and other distinguished personages as Lord Lieutenant, garbed in his full ceremonial uniform including sword and spurs,

His audience listened spellbound. We could not remember enjoying such an interesting speaker before. Ken Kirk referred to this in his Vote of Thanks, acknowledging the fact that Sir Kenneth had given so generously of his time on our behalf. We were proud to think he was a member of our Society. The applause that followed was well deserved.



Ken Kirk then made a presentation to Sir Kenneth in the form of a framed commemorative aerial photograph of the buildings on High Pavement's Gainsford Crescent site, of which he had so many memories. Expressing his thanks in response, Sir Kenneth said it would be prominently displayed in his office for all to see.

The evening ended in traditional style with the

▲ Ken Kirk presents the memorial photo to Sir Ken Olisa. MC John Mason looks on with approval.
 ► The Paviors Choir at full throttle in *Carmen Paviorum*
 ▼ Our pianist John Jalland with his wife, Margaret.



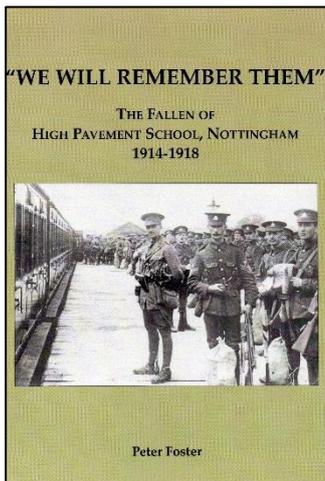
singing of *Carmen Paviorum*, the school song, by the impromptu choir of Old Paviors present, including our speaker. With our pianist, John Jalland, playing Stanley Nolan's music in the traditional style we all remembered from schooldays, we gave it the full treatment (By Jove, we did!). We were gratified to receive the sincere

applause from the non-Paviors present who were at the receiving end.

Then it was time to disperse, full of good food and drink and feelings of warm companionship. It had been a splendid Annual Dinner.

ooOoo

A FURTHER REMINDER



In this year, when we commemorate the centenary of the end of the Great War, we want to sell more copies of this excellent memorial book. Perhaps your grandfather or other relative attended High Pavement in the early years of the 20th Century and sadly lost his life in the Great War. This book will have the details.

Written by war historian Peter Foster, it commemorates all those Old Paviers who died in the conflict. The text is well illustrated and it is particularly absorbing to read.

Copies are available **at all our Society functions**, priced at only £10 each. They can also be ordered by post at an extra charge of £3.

The Society has helped with the cost of producing the book and will be able to recoup the expenditure from any sales.

Robin Taylor

ooOoo

HIGH PAVEMENT SIXTH FORM ANNUAL AWARDS CEREMONY

A message to all HPS members from the acting head

I would like to formally invite you to this ceremony. We would be delighted if you could join us in celebrating our student's success over the last year. Certificates are awarded to students who have demonstrated excellence across a range of criteria throughout the year including; academic excellence, outstanding attendance/punctuality, participation and triumph over adversity.

We will be presenting these awards on **Monday 18 June 2018** at the **High Pavement Sixth Form Centre, Chaucer Street Nottingham.**

Registration will take place from 5:30 pm to 6.00 pm followed by the Certificate Ceremony from **6:00 pm – 7:00 pm** (Refreshments will be available from 7:00pm onwards.)



Alex Mac Donald

[We have again been invited to take part in their annual Awards Ceremony by High Pavement Sixth form College. It will be attended by the large number of recipients some accompanied by their proud parents. The awards are in recognition of special endeavour during the past year with certain items being financed by grants from this Society. If you are interested in participating in this ceremony you will be made very welcome. Our Committee will be represented and would enjoy your support. -Ed]

ooOoo

PUB LUNCH NEWS



The Country Cottage Hotel Ruddington.

The Society's *Country Luncheon Club* (to give it its full name) made a return visit to this modest establishment in Easthorpe Street, Ruddington on Wednesday February 21st. About 20 of our regulars (four had to drop out at the last minute) turned up to enjoy the excellent quality fare.

We were accommodated in a separate quarter, which was just as well, because the occasion climaxed with one of our less-accurate-than-normal renderings of *Carmen*

Pavorum. All this in spite of guitar accompaniment by the versatile John Jalland. Could it have been the stuff we'd been drinking? A pleasant interlude for all present.

There was no meeting in either March or April due to the occurrence of the Annual Reunion Dinner in April (see report on page 11).

ooOoo

Next Pub Lunch-advance news

The Society's next pub lunch is being organised by John Elliott and will take place on
Thursday 14th June 2018 at
The Nag's Head, Main Street, Woodborough NG14 6DD.



We can select from 10 choices on the Main Course menu (from £6.25 each) which they would prefer us to order in advance. (Details will be included in the invitations being sent by post.) Desserts are ordered at the bar. We hope to meet at 12.30 pm. We have visited this venue quite often in the past and each time enjoyed a splendid lunch.

Any member wishing to attend this and other such happy occasions and who is **not** on the mailing list should please contact a member of the committee as soon as possible. Anybody interested in the Society and its

activities may come to one of our pub lunches and it is not unusual for those attending to bring along a guest who would enjoy the company. All are welcome, just keep calm if we suddenly burst into song.

ooOoo

POEM

From Palm Street to Paradise

[From the Pavior, May 1949. With apologies to the poetry of Adelaide Procter]

Seated one day in the classroom,
I was weary and ill at ease,
For I'd just paid a visit to Palm Street⁴,
Where I'd dined on fish and green peas.
My head settled lower and lower,
My eyelids wavered and closed,
Gone was the tumult of voices,
And in rapturous peace I reposed.

Gone were the tottering ruins,
And the air of a building condemned,
And into perfect tranquillity
My bodyless soul did ascend.
Further and further it rose, through
The inky blackness of night,
Then to mine eyes came a vision
Of a wonderful, wonderful sight.

For I saw a new High Pavement,
A structure of monstrous size,
I stood and gazed in amazement,
And feasted my thirsting eyes.
The school was constructed of marble,
The steps were of pure beaten gold,
Its walls were studded with diamonds
And gems of value untold.

Oh! What a marvellous vision,
What a miraculous sight!
There stood a wondrous High Pavement
Bathed in celestial light.
I stretched a tentacular finger,
To grasp at a sparkling gem,
When a voice was emitted from nowhere—
'Now then, laddie—sleeping again?'

A R THORNHILL, Bio. 6 (ii)

[Dick Thornhill was a prominent member of the sixth form in 1949, becoming Vice Captain of the school prior to taking up the study of dental medicine at a teaching hospital. Later, as A R Thornhill BDS, LDS, RCS (England) he became house surgeon at Middlesex Hospital.

⁴ For those who did not enjoy Stanley Road's facilities we should explain that the dining hall was on Palm Street, in a former 'British Restaurant' (look it up) half a mile from the school. Walking there generated a good appetite! It was known as the 'Palm Court', a name taken from the BBC's Sunday evening light music programme 'Grand Hotel' which purported to be broadcast from the hotel's Palm Court Lounge.

OUR END PIECE Brian Ferrill Looks Back



[Continuing this survey of his early life and times Brian takes a look at the area surrounding his childhood home in Hyson Green, rather like Tommy Gee did for us in the February issue. Many of us remember the area even though we didn't perhaps live there (its boundaries almost extended to the Stanley Road establishment). Recent visits have revealed the vast changes that have taken place.]

In my early youth the area between Radford Road and Noel Street contained more than its share of poverty. The houses were of a type found in the nineteenth century developments of many British industrial cities: '2 up and 2 down' with communal outside toilets to the rear, equipped with a tap for water supply.

Near my home in Belton Street was Cardwell Street. Cardwell Terrace had blocks of these 'houses', some with families having as many as *twelve* children as well as the two parents. There were two more of these terraces⁵ as you walked down the slope to Gladstone Street and another beyond, exactly the same, behind the *Scotholme* pub.⁶

Some of these families had lost a bread-winner husband, father, son or brother in the 1914-18 war and struggled as a consequence. However, even in these awful conditions many of them were a great credit to themselves. If a mother was ill and in hospital they would share the children out to be cared for among neighbours and friends. I remember one woman saying, 'What's one more mouth to feed when you already have six to look after!' Fisher Street was not much better. It was located between Cardwell Street and Noel Street, behind *Scotholme* School.

As I mentioned in a previous article, I would run up the hill to school at Forest Fields and usually back home again via Gladstone Street in order to pass Harpers' fish and chip shop when the smell would make your mouth water. For years Mr H. used a coal-fired frying range when all the others used gas. Old habits die hard. My route also passed the Noel Street Swimming Baths and the adjacent public baths and wash-house. These were a blessing to many around and about who would come for their weekly scrub and also call in to do their weekly wash (including facilities to dry it afterwards).

On the corner of Wilkinson Street was Jack Clayton's bicycle shop. I now possessed a second-hand 2-wheeler, paid out of my savings⁷. It cost 5 shillings (25p) but really worth a staggering £96 in today's money. I found it handy to have a bike shop so conveniently close. In fact all the shops for our daily needs were on our doorstep. Directly opposite Mr Hickling's green grocery was Mr Foster's newspaper and tobacconist's shop. There was a small branch of Hopewell's furniture firm and of course Mrs Bayliss who sold the most lovely ice cream and sweets. The Ilko (Ilkeston?) Library run by Mr and Mrs Brailsford on Radford Road,

⁵ The area is now cleared and accommodates the modern premises of St Mary's Catholic Primary School.

⁶ Where my friend Pete Wilson lived. I'm sure any ex-policemen among Old Paviers of that era will know his name and reputation. In this area my sister and I were also friendly with the Humphries and Frost families, as well as our neighbours, the Tedds.

⁷ When I say 'savings' it reminds me that Grandpa Hall took me to Lloyds' Bank on my 7th birthday and opened a savings account for me. I had a Lloyds' money box and a pass book and he started me off with half a crown (2/6 which - see above - was about £50 now). I was now rich! Birthdays and Christmas enabled me to add to the total.

whose son Dave was another friend of mine, along with Rex Rollinson whose father was a newsagent near Wilkinson Street. Our nearest pub was 'The Old General', alas it is no longer a pub, having been recently converted into flats.

I am surprised at the sheer number of butchers, and especially pork butchers, that we had in our neighbourhood. Apart from Gees (owned by the father of the illustrious Tommy of this Society) there was Frank Smeeton's, Raithbys', Betts' (just below Pownalls' scrapyards), Godbers' and Millers'. The owner of this last was a German emigré called Müller but he went into business as Miller and each evening at about 4.30 pm he would bring a metal bin (was it a specially clean dustbin?) through from the back and empty it onto the white tiled window shelf at the front of his shop. A queue would now quickly form for the best black puddings in Britain, which I remember so well – and only one (old) penny each when I was a lad!⁸

Shoe shops, clothes shops and *Staddons* our department store (mentioned by Tommy Gee in the last issue) with its overhead cash transporter, communicating with the centrally placed cashier's office. This would return your change and receipt in no time at all. It was a mechanical marvel!

Near the corner of Radford Road and Gregory Boulevard was the Police Station. In those days there was no big drug problem but other troubles were as serious, street fights and burglary among them. One day the *Evening Post* front page reported a murder and Grandfather Joe said 'Death penalty!' Now, I wasn't sure what that meant so I took the problem to Grandma Harriet on Noel Street. She explained about the law and the courts and so on and how when you do something very bad like this you can be sentenced by a judge to death by hanging. She said 'You may hear somebody say 'He's going to swing' but that didn't mean the one in a playground.

Where did the dead people go? I knew the answer to that one, she had already told me about heaven and hell. But I was now really worried because when my mother became very angry she would scream 'I'll swing for you if you don't etc...' but that meant I would be dead - and she would follow me! I really pondered on this when I was six years old. **Brian**

[A further concluding chapter is in preparation.]

⁸ NB there is still a butcher's where you can buy puds of that quality in Radcliffe on Trent but what was 1d in 1938 is £2.30p now! – and they sell the original hacelet (also spelt haslet).