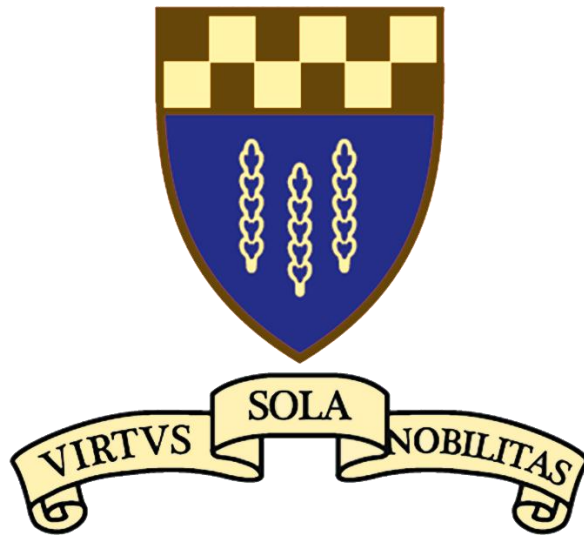


The Pavior

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



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

May 2026

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Copy for *The Pavior* newsletter may be sent to:

Gerald Taylor: news@highpavementsociety.org.uk,
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

The HP Society **Facebook Page** is: www.facebook.com/groups/23244222741252/

ooOoo

From the Committee

Next Event.

Our next social gathering is on April 21st. Notice has been sent to all members whose email addresses we know. If you have not received notice, you can read about the event on page 14.

If you think you ought to have received the email, please tell us so that we can amend our records.

Subscriptions.

Please note that subscriptions, currently £25, are due for renewal at the end of June.

To set up a standing order you can use a form available on our website, which you can download and print. Many people do not feel comfortable or confident with computers, but you will probably find the staff at your local library helpful, and most likely they will have a printer for you to use.

Obituary.

Our member Tommy Gee, whose name will be familiar to many, celebrated his 100th birthday in August last year. Sadly, he died just two months later. There is much to say about Tommy's long and eventful life, as we shall show in the next issue of *The Pavior*.

You can read his obituary in The Guardian:

<https://www.theguardian.com/world/2025/nov/30/tommy-gee-obituary>

Or search for 'Tommy Gee Obituary 2025 the Guardian'

Obituary.

Sadly, our member David Etheridge died last month. His daughter, Clair, writes:

"I am contacting you to regretfully let you know that our beloved Dad, David Etheridge, died on 19th February 2026. He had been beautifully looked after at Buddleia House Care Home in Hucknall before moving to Skylarks Church Farm Care Home in December due to his advancing needs from his mixed dementia diagnosis. I was lucky enough to have him in my life for so long and able to spend considerable time with him.

I know he thoroughly enjoyed reading *The Pavior* booklet when it came through, and when he was unable to read it himself, I happily read it to him while he enjoyed a few snacks.

Dad attended High Pavement from 1954-59. I still have his original school reports and by all accounts he wasn't 'that' into school but enjoyed sports!!"

Two tributes to David have already reached us. There is room here for only one, shown below. The photo that accompanied it, and the other tribute, will appear in the August Pavior.

Very sad to hear that David Etheridge has died. I have fond memories of him. I had not seen David for many years although we did have much in common in the past.

David and I both attended Haydn Road Primary School and went onto High Pavement Grammar School at Stanley Road. I was a year older than David. We were also both members of the Nottingham Leander Swimming Club for many years as well as being members of the High Pavement School Swimming Team. HP had a strong swimming team then as many were also members of the Nottingham Leander SC squad and some represented the Notts County ASA.

David and I were also members of the Nottingham City Police after leaving HP, I went to Central Division as a Police Constable whereas David went to the Northern Division. I left after 5 years in 1964. We then lost touch with each other and I believe David eventually retired after a lifetime in the Police Service.

I knew David's Mum and Dad well too. George Etheridge was a Gents' Hairdresser at the City Co-op Store on Parliament Street. I visited their home at Crossley Street, Sherwood on many occasions in the 1950s/60s. Les Armstrong, a well-known Canadian Nottingham Panthers Ice Hockey player used to be a lodger with his parents too.

Barry Johnson

Connections with High Pavement

Roy Johnson tells us how an education at High Pavement was a job passport in Southampton, and a school rugby top was recognised as far afield as Leeds.

Over the years since I left school in 1971 I have had very limited contact with High Pavement or Old Pavors until I joined the society. I have been able to attend a few of the social functions recently, which I have enjoyed very much. However, readers may be interested in my loose connections to High Pavement, which I describe below.

My first work on leaving school was at a firm of accountants whose office was on High Pavement!

In 1976 I applied for a job in Southampton. I was called down for an interview and very surprisingly I was offered the position on the spot. The man who interviewed me, a very kindly pipe-smoking chap, said that as soon as he read in my CV that I had been educated at High Pavement I was more or less nailed on for the job, but he just wanted to meet me to make sure. That man was Norman Yates who turned out to be an Old Pavior himself! I believe that Norman was also a member of the High Pavement Society although he has now sadly passed away. [*This is so. He died in October 2020 and his obituary appeared in the November issue of The Pavior – ed.*]

I have not lived in Nottingham since that initial move to Southampton, nearly fifty years ago. I have subsequently lived in Leeds, Birmingham and currently Cheshire. A few years after leaving Southampton for work in Leeds I went to a fancy-dress party there. I did not want to splash out for a fancy costume so I wore my old yellow and blue hooped rugby shirt (which still fitted me!), a bandana around my head and an eye patch. I pinned a plastic parrot, which I bought in Woolworths, onto the shoulder of my rugby shirt and went as a pirate! A chap approached me at the party and said “If I’m not mistaken you are wearing a High Pavement rugby shirt!” It turned out that he had attended the school in the early 1960s and we had a good old chat about school days. Sadly, I cannot recall his name.

Finally, I now live in Helsby, Cheshire. Behind my house is Helsby Hill which is an outcrop of Bunter sandstone (also known as Sherwood sandstone). This is the same sedimentary rock that runs right across to Nottingham (city of caves) and of course High Pavement sits on a cliff of the very same stone. So I feel that in a geological way I am still connected to High Pavement!

Roy Johnson

It seems the scientific community have settled for Sherwood as the name of the sandstone rather than Bunter; which derives, incidentally, not from the (in-)famous schoolboy, who could not have eaten sandstone, though he could manage almost anything else, but from a German word for bright.

ooOoo

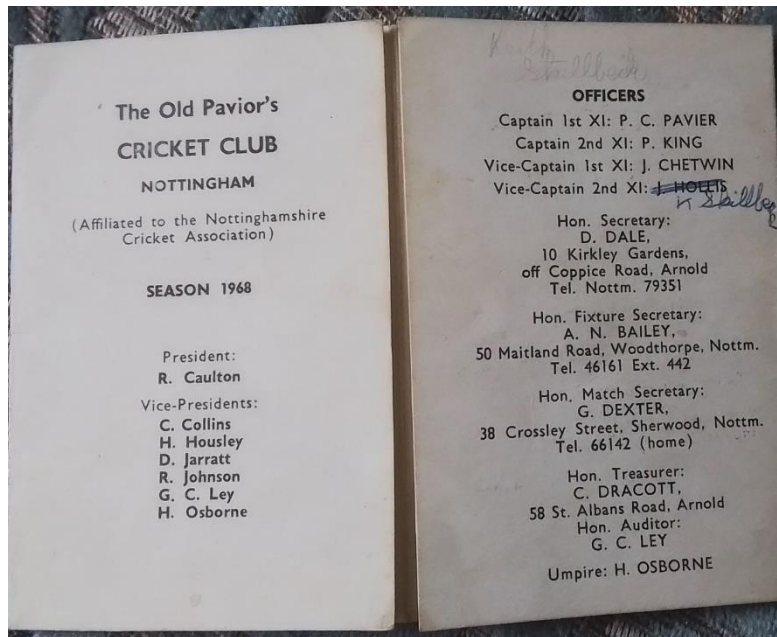
Correction to the February Pavior.

In an addition I made to Alex Rae’s article I stated that Holgate Academy was formerly Hucknall Grammar School. Actually, it was formerly Holgate Grammar School, which as stated got its name from Annie Elizabeth Holgate. Editor

From James Wilkinson.

I have fond memories of HP as I was there in 1967 and 1968 to do A-Levels.

I played cricket there and then went on to play for the Old Paviers cricket team. Terry Lee was mentioned in the February edition and I played alongside him for a number of years. I thought I was fast but he was electric with whippy action. I am sure he could have played first-class cricket, but he had shoulder injuries mainly because of his action.



I attach a fixture card from 1968 for OPCC. Lance Wright opened the batting with Keith Bancroft, and we had other good players in Peter Pavier (Captain), John Chetwin, Brian Ward, Ian Collings, John Davis, Dave Yeats, Mim Davies etc.

ooOoo

Bob Patchett (HP 1955-62), BEM.

Old Pavior and member of our Society, Bob himself is too modest to brag of his high award. Fortunately, his wife, Pam, has no qualms about letting the world know of the achievement. She writes:

2025 was a busy year for Bob Patchett. In the King's New Year Honours he was awarded a British Empire Medal (BEM) for service in his local community, resulting in an invitation to a Buckingham Palace garden party, a service in Lichfield Cathedral and an award ceremony with the Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire. In the middle of all this was a celebration of 60 years of marriage which required two separate events. 2026 will be a quieter year with just his 90th birthday to celebrate!

This is following your appeal for more news. Bob himself would not dream of sending it! He joined High Pavement at the age of 10.

Best regards. KOKO!

Pam sends pictures from his 60th wedding celebration and his award ceremony.



Alex Rae Tells of Real-Life Rumpoles.

When I was in the 6th Form (1971-1973) we were allocated free tickets by Nottingham City Council for the Nottingham Playhouse. I was lucky enough to see many notable productions, but I particularly recollect seeing Leonard Rossiter (Rising Damp and Reginald Perrin) as Richard, Duke of Gloucester, in *Richard III*. In May 1978, I went to the Playhouse to see the UK premiere of Tennessee Williams's *Vieux Carré* only to find that Williams himself was sitting in the foyer before the performance.

I was one of the youngest in my year and I decided to take a gap year before going to Durham University to study law, where one of my lecturers was Leo Blair, Tony Blair's father. At the suggestion of Jeremy Morris (head of music at HPGS) I had joined the choir at St Andrew's Presbyterian Church on Goldsmith Street (just down from High Pavement College) where he was the choir master. A fellow choir member was the Chief Clerk at Nottingham Crown Court, and when he learned that I was taking a gap year he offered me a job at the Crown Court. I spent most of my time watching cases, notably the prosecution of Stephen Downing, a 17-year-old with learning difficulties who was convicted in 1974 of murdering a woman in Bakewell. Because he would not admit to the crime, he was not released on licence and served 27 years before being acquitted by the Court of Appeal. Even as an 18-year-old, I questioned the legitimacy of the verdict. My other notable memory was witnessing the fearsome Mr Justice Melford Stevenson, who was noted for his severe sentences. He lived in a house called Truncheons in Winchelsea in East Sussex.

I was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1978 and did my pupillage (compulsory year's training) in barristers' chambers in Newcastle upon Tyne. I can assure readers that *Rumpole of the Bailey* was very much based on fact. Even during murder trials the barristers would take long boozy lunches. I recall one occasion when the barrister leading for the defence in a murder case strolled into court at 2.25 pm. The judge said: "I thought we had agreed to resume at 2.15." The barrister replied: "My Lord, the desserts were late." On another occasion, the same barrister was addressing the same judge. He slammed his file down, looked up and said: "My Lord, have I woken you up?"

My first case was defending a member of a gang run by Benny "The Brick" Mottram. The gang was available for hire to intimidate people, for example candidates from rival political parties. In due course, I decided that the criminal bar was not for me and I joined the Government Legal Service in 1980. I was assigned to the legal department of the Health and Safety Executive (HSE), whose Chief Executive was John Rimington, a Nottingham High School old boy. His wife was Stella Rimington, later head of MI5, who had attended Nottingham Girls High School. On my first day at HSE, I was summoned to Rimington's office. He said that he understood that I was from Nottingham and asked if I had attended the High School. I told him that I was an Old Pavior and the meeting was promptly ended. On another occasion, I was one of a group having an 8.30 am meeting with Rimington. My boss made a comment that Rimington took to be a joke at his expense. Rimington closed his file, looked up and said: "If you are not going to take this seriously you can come back at 6.30." And we did!

In order to gain experience in a ministerial department, I worked briefly at the Department of Employment, where I was given responsibility for advising the Manpower Services Commission (an agency of the Department) which managed job centres. On one occasion, I received a phone call from the HR (Human Resources) department of the MSC, asking whether they could suspend a member of staff without pay who had been arrested. I replied that it depended on what he was accused of and whether he was in custody. It transpired it was Dennis Nilson, a clerk at the Kentish

Town job centre in north London, who was subsequently convicted of murdering 12 young men, most of whom he had met at the job centre.

On another occasion, someone from the Manpower Services Commission HR team phoned me at about 4 pm. "We've just discovered that one of our staff at a job centre is dead. They thought he he'd fallen asleep and didn't want to disturb him "

Although the UK had joined the European Economic Community on 1st January 1973, European law was not a subject offered at Durham's law department. Much of the legal work in government involved giving effect to European obligations and I was seconded to the European Commission's legal department for 6 months in 1984. Based in Brussels, I had business trips to Luxembourg, Strasbourg and Berlin. My supervisor was an Anglophile Italian. When I first met him, he said in a very posh English accent: "My name is Enrico Traversa but you can call me Harry Travers." My time in Brussels proved to be very valuable since I spent much of my career giving effect to European rules on health and safety and food safety.

I subsequently worked at the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food and the Food Standards Agency. On my first day at MAFF, I attended a meeting with the Minister, Gillian Shephard MP. Sitting in the corner was a man wearing a cheap-looking suit. As I left the meeting, I said to my boss: "Why is the Minister's driver here?", to which my boss replied: "That was the Permanent Secretary!"

Alex Rae

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Memories of High Pavement School's Last Days.

Keith Wenborn (HP 1968-75, Basford House), tells of the difficulties faced by dyslexic pupils and his way of coping; his remarkable sporting career at High Pavement; his working as an official at the Paralympic Games; the sporting eminence of some of the staff; and much else.

Hello, my name is Keith Wenborn and I am among the youngest cohort that completed an education at High Pavement Grammar School when there were seven-year groups. We are all seventy this school year. Some of us have an informal get-together once a year and remain in contact through Facebook. This year we are planning a get together to celebrate our seventieth birthdays. The Paviers rugby club have kindly said we can hold the celebration there. It will start at around 7.00 pm and finish when the bar closes on Friday, October 30th. The invitation to the get-together is extended to anyone who attended High Pavement Grammar school.

I attended the school from 1968 to 1975 and was in the S form. The school was set up for boys to achieve academic success and that wasn't necessarily that important to everyone. What some of my friends have achieved after they left school with less than 5 O-levels shows a lot of talent was not nurtured. I am dyslexic, something I got tested for after I retired. In my school days you were simply considered poor at English, dyslexia being then unrecognised, and were told that if you worked harder, you would get better. That's not true, but you can learn techniques that help. After I got my 8 O-levels I started A-level History. On returning my first essay, in front of the whole class, the teacher announced, "I don't know what language you have written this in, but if you patented it, you would make a lot of money." I couldn't have dyslexia as it wasn't invented. I did pass A-level History. For all my A-levels I looked at past papers, worked out the likely questions, wrote the essay to answer questions, had it checked by a teacher and then learned it by heart. My thinking was if an actor could learn a script so could I. It worked. However, reading is slow, and if

I have to read out loud, and I have had to, I read everything through at a couple of times at least beforehand.

We did have some excellent teachers as you will know. My number one was Bill Gray. He went beyond his remit, for me. Everyone in my year took their O-level English early; since it was my weakest subject, I ended up failing. Bill offered to tutor me on a Sunday morning. If you know Bill you will know on a Sunday morning he was not at his best. I used to knock on his door, wait and a fist would open the bedroom window, he would mumble something and then throw a key at me telling me to put the kettle on. It worked and I passed.



Two very successful HP Rugby Teams. The 7s team consisted of (back row) Chris Hollis, Keith Wenborn, Chris Ward, Tony Louth, all fifth-years; and (front) Steve Alsopp, Clive Swinn, Phil Molyneux, all upper sixth.

The 1973 County XVs winners are on the right. In the back row are Glen Scothern (in uniform), Baz Norton, Tommy Lawton (yes, son of), Keith Wenborn, Chris Ward, Paul Day, Phil Molyneux, Barker (there were brothers, one of them Gary), Alan Franks; (middle row) Chris Eggleshaw, John Billam, who played England under-19, Clive Swinn, Alex Rae; (front row) Chris Hollis, Steve Alsopp, Tony Louth, Malc Deacon.

My talents and achievements at school were in Sports. It is something the school excelled at, and the opportunities for top level coaching and competition were very good. Five members of my age group played for the three counties (Notts, Lincs, Derbys) at rugby, two of us for the East Midlands. Several of us played for the City at basketball, and in the sixth form I know one boy represented England. I went to the English Schools Athletic Championship three years running with my friend Nigel Pelling. I also swam for the school. It was seemingly endless years of fun, winning nearly every 7s competition we entered. I didn't play but remember the cricket and hockey teams also did very well and boys represented the county and higher. The senior cross-country team also placed highly in the English Schools' Championships. If you enjoyed sports, it was the place to be.

The school plays which Bill Gray produced were again very good. In the lower sixth the play was *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* by Bertolt Brecht. Bill Gray asked a few of the rugby forwards to be in the play as gangsters, none speaking, sort of extra parts. One Friday I was absent from rehearsals and Bill announced one of the gangsters had to sing. So my friends, doing what friends do, volunteered me. To be honest it was right up my street; I didn't have to work very hard to sing badly. It was still one of the scariest things I did at school.

I was deputy head boy and house captain, and was elected by my peers to be the student representative on the Board of Governors. I did well, for me, academically and left to go to Nottingham College to become a PE teacher. High Pavement was very good to me.

My life turned upside down in my final year at college. I spent a month in The Queen's Hospital.



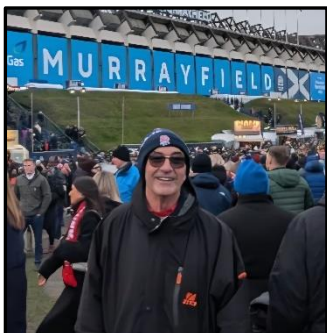
Keith at the Paralympic Games in Barcelona in 1992

Four years later I was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis (MS). I didn't know then there are different types of MS, and I remember feeling very scared. Mine is remitting and relapsing MS and it hasn't really stopped me, although there have been challenging times. I became a primary school teacher, not a brilliant choice with my skill set, and then moved to Special Education. The children had physical as well as learning difficulties. From 1985 I became involved in sport for the disabled. In 1992 I managed the Great Britain men's cerebral palsy football team at the Paralympic Games in Barcelona. We finished 4th, losing the semi-final to Portugal on the 7th penalty having hit the bar in extra time.

In 2001 I got early retirement from teaching on the grounds of ill-health and had to stop my involvement with sports. It did give me the opportunity to try less demanding jobs. I am now happily, make that, very happily retired. I look back at my time at High Pavement with great fondness. I am lucky to keep in touch with some true friends. It would be lovely to see more friends at our get-together on Friday October 30th.

Teachers that I easily remember

The English teachers I remember were all nice. I remember E.W.N. Smith and Stan Middleton walking across the field on their way home as I was having a rugby practice. Mr Smith had MS and I visited him at his home after I left school. He was a lovely man. I recall that his wife translated books into Braille. As for Maths: Mr Caulton, whose class would try to get him talking about the war and the RAF, so the lesson was closed down; Mr Summers, a very serious teacher who we thought had had a sense-of-humour bypass; and Mr J.J. Billington, who was the Deputy Head. Instead of singing *Una voce concinamus*, we sang, *JJ Billington conk enormous*: he did have a



Keith in recent times at Murrayfield

larger than average nose! He managed to get half of my class through O-level. Our PE department was good. There were Pete Pickering, who also ran the scouts; Dick Milne, who is responsible for everything I achieved in athletics; and Pete Aldwinkle, who was a hero, still playing rugby for Nottingham when I was at school but he eventually went to Pavlovs. It was once announced at an assembly that in a cross-country race Dick Milne had beaten John Whetton, who had come fifth in the 1500 metres at the Mexico Olympics in 1968. A big influence was Mr Welsby (Economics). Other teachers would be History: Mr W. S. Thompson and Mr Sprigs or maybe Sprigget. Geography: Mr Bateman and Mr Monk. Science: Swill Hill and his famous "Je dois toujours etre poli" lines, and

there was a Cecil who did Biology, but that might be just what we called him. I remember him making us put our feet on the desk to make sure our socks were a sober colour. Mr T.L. Thompson (Physics). Mr Morris (Music), who I liked and I felt he was just sorry for me because I was tone deaf. Arty Smith the Art teacher, who in the 4th and 5th year used to come in, set us a task and then disappear to the chemistry lab, returning minutes before the bell went.

Stanley Middleton was a good teacher and may have been famous but...

Roger Edwards (HP 1958-65, Wollaton House) tells of a class disagreement with Stanley Middleton, arbitration with Solomonic wisdom by Harry Davies, and a happy and successful outcome.

In September 1958 I reached the dizzy heights of High Pavement Grammar School at Bestwood by two buses from Aspley. By the time I came face to face with Stan Middleton I was cycling the 3+ miles to and from school no matter what the weather (sun, rain, snow, or fog). In 1962 I was part of the 5th form who were awarded Stan's brilliant mind to guide us through English Literature GCE O-Level.

We had to study three works by renowned authors. We were set Chaucer's Pardoner's Tale (I hope my memory is good on that one). A perfectly lurid tale for teenagers. Shakespeare added either Romeo and Juliet (from which I gained a lifelong love of Bernstein's West Side Story) or it may have been The Merchant of Venice. Stan Middleton chose Pride and Prejudice for his all-boys 5th form set.

We were aware that he was a published author, but that didn't deter us from being rebels when it came to our view that Jane Austen wrote books for girls. A small group – about half a dozen including me – decided that we could not contemplate studying Pride and Prejudice for a whole school year. Instead we decided to study the contemporary satire 'Animal Farm' by George Orwell. The rest of the Literature group approved of this swap.

When we sought Stan's approval to change the novel as the subject of our O-Level studies he was firmly against such a change. He said that books had already been bought for that year and couldn't be changed. He was adamant.

Since we were a determined bunch, we continued to debate with him the wisdom of Jane Austen for an all-boys class. He was resolute and would not allow a change. When we could see no chance of success, we decided to approach the deputy headmaster, who promptly and rightly referred the matter to headmaster Harry Davies, whose reputation in the junior school was for strictness, but in the senior school for care and personal consideration.

I remember the court session in Harry Davies' tiny office, with Stan being asked to give his reasons for reading Pride and Prejudice and us to give ours for wanting Orwell's Animal Farm. Our team was led by the now late Geoff Gay, renowned in school for his prowess in discussion. The heat of Harry's office was almost overpowering, but we saw the reason that Harry Davies

was Headmaster – he gave a verdict worthy of Solomon.

The edict that came forth was that we would attend EVERY class for Pride and Prejudice but could sit at the back in silence and read Animal Farm to ourselves. Moreover, we could use the junior library to discuss the book and its reviews to gain a full understanding of the background and politics of the script. There were copies of Animal Farm in the library that we could borrow on long-term loan (unless we



Roger on the Right next to his Verbal Henchman Geoff Gay.

bought our own copy, which I still have to today). We were allowed to use empty classrooms in free time (including morning break and lunchtime) to delve more deeply into the book.

We had to sit a mock O-level in English Literature but must pass on Chaucer and Shakespeare alone since no questions would be set for a novel other than on *Pride and Prejudice*. Failure to pass the mock meant that we could not sit the real exam in June.

That was Harry Davies' master plan as Solomon.

The school year went by and all half dozen of us passed the February mock exam on two works.

In June we sat the real exam and had hopes of a pass.

When the results were published, in those days by post using a stamped addressed envelope that we submitted to the school office, I was on a family holiday in Bournemouth. I went to breakfast to find the envelope on my placemat. Not daring to see the secrets it held, I stared at it for at least ten seconds unopened. I looked – a pass in all subjects - with French better than English Language and English Literature better than French!

When we returned to our Lower Sixth Year there was great speculation as to what results the *Animal Farm* crew had achieved compare to the *Pride and Prejudice* gang. All half dozen of us had passed with good grades, but almost all the *Pride and Prejudice* cohort had failed.

We were careful not to brag in front of Stan, but noted to Mr Davies our thanks for his wisdom.



The Infamous Five, who Crossed Swords with Stan Middleton – and Lived.
Roger is on the Right.

We were careful not to brag in front of Stan, but noted to Mr Davies our thanks for his wisdom.

At the end of my Upper 6th I took a passage to New Zealand. Since the Suez Canal was still closed it had to be via South Africa meeting Apartheid for the first time face to face. This was to visit relatives for a year, where I eventually took employment with IBM.

Roger tells me that he will never grow older than a reborn teenager. In support of his statement he sends this picture showing him in retirement at Cadwell Park – editor.

Roger on a 600 cc Honda

Not So Everyday Life: This was Africa.

In the previous issue of The Pavior we read of Clive Bagshaw's flying adventures in Africa. If you thought that was dramatic stuff, read on.

Barbara and Ibrahim Mojoo became good friends and also took us under their wing. Ibrahim was MD of Atlas Copco Air Compressors in Malawi. We spent a lot of time at their house. They were a great help and comfort to us. He was a Freemason as I was too, and we got on well. Sadly, he died after a long illness that saw him remaining in a coma for quite a long time.

My wife Margaret had feared that she had breast cancer. She saw a doctor, Dr Kidy, who fully understood her fears and her situation and she made good progress under his kind and encouraging guidance and treatment. So, we established ourselves in Malawi.



Clive in later time at the Poppy and Pint

Margaret and I both came to Jesus Christ as Born-Again Christians in Malawi in East Africa and we were baptised by whole-body immersion in our friend's swimming pool by Glen Halliwell, a Canadian Pastor of our local church, the City Pentecostal Church in Blantyre, Malawi.

All expats are expected to employ local domestic staff as gardeners, night watchmen, house boys, cooks, nannies and so on. Our first day in our house brought a crowd of locals to our gate, eagerly seeking employment. Word gets around very quickly about new arrivals. We had been warned to check references and declined most in favour of staff who came from recommended sources, such as other expats who were leaving at the end of their contracts. The expat scene is a very transitory lifestyle.

We took on a night guard, two gardeners, and a houseboy/cook, and they all turned out to be very good. The gardeners did the gardening, acted as day guards to open and close the gates as we drove out and returned home, and washed our cars inside and out every morning as I had breakfast. The houseboy-cum-cook did all the cleaning, washing, ironing, cooking and so on. The night guard slept under a tree most of the night. The lady of the house did not have to lift a finger except instruct and train.

Local custom and practice dictated that everybody had a night guard but the reality was they were not much use in practice. They arrived as it got dark at 6 pm and were soon asleep under a tree, and it was hard to wake them. Horrible as it sounds, the only purpose they served was to wake us with their screams when burglars climbed over the fence, found the guard, attacked him, beat him up with iron bars and tied him up as a precursor to breaking into the house.

The most dangerous time is when you have just moved into a house because the local bandits assume all your katundu (baggage) is still packed up in boxes and can be easily carried away. I put a warning shot into the air late one night from the front porch when I heard guards' whistles blowing from nearby houses, indicating there were robbers about. My shot was then followed by another deafening crash as a huge branch came down off the tree in the driveway and fell directly in front of me, just missing my car. I was surprised at how thick that branch was, more than a hand's breadth, around 4 or 5 inches in diameter. My shot had cut the branch straight through with accidental precision in the dark. But then again, the 12 gauge, SSG magnum ammo I had does comprise 1 ¾ ounces of ¼" lead balls, about 32 in number, in a 3" cartridge case with a magnum charge. Awesome. If you hit someone with one of those shots,

it would pick him up off his feet, carry him backwards six to eight feet before dropping him in a heap. He would not be getting up again. A pistol bullet will wound, making a hole and the bullet will stay inside the body. A rifle bullet will make a hole at point of entry and a bigger exit hole. Much bigger. A 12-gauge SSG magnum round will not make a hole, it blows pieces off you. Hit an arm or a leg and it will be severed completely. Hit someone in the neck and it will take the head off.

Expat ladies are not allowed to work on their husbands' work permits, and generally have a wonderful time as ladies of leisure. So Margaret's life was a lovely one. She joined all the local associations and groups. The English Ladies' society is the Corona Society, which can be found all over the globe. She soon became a committee member. She was also invited to join some of her South African lady friends in the Protea Society, the South African equivalent of The Corona Society. All of these gave us access to the British High Commission events and the South African Embassy events. We also attended a number of functions at the French Cultural Centre. Add to this the book club, the pottery classes, the sowing circle, alias "Stitch & Bitch", The Caledonian Society, The Lancastrian Society, The Blantyre Sports Club, The Limbe Sports and Social Club, The Thyollo Club in the tea estates, The SUCOMA Club at the Sugar Plantation (Sugar Company of Malawi), golf, tennis, Lawn Bowls, and we had a wonderful social life, well the women did. The men, well we just worked mostly.

For me it was the Wildlife and Environmental Association of Malawi where I became a committee member, I played bowls with Margaret at weekends, I joined The Hunters' Association, the rifle club, and the 4 x4 club, had a game of tennis now and then, played some golf, joined the flying club, and did some sailing and fishing at the lake and in the Shire River, (pronounced Shirree). Even fishing there was so different from anything I had ever done before. There were awesome fish like the Tiger Fish, and electric fish that could stun you with a powerful electric shock if you grabbed hold of it. You learn the hard way when you catch one for the first time. One always has to be wary of the hippos and crocodiles too. Lake Malawi is the third largest lake in Africa and is known as the Lake of Stars or the Calendar Lake.



A tiger fish, note its teeth. Very dangerous. These powerful fish fight like hell and take some skill to land one.

Lake Malawi is a freshwater lake that sits in the bottom of the great African Rift Valley, is 365 miles long, one mile for each day of the year and 52 miles wide, one for each week of the year and nearly ½ mile deep. More of an inland sea than a lake.

ooOoo

Join us in High Pavement.

Our Chairman, John Chambers, invites members to a social event:

Our next get-together is on Tuesday 21st April.

Time: 12:00 for 12:30 pm

Venue: The Pitcher and Piano pub, which is the former church on High Pavement.

The Unitarian Church, High Pavement, Nottingham, NG1 1HN.

This church replaced the old chapel, behind which the first school building is situated.

That building now converted into high-standard **Airbnbs** but retaining its original outside features.

We hope to view the old building at close quarters as well as enjoy background illustrations and pictures courtesy of our archivist, Graham Wybrow.

We will also enjoy lunch and cordiality with fellow former students and staff. Staff being now, those of the current 6th Form College.

Do try and join us and book in via myself and/or our treasurer Michael Johnson. Cheque payments direct to Michael.

Our thanks to committee member Alex Rae for this suggested occasion and organisation.

Best wishes, John Chambers.

Michael Johnson, 12 Gainsborough Road, Winthorpe, Newark. NG24 2NN is our Treasurer.

High Pavement Society. Sort code 30-97-55. A/C 00397178

The booking and payment are requested so that we can inform the caterers of our requirements. If you received our email you will already know what the menu offers. Unfortunately, there is not room to reproduce it (five pages!) here, but you can see it on the Society's website in the section titled Events.

Our Previous Gathering: At the Old Paviers Rugby Club.



On the left, the special guest, John Pallant, addresses the hardy faithful. Beside him is Bob Studholme. On the right, Phil Molyneux is flanked by Michael Johnson and, under a hat, John Chambers.

John remarks: A group of us had a very enjoyable meet-up at Paviers RFC in January.

John Pallant was the special guest, being honoured for his 3 caps for England back in the 1960s.

Also present was another Old Pavier, Norman Collins who became a highly respected physio, nicknamed by John and others as 'Thumbs'!

We acknowledged that day's opponents, West Bridgford RFC, whose past recent player Ellis Mee is currently in the Welsh squad and doing well. Also, more recently, ex-Nottingham RFC.

A very happy occasion topped off with an excellent game won by Paviers, much to the delight of us home supporters. West Bridgford were the favourites to win.

From High Pavement to High Places!

High Pavement no longer exists as a school, but its descendant college has maintained one of the school's attributes: a penchant for nurturing life's high achievers. The name of Tracey Davenport will be known to members accustomed to attending the High Pavement Remembrance Service. You may not know that she is herself an alumnus of the College, and in this article she tells us of her life there and subsequently.



My name is Tracey Davenport (nee Hill) and I attended High Pavement Sixth Form College from 1990 – 1992. The college was sited then on The Bestwood Estate. I joined to take my A-Levels, and as I wanted to go into banking, my chosen subjects were English Literature, Economics, Geography and General Studies.

The college was very different to the school I had attended, which was in central Nottingham and it was quite a strict all-girls school. High Pavement came as a bit of a shock! Suddenly there were boys, I could wear what I wanted and I did.... This is when I began my rebellious phase...

My parents were a bit horrified when suddenly my hair was purple and my style was “alternative”. There was a lot of eye rolling and sighing over the tea table. The tutors however had seen it all before, and they weren’t phased by me and my also slightly odd friends.

My time at High Pavement was fun; I loved every minute, more than I should, and I think it’s fair to say I enjoyed myself more than I studied. But thanks to the patient tutors I did manage to get my A-levels with acceptable grades.

I met lifelong friends and I remember my time at High Pavement with happiness in my heart.

I left college on a Friday and began Management Training at Midland Bank on the following Monday. The Midland Bank was the Listening Bank, I was on the counter sometimes, and I loved the interaction with customers. There was a lovely gentleman who used to come in every Monday morning, draw out his £750, count it to make sure it was all still there and then put it back into his account.

Then we all received a notice: the Midland Bank had been acquired by the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corp, and so changed to the HSBC we see on the High Street today.

Our jobs were not safe, so I took the opportunity to go and work for my parents in our family haulage company. They had built the company from nothing, and had a new contract starting, which needed a person to run it. This gave me my entry into the world of lorries, trains, steel and cranes. At 21 I learnt to drive an HGV and a Fork Truck. I was then in charge of setting up a Rail Terminal, then another and a third. I had a busy working life, and worked through having 3 beautiful daughters, all the while looking after my horses and dogs.

When my eldest daughter was born and I held the most precious gift in the world in my arms I decided I wanted to do something to help children who were not as lucky as she was. I joined the NSPCC as a volunteer 25 years ago, and ten years ago I became Chairman of our local branch, and this year we raised £47,000. I am also a member of the National CTF (Central Task Force) for NSPCC, and represent the whole of the Midlands.

In 2017 I was sworn in as a Magistrate on the Nottinghamshire Bench. I love my court days; you never know what cases you will hear. Some days are rewarding, some days are so hard. The decisions you and your colleagues make are life-changing for the defendants and their families, and often, too, for the victims and their families.

I have also found that my Magistrate work spurs me on with my voluntary NSPCC work: you hear a case involving child abuse and you hear that the child knew who to ring because the NSPCC spoke in the child's school. The NSPCC will help a child escape an abusive situation and then help them afterwards to rebuild their life. They help children through court dates, and seeing both sides of the abuse keeps me working hard to raise money to help children.

My view is that if some of my time helps even one child live a better safer life, then it's worth it.

Over the last few years I have been visiting local colleges to talk to students whose careers might take them into contact with children: those training to be teachers and teachers' assistants particularly. For many children, their teachers are their trusted adults as, very sadly, abuse usually happens in the home, or within the family. An abuser is often known to a child, even someone they love and should be able to trust. Teachers are so important to children.

Then in 2023, the greatest honour: I received a phone call from the Vice Lord Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire to see if I would be available for a discussion.

Yes, I would... thank you. Six months later I was checked thoroughly by powerful people in London (thankfully Facebook wasn't a thing during my alternative phase) and I was sworn in as a Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire.

I am so honoured to sit in this role; I serve our Lord Lieutenant, Professor Veronica Pickering MBS HAC, and His Majesty King Charles III. My duties include Citizenship Ceremonies, Remembrance Services, awards ceremonies, and openings of venues and events. I have met some amazing people, and part of our role is to make nominations for awards, both national and local.

It's a great honour to be able to put JP DL after my name, I am a Justice of the Peace and a Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire and I hope my pride for Nottingham is evident in the work I do.

I am very proud to be an old High Pavement student. It's one of my greatest honours to be invited every year to the Remembrance service at the college. The students show huge respect and there are always a few tears as the students read out the names of college students who have been lost in battle, many of them so young. It's such a respectful service and an honour to be invited every year.

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What's in a Name?

As pupils of High Pavement we had a convenient word for us: Paviors. What would those from other schools, such as Forest Fields, Bilborough Grammar, and Henry Mellish be called? Fielders, Billies, Smellies?

You can become famous and fortunate, or at any rate famous (sort of), by sending your suggestions in and seeing them published in *The Pavior*.