

The Pavior



The Newsletter
of
The High Pavement Society
(founded 1989)

May 2022

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
James Mullen
Modern Languages Master
1959 -64**

COMMITTEE NOTICES

1. **The High Pavement Society Annual Reunion Luncheon 2022.** May we draw your attention to the invitation for this event which is enclosed on a separate sheet with this issue of *The Pavior*. **Please take care not to discard it accidentally.**
2. **Erratum.** In the February 2022 issue of *The Pavior* we inadvertently gave the years of service of Mr P R L Pratt as 1969 - 68. This should be **1960 – 68**. The error is regretted.
3. **Temporary Treasurer Matters.** Robin Taylor is at present undergoing hospital treatment so Ken Kirk will hold the fort until normal service resumes.
4. **Paviors RFC.** Our good friends are holding their **Grand Centenary Ball** at the Crowne Plaza Hotel, Nottingham on Saturday 25th June. Tickets are **£50**. For full details contact: **Neil Kendrick** on neildragon21@hotmail.com or Mobile: **07941 864115**.

ooOoo

Our retired Vice Chairman, John Elliott **An appreciation by John Chambers**



John Elliott has been an outstanding and long serving member of the Society from its onset and a committed Vice Chairman for some considerable time. We were all sorry when John had to relinquish this role due to increasing difficulties with his health.

I myself hold fond memories of our time together at school, being in the same class throughout the years 1954-61 (one year at Stanley Road and six years at Bestwood).

As well as being a high achiever academically John was always an eager and successful sportsman especially at rugby at which he excelled. He was also a fine gymnast, often called upon to demonstrate the next routine for the rest of us to attempt, and also a strong swimmer.

But he would admit he was no cross country runner! He has told me, and reminded me on occasions, of how he and others would opt out of those games-day runs and rejoin the pack after a short cut, lagging back at the rear. That was until the day when Nottingham Forest had an important match which he wanted to attend, prompting him into a personal best to finish in good time!

John, I recall your outstanding rugby career, playing for Nottingham RFC, Edinburgh Wanderers, Leicester Tigers (first team regular hooker prior to Peter Wheeler) and back at Nottingham as first team captain. Plus those times with our old boys' team, 'Old Paviors' then; now the triumphant Paviors RFC.

Plus, of course, you, John, on the bench for England (but sadly no cap), your appearance with the Barbarians, assistant England Manager alongside Geoff Cooke; and later Manager of the England Under 16's.

We are all saddened by your challenges John and wish you well, together with your devoted wife Helen and your wonderful family. We Paviors are thinking of you all.

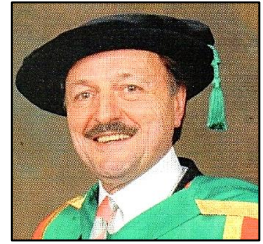
Our love and best wishes from all at the Society!

John

ooOoo

PETER BOWLES – AN ENTERTAINING PAVIOR

[There must be many members amongst our ranks who have enjoyed the performances by Peter Bowles and read in the many press obituaries of his triumphs on stage and especially on television where he was perhaps most well-known.. Even at school he figured in productions by the School Dramatic Society. We have collected a few memories of those days from our members]



Memories of Peter Bowles

John Bird:

Around 1953 (I am not good on dates) those of us at High Pavement who were interested in theatre had a drama teacher, Mr Ormanroyd, who was a great inspiration. Our school play that year was Julius Caesar: I played Brutus and Peter Bowles – naturally – was Mark Antony.



Peter Bowles (left) and John Bird in the School Dramatic Society production of *Julius Caesar*.

Even at that age we all realised that Peter was in an entirely different league from the rest of us. Commanding, relaxed, inventive; he owned the stage in a way that became

familiar to audiences on stage and screen. He was also a very witty young man. Despite the length of our respective careers we never subsequently worked together or even met. Peter did many justly celebrated things throughout his life but speaking personally I will always remember his High Pavement Mark Antony.

Tony Moore:

I was in the same class as Peter Bowles and remember him and John Bird (another thespian), during rowdy classroom interludes loudly exchanging Shakespearean quotations, much to the annoyance of the burly rugby fraternity who didn't know what it was all about.

Tony Whelpton:

I did not know him well, because I was nearly four years older than he was, and, in those days, older boys took no notice of younger boys. *[It was ever thus –Ed.]*

However, when I was in the sixth form it was somewhat different, because he had found a way of transforming his school tie into a bow tie, and was habitually to be seen wearing it as such—I believe to the disapproval of Harry ‘Taffy’ Davies, the Head Master. Certainly it was only to be seen for a relatively short time!

Joe Adcock (from the HP website):

The website has triggered lots of memories. Such as being entertained on the bus to away matches by John Bird and Peter Bowles, they could repeat complete episodes of the Goon Show!

I also remember the whole of Year 4 going to the old Nottingham Playhouse to see the production of Henry V in preparation for O Level Literature studies. Peter was in the

production as a knight but unfortunately he was killed in the battle and died beautifully on the stage right in front of Science 4B.

Then the first piece of chewing gum hit his armour, quickly followed by a stream of other small items. He was the only knight to die at Agincourt with a huge smile on his face. Consequently Science 4B were banned from any further School Trips.

Colin Jennings: I remember Peter Bowles when we were together in 121st Junior Scout



Troop. For some reason there was a change round in patrols and he and I were in either the Woodpecker or Curlew patrol. Peter was the Second and I had risen to the dizzy height of Patrol Leader. This photo shows us both. I am the tall one on at the back row with PB in front of me.

I met Peter some thirteen or so years later on Foreman Street. We were both in uniform (I was then in the Marines). He was much smarter than me wearing a camel hair overcoat with a velvet collar, brown bowler hat, moustache and furred umbrella. He looked like someone from the Avengers.

Vale Peter.

Colin Salsbury:

I have a memory of the Newstead House Meeting one Friday at the beginning of the academic year when I was in the sixth form. Several new members of the house were present and each was asked by our Housemaster, Mr Mardling, to step forwards and identify himself.

One was a pale, rather reserved and quiet-spoken fellow who said his name was 'Bowles'. So quiet that Mr Mardling asked him to repeat it. Thus it was that I first heard the name that was to become quite famous.

Some years later I went to see Peter on stage at the Leicester Haymarket Theatre in John Osborne's play *The Entertainer* and afterwards I approached him in the bar where he was relaxing with other members of the cast. He obliged me with an autograph on my programme but when I recalled our common heritage at HP he did not want to talk very much as, due to the five year age gap, we had few experiences in common.

PB as Archie Rice in a performance of *The Entertainer*.
(From *The Guardian*)



ooOoo

Bestwood Remembered The Science Lecture Room (SLR)

This (believe it or not) is the Science Lecture Room, affectionately known as the SLR. The two doors in the centre of the photo provide a clue, as do the high windows. The doors were (L to R): a) to the Biology Prep Room and b) the exit to the North Stair Well. This photo was taken c.2000 and looks quite different from how we remember it from the 1960s.



Missing now are the (approx.) eight rows of wooden terraced seating rising up toward the back of the room, accessed by a common stepped central aisle. Those seated on the back rows were high enough to see out of the windows. The seating was on wooden bench seats (which folded up) with a small wooden bench-type desk surface running in front of each. This was an arrangement that I was to get used to later at University, where many of the older lecture theatres had this seating arrangement¹.

Gone also is the master's demonstration bench (with water taps and sink) at the right hand end on a raised dais in front of the blackboard (now a white-board !) and the fume cupboard to the right of the blackboard. However, full and very effective blackout curtains still remain.

Graham Wybrow

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THE H P SOCIETY TIE

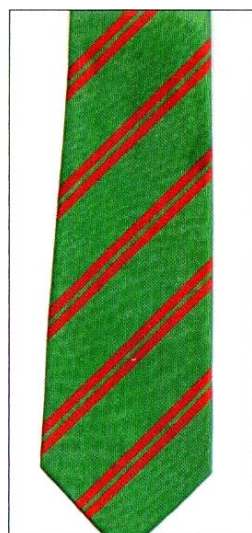
At a recent gathering with several new faces present we managed to sell the last of our stock of Society ties. Even then there was at least one potential customer left high and dry, so the Committee has seen fit to order a further batch of the noble green and red.(though the weavers refer to the colours as 'Jade 77' and 'Cardinal 20')

We have necessarily restricted the number to 21 items and consequently have had to pay a higher price than hitherto. We will therefore have to offer them at a new price of **£12.00 each** (previously£10).

We trust this will not deter those interested for whom this tie is a significant item of apparel at Society functions.

Send orders with cheque to the Secretary (address on page 2). He will do the rest.

ooOoo



¹ Veterans of Stanley Road will be reminded of the tiered seating in their old **Chemistry Lecture Room**, now demolished; and, come to think of it, also in the **Music Room** (next to the Woodwork Shop). -Ed.

New Book by Peter Foster

The Fallen of High Pavement School, Nottingham 1939-1946

Peter Foster has finally published his book on the Old Paviers who lost their lives in Second World War. The book is similar in concept to the one that Peter published in 2017 covering the First World War. However, this work is significantly thicker and probably of more interest to our current membership who will be more familiar with the Second World War and may even have known some of the names from their own school days.

The book begins by describing, as background, the principal theatres of war and then goes on to consider each of the fallen in turn. For each, the book describes their home and family background, their days at the School, their civilian life and career and their service in the armed forces leading up to their untimely deaths. A surprising number served in the RAF.

The book covers each of the 90 Names recorded in the School's *World War 2 Book of Remembrance*. However, it also covers some 4 additional names that have only come to light recently through the detailed researches of the author.

I can only admire the very considerable amount of work that went into this publication and feel that we should all be very grateful to Peter for this fitting tribute to those Old Paviers who gave their young lives for their country. Peter is himself an old boy of the school.

The book is A4 format with soft-covers, printed on glossy paper with 216 pages. Copies will be available for sale at Society functions or by post on application to the Society Secretary. It is priced at **£13.00**, or **£17.00 by UK post**, (including p & p)

Graham Wybrow

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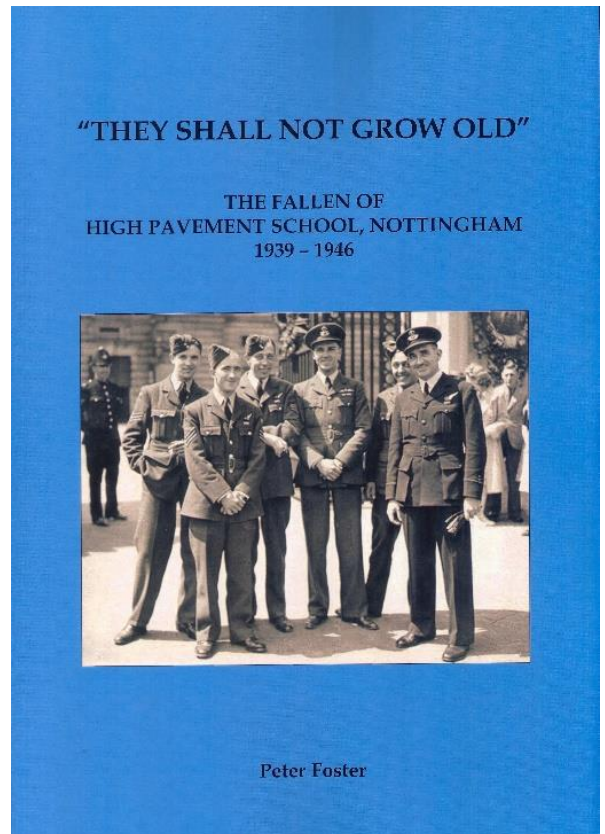
Latest on the Golf front

Following the announcement of a possible Society Golf Day there has so far been little response from the membership. However, I am sure that among our number are several members who would be sufficiently golf-minded to participate and I urge all of them to submit to me at my home address: **Apartment 11, Green Court, Moor Lane, Bingham, Notts. NG13 8AA** the following data: **Name (and address)—Present Club—Handicap** .

The event is planned for September and a course will be booked at a well-known Nottingham Club. The fee (yet to be decided) will naturally include: coffee on arrival, golf facilities and a meal to follow. We hope we will be joined by fellow golfers from among our friends in the Paviers RFC, so I am confident that all Pavior golfers will enjoy this event to the full. Thanks

Ken Kirk, Project Leader

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FROM OUR READERS
FROM ROY TAYLOR

Dear Colin,

It is possible that I can provide some details regarding Tommy Gee's request for information on the wartime harvest camps. (See February 2022 issue.)

I recall that in two of the years in that 1939-45 period the camps were in Lincolnshire near Metheringham, a village about ten miles south of Lincoln. That particular camp was basically an empty manor house and we slept, six to a room, on palliasses on the bare floors.

Our bikes were the only mode of transport from the camp to the farms. Indeed they were an essential part of the journey from Nottingham for, though we took the train to Lincoln, the journey from there to Metheringham was by bike. You will gather there was no possibility of using suitcases – everything needed for the several weeks duration of the camps had to be contained in one's haversack and saddlebag.

Much of the work on the farms was aimed at getting in the corn as described by Tommy, though I have to correct him on one point. The idea behind arranging the sheaves in 'stooks' was not to dry out the corn but to allow it to ripen properly. With the old binder machines it was necessary to cut the corn about 2 weeks before the ears were fully ripened, otherwise too much of the corn was shaken out and lost during the binder operation.

I vividly remember an exciting time during one of our stooking sessions for we were working in a field adjacent to the Metheringham airfield. On that day a number of planes were taking off but one was lower than the others and clearly in trouble. However it made a successful pancake landing (one without using the wheels) in our field just 200 yards beyond us. We (there were six of us) initially started to run towards the plane in case they needed help until someone remembered it may be full of bombs. We hesitated and then, happy to see the crew emerge unscathed, returned to our stooking. (In 2016 I met one of the Paviers involved in that adventure and we discussed the incident but could not agree on the type of plane it was.)

Writing that has reminded me that Metheringham 1 was quite an important stage of my life for it was when my first kiss occurred - a beautiful 16-year old girl from the village. Thus, when it was announced at school some 2 (or 3?) years later that we were returning to Metheringham, I was eagerly looking forward to meeting her again. However, it was to find that she had since married an RAF pilot—but had also recently become a widow. Yes, it was a time of great tragedy for many and, alas, this continues today to an even greater degree.

Of course during the 1940s the horse was the main source of pulling power for tractors were still few and far between. However there was great excitement one day at a Lincolnshire farm as they took delivery of a new USA-made Ferguson tractor. It was a 3-wheeler – one wheel at the front. Unfortunately during its first venture outside the farmyard it overturned. The 3-wheeler tractor soon went out of production.

Much of the work on the farms was very enjoyable (even at 6p per hour – old money remember), but my *bête noire* was flax-pulling. Flax is a plant grown in fields in a similar way to corn. Its stems were valuable for making linen, so the longer the fibres the better. Hence the fibres were pulled out of the ground (roots and all) rather than using the mowing machines. Not only was that hard back-breaking work but, after a day's work you had hardly made any impression on the field. Needless to say, there are now ingenious machines able to pull flax.

Nevertheless they were very happy times and I treasure the memories. **Roy Taylor**

FROM TOMMY GEE

Our regular contributor sends us this extract from the article in the Nottingham Journal reporting on the HP Annual Speech Day (possibly his first) on 26th November 1937:

‘Take some chances in life’ was the advice given by Professor C M Attlee Head of Nottingham University College Education Department, to the scholars of High Pavement at the School’s annual prize-giving yesterday. He did not mean they were to take chances just because they involved risks.

Their world was full of motor cars, metal and mental ones. The metal cars they knew, the mental motor cars were ideas. These ideas were like motor cars, some extremely useful and some extremely dangerous. ‘We can be carried away by a concert, given a lift by a book, moved by a stirring drama, run over by an advertisement, transported by good news and taken for a one-way ride by an ideology’ he said ‘You boys at the moment are learning to drive your mental motor cars,’ he added.

In his Annual Report the headmaster (Mr G J R Potter) said they had 700 boys. The continued growth in numbers was in part due to the fact that the leakage before completion of the School Certificate was now almost negligible, while many more boys stayed on for the advanced courses. Until eight years ago few boys in general stayed for a University education unless they wished to enter the teaching profession.

‘An interesting industrial development of local interest,’ he continued, ‘is the shortage of well-educated recruits for the higher posts, particularly that of manager in the mining industry, a shortage so serious in fact that the premium apprentice scheme has been abolished.’ One phase of this development was that a leading North Notts company offered two scholarships covering fees and maintenance, tenable at University College Mining Department. Both were awarded to High Pavement boys.

‘It is clear,’ he commented, ‘that the prospects in mining are extremely bright for any boy in the Sixth form on the mathematical science side who is prepared to work at the coal face during the early stages, with sufficient strength of character to be a leader of men.’

In a plea for more school accommodation Mr Potter said it had been suggested the authorities had deliberately refrained from providing new buildings because they anticipated a decline in the demand for Secondary education. Any fears on that ground could be dismissed. The school would be 150 years old next year and he wondered whether the anniversary could be celebrated by speeding up the present rate of progress.

The chairman (Councillor H B Stone) assured the headmaster and the school that ... High Pavement should have a school at the earliest possible moment. But at present there were others with even greater needs.

[Tommy writes: The visiting speaker offered a view of pupils as users of mental ‘motor cars’ (a term not now in common use) and developed the use of motoring verbs to extend his analogy.

In his Report the Headmaster, Mr Potter, made an unusual suggestion for students to consider entering what is now a defunct industry, though then at the peak of its prosperity.

Finally, as he did each year, Mr Potter attempted to extract a promise of proper school buildings, adequate to accommodate a school of its stature but, as the response showed, he failed in the attempt. In his final report, some ten years later, ‘Goof’ rightly called the school’s treatment a ‘public disgrace’. He was a breath of fresh air, extinguished by levellers. I was fortunate to be at HP during his brief reign.]

FROM REX DAVIES

(a.k.a. Pyrtle)

I was surprised to see my picture in the November Pavior. My hairdresser to whom I have been going for the past 30 years was also surprised and very pleased about this. FAME at last he thought! Can I assure the other gentleman and lady whose table I shared at the Reunion Luncheon when I say that I did not single them out purposely to show off my hair! I just plunked myself down on the nearest available vacant seat with my bottle of wine. I merely wanted to share my good fortune in the discount store with some Old Paviors, if not all of them.

However, my appearance in the picture jogged my memory as to when and why I first had occasion to realise that I had to do something about it (my hair).

One day, when I was a mere third former, the burly Mr O'Dell (Merlin to the Scouts) accosted me, ruffled my hair and told me to do something about 'smartening it up'. So, the very next week I invested one half of my pocket money in a jar of *Brylcreem*, as advertised by the England test match cricketers, Compton and Edrich. (Can you still buy it, I wonder²?)

Imagine my surprise when, the next time I saw my grandad, he exploded! 'What the b****y hell are you stinking of?' he ranted, 'Get rid of it pronto, it will make your hair drop out! Rub your head with lard and Bay Rum Oil. It will do your hair more good.'

I have followed this advice right up to the present day (but without the LARD!!!).

Cheers, Pyrtle



This was the picture concerned, shown in the November 2021 *Pavior*. Pyrtle is on the right (with all that hair).

ooOoo

FROM ALAN BULLIMORE



Dear Editor, I enclose a photo of this diesel locomotive because it is closely associated with the fortunes of our newsletter. It seems our distinguished piece of journalism had been commemorated for all to see, as in the next picture.

However (as usual), all is not what it seems. The loco 66758 is

actually named in honour of the Worshipful Company of Paviors, who were historically responsible for the pavements of the City of London, and over the years have been critical to the development of the craft of paving, road making, general construction and infrastructure. Its modern membership includes the leaders of construction in the UK. If you Google '*loco 66758*' it will give you the background to this amazing find of mine and lots more besides. Keep up the good work with the HPS!



Alan Bullimore

ooOoo

² (Yes you can, both the 'original' and 'protein enriched' versions-Ed)

FROM TOMMY GEE AND COLIN SALSBUURY

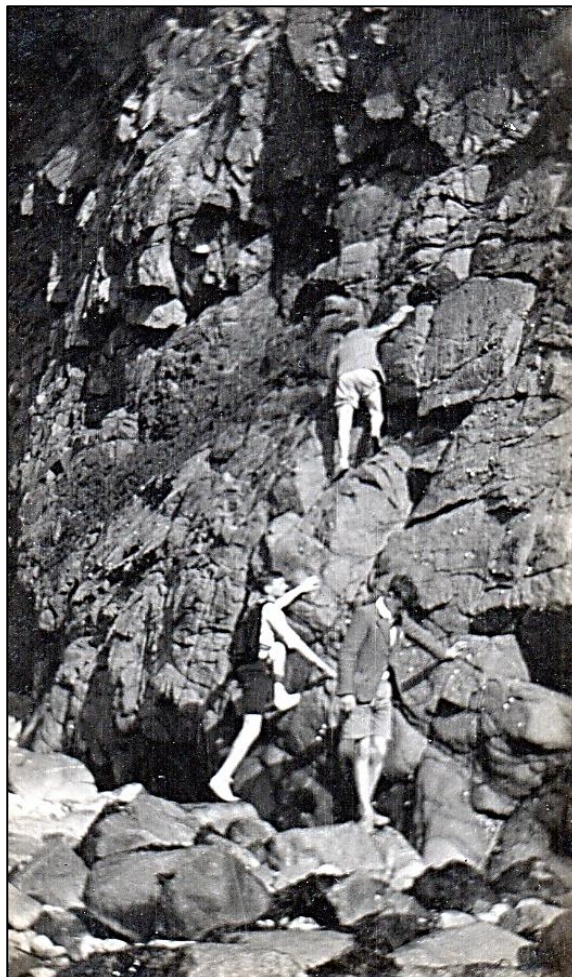
[The 121st Nottingham Scout Group made many camping and holiday visits to the island of Sark, some of which have already been reported in earlier issues of The Pavior. The first of these took place as far back as 1937 and our member Tommy Gee was in the party led by pipe-smoking Ivan O'Dell (Merlin) who was then a young schoolmaster in his 20s. The advent of WW2 put a stop to such visits but they were resumed in 1947 and continued from time to time into the next two decades. We begin with the early days before WW2 when Tommy Gee was there.]



Sark 1937

Tommy Gee's Photo Album

1. Outside The Chalet d'Or
2. On La Coupée
3. On the Cannon on the Hog's Back
4. Venus to Gory
5. The Chalet D'Or



Tommy Gee writes: It was in 1937 (I think) that I journeyed to Sark with a motley crew of others led by the then youthful (23) Ivan O'Dell, known as Merlin who had undertaken the organisation for this ambitious summer holiday venture. It was far more adventurous and up-market than a traditional Scout camp. However, the party was a small one by our usual standards because in those days times were hard and not all parents could afford the cost.

On this trip we didn't camp out but dossed down in a timber chalet, *The Chalet D'Or* (maybe the name was a product of Merlin's vivid imagination).

We did lots of exploring which often required clambering up and down the rock faces, of which most of Sark's coastline consisted. During our stay we were invited to take tea at the Seigneurie with the Dame of Sark, the feudal governor. Perhaps we were considered to be unusual, if not distinguished, visitors to the island. We also visited the windowless one-room gaol, which did not curb our normal enthusiasm one bit. I will not describe other parts of the island but the photos from my treasured personal album indicate some prominent parts.

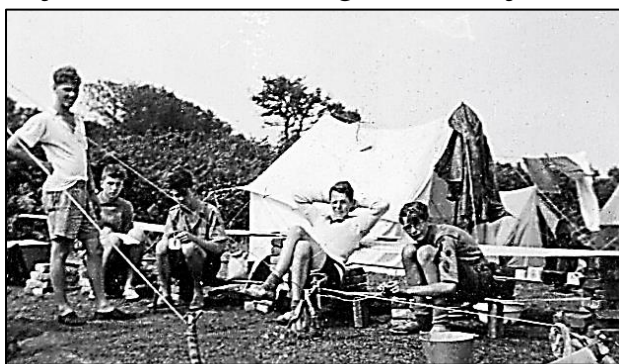
I did not return to Sark until 1948 when my wife and I spent our honeymoon there. In later years we revisited the island for family holidays. *[We now move on to 1948]*

Colin Salsbury writes: I have written about my 1948 Sark visit before but two incidents stick in my mind. After a long and slightly choppy night ferry journey from Southampton to Guernsey (where we breakfasted) we eventually arrived, a bit bleary-eyed on Sark itself and pitched camp in a farmer's field belonging to a Mr Charlie Perree.

A little later we were assembled by our leaders, Raven (Chick Farr) and Cormorant (Fred Tippet) to hear that *one of the party had disappeared!* The police had been informed and we were asked to 'search the island'. Sark is not all that big but there were only twenty or so of us so we simply patrolled the few roads and footpaths, to no success, until it was nearly dark.

Next morning the police phoned to say that they had detained the lad as he stepped off the ferry in Guernsey. All were very relieved and Raven caught the next ferry to Guernsey and interviewed him before handing him his ticket to return home, his stated wish.

The second vivid memory was of a visit to Sark Methodist Church on Sunday morning, all brushed up and tidy, and were nervous how our hymn singing would sound to the locals—but we need not have worried. The leader of the congregation stood in his pew and sang every hymn in the most ear-splittingly loud (yet tuneful) voice I have ever heard in my life. He could have closed a barn door with it at twenty paces! We were grateful for his lead and relaxed as we joined in. (I managed to find just a couple of photos from *my* [1948] album.)



Duty P/L Rosse Heslop (standing) and his patrol prepare the next meal at the 1948 Sark camp.
L to R (seated): Dave Gallup, Don Jones, C Salsbury (very relaxed), Norman D Richards (NuDrah)



A particularly scruffy group wait for the ferry back to Sark from a visit to the Isle of Herm **L to R:** Leo Bryan (getting a tan), Merlin (with pipe), Johnny Acres (fully clad), Rosse Heslop (inverted), Cormorant (Fred Tippet in mufti), **Extreme right:** Two disgusted fellow passengers. (CS took the photo.)

FROM MARTYN HUTCHBY

[Martyn Huchby was at High Pavement after its development as a Sixth Form College. Though not a member of the Society he has sent us this memoir of a musical event they may jog other memories to emerge from our readers.]

Dear Colin, I was a student at High Pavement Sixth Form College in the early 80's and thought you might like the attached photos for your pages. They are of a music department production of *Carmen* in which I played Don Jose.



The colour photo is after the performance, the black and white is a 'publicity' shot from the Nottingham Evening Post (where they got my name wrong, calling me Martin Hatleby!).

I think Ian Priestley, who played *The Toreador*, went on to follow a career as a professional singer.

Martyn



ooOoo

FROM COLIN SALSBURY

Mind your Language!

[Inspired by a report in the 1944 issue of *The Pavior*, then the *HP School Magazine*]

In March 1944 the school Dramatic Society put on its School Play. It was a performance of Shaw's *Pygmalion* (a play later to find wider fame as the story of *'My Fair Lady'*). The cast had begun rehearsals with the leading part of the cockney flower girl, Eliza Doolittle, being taken by D. Geeson, one of the more accomplished performers in the society.

However, when this reached the ear of the headmaster G J R Potter he issued an *absolute ban* on the role being played a boy of the school because of the 'bad language content' of the play. (I think most of us know that the offending words were *'Not bloody likely!'* uttered by Eliza, when asked if she was making a short journey on foot, replied that she would use a taxi!)

The problem was solved by the appointment of a member of the female teaching staff (of whom the school employed quite a large number in the war years) to undertake the role. She was Mrs A P (Patricia) Corbett, remembered as a vivacious lady well suited to the task. The play was a great success and was well reviewed, the (then) *Pavior* correspondent saying her performance *'...will long be remembered.'*

Possibly young Geeson was disappointed but rules were rules (and maybe in these modern times we might have appended a sub-title, borrowed from Shakespeare : *Much Ado about Nothing!*).

Colin Salsbury

TOP OF THE FORM

[Robin Taylor and Colin Salsbury visited this event of HP's history in February 2021. Our archivist, Graham Wybrow, now takes a deeper look]

The Radio version of "Top of the Form" ran for 38 years from 1948-86. A separate TV series ran for 13 years, from 1962-75. High Pavement School featured in 3 editions of the Radio programme, two in 1950 (when we reached the English Semi-Finals) and one in 1965 (when we were knocked out in the first round). These Programmes were:

Mon 13 Nov 1950, 19.30 BBC Light Prog; Sat 18 Nov 1950, 09.30 BBC Home Service:
1950-51 Series, Round 7-England:

**Wyggeston Grammar School for Girls, Leicester v
High Pavement School for Boys, Nottingham**

Mon 11 Dec 1950, 19.30 BBC Light Prog; Sat 16 Dec 1950, 09.30 BBC Home Service:
1950-51 Series, Round 11-English Semi-Finals:

**County Grammar School for Boys, Woking v
High Pavement School for Boys, Nottingham**

John Ellison and Robert MacDermot were the Question-Masters in this inter-country contest between representative teams from girls' and boys' schools in England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland. Produced by Joan Clark.

Sun 17 Oct 1965, 18.00 BBC Light Prog; Thu 21 Oct 1965, 19.31 BBC Light Prog:
1965-66 Series, Round 5 - Midlands:

**The High School, Northampton (Girls) v
High Pavement School, Nottingham (Boys)**

*Question-Masters: John Ellison and Kenneth Horne. Questions set by Roy Smith.
Produced by Joan Clark. (Kenneth Horne was the Question-Master in Nottingham).*

The School was greatly honoured to have the famous Kenneth Horne as the Question-Master in Nottingham for this last broadcast, which was recorded in the Main Hall at Gainsford Crescent. The 1965-66 series of 'Top of the Form' was the only series of this programme in which Kenneth Horne participated. Sadly, he suffered a major heart attack just a year later, and died on 14 Feb 1969, aged 61. He died, on stage, whilst hosting an Awards Ceremony at the Dorchester Hotel in London.

The current **Wikipedia** entry reads: *The series tended to feature grammar schools; in later years, as these schools became less numerous, comprehensive schools sometimes featured, but less often, and there was an increasing dominance by independent schools. However, as comprehensive schools were becoming more commonplace under the Harold Wilson government, the autumn 1967 TV series of Top of the Form featured only comprehensive schools.*

A decision to stop the programme was announced on 28 Sep 1986 and the last broadcast was on Tue 2 Dec 1986. The producer, Graham Frost, was reported to have said it had been cancelled because the competitive nature of the show jarred with modern educational philosophy. University Challenge was, likewise, taken off the air in 1987 (although brought back in 1994).

Graham Wybrow

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OUR END PIECE
FROM TREVOR JONES
America to Canada 1994

[We have enjoyed our globe-trotting Pavior's travels through the American west and now follow him as he leaves the USA for neighbouring Canada.]

Crossing the border from America into Canada was like being on trial. On one side you went through the third degree and on the other side you were welcomed with a smile - the difference was palpable!

We were driving a new Thunderbird with Canadian plates and, just because we were British, the American Customs decided they needed to ask questions. We were taken into a side room, to be asked where we were going, why were we driving a brand new Thunderbird and could we provide evidence that the vehicle wasn't stolen. We provided the relevant documents, telling them that it was a 'Drive Back' and where we were to deliver it afterwards.

An officer left the room, locking the door as he did so and returned around 15 minutes later to say that he'd made the relevant enquiries and that we were now free to go! No '*Thank you for your cooperation, have a nice day?*' Oh no! He just walked out and left us to gather our things together and drive across to the Canadian side of the border.

When we got there, the Canadian officer smiled and said '*Did they give you the usual 'Come back soon!' lecture?*' We handed our passports over for stamping and asked him if he wanted the 'Drive Back' documentation. He said: '*No, I'd already checked the car details while you were being grilled over there. They can be really objectionable eh?*' He wished us a pleasant journey and we headed towards our destination of Kamloops, British Columbia.

Later, we found somewhere to eat that also had somewhere to park up for the night and as there was no accommodation in the vicinity, we slept in the car. In Kamloops, we had arranged to stay for a few days with friends of my parents, so after dropping the car off in this town, we settled in for a spell and related what we'd been doing for the last 9 months.

We then started planning the next part of our trip, so we found a car hire company that did 'Unlimited Mileage'. We told them that we'd like the car for 3 to 4 weeks and that we were going to see around Banff, Jasper, Lake Louise etc, perhaps 300 miles or so (but see later!).

We left Kamloops at the end of June and drove to Lake Louise. On the way, we narrowly missed being hit by a tree which crashed into the road about 100 yards in front of us! Lake Louise had beautiful scenery and on its banks was an amazing place called 'Chateau Lake Louise' but prices were astronomical, a glass of house wine was **\$45.00!** We didn't stay long!

Next stop was Banff where we did an energetic walk to some rock formations called 'The Hoodoos'. We then headed through Calgary and followed the 'Red Deer Trail' to Edmonton where we met up with Michelle, one of the two Canadian girls we'd met at Christmas in Airlie Beach, Queensland. Both had invited us to stay with them if we ever made it over to Canada. We stayed for a couple of nights there and visited the 'Edmonton Mall' - the biggest shopping mall in the world, so they claim. Along with the shops, it boasted a hotel, mini golf course, submarine and an ice rink. We had a really nice relaxing time there and phoned Rachel, the other girl we'd met in Australia to tell her we were on our way up to see her. Rachel had said that *nobody* had ever visited her because of where she lived: Whitehorse, the capital city of the Yukon. It was 1250 miles north of Edmonton but we'd promised her we'd

be the first and we couldn't let her down. We told her we were on our way and that we'd phone her when we knew more accurately when we'd be arriving.

From Edmonton, we headed for Jasper which I really liked. There aren't many places in the world I've been to where you can sit outside a cafe/restaurant and watch moose meandering down the street in front of you. That night we slept in the car (again) at a place called Patricia's Lake, basically because Tricia was impressed that they'd named a lake after her!

The next morning we headed out for the Yukon and that two day trip was just the most amazing road trip I've ever experienced for scenery and wildlife. At one point, we saw a black bear with two cubs by the side of the road, but as soon as they heard our car, they disappeared into the undergrowth.

We passed into a vast valley where, beneath the road were three, enormous 20 ft diameter culverts. There was a petrol station and cafe half way across this section so, having been pre-warned never to *pass* a station in northern Canada, we pulled in to fill up and get something to eat. I asked a guy there what the culverts were for and he said they were there to let the snow water escape from the valley after the winter months without washing the road away and that there were similar culverts at the other end of the valley. Evidently this road was only open to traffic for a few months in summer, the rest of the time, the locals used snowmobiles. We had apparently timed our trip well because the alternative was a long trek.

The last part of the trip up to Whitehorse was on the Alaska Highway, a 1645 mile road built as a wartime measure by the American Army. It stretched from Dawson Creek in the east of British Columbia, through the Yukon and finished in Fairbanks, Alaska. This road was costing upwards of \$40M a year to prevent it from cracking and collapsing, due to the unstable permafrost, so they (America and Canada jointly) decided to completely renew the whole of it. This meant digging down, sometimes 40 metres, to get rid of the permafrost layer - a massive undertaking.

We arrived in Whitehorse in the early evening, and were met by Rachel. We followed her home where her family welcomed us like royalty because, as Rachel had said, we were the first people to have actually turned up there who'd *said* they would visit.

Rachel's father was the head of the Canadian Mounted Police for the whole of the Yukon and he had his own 2 seater plane to fly around in. The next day was July 1st - Canada Day - so he invited me to go for a flight to have a look around the area. Then, he being one of the 'Whitehorse Hierarchy', we all went into town to celebrate and meet with local dignitaries who bombarded us with questions as to why we were up there of all places. Rachel's father, Ed, then showed us the world's second largest man made salmon run alongside the Yukon river (The Whitehorse Fishway), built because the river had changed its course slightly over the years making it an almost impossible task for the salmon to swim up-river to spawn.

We met a couple from Arizona who drove up to Whitehorse every summer to get out of the Arizona heat. They had to pre book the same parking spot each time as their motorhome and its double decker trailer carrying a jeep and a speed boat, was 85ft long!

We told Rachel we were going to drive up to the Arctic Circle while we were there and would she like to join us? She jumped at the chance because she said there was a place up north that she'd always wanted to visit - but would tell us where later. So she put a 4 man tent plus sleeping bags into the car along with various supplies and we were ready for the next stage of our trip - the Arctic Circle and Alaska.

Trevor