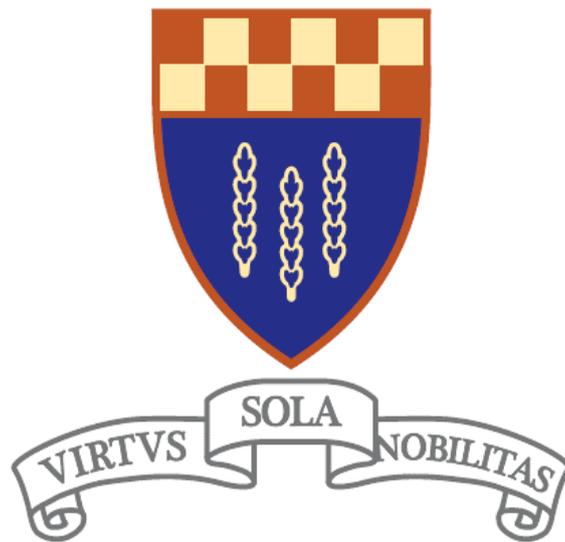


# The Pavior



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

**May 2020**

### 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: Colin Salsbury 01509 558764

Treasurer: Robin Taylor 0115 9609483

190 Kenrick Road, Mapperley, Nottingham NG3 6EX

([robinatnottm@aol.com](mailto:robinatnottm@aol.com))

Registrar: Alex Rae

Editor: Colin Salsbury 01509 558764

Archivist: Graham Wybrow 0115 9626249

Committee Members:

John Jalland

John Mason

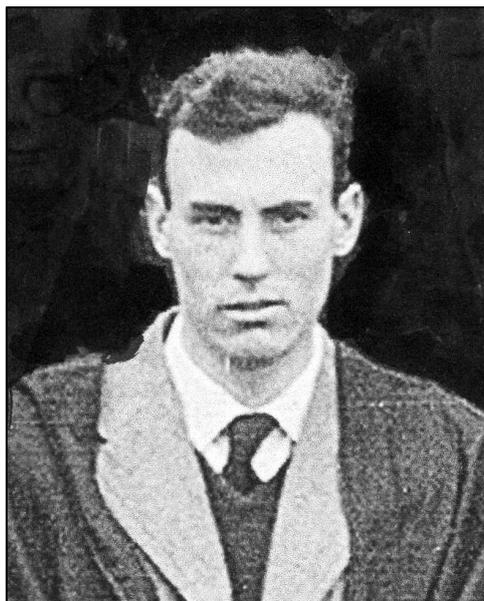
Malcolm Pilkington 01623 491260

Copy for *The Pavior* may be sent to:

Colin Salsbury: [colin.salsbury@outlook.com](mailto:colin.salsbury@outlook.com)

**116 Leicester Road, Loughborough, Leics. LE11 2AQ**

The HP Society website address is: [www.highpavementsociety.org.uk](http://www.highpavementsociety.org.uk)



**Faces to Remember  
Ralph V Bloom  
Physics Master at HP  
1961-73**

## Committee notices

### A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

As I write this short article, I am coming to the end of six weeks of lockdown. Like many others, I live on my own and was initially unsure of just how I would cope especially as I have always enjoyed going out, to friends or to restaurants with friends, attending Freemasons' Lodges, supporting the Golf Club both as an average player and partaker in quizzes, lunches, etc, not to mention our Pub Lunches.

All of these activities came to an abrupt halt late in March. Since then, I have been fortunate indeed to be able to continue with my accountancy practice (at home, of course) as well as being in close contact by phone and email with the Golf Club (which is itself closed, but we *are* still cutting the grass) so my days have been filled by completing VAT Returns and giving telephone advice.

I have also surprised myself by walking the same three and a half mile circuit round Bingham every morning, during which I have seen very few people as it seems that the town is taking the lockdown very seriously. The local Co-op has made excellent social distancing arrangements so I have continued to do my own shopping.

By the time you read this, we should have heard from Boris Johnson about how we are to proceed over the next few weeks and *that* should be most interesting! In the meantime, I trust that you are all well and coping with what I think is really the most dramatic change in our lifestyle we could ever have imagined. I wish you all well and look forward to the day when, to use Her Majesty's words 'we shall meet again'

**Ken Kirk**

### A BRIEF REPORT FROM THE TREASURER

Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

1. It is some time since we last raised (in the Special Bulletin circulated to all members) the matter of the increased subscription, from £10 to £15 per annum.

I very much regret to say, that since then, only a further **six** members have responded by informing me that they had passed the necessary instructions to their bank. At present less than **15%** of those who pay annually have apparently taken any action. May I request everyone affected to inform their bank immediately so the proper sum can be paid on July 1st next. **Please !** Also **please** inform me that you have done so.

If you are one of the small number who have paid annually by cheque or other means **please** consider setting up a standing order. I can provide you with the appropriate form. (*Payment by standing order is the only means of payment available to new members*)

2. Where necessary please tell us of your up-to-date email address

3. The Society still has several copies available of the WW1 memorial volume '**We Will Remember Them**' which are now offered at a special price of £10.00 **including postage**. Contact me with your order (Addresses on P.2)

Thank you all!

**Robin Taylor**

ooOoo

## THE PAVIOR

Although our scattered membership means that many members can only rarely attend our occasional communal gatherings, the reports of the junketing appearing in *The Pavior* convince them that the Society's heart keeps throbbing and they can remind themselves that they too once attended the fine old school that bore the name of 'High Pavement'....

So in these troubled times of 'Lockdown' and 'Self Isolation' imposed in our battle with the *coronavirus* we need *The Pavior* more than ever to bond the membership together.

So, regardless of the effort involved the journal will still be circulated every quarter, as normal. But, and it is a big 'but', we need the material from our readers which forms the main part of our content. We will try to generate articles of interest from other sources but in these circumstances there will be no reports of pub lunches (both Annual and Pub) filled with photos of the guests, to be admired after the event. So we need more from you, dear readers. Not necessarily about school life, either. What you did in the world is also interesting. **Colin**

ooOoo

### 'THE CAPTAIN FROM NOTTINGHAM' CAROLYN STEEDMAN REPORTS

*[Readers will recall the appeal made by Professor Steedman in our February issue where she sought help in learning more about the presentation of this radio play by Stanley Middleton., She was, of course, to have addressed us in person on this intriguing subject at the Annual Reunion Luncheon, now postponed indefinitely. She has since made progress in her researches thanks to the response of the members of this Society.]*

**Gentlemen,**

Your members and other old boys were utterly and wonderfully informative and helpful. Some of them got in touch after the February *Pavior* was published; others before, thanks to the networking skills of Alex Rae.

I've had really interesting email exchanges and several very long phone conversation with members of the cast and audience. I've found out so much about the directions the (then) boys were given, the music that accompanied the performance, the weeks of rehearsal, all the way through January and February 1970 and so very much more.

I hope that in my description of the play and its performance I can do justice to everyone's memories. Some conversations have shaped my investigations into history teaching in the late 1960s—really important perceptions. Luckily, archivists at Cambridge Examining Board were able to send me *pdfs* of the 1965-1972 'O' and 'A' Level History papers, just before they all went off to work at home!

I am now in the throes of writing the first draft of my article on Stanley Middleton and 'The Captain from Nottingham'. Everyone who responded has help me reconstruct a 'world'—what social historians long to do. They'll all be thanked in appropriate footnote acknowledgements. But I thank them here, now, very much indeed. This article, when it's written, will be a joint effort.

**Carolyn Steedman, University of Warwick**

ooOoo

**FROM OUR READERS**  
**FROM MICHAEL SIMPSON**

**Dear Colin,** Clive Bagshaw was right to say that soccer was not an official sport at HP but there *was* an annual Masters v. Boys match. I played in the 1957 fixture, at outside left (in old money). The only boy I remember was Dave Morton, who kept goal and threw me long balls so I could make runs down the wing. On one occasion, I found myself unmarked in the six yard box with only the goalkeeper (Mr Dodd) to beat. I curled a right foot shot beyond his leap but, though it eluded him, it hit the post and rebounded into play. Thus passed my one moment of glory at HP!

**Michael Simpson (Swansea)**

**Editor's reply:** You are right sir! The traditional annual 'staff versus lads' soccer match began in my time at HP, perhaps 1948 or 1949 (the year I left). I remember one player was the mighty Blackburn and the centre forward was, I think, Chick Farr. I forget the others.

The match was played on Melbourne Park with a relatively small following, about a hundred at most, perhaps because it was on a Saturday morning. Unlike at rugby matches a gang of juniors chanted in support (of the lads?) '*One two three four, who are we for; Five six seven eight, who do we appreciate—Pavement!*' Which team was being supported seems ambiguous now!

**Colin**

**FROM TREVOR JONES**  
**My Stanley Middleton Moment**

At HP in year 3 or 4 (I forget which), we had an English teacher (who had better remain nameless) who every year seemed to pick on one pupil to belittle, to address with mild sarcasm and to make look as foolish as he could before the rest of the class. He chose me!

I withstood this barrage of mild abuse, determined to have my own back by the end of the school year if I could and my moment came unexpectedly. The end of year exams duly passed and one morning our English teacher came into the classroom with a look of thunder on his face. He had with him the results of the English examination that, in this instance, had been marked by Mr Middleton (with whom, I have to tell you, I got on famously).

The English teacher proceeded to read out the marks, leaving mine until the last. He then told the class, in glowing terms, how occasionally even the best adjudicators could get things wrong. He drew attention to the fact that the level of marks awarded for Jones's papers was obviously one of these rare occasions. At that, he strode swiftly out of the classroom, papers in hand and proceeded in the direction of Mr Middleton's room.

[*The following was told to me by Mr Middleton when he next saw me alone*]. Apparently our teacher burst into Mr Middleton's room and demanded that he re-mark the English papers of Jones as it was obvious that incorrect marks had been awarded. Mr Middleton agreed to look at the said papers and said he would return them to him shortly, in our classroom.]

After re-marking the papers, Mr M returned them to our teacher and, in front of the class said that, indeed, he *had* given Jones the wrong mark (a big smirk spread across our man's face) and that the paper was actually worth two additional marks!!! The expression on the face of our teacher would have got him the part of Severus Snape in the Harry Potter films! He was almost apoplectic and he looked straight at me. I returned his gaze calmly, with inquisitive, slightly raised eyebrows. Then, Mr Middleton, just as was leaving the room, glanced over to me and *winked*!!!

**Trevor Jones**

## FROM ROY TAYLOR

### A Confession of Cheating

It has occurred to me recently that, before my application to pass through those pearly gates becomes due, a confession of an act of cheating in my earlier life might be prudent. It happened soon after leaving High Pavement School. It was 1944, a time when the country was still at war, and so most of the departing sixth-formers were required to join the forces.

Several of us had volunteered to be trained as pilots in the RAF, the initial part of which was via a *six month* University Short Course - to become 'officers and gentlemen' as the RAF put it. It was an arrangement which even then I could not comprehend. After five years of war the country was fast running out of fighting personnel. How could we afford to spend all that time with such a leisurely approach?

Anyway, I ended up at Edinburgh University with my fellow classmate and lifelong friend Norman Parr, who among other things had become a sport record breaker. (Many years later during a visit to the old Stanley Road school building, I saw the old Athletics Board of Records still proudly displayed on the wall, with Norman's winning discus throw in 1944 still the outright record. But that's by the way.)

Well then, on this course, in addition to a certain amount of flying, we were required to study, and pass examinations in:

1. **Mathematics:** This was not a problem for Norman and I since 'double maths' had been the main part of our school course in the sixth-form years, but it is interesting to note that none of us could see the relevance of the part called 'Matrices' to any *practical* matters. (How wrong we were, for in a very short time it became an essential part of computer analyses.)
2. **Meteorology:** This was a most interesting subject and clearly relevant to flying.
3. **Morse Code:** Ouch! Whilst clearly of some relevance, for me Morse was a disaster. It came in two forms: by sound and by light. Norman had no trouble with either form but though I could just about get by with the sound version (though admittedly I did have to re-sit the final examination twice before passing) my brain just could not cope with the dots and dashes which came from the Aldis lamp several hundred yards away.

I knew there was no hope of me passing the final examination in this part, so my vision of becoming a pilot was fast disappearing. And yet the country needed pilots. It needed me. I made my decision. I would not look at this bewildering flashing light at all. Instead I stood next to Norman and wrote down what he was writing down. I passed with a 100% mark which prompted comments of incredulity (a paraphrase of his actual words) from the signals officer who was well acquainted with my earlier marks.

Anyway it enabled me to pass, and together with Norman we moved on to the flying training stage. This was much more to my liking; a wonderfully exciting time. However by now it was 1945 and, lo and behold, we won the war! It was, though, the ruination of our flying careers - but that is another story.

**Roy Taylor (1937 vintage)**

PS Norman never did know of this fraudulent act of mine, even though it was done for the good of the country. I'm still not sure he would have approved.

### **FROM KEN BATEMAN**

*[Ken Bateman and your editor (both now nearly 89) were classmates throughout their sojourn at HP between 1942 and 1949 and we correspond occasionally, usually in relation to the annual **HP Prize Award for Engineering** (of which Ken is the generous donor). This extract from his most recent letter seemed worthy of a wider readership – CS.]*

**Dear Colin,** We really haven't done much over the last year or two. I don't drive these days and my wife only drives locally. We use public transport and taxis for travel, mostly to the Brisbane city centre, to hospitals and occasionally to the theatre.

We have lived in this suburb for almost 50 years, although my wife says I've been away at least 25 percent of the time. It is green and hilly and just 10 km from the city centre. I enjoy sitting outside with a glass of wine either reading or just looking at the mountains. We now have a gardener because my cardiologist told me to 'take it easy' with my weak heart.

Australia is a very difficult country to govern. It has only 25 million people and more than 50% of them live in three crowded cities: Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane. We have *nine* Governments: Six States, Two Territories *and* a National Federal Government. All these have very large numbers of public servants and much overlap of assumed responsibilities.

Basically the country areas make the money (mostly via exports) and the cities spend it. It's like two worlds, really.

You mentioned Buderim<sup>1</sup> in your letter and we used to visit there on our Sunday drives to the Queensland's 'Sunshine Coast' about 90 km to the north but haven't been for many years. Its population now must be about 40-50 thousand and is very popular with retirees.

I am pleased to see from the reports of the prize-winners that present day HP students are still studying the 'difficult' subjects. (I still remember Physics with Thrasher when we were at Stanley Road.)

**Best Wishes, Ken**

### **FROM COLIN SALSBURY**

Ken's remark about Sam (Stanley) Thrasher's physics sixth form brought back memories. Ken and I were often partnered to complete a physics experiment but on one occasion we worked independently and I was given the task of determining the electro-chemical equivalent of copper. This involved passing a measured quantity of electric charge through a copper sulphate cell and weighing the (tared) cathode afterwards to find out the increase in mass produced, data which yielded the desired result in grams per coulomb (we had yet to adopt the future SI units).

OK, I did the necessary but afterwards found the cathode to be devoid of the pink layer of freshly deposited copper. I showed it to ST and he said 'Bring me your anode!' I did and of course *it* was a delicate pink. I'd connected the cell to the wrong polarity of the DC supply!

ST uttered a scornful remark or two (as only he could) and I thought of a way of salvaging a result from the wreckage. I would re-weigh my 'cathode' (which had actually been the anode in this case) and determine the *reducton* in the mass of copper. Bingo! A result. However this method involved huge inaccuracies and my result when presented earned yet more Thrasherian scorn. I think, at that point, I dropped off his list of potential Higher Certificate successes.<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> It is the town where one of our latest recruits has his home.

<sup>2</sup> Later in life I obtained a physics degree and taught the subject in a Further Education college at 'A level. It's a long story.

## FROM GEORGE HEYWOOD

### Reporting from Anchorage, Alaska in the grip of coronavirus



There's not much to report from the frozen North as we, like everyone else, are 'hunkered down' as the Governor requested. There are a lot of job losses, much the same as all the world apparently. I think we have at least 30,000 in this state.



Restaurants are closed and school has been cancelled for the rest of this school year. All

the students are working from home. They will be so disappointed to miss their Prom Nights and Graduation Ceremonies.

I have just celebrated my 87<sup>th</sup> birthday but I had to miss my annual celebration trip to Las Vegas. So it was a pizza and wine in the house here in Anchorage with my daughter.

We have had just over 70 inches<sup>3</sup> of snow this year, which is above average based on the last few years. Temperatures overnight have been below or just above freezing so the snow is still with us and with some of the piles we might not see it disappear till June. Fortunately they do a pretty good job of keeping the roads clear but there's not much driving on them at the moment.

I am still working part-time<sup>4</sup>, even at my age, but we are all working from home and fortunately still getting paid. I feel sorry for all of those who can't work due to the coronavirus. Small businesses are really feeling the crunch.

I really look forward to receiving the HP newsletter and read it cover to cover. Obviously don't recognize some of the names but am interested in their stories. I can't say that I had any bad teachers at HP but my favourite was Mr Jackson (Maths). I had a problem at first in understanding the dreaded Calculus but one lunch time he explained it so simply that suddenly the penny dropped. After that I had no problem and managed a credit in Advanced Maths in the Oxford and Cambridge Leaving Certificate.

I am so glad I was able to go to High Pavement and have cherished memories of my five years there. I met some great people and enjoyed all the sporting activities (with the probable exception of cross-country). I enjoyed track athletics, rugby and cricket. *And* I played soccer sometimes on a Saturday with the local church team.

As I said at the beginning, there's not much to report as we are the same as the rest of the world. All I can say is keep safe and keep your physical distance.

God bless all the UK's NHS personnel and all the doctors and nurses around the world and thank them for the valiant job they are doing while risking their own lives.

**George Heywood**

ooOoo

---

<sup>3</sup> Nearly 6 feet , in case you didn't get it first time!

<sup>4</sup> Alaska Gasline Development Corporation.

### **HIGH PAVEMENT TROPHIES (Part 3)**

*[Graham Wybrow continues this review of the trophies inherited from the former H P School]*

This article looks at some of the oldest and finest of the High Pavement School trophies. These date from the 1920s and reflect something of the wealth that was around in the “good” years between the end of the First World War in 1918 and the Wall Street Crash in 1929. Each Trophy is inscribed with the name of the generous donor. It is likely that each had some connection with the school, either as an old boy themselves or as the descendant of an old boy.

The first two trophies show a significant interval between manufacture and award, reflecting the years lost to the war.

#### **1922 W H Bradwell (Boys’ Games)**



**Inscription:** HOUSE CHALLENGE CUP  
FOR BOYS' GAMES  
Presented by  
W.H.BRADWELL ESQ<sup>R</sup>. O.B.E.  
1922.

This trophy consists of a Cup with a Wooden Base. The Cup is Sterling Silver, made in Sheffield by James Deakin & Sons (John & William F Deakin), Sidney Works, Matilda Street, Sheffield and assayed in Sheffield in 1909.

**Dimensions:** Height 17cm, Width (inc handles) 35cm, Width (rim) 22cm, Weight 1080g.

W.H. Bradwell was a prominent public figure in Nottingham in the early 1900s. There are references to someone with that name as President of the Old Nottinghamians Society (Old Boys of Nottingham High School) in 1911. He was a Government Agent, managing the wartime supply of meat in Nottingham in 1916 and also holding an inquest into the death of a miner at Linby Colliery in 1919. The reference to the High School means he is unlikely to have been an Old Pavior but it is not known if there were other family connections.

#### **1922 P. B. Dobson (Boys’ Work)**



**Inscription:** HOUSE CHALLENGE CUP FOR BOYS' WORK  
PRESENTED BY P. B. DOBSON, ESQ<sup>R</sup>  
1922

This trophy consists of a Cup with a Lid and a Wooden Base. The Cup and Lid are Sterling Silver, made by Johnson, Walker & Tolhurst Ltd, 80, Aldersgate St, London and assayed at the London Assay Office in 1912.

**Dimensions:** Height 21.5cm, Width (inc handles) 22cm, Width (rim) 12.5cm Weight (inc. lid) 700g.

A search of the Internet has revealed very little about P.B. Dobson himself. However, he is believed to be a descendant of William Dobson, who was at High Pavement 1837-8 and went onto become a prominent Lace Dyer & Dresser with works at Queen’s Road (later to become Dobsons & M Browne & Co, Lace manufacturers).

**1925 H F Lancashire (House Fours)**



**Inscription:**                    **HIGH PAVEMENT SCHOOL  
HOUSE FOURS  
PRESENTED BY  
H. F. LANCASHIRE. ESQ. J.P.  
JULY 1925**

This trophy is made of Sterling Silver and was manufactured by Viner's Ltd (Emile Viner), Bath Street, Sheffield (later Broomhall Street, Sheffield) and was assayed in Sheffield in 1923. The inscription does not explicitly state the sport, but it is assumed to refer to Rowing Fours. So far, little information has been found

about H.F. Lancashire.

1930	B	1935	N	1940	W	1945	Wd	1950	N
1931	Sh	1936	W	1941	F	1946	N	1951	Sh
1932	W	1937	W	1942	W	1947	N	1952	Sh
1933	W	1938	W	1943	W	1948	N	1953	T
1934	W	1939	F	1944	W	1949	N	1954	T
<b>B=Basford, Sh=Sherwood, W=Wollaton, N=Newstead, F=Forest, T=Trent</b>									

**1928 F W Perry (Boxing)**



**Inscription:**                    **SCHOOLS CHALLENGE CUP  
FOR  
BOXING  
PRESENTED BY  
F.W. PERRY ESQR  
30TH NOVEMBER 1928**

The trophy is Sterling Silver, made by Walker & Hall, Electro Works, Howard Street, Sheffield and was hallmarked in Sheffield in 1926.

**Dimensions:** Height 28cm, Width 35cm, Width 19.5cm, Weight (incl Base) 1,700g.

So far, we have no information about F.W.Perry.

<b>1928-29</b>	<b>High Pavement School</b>
<b>1929-30</b>	<b>High Pavement School</b>
<b>1930-31</b>	<b>Mundella School</b>
<b>1931-32</b>	<b>Mundella School</b>
<b>1932-33</b>	<b>Mundella School</b>
<b>1933-34</b>	<b>High Pavement School</b>
<b>1934-35</b>	<b>High Pavement School</b>

## **BARRY DAVYS**

*[We are pleased to offer this appreciation of our former friend and member of the High Pavement Society, who died on the 23rd February, after a struggle with Parkinson's Disease. We wish to thank his family for providing much of the material below which was based on the eulogy given at his funeral by Barry's son, Ian. The Society was represented by John and Carol Adkin, Robin Taylor, Graham Wybrow, John Mason, Eric Towle and Alex Rae.]*



Some common themes running through our recollections of Barry are that he was a good man, one of high integrity, a loyal friend, a tireless worker, committed and dedicated to making a difference, generous, respected, resilient, sharp-witted, someone who always considered others before himself, a force for good.

Family values were very important to Barry of course, but it is suggested that it was his involvement at an early age with the 14<sup>th</sup> Company Boys' Brigade that provided him with a set of values that he chose to run with and develop throughout his life and whose motto *Sure and Steadfast* he came to embody.

Barry was born in Kirkstead Terrace, Hyson Green on 2 March 1934 – the second of Doris and John Davys' six children. Home was a small 2-bedroomed terraced house with a shared toilet in the back yard, and despite the hardships of that time he was a happy child.

The family moved to Croxley Green near Watford in 1937 when Barry's father relocated with his work. It was there that Barry survived several early scrapes, including falling through the ice on a frozen fishing lake (we should add that he couldn't swim at the time). The family relocated back to Nottingham in 1941 where Barry spent the rest of his life.

After attending Berridge Road Junior School, Barry passed the scholarship for High Pavement Grammar School. It was there that Barry's love of sport was nurtured and where, as an accomplished batsman, he got to open the batting on the Leicestershire County Ground at Grace Road, taking inspiration from players like Len Hutton and the great Don Bradman. In later life, he took equal pleasure from following the sporting success of his grandchildren.

High Pavement was also where Barry forged new friendships based on a shared interest in sport and the Boys' Brigade – in particular, friendships with Bryan Temple and Roy McClean that were to last a lifetime.

Barry left school at 16 and it was through the Boys' Brigade that Barry got his first job at Carlisle & Ray Chartered Accountants on Clarendon Street, Nottingham. It was not long before Carlisle & Ray were encouraging Barry to study for the chartered accountants qualification, which he finally completed in 1960.

Meanwhile, Barry joined the Royal Air Force to do his National Service, latterly serving on the 'front line' of the Cold War in Watnall. Yes, *Watnall!*

After National Service, Barry worked for a brief time at Wade & Co, leather manufacturers, before taking the role of Assistant Accountant at the famous Home Brewery Company in 1962 and it wasn't long before the value of Barry's contribution to the Home Brewery business was recognised with promotion to Company Accountant. Promotion to Technical Director followed before Barry was appointed to the role of Company Secretary in

June 1977 – a role that he served with great passion, energy and dedication until Home Brewery was taken over by Scottish and Newcastle Breweries in 1986.

Barry always made himself available to help his community, supporting youth football, local arts, church and veterans groups – most notably the Burma Star – all with his usual energy. He served as Secretary and Trustee with the Sir John Robinson Homes from 1989 to 2016 and was also Clerk (and later Trustee) of the John and Eliza Jelley Homes until 2016.

Barry was an early member of The High Pavement Society when it was formed in 1989 and later became its auditor, serving as an active member of the Committee for many years until health problems halted him. His favourite task was organising the presentation of a rose to each lady attending the Society's Annual Dinner each year.

We all owe him a great debt of gratitude. Thanks Barry!

### **TONY WILKINSON**

We have been advised by his family of the death at the age of 89, after a long struggle with Parkinson's Disease, of **John Anthony Wilkinson MRSC**, Analytical Chemist and Old Pavior (1941-46). Though he was not a member of the Society we are pleased to make this announcement. He will perhaps be remembered by his contemporaries in the Society.

### **ARTHUR DAYKIN**



Many of the 1940s brigade will probably remember Arthur (Archie) Daykin who was a lively Pavior and member of the school Scout troop. In a recent contact his sister informed us that he passed away in 2009.

Arthur, who was not a member of the Society, spent his entire working life in Canada, living in Orangeville to the north of Toronto, where he ran his own successful business as a surveyor.

### **DERRICK WAGG**

We have heard from his family that Derrick Wagg (not a member of the Society) passed away recently at the age of 86. A renowned rugby player for both the school and the Old Pavior's RFC, he had lived in the USA for much of his working life as a mining engineer and after.

We send our condolences to all the families of the above mentioned Old Paviers

### **A BLAZE(R) OF GLORY**

A puzzling experience was reported by our member Graham Wybrow at the funeral of Barry Davys, described above. He saw among the mourners a gentleman wearing a rather eye-catching vertically striped blazer, rather in the style once popular with cricket or rowing clubs.

The sober colours were alternately Green and Red and stripes about 50mm wide which led to speculation that there was some connection with the colours of:

a) this society b) the former (pre-1933) High Pavement School c) some other institution (e.g. the Paviers Rugby Club with whom we have friendly relations).

We are intrigued by the occurrence but enquiries to the family of Barry Davys have so far produced no explanation. Does anybody know the gentleman concerned or recognise the institution represented?

There are no prizes to be won but we all like a little problem to solve.

## PUB LUNCH NEWS

### The Harvester, Wilford

On Wednesday 4<sup>th</sup> March The Harvester restaurant in Wilford Nottingham was chosen by the organiser, John Mason, as a conveniently central venue for the local yokels. However, that did not put off the regular long-distance visitors, John and Carol Adkin from Lincoln, Tony Wheadon from Stamford and Alan Ripley from Long Benington, near Newark. . Such loyalty is so welcome.



This was to be our last gathering before the lockdown took a grip and blocked any further communal events. Even then the storm clouds were gathering and at least one person declined to attend because of the virus threat, possibly there were others.



However, approximately 20 members and friends assembled in the inner dining room and enjoyed excellent food and drink with the usual convivial chatter which lasted for a couple of hours.

We were indeed fortunate to be there.



### The Harvester Lunch Brigade

**Top:** Carol and John Adkin with Tony Wheadon, Alex Rae and John Mason

**Centre:** A smiling Pat Mantle

**Below left:** Barrie and Jean Cutts, Brian Dove, Alan Ripley and John Astill

**Below right:** Alison Fisher, Malcolm Pilkington, Ken Kirk, Helen and John Elliott and Marion Selke (Alison's sister).

Colin Salisbury took the photos



## OUR END PIECE

### Lessons from Life



[Neville Kay has sent another entertaining episode from his medical career]

### 3. Girth, birth and calves

I claim, with some justice, to be the last apprentice trained doctor practising in England.

When turfed off my degree course and relegated to the *Conjoint Diploma* all I had to do was the necessary courses (modules they would now be called) so that I could sit the exams. Having no real love of heavy textbooks my preferred examination preparation was to take a locum houseman (resident junior doctor) job and thus be an apprentice.

This was permitted and indeed encouraged in those days and had the advantage of free food and laundry, since all resident house officers had to live in the hospital. What's more, if the hospital administrator had such a mind, payment of £5 per week. Thus I did nearly three weeks as a locum house officer at the *Jessops Hospital for Women*, and for a while, seriously considered a future career as an obstetrician.

I was reminded of my obstetric skills a short while back at a colleague's eightieth birthday party when a senior GP told me that one of his patients, a high up financial advisor had been named Neville after me. Apparently, when a locum student house officer at the Jessops Hospital, I had so impressed his mother with my skilled delivery of her baby that she could think of no greater compliment. Today's assessment process requires compliments to be listed and I had perverse delight in listing this compliment, half a century late.

However, after qualification there was one notable occasion when my obstetrical expertise deserted me. Now, a junior surgical registrar in a different location, but at a time when MRI's<sup>5</sup> were quite unheard of and ultra sound had yet to enter the diagnostic *armouratorium*.

I was called to the hospital's A&E department to assess a lady with severe abdominal pain. She was a massive Polish lady, not given to suffering in silence and was rolling around the examination couch, hollering and screaming in pain. To this day I do not know whether she was twenty five or thirty stone in weight but the combination of severe pain, writhing about the couch and her truly massive girth meant that clinical examination was all but impossible so I arranged for her admission to the ward with a provisional diagnosis of acute cholecystitis....acute inflammation of the gall bladder. I should have known better.

No way could she be described as fair, fat and forty, the thumbnail description of a female prone to cholecystitis, though she *was* fertile! Sipping tea with the nursing sister, writing up my case notes I was surprised to get an urgent call from the ward that I should attend immediately, and without delay. I scuttled to the ward to hear my patient hollering behind a curtained off bed but soon there was another sound, the soft cry of a new born. The baby, an addition to her other six was totally unsuspected, her amenorrhea simply put down to the menopause.

She was delighted, the ward sisters overjoyed and the birth on the ward the sole topic of conversation for the next few days. After this, when the Flying Squad Registrar from the

---

<sup>5</sup> 'Magnetic Resonance Imaging' for those out of touch. A clever body scanning technique.

Jessops Hospital arrived there was little for him to do but to transfer a delighted mother and daughter to his ward.

Wetting the baby's head in the *White Rails* pub before closing time was an expensive round. Not only was I expected to buy the beer, I had to suffer my colleagues' derision at my diagnostic capabilities.

By a strange twist of fate, my obstetrical skills had been tested a few years earlier whilst the Station Medical Officer in RAF Tripoli (about which I have written before). At that time the airport was shared with the RAF base and the civilian administration had accepted a diversion of a giant six engine freight plane flying from Denmark to the Gulf and loaded with pregnant cows.

The concept behind this was that the calves should be born in the Gulf, know no other environment and serve as the seed start of the Gulf dairy herd. It couldn't be faulted, except by fate, which de-functioned one of the engines, forcing it to land and await a suitable engineer and spare part. The children on the base loved the herd and for a few days were regularly taken to see the cows and their calves as one by one they appeared in the hastily roped off cow yard. None the less I was a little surprised to get a call from the Commanding Officer that *I* should attend the cow yard and see what I could do to assist a cow in labour.

On this earth and in the RAF there is only one being second to God and that's the CO, so I gathered my Sergeant, a stalwart fellow from Norfolk, and drove over in the sick quarters' ambulance to the cow yard. There was a small crowd of locals gathered around a particular cow, bellowing in labour. Immediately my mind flew back to my time as an evacuee in Derbyshire when the vet had been summoned to one of the cows belonging to my Uncle Fred (my surrogate father), though as children we were shoed away, so learnt no more.

'When in doubt do nowt' is a useful Yorkshire and surgical aphorism, so I slowly walked through the crowd of locals observing the cow in its distress. The problem soon became apparent. With every contraction just one forefoot appeared, the cow bellowed in pain and then the contraction ceased.

'Quick as you can,' I instructed my sergeant, 'Three or four theatre gowns, the largest apron you can find and as many pairs of those industrial cleaning gloves you can lay your hands on.'

My sergeant tore off in the ambulance back to the sick quarters, less than a few hundred yards away, whilst I desperately tried to work out in my head which way round the calf's spine might be in the uterus. Suitably gowned and to the cries of approval from the crowd I proceed to do a uterine examination. Vets must be well accustomed to the size of a cow's uterus but the deepest I had ever been in a uterus was when as a locum houseman at the Jessop's and under careful supervision I was allowed to remove a retained placenta. But to have my hand in the cow's uterus seemingly up to my armpit was a revelation.

But there was no time for mental meandering. The next contraction began and then I sourced the problem. One of the front legs was bent at the knee and that was stuck on the brim of the pelvis. Unless the leg could be straightened, birth was impossible and the cow doomed to die in labour.

'At the end of this contraction we'll push the calf back and see if we can straighten the leg,' I said, fully aware that we had to be careful because aggressive intrauterine manoeuvres could rupture the uterus.

But I had never thought about the crowd now thirty or forty more in number. As soon as I began to push the calf back, they erupted, making it clear that I should *deliver* the calf and not push it back, and all this in Arabic, a language I couldn't speak.

'Sort 'em sergeant!' I suggested and after the next contraction he faced the fury of the crowd whilst I gently pushed the calf back into the uterus, found the offending front leg, managed to straighten it out and held on to both fore legs to await the next contraction.

Poor cow! She dropped her front legs on the ground and with the next contraction the two forelegs and the head of the calf appeared. 'Aaah!' the crowd sighed, now on my side, and with the next few contractions, the calf was out. Throughout my professional life I have always believed in working with nature whenever possible and fortunately nature took over. Soon the cow was upright and as I took the calf and laid it beside her I swear her eyes gave me the most beautiful look of gratitude I have ever seen in any animal.

Licked clean by its mother, legs all awobble, the calf was soon at the udder and our job done. I suppose back in the UK I would have been prosecuted for doing a vet's work, but in North Africa one had to be doctor, dentist, vet and on one occasion, locum aircraft engineer—but that's another story.

**Neville**

ooOoo