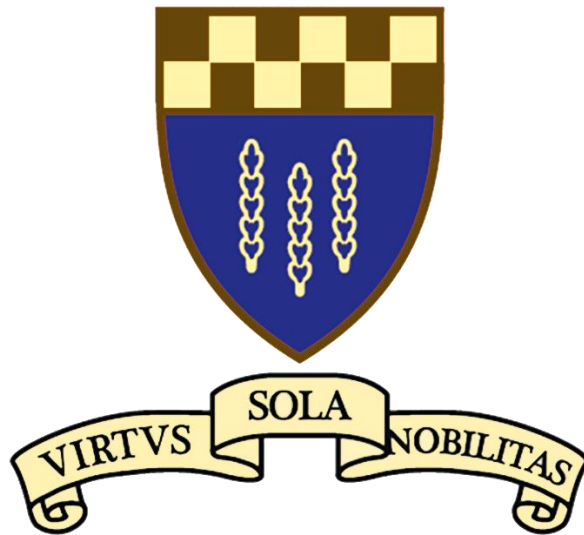


The Pavior

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



**Commemorating
High Pavement Schools
(founded 1788)**

May 2025

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who is glad to receive articles, reminiscences, old pictures, and titbits to do with High Pavement School.

The HP Society **Website** address is: www.highpavementsociety.org.uk

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The School May Be Gone, but Names Live On

Two Stalwarts of the HP Staff, Commemorated at the Gainsford Crescent Site:

Eric Shepherd and Charlie Mardling.

Pictures supplied by Graham Wybrow

Obituary.

Sadly, our member Peter Baldwin died in February. Mrs Baldwin kindly provided the following, through which we are privileged to know something of his time at the school and subsequent career.

Peter Joseph Baldwin

1949-2025



“Peter attended High Pavement School at the Bestwood Campus from 1960 until 1967. He remembered various teachers including Bill Gray, Stanley Middleton, Mr Millidge and a sports master who was referred to as “Black Ray”. Of the various anecdotes that he spoke of one involved carrying a teacher’s car from the car park up the steps and into the main hall. As he was careful and conscientious a drip tray was placed under the engine to protect the floor. There was also a school trip to Annecy, in France, where the packed lunch included half a bottle of wine per student.

After school he went on to Salford University where he obtained a degree in Civil Engineering, and following this became a chartered Civil Engineer.

While working for Nottingham City Council and then Erewash Borough Council he obtained further professional qualifications.

In 1981 he moved to Hong Kong with his wife and two young daughters. He remained in Hong Kong until his retirement, working first under British rule and then under the Chinese Government.

He was very proud to be a member of the Environmental Protection Department and worked on the extremely successful “Harbour Area Treatment Scheme”. This scheme has made the water in Victoria harbour clean enough that the cross-harbour swim was able to be reintroduced.

While in Hong Kong he took up Morris dancing and acting, even being an extra in several canto movies.

On retirement, in 2009, he moved to Cyprus. He continued with Morris dancing until his knees gave up.

He died following sepsis after an operation. The op was a success, the recovery wasn’t.”

First Memories

I have long been interested in ‘first memories’, the earliest recollections that we all have from our childhood. What did we remember, when and why? I believe that science now suggests that we remember little before the age of about 5. Prior to that, the structures in the brain necessary for ‘long-term’ memory are not sufficiently well developed.

This certainly seems to have been so in my case. I was born in the summer of 1948 and most of my earliest recollections date from about 1953 when I would have been approaching 5 years of age. These recollections are:

- Coronation Street-Party (2 Jun 1953) – an unusual event
- Starting School (Sep 1953) – separation from mother
- Admission to Children’s Hospital for Tonsils Op (date not known – believed early 1953) – first long-term separation from family
- 2 Falls in which I suffered significant injury – dates unknown
- The Bestwood Incident recorded below

I grew up in Orville Road, Basford, close to the Gainsford Crescent site. Our local shops were those that would have been familiar to all pupils of HP Gainsford Crescent. They were the shops around the Andover Road Post Office and the Co-op Grocery store on Arnold Road (opposite the School Cycle-Track entrance). One bright sunny morning, I remember I was walking to the shops with my mother (as I did regularly) and, crossing over the Hucknall Road on the north-side of its junction with Arnold Road, when the following occurred. Incidentally, this is the first of my ‘recollections’ that include speech.

As we crossed the road, my mother suddenly exclaimed, with much exasperation, “Oh look at the mess!” And I could see what she meant. There was thick orange mud all over Arnold Road and we were about to paddle through it. “Where’s it coming from?” I said innocently. “They are building a new school” my mother replied and she then added (and I remember this very clearly) “from what I hear, it’s quite a good school, too”¹. Now ‘school’ was a word that had been mentioned to me at home as I was then approaching school age of 5. So I said “Is that the one I will be going to”? “No,” she replied “you will be going to Southwark Street School”. “Oh”, I said, and thought no more of it.



The Road Crossing as it appears today.

In this Panoramic view, the Hucknall Road runs across the whole picture with the Arnold Road Junction behind the traffic light on the LH side of the Picture. The incident occurred when we were roughly where the traffic light now stands.

With 70 years of hindsight, I now realise that the “mud” incident must have been early 1953 when the building of the new HP School was under way. The reason for the exceptional

¹ We had had 3 HP boys living in our road during the war years, from whom she had heard of the School’s reputation. The three boys were Peter Didcot, Brian Allen (son of Rolls-Royce Engineer, and HP Scout Leader Jack Allen) and Robert Patchett.

‘mess’ was that this work involved not only the construction of school buildings but also the considerably larger task of terracing some 27 acres of playing-fields. This would have been a ‘not inconsiderable task’ given the very limited capabilities of the landscaping equipment (mostly bulldozers) available at that time.

Strangely, I don’t recall this memory ever occurring to me in my 7 years actually at HP. It only came back to me in the very wet autumn of 2002, when the Gainsford Crescent Site was being redeveloped and the builders were in the process of ‘un-terracing’ (or whatever the word is) our playing-fields. It was a particularly dark winter’s afternoon, with pouring rain, and I was standing on the top floor of the Main Building looking out



Un-Terracing the Playing Fields in April 2003.

The orange soil visible once again.

over a sea of mud of what used to be our playing fields, and trying to take a photograph. Actually, I don’t recall quite as much mud reaching Arnold Road on this later occasion – possibly the modern JCBs made easier work of it than in 1953. Also, I suspect that the mud problem might have been better anticipated and managed with better drainage.

Well, my mother was right. I did go to Southwark Street School, but I did make it to that new school on the hill eventually. And yes, my mother did hear right. It was a good school. In my humble opinion, one of the very, very best...

Graham Wybrow

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The Staff Mentioned Less – Part 3.

Younger Paviers, especially, are invited to tell us about some of these:

Mr Billington, who was appointed Deputy Head after Mr Wilkinson left to become Headmaster at a private school in Newcastle. The ignoscenti, fools, and the unenlightened might say that Mr Wilkinson had been promoted. But we who have known High Pavement can tell them there was no moving up from there; Higher Pavement did not exist.

Mr Billington must have been a Mathematics teacher, as he once arranged a meeting to begin at 9:47 am, on the grounds that “947 is a nice prime number”. When conducting the business at assemblies he used to cause amusement by intoning “O God” as if it was a despairing interjection rather than an invocation to ethereal power.

Mr Stan Read (HP 1964-5), who taught Mathematics and was reputed to be unusually strict. He was never my teacher, and all I remember of him is a bald head and an interest in amateur radio, though I do not suggest that the two traits were causally related.

Other staff seldom mentioned in the Pavior include Mr Michael H. Winfield (HP 1963-69) and Mr Philip A. Thompson (1964-7), who were both Science teachers; Mr J. Geoffrey Flood (1960s); Mr Terence A. Harris (1967), who may have taught Geography; and Peter Aldwinkle, who was known for being an exceptional sportsman.

Childhood Memories by Clive Bagshaw.

Flight Memories and Flying Objects.

Clive was at High Pavement from 1956-1961. This is the second in what is projected to be a series describing not only his early years, with special reference to High Pavement, but also his varied experiences elsewhere, including Africa.

As soon as I was old enough, at the age of fourteen I joined the Air Training Corps as an air cadet at 138 Squadron, Trent Lane in Nottingham, where I further developed my shooting skills and learned to fly the De Havilland Chipmunk tail dragger monoplane and was thus able to bring my boyhood dreams to life after reading all the Biggles books as a kid, mostly by torchlight under the blankets when I was supposed to be asleep. The ATC taught me military style discipline and respect for others, developed my leadership skills, and prepared me well for life after school.



The De Havilland Chipmunk



The Ballykelly
Crest

As an air cadet I had some great exciting flights. On one annual camp at RAF Ballykelly in Northern Ireland, I was fortunate to share a special flight with my cousin Keith, (we joined cadets together), and another cadet. There was just one trip and only three cadets could go. To select the lucky ones, they asked whose birthday it was and Keith and I were fortunate in that our birthdays were closest to the event. The squadron was a coastal

command squadron flying Shackletons on maritime reconnaissance. This particular flight was to be in a Mark II Shackleton equipped for maritime patrols, a huge four-engined bomber with contra-rotating dual propellers on each engine. It was to be at least a four-hour flight. We flew out over the North Atlantic where the Royal Navy had laid a buoy for us to use as a target to test some new radar with. Having detected the buoy on radar, and altered course for it, we flew down to just 100 feet above the waves, spray covering the windscreen, on a ten-mile run-in to the target, guided by the new radar, and dropped small 7-lb practice bombs on it. After three runs I was allowed to take the bomb aimer's couch and drop two bombs myself, with a direct hit. I was well pleased. Before we left the area, I was allowed to fire the 20-mm Aden Canons from the front gun turret at the target buoy. That was one heck of an exciting day for a fourteen-year-old lad, and you couldn't talk to me for a fortnight without paying half a crown to listen to my story.

These days the Health & Safety Executive probably wouldn't allow such things. Kids dropping Bombs? Good heavens we can't allow that! What a pity. I learned to shoot the Lea Enfield No. 4 MKII 303 rifle and the 303 Bren Machine gun. I held the squadron record for speed stripping and reassembly of the Bren.

I learned to fly in the De Havilland Chipmunk Trainer MK 10, which I also flew from this Coastal Command Station. My instructor told me I was developing a tendency to fly slightly nose high. After politely telling me off twice, he suddenly yelled at me "You are climbing again, get your nose down". Shocked into instant response, I stuck the control column forward but over-corrected and we went into a dive over the beach at Port Rush. I heard those

words I really didn't want to hear, "**I have control**" and he took the controls, levelled off and then went around and over the beach and said "Now look what you've done". People were running in all directions. Whoops. How embarrassing. I learned the little trick I needed to stay straight and level and never had a problem again. Just keep the tip of the engine cowling level with the horizon. Perfect.

We mostly flew from RAF Newton in the tandem two-seat De Havilland Canada DHC-1 Chipmunk Trainer. The RAF received 735 Chipmunks, manufactured in the UK by the De Havilland parent company to specification 8/48 as a Tiger Moth replacement. Later in life, I was to come back to the ATC as a Civilian Instructor teaching young cadets. It was then I learned to do aerobatics in the Chipmunk, taught by the man who had more experience on this type than any other pilot, Air Commodore Peter Naz, AOC, Air Officer Commanding, of Air Cadets. What an amazing experience that was. The De Havilland Chipmunk shared many features of the Spitfire in as much as it was a single engined low wing monoplane, a tail dragger, it was extremely manoeuvrable, very agile, fully aerobatic and very sensitive on the controls, so much so that one day as we were beginning aerobatics I asked my instructor, "why is the aircraft shaking and vibrating like this?". He replied "because you are grasping the control column too tightly. It is sensing your tenseness. Relax, and just hold it gently between finger and thumb. Be gentle with her". As soon as I did that the vibrations stopped. I was amazed. Of course, in spite of similarities to the Spitfire this was no fighter but it *was* an excellent trainer. I loved doing aerobatics in it. It is interesting to note that Spitfire pilots need to have been trained first on the Chipmunk and it is still the case today with respect to the Battle of Britain Memorial flight Spitfires. If you have not learned to fly a Chipmunk you can't fly a Spitfire. There are many similarities that make mastery of the Chipmunk an essential prerequisite to flying the Spitfire.



Another of Clive's machines:
The Beagle Pup 100

A UFO over Nottingham City Centre in the Early 1960s.

[Clive describes a UFO sighting and explains what he believes it was, and why.]

In the early 1960s I travelled to work on the bus. Being a smoker in those early days and always wanting to see where I was going, I used to go upstairs where smoking was permitted on the bus and sit on one of the two front seats on the upper deck. One morning as we passed through Sherwood travelling down Mansfield Road, the A60 into Nottingham, we came up the rise to the top of the hill at Carrington and from there you can see over the city. I was astonished to see an object shaped like a cigar tube hovering above the city centre. I was looking at it sideways on, and it was horizontal and larger than any aircraft I had ever seen. There were no signs of any smoke that might have indicated engine exhaust. We descended down the other side of the hill towards the junction with Hucknall Road and lost sight of the object until passing the Forest recreation ground and Rock Cemetery as we topped the next hill at Forest Road. Now, once again, we could see clearly over the city and the object was still there, hovering motionless about 750 to 1,000 feet above the ground. I was a trainee pilot, having joined the Air Training Corps as a teenage cadet, had a serious interest in all things flying and would later join a local flying club. I had never seen anything like this. Its length would have covered several city centre office blocks easily. I nudged the guy sitting next to

me and asked him “do you see what I see?” and saw he was looking at it too. He said he did. We decided it was an extra-terrestrial UFO, not of this world.

Due to all the thick cigarette smoke that filled the top deck of the bus and people engrossed in their morning papers I doubt if anybody else behind us saw the object from that bus but other people in the area must have seen it. I never saw any reports of the sighting in local newspapers, which seemed strange. Just as we crossed Forest Road and started our final descent into the city centre the object suddenly moved away silently at phenomenal speed and with no signs of any propulsion system or leaving a trail of any kind. It flew in a straight line over towards the west. Within about three and a half seconds it had disappeared over the horizon. The rate of acceleration from a standing start to full speed was impossible by any standards known then or even today. Using contour maps I have calculated the distance to the horizon from the top deck of a bus at the elevation of Forest Road to be 16 miles, and with a 3½ second flight time it had to be doing at least 16 thousand mph from a standing start.

I have tried to pinpoint the locality within the city area that the object hovered over considering the city skyline and its various easily identifiable buildings such as the domed



The Site of Clive's UFO sighting:
where Mansfield Road meets
Forest Road.

council house at the end of Old Market Square and certain office blocks I knew, one of which was my employer's head office at that time and I am quite certain that it was more or less directly over the ROF, (Royal Ordnance Factory) slightly south west of the city centre down Wilford Road in The Meadows area. This was a factory I knew because my cousin worked there as a lathe turner and had the distinction of having drilled the most accurate gun barrel for a Chieftain tank ever produced at the factory. I visited him at work there several times. This was one of the largest ordnance factories in the

U.K. and also made the Bristol Bloodhound missile launcher of yesteryear and the Hornet Malkara missile launcher, another product of those days. The ROF has gone now and the area has seen much change. The UFO was just one of those strange experiences that have littered my life.

[Editor's Note: there are, of course, different attitudes towards the likelihood that UFO sightings, or at any rate some, are evidence for alien visits. Here Clive, as author of this article, shall have his say.]

It is interesting to note today that although UFOs have been denied by officialdom for so long, the wealth of evidence from fighter pilots, commercial pilots, radar operators, naval pilots, ships' officers, police officers and truly credible witnesses, coupled with hard radar plots and recorded gun camera footage from military aircraft, shows the capabilities of UFOs to manoeuvre and change direction in an instant, to hover, and to fly away at speeds way beyond anything that mankind can achieve, all without any visible signs of propulsion. We simply do not know what they are or where they are from, or whether they are manned or robotic, and have no idea about their technology, which is clearly way beyond ours. They keep appearing all over the world, particularly above nuclear facilities, in which they seem to have a serious interest, and armaments factories. This now explains the appearance of the one I saw over the Royal Ordnance Factory in Nottingham, one of the largest in the UK all those years ago in the 1960s.

Old Pavior Knights: Sir Arthur Trueman, FGS, FRS.

We look at the distinguished career of a Pavior renowned for his work in Geology, the second Pavior known to have been knighted.

Arthur Trueman was born in Nottingham on April 26th 1894, the son of Elijah Trueman, a lacemaker, and Thirza Newton Cottee. He was destined for high distinction in the world of geology, but so far as we know his first great interest was not purely scientific; it was sketching from nature, and the proficiency he gained for doing this allowed him in later life to illustrate his books and papers with his own artwork. But this takes us ahead of our story. In 1906 he was awarded a scholarship to High Pavement, which he attended for five years. During this period he must have shown great promise; for by the time he left he had passed London University's Intermediate BSc exam.

High Pavement evidently had a Field and Camera Club at this time, it being reported that Trueman was much influenced by it; and it must have been greatly influenced by him: he organised field excursions and played a prominent part in exhibitions of natural history specimens.



Castle Gate Congregational Church.
(Picture supplied by Graham Wybrow.)

Before I go on to relate the endeavours that earned Arthur Trueman great distinction in the scientific world, here is a non-scientific titbit of local interest: The Castle Gate Congregational Church had in 1836 established a Blooms Grove Mission in Radford, of which Trueman was later a member. We are not told what this body did, but it is recorded that at the Young People's Social he convulsed his audience with a humorous recitation of "Hunting the Mouse". He also became a Sunday school teacher, and as a result first met his future wife, Kitty Offler. Because of the marriage, and her husband's later scientific eminence, she was destined to become Lady Florence Kate Offler (1897-1978). And

now for a sub-titbit also of local interest: the rare name Offler seems to be Nottinghamian: of the eighteen Offlers born in England between 1880 and 1900 eleven entered the world in Nottinghamshire, and all but four were from the Midlands. By the way, at least one internet source tells us that Kitty Offler had sixteen siblings. However, I have not been able to verify that from the English and Welsh records.

After leaving High Pavement Arthur Trueman became a student teacher at Huntingdon Street School, and with a grant as a teacher in training he entered University College, Nottingham in 1912 to study Geology. No scholarships were available to support his degree studies, and so concurrently with his teacher training he began to read for a BSc of London University. He graduated with first-class honours in 1914 and



The View from Castle Gate Church towards Middle and High Pavement, with its Chapel and School. (Picture supplied by Graham Wybrow.)

went on gain from that same institution an MSc in 1916 and a DSc in 1918. Those of you that, like me, are not geologists may gain an idea of how abstruse his studies were from the subjects of his theses:

- the MSc was for work on the morphology of the ammonite septum;
- and the DSc was for the systematics and evolutionary development of the ammonite family liparoceratidae.

Trueman's first academic post was as Assistant Lecturer at University College, Cardiff in 1917. He subsequently became Head of the Geology Department at University College, Swansea in 1920 and Channing Wills Professor of Geology at Bristol University in 1933, and occupied the Chair of Geology at Glasgow University till 1946.

Arthur Trueman's works included the following:

- Studies of the carboniferous coal measures of Wales, including work still cited today.
- Studies of the Bristol coalfields.
- Papers concerned with the lower Jurassic in the Bristol area and Wales.
- Books:
- The Scenery of England and Wales
- An Introduction to Geology
- Geology and Scenery of England and Wales
- The Coalfields of Great Britain.

Arthur Trueman was distinguished by honours and awards, including:

- In 1925 - Murchison Fund of the Geological Society of London.
- In 1934 - Gold Medal of the South Wales Institute of Engineers.
- In 1938 - Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.
- In 1939 - Bigsby Medal of the Geological Society of London.
- In 1942 - Fellow of the Royal Society.
- From 1949 to 1953 - Chairman of the University Grants Committee.
- From 1945 to 1947 - President of the Geological Society of London.
- In 1951 - Knighthood.
- In 1955 - Wollaston Medal of the Geological Society of London.

Arthur Trueman had been influential in the world of Geology despite being in frail health throughout his life. He died in London on January 5th 1956 aged 61.

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HP Quick Questions.

1. Which biology teacher had an apt name for the job?
2. And who had a great name for a teacher: you couldn't make it up?
3. (Easy one.) Who illustrated the meaning of *archaic* by giving as an example of archaic language: "Thou varlet. I will have thy guts for garters, thou grotty meatbag."

[Answers on page 12]

Memories of High Pavement.

Alex Rae describes High Pavement in his time, which included some of the last years of the school. However, the protagonists in his narrative will for the most part be familiar to older Pavors, too. So read here about Swill, 'Grotty' Bill, Dobbo and Obbo and Compass and Co. (We never had a Mr Cobley.)

I attended High Pavement from 1966 -1973. The three teachers who had the biggest influence on me were Bill Gray (English), Ray Caulton (Maths and PE) and Jeremy Morris (Music).

Bill Gray was a one-off. Indeed, he was something of a polymath. He was my form teacher in the 4th and 5th years. Quite apart from his teaching duties, he was heavily involved in coaching the cricket and rugby teams and he directed school plays (including Stanley Middleton's "The Captain from Nottingham") and Gilbert and Sullivan operas, in which I appeared from 1969-1973. In 1971, he played the role of the Sergeant of Police in "The Pirates of Penzance". Bill Gray used to bring a suitcase of his own books in on Monday mornings and operated a lending library.

He was from the north-east and had attended Newcastle Royal Grammar School before going to Nottingham University. On one occasion, he berated me for referring to Chester-LE-Street (distinct pronunciation of "Le"). "It's Chestleystreet, all one word!!!" He was known for his unique dress sense, notably his odd socks and his knee-length cricket jumper.

Jeremy Morris was a very fine baritone, who had trained at The Royal College of Music. He inspired my love of singing when he sang "The Trumpet Shall Sound" from "Messiah" (accompanied by Stanley Middleton) at an assembly shortly before Christmas in 1966. Several of my contingent still remember the pleasure they got from the songs he trained the whole school to sing at Speech Days, for example the Soldiers' Chorus from Gounod's "Faust" and "When the Foeman Bears His Steel" from "The Pirates of Penzance". Mr Morris was also a very talented batsman. On one occasion, while playing for the Staff cricket team against the school's 1st XI, he hit a six that smashed through a staffroom window, showering EWN Smith, who was marking homework, with glass fragments.

Maths was never my strong point, and Ray Caulton taught me only in the second year. But he had a major influence on my life in one respect. Following Sam Thrasher's retirement, he became the House Master of my House, Woodthorpe. He knew that I wanted to study Law and suggested that I should apply to Grey College at Durham University, whose Principal was Dr Sydney Holgate. Dr Holgate was from Hucknall and had attended Henry Mellish Grammar School. Ray Caulton served as an RAF navigator during WWII and prior to his flight training in Canada had taken a maths course at Hatfield College, Durham University that was taught by Dr Holgate, who was studying for a PhD there. I duly applied to Grey College, was interviewed by Dr Holgate and was accepted. Ray Caulton knew that Dr Holgate was a notable cricketer and a railway enthusiast. At Ray Caulton's suggestion, I mentioned that I was from Nottingham and introduced the subjects of cricket and railways into my discussion with Dr Holgate.

Our form teacher in the 3rd year was Mr Osborne. His habitual way of quietening us was through a demand for "total silence". On one occasion, when we were gathered in our form room just before the school broke up for half-term, there was something more like total uproar than total silence. In walked the headmaster, MH Brown, tawse in hand. He slammed the tawse down on Mr Osborne's desk. He turned to us and told us to leave. Then he looked at Mr Osborne and said: "You, I want to see you in my room now." Given Mr Brown's penchant

for strict and stern discipline, I have often wondered if Mr Osborne received six of the best. Incidentally, it was Bill Gray and John "Bert" Dodd (French) who gave Mr Brown the disrespectful nickname "Albert", naming him after Albert Brown, Nottingham's very own Quentin Crisp. Woe betide anyone whom Mr Brown heard calling him "Albert".

EWN Smith taught us English in the 3rd year and he and Stanley Middleton taught me for A-Level English. Mr Smith was, of course, known as "Compass Face", but I recall him coming into class one morning and saying: "I know you boys call me 'Weather Cock'."

Ken Dobson (English) used to travel to school from his home in Gedling on a moped. He only taught me in my second year but I got to know him from our membership of The Lunar Society, a discussion group based on the organisation bearing that name that was created in Birmingham in 1765. We used to meet at the homes of pupils and teachers on Friday evening and invite guest speakers to lead our discussions on various issues. A group of us kept in touch with Mr Dobson after we left school. He once told us how he defied Hermann Goering and lived to tell the tale. Immediately before the outbreak of WWII, Mr Dobson was teaching English as a foreign language in Berlin. On one occasion, he was near the Brandenburg Gate when Hermann Goering approached him, seeking donations for the Luftwaffe. He was holding a collection box bearing the notice that the minimum donation was one Reichsmark. Mr Dobson put a mere 10 pfennigs into the box and made a swift exit. Mr Dobson managed to get on one of the last trains out of Berlin to Copenhagen immediately before the war started.

As with Maths, Biology was not one of my fortes. We were taught O-Level Biology by Mr SW "Swill" Hill. On one occasion, he brought a dead cat into class: "My cat died this morning. I want you to dissect it."

Virtus Sola Nobilitas.

Editor's remark: the dissection that Mr Hill ordained would probably not be allowed nowadays. In General Science kids dissected bulls' eyes till about 2000, when the activity was banned because of the danger of infection: health and safety carry all before them. By the way, 'Swill' pronounced *dissect* as the dictionaries would have us pronounce it. On the other hand, one of my English teachers, who shall not here be named, shamed, or blamed, made *dissect* rhyme with *bisect*, a practice not lexicographically sanctioned.

As for Bill Gray's portable library, I remember that when a pupil asked why the school's library levied fines on those that forgot to bring their books back on time, he gave a reply that you would probably say was characteristic of him: "it's so that the library can buy more books for you to forget".

ooOoo

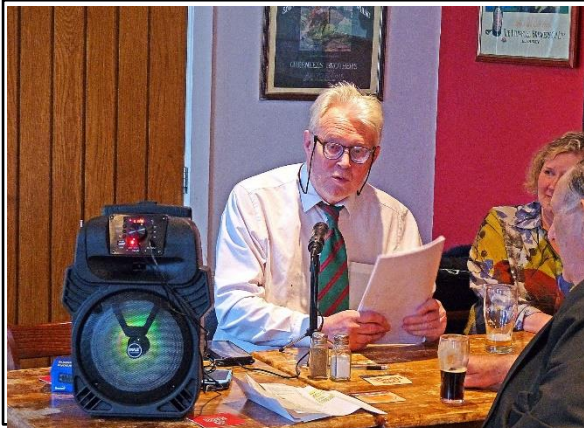
Answers to the HP Quick Questions.

1. Mr Slater, as his name is a dialect word for a woodlouse.
2. Mr Thrasher, of course!
3. Bill Gray, of course.

An Erudite Gathering at the Poppy and Pint.

When Pavors met for their Spring Lunch on March 25th they enjoyed an unusual enhancement to the informal business.

The ancient Greeks had a kind of party called a symposion, where they gathered for drinking and intellectual talk, the latter item presumably declining in step with the remaining supply of wine. Well, we did better than that at the most recent meeting of Old Pavors, an event efficiently organised by Clive Bagshaw in March: for we were treated to a deeply researched presentation that for most of us, if not all, was also something of an eye-opener; and its quality did not decline. Read on. The highlight of the aforementioned event was a talk



Alex delivering his talk at the Spring Lunch

by Alex Rae called *A Literary Ramble Around Nottinghamshire*. It turns out there is much more to literature in our shire than D. H. Lawrence, and even than the man of whom we Pavors are proud, Stanley Middleton. Despite the title of Alex's talk, no-one could accuse him of rambling, and so I cannot pack into a five-minute read all that we were told, but here are some titbits:

Henry Kirke White, who was born in The Shambles, where the Council House now is, wrote *On Clifton Grove*, and more famously *Oft in Danger* *Oft in Woe* (Onward Christian Soldiers).

Thomas Gray, famous for his *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, was a friend of Frederick Montague, who owned Papplewick Hall. It has a curfew bell, and there is speculation that Gray got the inspiration for the first line of his work from it.

The wife, Dorothy, of the Distinguished Education Director Henry Whipple was the author of several very popular books in the 1940s and 50s. They have recently been republished by Persephone.

Hilda Lewis, who lived from 1896 to 1974, was an author of historical novels and children's books.



President Ken Kirk with Lynne Cawthorne and, nearest the camera, Irene Lindley, who was present at the world premiere of *The Mousetrap* in 1952.

Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap*, which is the longest-running play the world has ever seen, had its world premiere in Nottingham in 1952. Remarkably, when Alex mentioned this, one member of our gathering, Irene Lindley, raised her hand and announced that she had been present at that event.

Morecambe and Wise first met at Nottingham's Empire Music Hall in 1940.

J. M. Barrie, the Scottish author famous for *Peter Pan*, worked for a year in Nottingham. His daily walk to work took him through the Arboretum, which it is conjectured inspired his vision of Neverland, Peter possibly being due to a poor little boy he encountered.

Mary Howitt is famous for her creation of *The Spider and The Fly*. She and her husband William were authors of note, sufficiently so to be visited in 1834 by William Wordsworth at their shop in Parliament Street.

The children's author Arthur Mee, who lived from 1875 to 1943, was born in Stapleford.

Rip van Winkle's creator, Washington Irving, visited the Nottinghamshire village of



Paviors at the Spring Lunch. All pictures here were supplied by Graham Wybrow.

Gotham during a stay at Newstead Abbey in 1824. Gotham's inhabitants are celebrated for having once astutely pretended to be stupid if not actually mad in order to dissuade King John from embarking on an unwelcome project in their village. Irving said that New York was also a place of wise fools, and thus did that city acquire its alias, *Gotham*.

Ebenezer Brewer, author of the *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, is buried in Edwinstowe, which is the village where he wrote it (before his burial).

Nottinghamshire's literary tradition is not purely in the past; for it is maintained, and by Old Pavors at that, in more modern times.

Two authors of note that are also alumni of High Pavement are:

Michael Standen, who lived from 1937 to 2008.

Martyn Beardsley, whose Sir Gadabout stories have appeared on television.

Thanks to Graham Wybrow's work you can hear a recording of Alex's talk, with the option of seeing the accompanying slide show, at this address:

<https://www.highpavementsociety.org.uk/archive.html> (Feb 2025 Pavior)

Alex's presentation was followed by a singing of *Carmen Paviorum*, which on this occasion sadly was much like a sequel to the Lord Mayor's show; for we somehow lost the plot. As a retired teacher and the writer of this report of our meeting, I will be content to say of this closing item "Could do better."

ooOoo

Faces Not Quite Remembered.

John Gurnhill, who has helped us to identify staff from pictures in the November 2024 and February 2025 Pavors, has a few words to add.

As for Mr Symonds...it probably was Saayman. I don't remember him too kindly though; repeating Y3 work in Y4 wasted a year of Maths. He was also in error once on some mathematical point, on which I had to correct him in class. He probably didn't take too kindly to that. But when I got the grade 1 he was very pleased! I think he taught Physics too. In one lesson I was asked to read something from the text book. The lesson was in the room used for the smoky annual bonfire night session, where it was advisable to sit adjacent to the side windows to get air. After I had read for a while he surprised me by asking if I could read any quicker. At 15 I didn't understand sarcasm, so I may have speeded up!

By the way, after retiring in 1997 from Arnold Hill after 25 years, mostly as head of Maths, I returned a few years later as an invigilator for their external exams and mocks, a task I am still doing at present. 28 years later.

The Hounds of the Paviorvilles.

Actually this is not one for Sherlock, but help is invited.

Does anyone recall a music group called *The Hound Dogs*? They were five pupils of High Pavement, and are known to have rehearsed there. A video on YouTube provides a sample of their music to the accompaniment of still pictures of them at the school in 1965.



The Hound Dogs at High Pavement 1965

One of these is reproduced here. I myself was at High Pavement then, and have no recollection of the group; but as a pupil in the first year I had little knowledge of doings in the senior school at the time. On the left you see the five members, but we are not told where in the school building this was. A newspaper article at the time declares that they performed at venues including The Beacon Beat Club, which was at the Beacon Hotel in Aspley, and The Sun Inn in Eastwood. We also know the names of the quintet of budding performers and their function in the group:

they were Alan Carnell, lead vocalist; Rik Kenton, guitar and vocalist; Mick Kenton, drummer; Bob Wyvill, guitar; Graham Wyvill, bass guitar.

You can see the video of them, which was posted in October last year, at this address:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1x4zntxWVus>

You may, on the other hand, find it more convenient to search YouTube for “The Hound Dogs at High Pavement”, which will quickly find the channel called “Graham Wyvill” and the video.

[The information here was pointed out by Graham Wybrow.]

ooOoo

A Short Message from Tommy Gee.

Tommy will become a centenarian this summer. Here is a piece he submitted.

Dear Colin, I think we met, I have no memory left, but am prompted by the February 2025 newsletter to send a few words. I shall enjoy my centenary year, reaching 100 this summer. I owe a great deal to H.P.

My father was a pork butcher with a shop and slaughter house on Radford Road. Following injuries in World War 1 his feet were amputated but he lived a full life.

The butcher's shop was inherited from his father and there was a further branch in Broxtowe. I lived at 82 Bobbers Mill Road, convenient for my father to walk, on his stumps, to the shop. The shop was sold much later to Pork Farms, a large Nottingham Pork Butchers.

My sister, Alice, went to the Manning School, where she was Head Girl. However, my two younger sisters, Dorothy and Joan, went to the Nottingham Girl's High School, paying fees of £6 per term. We had moved up the social scale!

So my early days were spent at Stanley Road, a mile walk from home at Bobbers Mill Road. Alice had a Parker Scholarship and I had an All Saint's Scholarship. I then went up to Oxford where I read Mathematics.

I later joined the Colonial Service and was posted to Uganda, which became my career, developing educational services to university level in Uganda.

Tommy Gee

The Mystery of the Latin Inscription.

If you thought Latin at school was intellectually demanding, you might be cheered by knowing that some classicists can be too intellectual.

Professor Oviceps unrolled a long strip of paper bearing a message in Latin and laid it flat on his desk. It was a copy of an inscription found on a park bench. *Ore stabit fortis a fine placeto restat*. Dr Quidfilious, the Professor's assistant, spoke:

"I'm not sure I fully understand it," he declared.

"It's most interesting," the Professor remarked, "though at least the meaning is clear. Let us look at it together. *Ore stabit*, with the mouth he will stand. That, at least, is straightforward. Evidently there is a man that will take a stand against some oppression or tyranny by making a speech against it."

"Quite so," agreed the Doctor, "but the next bit, *fortis a fine*, brave from the end?"

"The choice of preposition is surprising," the Professor remarked. "We might have expected something like *fortis usque ad finem*, brave to the very end, if the man thought his denunciation of the tyrant might imperil his life. Probably it means he will derive courage from every fibre of his body, even the furthest extremities."

"I see. So use of a plural would have been more precise: *a finibus*, from the extremities. Of course, with inscriptions a certain amount of licence has to be allowed, owing to the demands of euphony and conciseness. But what do we make of the last two words?"

"*Placeto restat*: you shall please; he stands his ground. Evidently the inscription is addressed to a man expected to do as the tyrant bids without demur; but the unknown third person continues to oppose. As I said, the meaning itself is clear; but there must be an interesting story behind the words. Perhaps it would be idle nowadays to speculate. On the other hand, we might have material for a paper in *Acta Diurna Vaefflorum*."

At this moment there was a tap at the door, which opened to admit the Professor's secretary, with tea and biscuits on a tray. "Your midmorning refreshment, Professor."

"Thank you, Clara. Please put it down here on the desk, next to this inscription."

As she did so, Clara glanced at the object of academic rumination.

"I've seen that before," she said. "It's in Caudex Park on a bench. But why don't they put the spaces between words in the right places?"

"Explain what you mean by that."

"Well, it says *O rest a bit, for 'tis a fine place to rest at*. But the spaces are all wrong."

"I was just showing the absurdity to Dr Quidfilious here, as an example of declining literary standards. We were about to write to *The Times* deploring the state of literacy nowadays, and suggesting that it might be remedied by teaching Latin in schools. Thank you, Clara, you may go."

The 'Latin' inscription was, indeed, reported to have been seen on a park bench in Oxfordshire, and it is readily found by internet search; so the only originality I can claim in order to justify reproducing it here is in the perverse interpretation I have ascribed to the two fictitious academics. Will real academics please excuse my parodying their work, and errors in my attempt to construe the inscription? I might add that when I first saw it I was baffled, till the solution was pointed out. Then it seemed obvious, and it was hard to understand how I had not seen at once that it was not really Latin. Perhaps the Romans had a maxim that hindsight is a lot less stupid than foresight. Gerald Taylor.