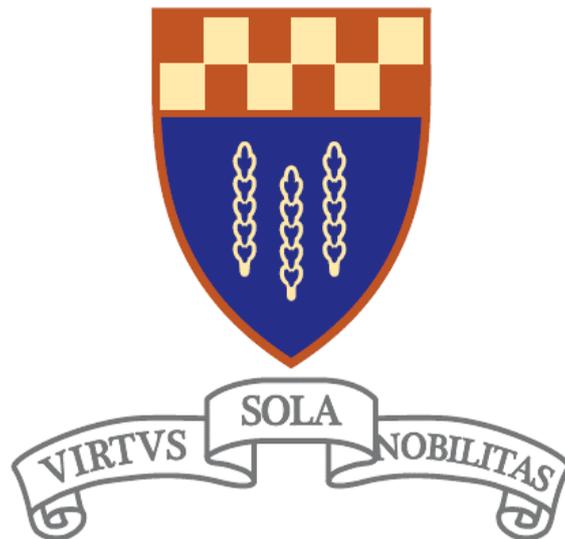


The Pavior



The Newsletter
of
The High Pavement Society
(founded 1989)

May 2021

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

Kathleen Chawner

**Old Pavior and School Secretary over
two generations**

Committee Notices

Message from the Chairman and Committee

The developments of the fight against the Covid virus have continued to show a steady improvement in the situation but our freedom to meet is still curtailed due to the need for extreme caution. Our Society is endeavouring to maintain contact with its membership via these newsletters and we still hope to enjoy a face to face meeting sometime this year. A special message will be sent through the post as soon as this is possible. Meanwhile, keep safe!

Ken Kirk, President, Members of the Committee.

Sue Hoyland Retires



Sue Hoyland, Head teacher at Forest Fields Infant and Primary School is to retire (according to the recent report in the Nottingham Evening Post). Sue has been a good friend to the Society, especially since her school became the new occupants of the renovated and converted Stanley Road premises. She has on several occasions made it possible for our members to visit these noble buildings, which housed High Pavement School for so many years, providing us with guided tours of great interest. We wish her well in her retirement which we hope will be a long and happy one.

ooOoo

AN APPEAL FOR HELP

John Michael Dobson

The Society website has received this appeal, shown below, which is directed at anyone who remembers **Mike Dobson** at HP in the late 1940s/early 1950s.

From Belinda Dobson

Hello! My Dad attended High Pavement from approximately 1946 to 1950. He would have been known as Michael or Mike. He died from Covid last May, and I am wondering if anyone in the Society remembers him.

There's a chance they might, as he was the only boy allowed to not wear the school cap—this because his head was too big! He would have been a tall, skinny boy, with glasses and he was generally top of his class—apart from PE, when he was bottom!

*So, although anyone who remembers him would be getting on a bit now, I still thought it would be worth contacting you! All the best, **Belinda**.*

Anyone who can help with memories of Mike, please contact Belinda **via the editor**.



Society Ties

Still a few left at £10 (inc. postage). Contact the editor.

Railway Ramblings

Our new feature begins in this issue with the contributions of two members who have railway interests, one old and one new. See page 11.

FROM OUR READERS
FROM GRAHAM WYBROW
6th-Form Maths in the 1960s

For my first 4 years at High Pavement, I was taught Mathematics by Mr R K (Bob) Pannell. I got on well with him and liked his style of teaching and, as a consequence, did well in the subject. However, Mr Pannell specialised in teaching junior school maths only so that when I started my fifth year, the all-important O-Level year, I was concerned to find that I would no longer be taught by him. Instead, I was to be taught by two teachers who were then new to me, Mr P R L (Roger) Pratt and Mr E P (Ted) Brown. These were both to prove to be excellent teachers and would continue to teach me through to A-Level.

I realised just how much my own success depended on having good teachers and getting on well with them and I also realised that studying in the 'Maths Sixth' would mean receiving over half my teaching from the then Head of Maths, the fearsome Mr J G Bullock. A daunting prospect. Mr Bullock specialised in mainly senior/A-Level Maths, so that most juniors only encountered him when he was shouting at noisy pupils in school corridors, assembly etc.

However, once in the 6th form, with a small class of like-minded Maths lovers, we were to find that Mr Bullock (known as 'Jim', but never to his face) was nothing like the ogre we had come to expect. He was a good teacher who laid down clear rules and stuck to them and worked us hard, but was also a very kind and friendly person.

Jim Bullock was a keen photographer and had a custom of taking a photo of each Maths Sixth class for his files and presenting a copy to each member of the class. The attached photo is one of these and shows the Maths Sixth class of 1963-5. A similar photo of my year (1964-6) accompanied a previous *Pavior* article (Feb 2021 p. 10).

At the end of our first Sixth-Form year, Mr Bullock announced, to our very great surprise and delight, that we had all now finished the full A-Level Syllabus. To be fair, we had all done 'Extra Maths' during our O-Level fifth year so that we had something of a flying start on the



HP Upper Maths 6th-Form Class 1965
Back (L to R): Ian Anderson, Geoff Gay
Front(L to R): Anthony W Thorpe, Roger Edwards
Location: Jim Bullock's back garden, on the occasion of the
Upper Maths-6th Tea-Party.

A-Level syllabus. However, this meant that our 2nd Sixth-Form year could be devoted almost entirely to ‘exam practice’, essentially we were working systematically through past A-Level and S-Level Papers. This felt a bit of a drag towards the end of the year but, in reality, proved to be the only way of getting top marks in the exams, when you had to be able to answer almost all questions without any difficulty, there being little time in the exams for indecision. This also meant that we were very well prepared for University interviews during the following Autumn/Spring terms.

In 1966 there was a special treat. Mr Bullock arranged for an afternoon trip to Loughborough University to see their newly installed Computer. Both the Upper & Lower Maths sixth forms were taken in a small coach to Loughborough. Upon arrival, we were taken to one of the lecture theatres (itself a new experience for us) and given a lecture on computers and programming. We were then taken to see their new computer which was, in those days, housed in its own large air-conditioned room and we were allowed to gaze at the 10-15 ‘wardrobe-sized’ cabinets of the wondrous machine, through the glass windows.

In this sixth form we also had opportunities to mix socially with the staff. Mr Bullock supervised sixth-form Tennis and so I was able to play a number of games against him on Wednesday afternoons in those two summers. These were mostly played on the municipal courts at Valley Road, but occasionally we were able to use the one and only school court at the back of the Gymnasium. Also, Roger Pratt ran Badminton Classes on Thursday evenings from 7–10 pm, using both the School Hall and the Gym to allow 2 doubles-matches to be played simultaneously. This provided valuable relaxation, particularly during the dark winter evenings and, of course, a chance to chat with Mr Pratt and discuss University life and life in general.

At the end of each summer term, when all exams had finished, Mr Bullock had a custom of inviting all members of the leaving Upper Maths sixth-form class to his home for afternoon tea with his wife and family. He lived just off Edwards Lane and I recall we arrived at his house mid-afternoon and were greeted by his charming wife and his daughter Gill, then aged about 15. His elder son was not present, being still away at Cambridge University. We were entertained with excellent food and drink, a guided tour of the garden, family photos, good conversation and suitable party games. It was at this Tea Party that Jim usual took the annual Class photo (e.g. the attached photo). Festivities continued until around 2 am when proceedings wound up and we all made our way home, our parents having been pre-warned of the late night.

I left school that summer having thoroughly enjoyed my 2 years studying Maths and Physics, and was to gain excellent A & S-Levels as a result. It had been 2 years of very hard work but I had been rewarded with good exam grades and I felt that I had built an excellent friendship with all four subject masters (which included Mr R. Bloom, the Physics Master). Jim Bullock proved not to have been the fearsome ogre that I had feared but a bit of a ‘softie’ and I looked forward to meeting him again in the coming years. Unfortunately, that was not to be. Early in the following autumn term Jim Bullock was taken seriously ill and died in Nov 1966 at the age of only 55. A great loss to the school and personally, I felt I had lost a close friend.

Graham Wybrow

ooOoo

FROM KEN MOULDS

More Mumblings

A different kind of 'Lockdown'

(For asterisked items please see the notes below)

According to Government statistics, if you were born in 1956 and are now therefore 65 years old, you will be able to retire (become an OAP) in 2022 at the age of 66. Something to look forward to.

I recall 1956 very well, as in February of that year I was to embark on a new adventure, courtesy of Her Majesty's Armed Forces. As an innocent 18½ year old I was called up for National Service in the RAF, interfering with a promising career in industry*.

Why do I call this 'a different kind of Lockdown'? Well, in the Service you could not go out when you liked, could not holiday when you liked and could not see family and friends when you liked, so it was very similar to today.

I spent a week or so at RAF Cardington where two massive hangers still remained, one hanger being over 800 feet long. It was here that the airships R.31 and R.32 were built in 1915, but after the fire and destruction of the R.101 in 1930, all work on airships was halted and barrage balloons were built there instead.

I was kitted out with my uniform, tools* and bedding etc. and included as part of my 'best uniform' was a peaked cap, that was at least a half--size too small which would have repercussions later. I was then sent to RAF Bridgnorth in Shropshire to do 'square bashing'.* It was a cold February day with some snow showers and as the truck ground to a halt at RAF Bridgnorth a shout could be heard from a DI* *'Last one off the truck is on a charge!'*. Ken was never going to be last. I believe we were twenty or so to a billet which had two coke stoves, one at either end, which we had glowing red hot—well it was February in Shropshire! Like many, I quite enjoyed the marching, although I had difficulty keeping in a straight line and colleagues marching behind me requested that I improve*.

I also had difficulty with the slow march as the DI noticed, and frequently doubted my parentage! I well remember his face held 6 inches from mine with the order to not look at him, but to look ahead (try it sometime). I did learn to fire live ammunition from a 303 rifle and a Bren gun. Firing the latter I had emptied the magazine before I realised it and the gun had bounced merrily on its tripod. I could not, as they say, 'hit a pig in an entry'. On reflection, if the enemy (whoever they were) had stood in a nice horizontal line in front of me I might have hit one!

Meal times were a sight to be seen, breakfast saw dozens of fried eggs in a huge tray, swimming in grease ready to be collected by the hungry, but we were not deterred. With so much exercise we were always hungry. There was a kind of ritual over meals. At the end of every table there was always a loaf with margarine and jam, though probably not enough for everyone. The ritual was that you should not partake of the bread etc until you had finished your breakfast, so I learnt to eat quickly and still do! Ken was never going to be last.

To cut a long story short, the day arrived for the Passing Out Parade. We were stood to attention for quite some time, rifles by our side. My hat placed firmly and squarely upon my head was becoming quite painful and would eventually leave a red line on my forehead.

At this point I became aware of gravity, as I was in fear of dropping my rifle, and recalled the comment: 'If you drop your rifle make sure you hit the ground before it does!' My

right arm now felt like a huge bear's paw and was absolutely dead, with the fingers barely holding the rifle. When the command finally came to slope arms, I hoped no one would notice me surreptitiously moving my right arm across to help get the rifle up on to my shoulder. No one did. Our marching performance was not good, mainly because the officer giving the orders did not know on which foot the orders should be given. All our training was with the DI but of course he could not take the parade. The result was we looked an utter shambles. (That DI was Corporal Morton, who said I would remember his name for the rest of my life!)

Happy days!

Ken

Notes:

*'promising career in industry' - not really

*tools = cutlery¹

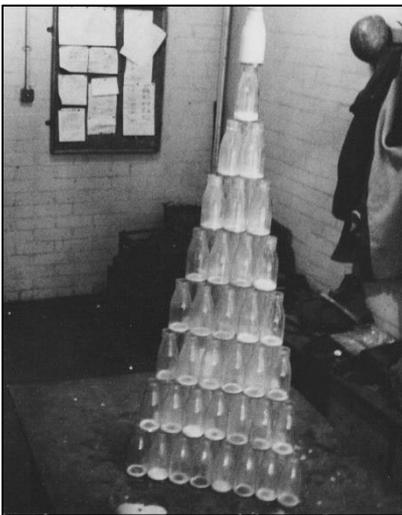
*'square bashing' - obvious term relating to the constant marching on the parade ground

*DI = Drill Instructor

*'requested that I improve' - not the actual words used!

ooOoo

FROM MIKE SPEAKE
School milk diversions



School milk distribution at HP (Gainsford Crescent) was administered by the prefects and empty bottles were returned to the prefects' room, presumably for inward transport to the dairy. Obviously, on the occasion this photo was taken, some of us were on a 'free' period and indulged in a little diversion!

Mike Speake

[The editor recalls his early years at the Stanley Road premises when school milk was dispensed by prefects in the cloakroom on the ground floor and then consumed in the adjacent Room 4 (on occasions somewhat messily). In those days school milk was not free but had to be paid for at the rate of ½d per bottle, leading to some degree of complexity in collecting the money at the point of sale.

*The problem was solved by Mr W E Morris, the member of staff responsible for milk matters, who devised a scheme of 'Milk Chits' paid for in advance at the beginning of the session. Intending consumers merely showed their blue chit **bearing their name** (in case of substitutions!) to the prefect in charge and collected a bottle before moving into Room 4. The scheme was remarkably smooth and effective. When the government saw fit to make milk free of charge the system was no longer required. -Ed.]*

ooOoo

¹ We called them 'irons' during my time in the RAF -Ed.

FROM BRIAN HICKLING

[Brian Hickling was one of the last entrants to the original High Pavement Grammar School, prior to its rebirth as a Sixth Form College. He has followed a most successful career, principally in aviation systems, and has sent these notes and reminiscences via our website. Although he is not a member of the Society we think they make interesting reading.]

I was at High Pavement from 1971-79, the last year of the grammar school as it turned into a Sixth Form College. It was very strange as, each year, the previous year was not replaced.. All I can remember is the big culture shock to us lads (with both positive and negative aspects) when the *girls* finally arrived in the sixth year. It was the end of an era and I think it was a difficult time for the teaching staff

Mr Milbourne taught me Physics and I remember him demonstrating to the class his gold ring being used to absorb liquid mercury... Among other members of staff I also remember Mr Preston and Mr Mouncer (Chemistry), Dr Bird and Mr Whiting (Biology). One cannot forget Mr Shortland (famous for elephant impression with jacket) and Mr Pearson who taught me Maths. Stanley Middleton was my English teacher and we became friends outside school. I kept in touch with him till the mid 80's.

While at school I spent a lot of time using the computer terminal in the science block, linked (by PDP11 computer system) to Nottingham University (I think Mr Slater was the teacher in charge then).

I do not know how it happened, possibly Mr Slater sent in my work, but somehow I got awarded an S-level in computing from the Oxford Examinations Board for a software project I did at the school. Even so, I never remember us doing any specific computing *classes* ; the work was all carried out in the dinner hours and in my spare time.

While I was at University I started my own company and developed software for ATARI (video gaming), EMI and several universities. I was recruited by the US Department of Defense (Raytheon) after they saw some of my work and by my mid-20's I was working in the USA as a principle consultant to the Pentagon Systems Division (the youngest ever person at that grade even today!). I designed and ran projects on military and civil radar and tracking system development and became a member of the international military-civil aviation liason group.

In 1989 I resigned from the Department of Defense and returned to Europe, taking up my current post in civil aviation work. I had made good contacts with the US and European civil aviation authorities and actually preferred working on civil projects. Within that industry I designed and developed many of the on-board aircraft safety systems for pilots, also others in air traffic control centres for ground based controllers. I have been located in Paris since 1989 and plan to return to Nottingham in 2021.

I remember my French teacher (Mrs Ashley I think) telling me I was the worst pupil at French she had ever seen (it was the only exam in my life I ever failed, with a U at 'O' level). However, she accurately predicted that one day I would speak French better than she did, which seemed insane to me at the time. However, she was right because I have now lived in France for 31 years and give speeches at international conferences in French! I still cannot fathom why that good lady said that to me. It seems impossible but it happened.

Brian Hickling

FROM GERALD TAYLOR

Hello, Colin. Our website includes a photograph I sent in some time ago of the 1971 Cricket 1st XI. There were players I could not identify, including the boy at the right end of the front row. Luckily Howard Hewitt was able to tell us in the February 2021 Pavior that it was himself.



It is funny how quirky our recollections of old times are, but my forgetting his name may be a particularly deplorable failure of grey matter; for I am almost sure he was responsible for conferring a cherished distinction on me that year, by holding a catch at slip. *[The event is described in the part of the website devoted to Memories, but to spare folk the trouble of consulting the relevant section I repeat it here.]* As you will understand if you read on, there is good reason for my delight in repeating it.

So, the occasion was a match against Bilborough Grammar School. When the catch was taken I was the bowler, and the errant batsman was Antony Page, captain of England Schoolboys (no less). Before the match Stan Middleton had told us that Page had recently made a successful tour of India, presumably excelling in his three roles of captain, batsman, and stumper.

But to return to his edging the ball in our match. Slip catches are easily spilt, even at the highest levels of the game, and this one mattered a lot. So we were all delighted (not to say relieved) to see such an exalted sportsman make his way off the pitch for 23 runs. This match was one of the very few in which I was put on to bowl but my contribution then to the team's fortunes surely exceeded any I made with the bat in seven years as an opener.

Perhaps Howard could confirm whether it was indeed his catch that dismissed the England captain. He may also be able to identify the players in the photograph whose names I do not know. (And was I right in saying that Clive Swinn was an outstanding rugby player?)

Gerald Taylor (1964-71)

ooOoo

'LOCUS CLASSICUS'²

(From the **High Pavement School Magazine** December 1926, p.3)

[There has always been a spirit of competition between High Pavement School and the Nottingham High School, usually of a most healthy nature. However the article below (author unknown) perhaps indicates a keener than normal rivalry on one past occasion.]

THE PRIDE OF PLACE IN ROWING

Rowing is now such a familiar feature of the school programme that it is hard to believe that, only six years ago, 'the measured pulse of racing oars' meant little, or nothing, to Nottingham school-boys. There was the Trent, 'smug and silver', there were the Boat Clubs and Boat Houses, and there were the potential *wet-bobs* of the schools, all as dry as prohibition states! The advance has been rapid and gratifying to all concerned, in particular, to the School and the Club to which belongs the credit of the innovation.

When presenting the Spenser Cup to the (Nottingham) High School Four on the 21st July last (i.e 1926), Mr Gowthorpe, President of the Nottingham Boat Club³, was observing that the Boat Club had the credit of placing on the river the first school boat, when he was interrupted by a Mr Wigfield, of the High School, with the exclamation: '*Only by one day!*'

The intention was evidently to discredit, or minimise, the part played by High Pavement and the Nottingham Boat Club as the pioneers of school rowing in Nottingham. On the propriety of Mr Wigfield's behaviour I express no opinion: his statement may represent his belief, but it is not in accordance with the facts, which are briefly, as stated below:

1. In February, 1922, Dr Spenser discussed with Mr H. Hallam, Hon Treasurer of the NBC, the possibility of the Club's promoting school rowing by the 'adoption' of High Pavement.

2. On 9th March, Dr Spenser wrote a letter to Mr Hallam, embodying his proposals: this letter was considered by the committee of the NBC, who, 'approving the excellent proposition in principle' invited Dr Spenser, by letter, dated 14th March, to meet the Committee at their next meeting.

3. On Tuesday, 21st March, after hearing Dr Spenser, the committee formally 'adopted' High Pavement School.

4. The first practice (8 boys in 'tub-pairs'), coached by Dr Spenser, took place on Wednesday, April 12th, in the Easter vacation: the practices continued for the rest of the Summer Term. 'On 18th June, High Pavement launched its first *Four* on the Trent. (extract from **High Pavement School Magazine** for July, 1922, p. 9, 'Rowing.)

5. In the issue of 'The Nottinghamian'⁴ at the end of March, appeared a letter from 'Navita', suggesting the formation of a 'Rowing Society' at the High School.

6. From the minutes of the (Nottingham) Rowing Club⁵, it appears that the 'adoption' of the High School by the Rowing Club took place on 20th June, almost exactly three months after the 'adoption' of High Pavement by the Boat Club, on 21st March.

From 12th April till the end of June, we were on the river on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and on Saturday mornings with Canon Field, Mr Bland, and Dr Spenser. During this time, we certainly never saw—or heard of—any High School boat!

RECTOR.

² A passage considered to be the best known or most authoritative on a particular subject – Dictionary

³ A rowing club near Trent Bridge

⁴ Magazine of Nottingham High School –*Ed.*]

⁵ Another rowing club by Trent Bridge.

Railway Ramblings
FROM ALAN BULLIMORE

[Back in 2001 Alan retired from Railtrack after a railway career spanning 37 years. He had no intentions of pursuing any other rail related activities, but all that was soon to change!]

In my last position I was based at Chester and had worked with a colleague who was a volunteer at the Llangollen Railway. Shortly after I took retirement he contacted me suggesting that some of my spare (?) time could be spent helping to run the operating side of the railway, namely that of Signaller. It appeared that they were always on the lookout for likely individuals who could swell their ranks and help to keep the trains running. So after a visit to Llangollen to see what I was letting myself in for I decided I would give it a try, if only to keep up to date with my knowledge of Rules and Regulations

I must point out here that Heritage Railways are bound by the same disciplines as the Big Railway (Network Rail), and that the ORR (Office of Rail and Road) and HMRI (Her Majesty's Railway Inspectorate) keep a watchful eye on our activities and make sure we run a safe railway. Active volunteers are also subject to regular medical checks and now that I am now well passed normal retirement age this certification comes around on an annual basis.

Then there is the question of competency. Signaller have to know rather a lot of rules and regulations and this tends to put off many aspiring candidates. You can't just turn up one day and offer your services at working a signal box. The Llangollen Railway runs a signalling school during the winter months and once you have passed certain theory examinations you are allowed to train in one of the signal boxes after the running season starts in the spring.

Here you will be mentored by one of the regular signallers who will teach you the workings of the box and assist with honing the knowledge you have learnt in the signalling school. Dependent on the amount of time you are able to put in to these activities will dictate how long it will be before you are formally examined in your knowledge and ability to work on your own in a signal box. For some the process can be as little as six months, for others up to a year. But the pain doesn't end there. Thereafter, every two years, signallers have to be re-examined in their knowledge and understanding of all the relevant rules and regulations.

Fortunately, for me at least, most heritage lines base their rule books on those used by the 'big' railway. They are adapted somewhat to suit local circumstances, but by and large, if you are currently a Signaller (not a description I can easily digest but we must move with the times) you would be quite at home working on the Llangollen Railway.

We have five operational signal boxes in operation and that should increase to six in the coming years. Some signallers are competent in just one box, others are able to work more and quite a few are capable of operating all five.

The railway's headquarters are at Llangollen, an attractive and touristy market town in the Dee Valley. The station and signal box are original, having escaped demolition after the line closed to passenger traffic in 1965. Freight traffic lingered on until 1968 after which the scrap men moved in. So when the fledgling preservationists took over in 1972 there was precious little left apart from the buildings and foot-bridge. Leaving Llangollen the line follows the Dee Valley for ten miles to the town of Corwen which is the terminus of the line.

Currently the administration of the Llangollen Railway is undergoing reorganisation so we are not open for business but I would recommend a visit as soon as we are. Keep an eye on our website. The Dee Valley is a stunning part of North Wales and if you do make a call here you will be assured of a very warm welcome.

Alan

FROM JOHN BARLOW
High Pavement Railway Society



I was already a keen train-spotter on entering HP in 1959, living close to Bulwell Common for the Great Central main line but also seeing the frequent coal trains on the line running alongside Hucknall Road (the ex-GNR Leen Valley route). Imagine my delight on discovering that there was a railway society at the school, for organised (and hence legal!) visits to locomotive sheds and works, with the prospect of seeing literally hundreds of engines.

We would wait for a notice in Assembly that there was to be a meeting of the Railway Society (usually in the Science Lecture Room, I seem to remember). At this gathering we would be informed about the next trip – date, destination and cost. Of these, the most important by far was the destination, for that would determine the types of locomotives that would be seen. All of our local sightings were of ex-LNER or LMS types, so any prospect of seeing Western or Southern was really exciting.

To my shame, I cannot remember the names of those heroic staff members who organised the society and led the trips, but they did an excellent job⁶.

I came across a notebook in which details of a few trips were contained. All shed visits were on a Sunday, because that was the day when fewer engines were out working. The trips were by bus, starting off by 6.00 am at the latest, for we covered prodigious distances. As an example, here is the itinerary for our visit to Bristol and District Sheds, on 28th January, 1962:

Shed	Code	Steam Locos Seen	Diesel Locos Seen
Worcester	85A	35	6
Gloucester	85B	78	12
Bristol, Barrow Rd	82E	70	4
Bristol, St. Phillip's	82B	75	11
Bath, Green Park	82F	31	0
Westbury	82D	27	6
Salisbury	72B	45	2
Eastleigh	71A	124	11
TOTALS		485	52

All of these in one day! On arrival at each depot, our permit would be shown and we would race round the lines of locomotives, recording their numbers. Back to the bus and off to the next place. It was in our interests to be speedy because otherwise time would run out and the last sheds would be missed.

Looking at the above schedule, I was amazed at the distance covered, albeit in an 18-hour day. I studied Google Maps to find out how far we had travelled and to relate it to the time on the road. The answer was 398 miles and a total journey time (estimated by Google for a modern car on modern motorways, rather than in an old bus on narrow roads!) in excess of 8 hours.

Just after the return to school following the summer holiday of 1960, an announcement was made that a week-long tour of Scottish railway sheds was being planned. The organiser

⁶ **Alan Bullimore comments:** Mention is made of the unknown Master who gave up his Sundays to take us along. I seem to remember it was a Mr Daniels. I think he taught chemistry (but not in my case) and was referred to as 'Doc' Daniels. Whether he *really* was a Doc or not I have no idea.

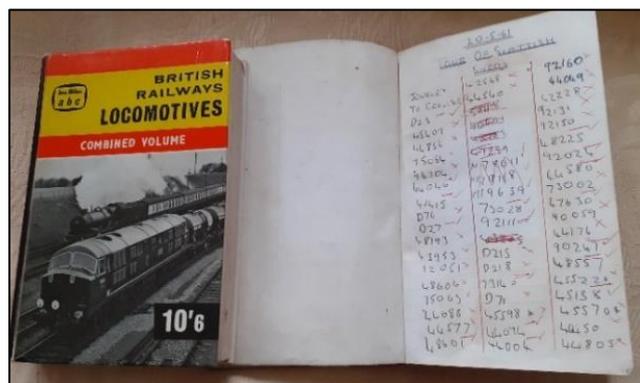
was a teacher at a school in Bingham and the tour would take place the following Spring half term holiday, provided that sufficient numbers could be recruited. Anyone interested was invited to meet the leader, who would describe the schedule and indicate costs. I went to this initial get-together, held in a waiting room on Nottingham Victoria Station.

The programme was amazing, visiting nearly all of the legendary sheds and works – the only problem was raising the money (I think the total was around £8; £150 in today’s money!). After serious negotiations with Mum and Dad and agreeing to carry out every possible chore for the next 6 months, my name was put forward.

Eventually the time came for the trip to start, with a group of very excited boys (and teacher) setting off from Midland Station on the way to Carlisle. After visiting all three sheds, we were back on to the train to Edinburgh, our base for the next week. (Incidentally, we saw 190 engines just on the journey to Carlisle). We stayed in a large dormitory of the YMCA in the centre of the city. Our “shed bash” on the Sunday was by bus, as we visited a good number of depots. For the rest of the week, we travelled by train. Packed lunches were provided, for there was no time to eat out, and we had an evening meal at the YMCA on our (usually late) return. In all, we visited 32 engine sheds and 3 works, seeing over one thousand locomotives. Highlights were:

Shed	Code	Steam	Diesel
Glasgow (Corkerhill)	67A	78	11
Glasgow (Eastfield)	65A	94	28
Glasgow (Polmadie)	66A	159	24
Edinburgh (St.Margaret’s)	64A	115	32
Edinburgh (Haymarket)	64B	54	16
Perth	63A	68	15

Return was down the East Coast main line, stopping off in Darlington to visit the shed and works, changing trains at Grantham for the final journey to Victoria Station. A major regret was that I had no camera and I cannot remember anyone else photographing the wonderful sights. All I can do is include a picture of my battered notebook and my Ian Allen Combined Volume, into which the numbers were transferred.



A generic picture of St Margaret’s shed (64A) is also included, to give an idea of the environment and to show the sheer size of the locomotives when viewed at close quarters.

Thinking back, we were so lucky to make this epic trip, before mass dieselisation destroyed the whole scene. We managed to see so many ancient (well, pre-1923) locomotives, together with the wonderful, smoky sheds where they were based.

Today’s railway, whilst vastly more efficient and less polluting, is a poor relation.

John Barlow

A Census Puzzle

[Graham Wybrow writes: The recent Census reminded me of the puzzle that Jim Bullock presented to the Maths 6th Form class back in 1965. Though intended to be just a 'fun aside' which was definitely not part of the curriculum, I found it very educational. It was the first time that I had encountered a problem where critical information was hidden in 'plain sight'!]

One day, a Census Enumerator called at a house and asked the occupant how many children he had and their ages. Of course, this being a puzzle, the occupant couldn't give a straight answer. Instead, he replied 'I have three children. The product of their ages is 36 and the sum of their ages is one more than the number of the house next door', nodding as he did so to the adjacent house.

'Thank you' said the Enumerator who then left. However, a few minutes later, the Enumerator returned and said 'I'm sorry but you did not give me enough information'.

'Oh sorry' said the occupant 'I forgot to tell you that my eldest child has red hair'.

'Thank you' said the Enumerator, who went away fully satisfied.

What were the ages of the three children ? *[NB **product** = multiplied ; **sum** = added.]*

Solution - Have a go first!

There are 7 possible sets of ages whose product is 36, namely:

Set:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Ages:	36, 1, 1	18, 2, 1	12, 3, 1	9, 4, 1	9, 2, 2	6, 6, 1	6, 3, 2
Sum:	38	21	16	14	13	13	11

Although we do not know the important, number of the house next door, we may take it that the Enumerator would have. The fact that he still needed more information tells us that the House Number was '12', the only number that would still leave the solution ambiguous, either Set 5 (9, 2, 2 Sum=13) or Set 6 (6, 6, 1 Sum=13).

The last clue was not the 'red hair' but the fact that there was an 'eldest child' which ruled out the (6, 6, 1) solution leaving the single remaining answer: (9, 2, 2).

RAY BRYSON

We have been informed by his son, Don Bryson (once a regular attender at our functions with Ray) that his father died on September 22nd 2020, aged 92, after three happy years living with Don in Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire. Ray will be much missed by all his friends in the Society and also, so Don reports, in Moreton where he had become a well-known character.

GEOFF RICHARDS

We have received information from Margaret McClean that our former member **Geoff Richards**, whom we had been trying to contact, died at the age of 85 in 2019.

BRIAN GROCOCK

We have received the news from his wife, Hazel, that our member **Brian Grocock** died, aged 90, on 7th February 2021 in San Fulgencio, Spain where they have lived for many years. He was well remembered as a keen sportsman at HP.

MICHAEL NESBITT

We have received the sad news from Harriet Nesbitt that her father, our member **Michael Nesbitt** passed away on Sunday April 4th 2021, aged 68, after a battle with lung cancer.

The Society sends its sincere condolences to each of their families.

OUR ENDPiece
FROM TOMMY GEE

[One of the longest-lived Old Paviors among our membership, Tommy returns to deliver an End Piece where he relates an experience during his early years in the Colonial Civil Service and his encounters with financial affairs.

Currently he is living in the UK, since the Covid 19 virus has blocked his move to live in Brazil (or as he would spell it 'Brasil'.)]

William Onduli. Quid est veritas?

Lockdown is here, so I have just been sent an ancient Penguin. It is a translation from the Gujarati, an auto-biography of Mahatma Ghandi written in 1925, the year I was born. I remember I had just arrived in Uganda when he was assassinated. I recall him as an ascetic, a vegetarian, and major figure in the Indian Independence movement. This was what we now term 'End of Empire', a subject that has come under close scrutiny. New empires are taking the place of the old ones, just as Greece, Rome were succeeded. Today others are in decline, and China forges ahead at great speed, soon to be supreme.

In his introduction Ghandi wrote about how he worshipped God as the Absolute Truth and the Eternal principle. As I read on I thought he might easily have become a Quaker whose four testimonies to peace, equality, simplicity and truth seem to summarise his life style.

His family managed to raise sufficient money to enable him to travel to England where he ate his required dinners at the Inns of Court and was called to the bar, a remarkable pioneering achievement, now a commonplace. Unable to get briefs on his return home, a relative found him one in South Africa, to try and settle a civil case of a trader in India owed £42,000 which had been running for some time. Ghandi was sent to Natal for a fee of £105, sea travel and living expenses to try and recover the debt. False accounting was involved. I was reminded that my career in the colonial civil service began in Uganda in similar circumstances: false accounting.

My father had the gift of running down a column of figures at high speed and writing down the total, a skill which I was able to acquire (I read Maths at university!). This book-keeping experience served me well on my first station, Mbale, some 70 years ago. My five colleagues were all away on tour leaving me in charge of the station. Just as the Boma (office) was about to close, the Bukedi Native Government Treasurer, William Onduli, breezed into my office, detached a bunch of keys from his belt, disrespectfully threw them on my desk and offered me his resignation.

I was a new boy in unknown territory only vaguely familiar with the Bukedi Native Authority district book keeping system, so asked him to fetch the books and had him count out the cash and stamps in the safe, poll tax tickets, cheque books etc and I listed these and everything else I could find. It was a simple payments and receipts system so together we struck a balance after which I had him sign '*handed over*' and I signed '*taken over*' (something I invented on the hoof).

Some four weeks later as we were setting out to Sunday morning worship, my boss, John Birch, District Commissioner, very experienced (he began pre-war) called me in to his office looking anxious and worried, saying that there was a large sum of money missing and I was involved!

Onduli had prepared the monthly pay cheque for Sh7,000 (Uganda currency was the East African Shilling) which the DC had countersigned before going away on safari. This was the amount entered in the cash book and on the cheque stub but the bank statement received a month later showed Sh70,000! Mr Mack the Scottish Bank Manager had located the cheque and said Onduli had rung and told him not to worry, the substantial sum was for a large salary award for chiefs (local administrators). He said it looked as if Onduli had left a space to add ‘ty’ to the word ‘seven’ and also to insert a comma and a zero to increase the cash withdrawal from Shs 7000 to Shs 70,000⁷. Onduli had warned the bank that he would be coming with a guard to collect this rather large sum but the manager was unable to check this as the DC was away. (He hadn’t rung me.)

I explained my part in the story and the police then searched for Onduli, who had gone missing. When apprehended, his story was that it must have been *me* who had perpetrated the fraud, not him and he stuck to this story, even up to his eventual conviction.

Onduli persisted with his story in court and alleged that I was the fraudster, not him, and the whole affair was a conspiracy by the administration to get rid of him. He even listed us, accusing the Magistrate (who was an administrative colleague), the District Commissioner, and me. I was on a steep learning curve! Since then I have always made sure that my cheques *never* had spaces.

I am also reminded that occasionally there were ‘ghosts’ on the payroll. I once spotted the inclusion of two lamplighters after we had long abandoned the paraffin lamps they attended. Later, when working in Papua New Guinea, I also recognised the existence of a similar ghost. (We never found the PNG ghost).

In Uganda my final job was the Accounting Officer in the Uganda Ministry of Education responsible for a budget of £26 million. I can recall receiving a visit from Captain Robert Maxwell⁸ MC, MP and publisher (Pergamon Press) who came to see me personally at the Ministry on an official visit. (He had written to me on House of Commons notepaper which I realised was improper, if not wrong). He put forward a proposal to supply our Ministry with all Uganda’s teaching materials including text books. His proposal was turned down.

I would claim that the British colonial officials were good stewards, and served the Empire well but I think that Mahatma Ghandi outshone us all. Was it Pontius Pilate (another administrator) who asked Jesus ‘What is truth?’

Tommy

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⁷ Sh7000 would be then worth £350 (in 2021 money that would now be £11,500). Thus the culprit’s manoeuvre had turned this into Sh70,000 or £3500 (nowadays worth £115,000) a small fortune for a man who was probably a subsistence farmer.

⁸ Labour MP. You may have to look him up if you can’t recall his adventurous career and dramatic demise.