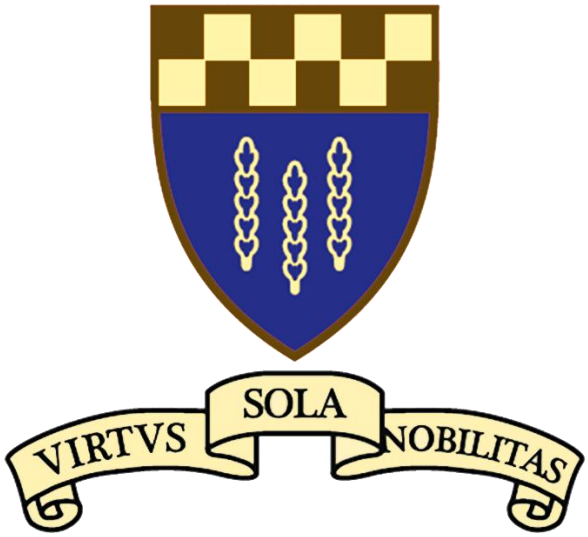
The Pavior

The Newsletter of
The High Pavement Society
(founded 1989)



Commemorating

High Pavement Schools

(founded 1788)

November 2026

Your Committee

President: Ken Kirk

Hon. Vice Presidents:	John J Elliott
	Colin Salsbury
Committee Chairman:	John Chambers
Deputy Chairman:	Malcolm Pilkington
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Treasurer:	Michael Johnson
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Pavior Editor:	Gerald Taylor
Archivist:	Graham Wybrow
Web-Master:	Lawrence Milbourn

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, both School and College.

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

The HP Society **Facebook Page** is: www.facebook.com/groups/232442222741252/

ooOoo

From the Committee

Just as this magazine was about to be sent for printing we learnt that our member Lance Wright, who was at High Pavement from 1951-1959 in Basford House, died on October 16th.

We expect to publish an obituary in the February issue.

From the Editor.

I did not learn to play a musical instrument at High Pavement, but editing the Society's magazine has taught me to harp on the subject of contributions to *The Pavior*, and to repeat, reiterate, and ingeminate that we welcome, beg, solicit, and crave (for additional words see a thesaurus) your input. Your experience of High Pavement was unique! In your years as a pupil at the school you must have gathered memories no other has retained. Why not share some of them with us? They may be of the greatest interest.

Graham Wybrow is experimenting with audio recordings of phone interviews.

Do You Remember?

Society member Christopher Joseph *is a former teacher at the school. A recent message to us may stir memories in some of our readers:*

"In the summer I visited Frances Dalton, widow of Roger, who did so much to support my early career at High Pavement in the early 60s. Indeed, I might well have quit, such were the pressures, but for his wonderful help.

Frances continues to live in the house she shared with Roger for some thirty years. She is well supported by two married daughters and many friends.

I did not make the effort to continue to Yorkshire to contact Graham Bacon, who taught English both before and after me. You may recall my sending notice that his wife tragically died during a heart operation earlier this year. Graham was already in care for Alzheimer's and it was clear that he would no longer recognise me. I have very intermittent contact with Ann George, widow of Peter - former Economics teacher - who died a few years back. These now are my only HPGS contacts left."

Editor's comment: Mr Joseph was my Geography teacher in the first or second year. He evidently does not remember me, as he thought I might have been one of a swimming team at the school. Actually, I could do no more as a swimmer than keep my head above water, as you would expect; for they say those that are born to be hanged cannot drown. But if I had lingered in his memory all these years, the recollection would have brought him no pleasure: I was never far from bottom of the class, and indeed, actually 'achieved' South Pole position at least once. No doubt that was not the kind of geographic knowledge he sought to instil.

Some Paviors may be able to tell of Mr Joseph's delightful terminology for characterising stupid answers, or rather, the pupils that offered them: one that remains in my mind is "Peasant". On the other hand, when a classmate offered, in response to the question "Who owns the Scottish mountains?", the factually inaccurate suggestion that it was "the mountain trolls", it was a stupidity too far, and he was awarded an imposition that improved his acquaintance with Scottish matters.

Manning Girls Seek High Pavement Boys.

Mrs Gail Nicholls writes:

High Pavement School was linked to our Manning Girls School; we had social occasions with them, such as Dances, Theatre visits, Parties etc. Now there are very few of us living, so some occasion would be good now, even if on Zoom. We left in the 60s, before the school moved to its new premises.

We are in contact with some of our group, but still unable to find a few, including:

John Lindley Eley from Sherwood, relative, cricket main sport.

William Mclean, Bill, again from Sherwood, Sciences orientation, Drug

Foundation, London, sport?

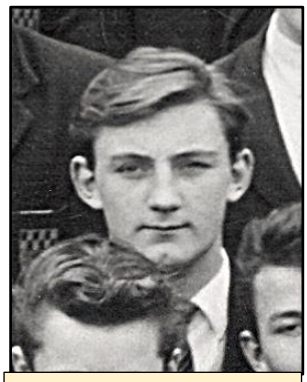
Robin Barber, University area of City, Rugby, Sandhurst Military College.

Contact information would be most helpful.

Thanking you for any help with this request. It would be much appreciated.

John Pallant (HP: 1956-63, School House)
Rugby International & School Director of Sports

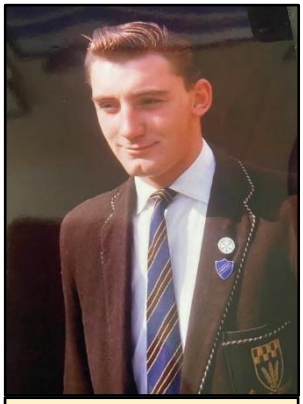
Back in January of this year (Sat 31 Jan 2026), the Society held a social gathering jointly with the Paviors Rugby Football Club (RFC) at their Burntstump Clubhouse. This event provided an opportunity to meet some of the former pupils of High Pavement School who have maintained contact via the Paviors RFC. Personally, I had the opportunity to meet John Pallant, who has been kind enough to give me an interview to discuss his distinguished career.



John Pallant in School Photo (May 1961)

John was 3 years above me at HP Gainsford Crescent, but I well remember the name, the face and appearance, his achievements and the dignified role model that he (along with most other sixth formers at that time) provided for the junior boys. I have always believed that this is one of the principal benefits of having a Sixth Form embedded within a secondary school.

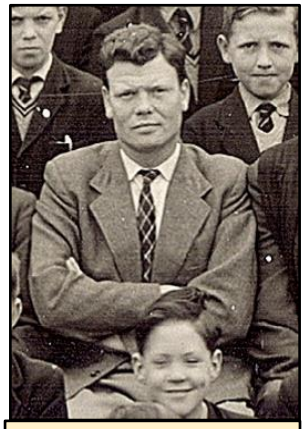
The colour photo shows John aged 17 in 1962, as a Prefect (note badge) and wearing a 'School Colours' blazer and tie. The 'Colours' blazer was distinguished by the piping around the edge of the jacket (which, I understand, mothers were required to sew on).



John Pallant 1962 (Age 17) in School Colours.

John Noel Pallant was born in Dec 1944. By nature, he was a well-built lad with a keen interest in sports of all kinds and a particular interest in Soccer. He attended the William Crane Junior School in Minver Crescent Aspley and nurtured dreams of one day joining one of the famous Nottingham soccer clubs. However, passing the 11-Plus Exam, he found himself taking up a place at what was a 'rugby' school.

John arrived at HP Gainsford Crescent in Sep 1956, at the start of the School's 2nd Year at that site. John maintains that his conversion to rugby football was principally down to one new teacher, Mr Keith Bonser. Keith Horace Bonser was at HP for 3 years from Sep 58 - Jul 61 and taught Russian and PE / Games. Keith had been given the task of building up HP Junior School rugby and he noticed John's outstanding athletic achievements and his conspicuous absence from the Junior Rugby Team. He therefore set about persuading John to take up rugby and, in this, he was successful. Keith left after 3 years at HP to go to Birmingham University and, we believe, he subsequently became an RFU Staff Coach. This would have allowed him to coach rugby up to county level (ie one level below an England coach).



Keith Bonser in School Photo (May 1961).

At HP, John excelled at most sports, gaining School colours in rugby, cricket, athletics, basketball, tennis and swimming and a School Cap (an even higher honour) for athletics and rugby. John recalls doing some boxing at the school, under the direction of John Dodd, albeit rather reluctantly. He recalls participating in the School Boxing Championships but being criticised by Mr Dodd for not showing 'sufficient aggression'. He explained that he boxed in the heavyweight class and always met the same opponent (Phil Brearley) each year. Broadly, they seem to have come to an informal agreement not to hurt each other!

A year or two above John at HP, there was a boy called Terry Coombes. Terry had developed a special interest in hammer throwing and had taught himself to throw to a high standard. Terry took John 'under his wing' and willingly passed on his knowledge to the younger boy. By this unusual route, John learned to excel at hammer throwing and, in 1961, he won the All-England Schoolboy Hammer-Throwing title, setting a competition record of 159ft 3½in (48.552 m).

John admits that he was not too 'academic' and only 'scraped through' his A-Levels. However, he left HP in 1963 and went on to Loughborough Teacher Training College where his main subjects were PE, Games and Education, with his 2nd subject Drama. However, he soon found himself playing in the Loughborough College Rugby 1st Fifteen. John eventually graduated with a Diploma of Loughborough College (DLC) gaining 1st Class Honours with Distinction. Loughborough College had become a university in 1966, but John would have had to spend a 4th Year to obtain a University Degree. However, John was eventually awarded an Honorary Degree from Loughborough University in 2006.

In his final year, he found himself being invited to play for the Barbarians (an International Invitation Team) on their 1966 Easter Tour of Wales, playing for them in the games against Newport and Cardiff. He also went with England to the Five Nations Rugby Championship against Scotland in 1966 as a 'Travelling Reserve'. John earned 3 England Caps playing in the 1967 'Five Nations', with his debut against Ireland at Lansdowne Road (a memorable experience!). John mainly played as a No.8 (Back-Row Forward) but was able to play other positions.

John's Loughborough years were followed by 2 years (1966-68) teaching PE at the Elliott Durham School in Nottingham and he continued playing competitive rugby for Nottingham.

Sometime in 1967, the Headmaster of the Merchant Taylors' School contacted Loughborough University seeking to recruit a new Director of Sport. Merchant Taylors' (MT) School in Northwood, Middlesex was founded in 1561 and is one of the Country's leading and oldest Public Schools. The University forwarded this enquiry to John, and he was duly invited for interview at MT's. John arrived to meet the other 2 interviewees, Gerald Davies and John Taylor, both of whom he knew as fellow members of the Loughborough College 1st Fifteen (and both went on to be British Lions – a British national invitation team). John believes that he was successful because the School wanted someone who was prepared to devote themselves full-time to the job in the first few years and specifically requested that the successful candidate give up rugby for 2-3 years. John was prepared to do this and so got the position. However, this decision cut short his International Rugby career and he still wonders if he had not made that decision would he have become a British Lion too? The Lions did subsequently request his availability for the tours in 1966 to Australia & NZ and in 1968 to South Africa.

John transformed the way in which rugby was played at Taylors' and he was instrumental in fund raising to further support the rugby activities. The school then boasted some 27 rugby pitches and now runs regular sports tour for a number of different sports.

John explained that Merchant Taylors' was a '6-days a week' school. This extra time allowed the School to run a combined Cadet Force activity (usually Fri pm) which John actively supported. In this capacity, John served for 8 years in the RAF (achieving the rank of Squadron Leader) and 4 years in the Royal Navy (achieving the rank of Lieutenant Commander).

John taught at Merchant Taylors' from 1968 to 1997, when he retired at the age of 52. He spent almost all those years living in school accommodation 'on the premises'. In 2005, John returned to teach for 7 years at the St John's Prep School, which has subsequently become the Merchant Taylors' Prep School. For many years (until about 4 years ago) John also regularly returned to Merchant Taylors' to invigilate all school examinations both external and internal. In all, John served at Merchant Taylors' for a total of 48 years.



John Pallant (left) now aged 81 (yes, really!) at the Paviors RFC Event with Norman Collins (right).

Also present at that Paviors RFC Event back in January, was Norman Collins who is a long-standing member of our society (see photo). Norman is a distinguished Old Pavior who established his reputation in the field of Physiotherapy. In his working years, top sportsman from all over the country would travel to seek his valued advice. Norman was at this event as 'Guest of Honour' because he was formally donating to the Rugby Club, a framed England Rugby jersey. This jersey had been given to him many years ago by John Pallant in thanks for physiotherapy services. John made a short speech in which he paid tribute to Norman. He recalled the time many years ago when he (John) was injured a few days before a critical England trial and Norman managed to get him fit in the very limited time available. John could only speculate what might have happened if he had not made that trial - the rest of his career might never have happened.

Further Information

John Pallant has a Wikipedia Page at:

John Pallant - Wikipedia

There is a delightful 22 mins Video of an Interview with John, conducted by one of the pupils of the Merchant Taylors' School. This is available on YouTube at:

An Interview with John Pallant (Former Staff)

The Merchant Taylors' School (Northwood, Herts) Website can be found at:

Merchant Taylors' School, Northwood - Wikipedia

Graham Wybrow

ooOoo

Out on a Lymn.

This piece of news may seem irrelevant to High Pavement, but read on to the end:

Nigel Lymn Rose, Chairman of funeral directors AW Lymn, has been presented with the MBE he was awarded in the 2026 New Year's honours list. The award was given for services to the bereaved. The award was presented by the Princess Royal, Princess Anne.

Mr Lymn Rose is married to Stanley Middleton's daughter, Penny. *This news was notified to us by our Registrar Alex Rae.*

ooOoo

Caestu Inter Nos Certantes.

I have been informed that a Roman caestus *was what we should call a loaded boxing glove, or something worse. However, the author of* Carmen Paviorum *no doubt had in mind its less brutal modern counterpart. On the subject of boxing Barry Johnson (HP 1953-9, Forest House) has this to say:*

I have attached a photo of the High Pavement Boxing Team taken in 1954/55 at the old school in Forest Fields.

The school boxing club met once a week after school in the school hall/gym to practise. At that time the school had two English National Schoolboy Boxing champions; they are Houghton and Humphreys to the right and left of John Dodd at the centre in the dark vests.

The school boxing team was very successful under John's keen tuition, and in inter-school boxing matches in Nottingham was unbeaten against all other local secondary schools and often won all bouts.

The School Boxing Club was terminated the following year, when it was expected that boxing in schools would be banned. The last High Pavement House Boxing Competition took place at the new school at Bestwood.



With much uncertainty Barry identifies those depicted as follows:

Back row L to R - John Rhodes, Keith Reid, ? , ? Clayton, Lance Wright, Myself, ? , ? Bailey, Alec Mortimer, whose younger brother is at the right end of the front row.

Middle row - ? Greenslade, Dewi Williams, ? Houghton, John Dodd, ? Humpheys, ? , ?.

Front row – only Alec Mortimer's brother at the right end.

From the 2026 AGM.

Behaviour was exemplary, and reflected full credit on the old school (‘scholae tamen neque nostram affectamus laudem’). Below is the photographic evidence, none of it doctored by use of artificial intelligence.



Members were put behind bars, despite their excellent behaviour. Note the splendid Burne-Jones glass window in what was formerly the HP Chapel



Godfrey ‘Goff’ Gleadle, a previous contributor to The Pavior, seen here with Mrs Gleadle and Society Chairman John Chambers.

Preparing for the world of HPGS in 1963.

Arthur Lacey (HP 1963-70: Sherwood House) tells us of his delight at gaining a place at High Pavement, and his anticipations and misgivings about starting there.

My family had no history of attending a Grammar school, but my mum had the foresight to see that, if possible, this was the way forward for anyone with the potential.

My brother & I grew up in Bulwell and attended Highbury Juniors on Albert Street, Highbury Vale. Our only experience of secondary education was of the adjacent Highbury Seniors Secondary Modern, where we met as Cubs in the school hall.

No-one suggested that I might be somewhat brighter than others and so my class sat down to do the eleven plus with little preparation. This was the first time ever we were all at separate desks set up in the school hall. The results arrived and my parents were ecstatic that I had gained a place at High Pavement (the only boy in my class to get to Grammar school although one did go to the High School).

Then for an 11-year-old, anxiety started to set in. I had never done anything outside the area of Bulwell or travelled anywhere on my own. Bestwood was a long way distant!

I remember one particular concern was the 'threat' of showers. I had never had to strip off with other boys before and was concerned the prospect, even asking a neighbouring HP boy about it.

Then the paperwork arrived and mum dad and I were invited to attend the school for an introductory meeting.



Arthur pictured together with his younger brother John, both Society members

There we sat in the school hall and saw on the stage a number of seemingly elderly men wearing academic gowns and elevated on the stage. I had never been in this large a number of similar boys (120) before and wonder if they all felt as nervous as I did.

This was the last term that Mr Davis was headmaster, and he was present with Mr Keith Train (*Jack*), who took over in the September when I started at the school until Mr M.H. Brown was appointed. There were others there also, but I don't recall who.

That is all I remember about the introduction to High Pavement except for the various printed lists of uniform, sports kit and rules and regulations which seemed essential to adhere to as a pupil and as a parent.

The next stage was to actually start as a pupil at Gainsford Crescent ……

Before Life in Africa.

Clive Bagshaw (HP 1956-61, Sherwood House) sent us a treasury of memories, both of his time at High Pavement and his later life. In his school days he learnt to fly, and his experiences, some of them unnerving, have appeared in previous issues of this magazine. As he continued to pilot light aircraft after leaving school and moving to Africa, we continued to follow his tale, which included dramatic episodes both at and away from the cockpit. Consequently I have somewhat sidetracked our readers, and now atone for this by returning to the world of High Pavement – editor.

High Pavement Grammar School, a boys-only school, when I was there, was an excellent one that I still have the greatest respect for today. The teachers all wore their cloaks and mortarboards to every lesson and discipline was strict but very fair. I am in no doubt that the education I received there has stood me in good stead throughout my life. Like me, many of my school friends have been scattered across the world and risen to hold really good jobs. I think the school did a lot for developing our adventurous spirits, inspiring us and leading us to do things many would find daunting.

I sometimes bump into old school pals as I research things on the Internet and it is good to see that they are often the source of historical information and fascinating threads of discussion on various forums. Their eloquence in the written word, reflects our educational background. We still refer to ourselves proudly as Old Paviors and I am a member of the High Pavement Society, which keeps me in touch with ex-Paviors from my school days. School gave us the daily morning assembly, with announcements and information and was where we sang hymns, said prayers. I had some great teachers like Stanley Middleton, an author of note, who taught me English Language. He was a charming man with a wonderful disposition. I used to meet him every morning as he walked from the bus stop on Hucknall Road, through Marble Arch, (so nicknamed by bus conductors on the 17 bus route that ran from Trinity Square to The Adelphi Cinema in Bulwell), (*it was actually an arched bridge between Hucknall Road and Andover Road, carrying the railway line over the footpath)*, onto Andover Road and I joined him at the Junction with Teviot Road and walked up to school with him. We talked about many things and he was one of my greatest encouragers. He inspired me in so many ways. One day he invited me and two other boys to his home to have tea with him and his wife. I considered this a great honour. As we ate tea with the French windows open from the dining room to the garden on this summer evening, a storm blew up and suddenly there was a hissing and crackling sound as the air was rent apart in a lightning strike that hit a tree in his garden just a few feet away. The tree exploded very dramatically in an almighty crash. It was a near miss. We had walked in the garden just a few minutes before by that tree. I was to have a similar experience later in Africa with another lightning strike that hit a palm tree just a few feet away from where I was standing. By then I was getting



The Marble Arch before 1980



The Adelphi, Bulwell, now a KFC Outlet.

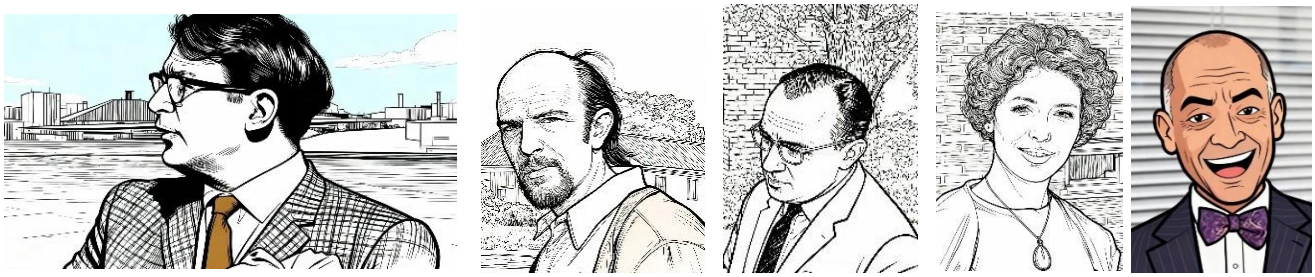
the feeling that someone didn't like me. But I was also grateful in the knowledge that someone else was looking out for me and kept me safe. Being so close to a lightning strike is an awesome experience. For a start it is extremely dramatic. Secondly the electric charge in the atmosphere makes the hairs on your body stand up. The explosion is frightening. Hearing the air being rent apart with that unbelievably loud hissing and crackling sound is quite unique and very scary. The flash is blinding. When the massive current flows through the tree to earth it boils the sap and then there is a massive explosion as the tree is blasted to bits. To experience this twice in a lifetime at such close quarters is unusual. To come away unharmed but for a few singes from the heat is nothing short of miraculous. Thank you, Holy Spirit for keeping me safe.

Near to Marble Arch was Wiley's off-licence cum grocer shop cum greengrocery, which used to sell more beer than a good many pubs, getting through several 54-gallon hogs-head casks each week as well as several 36-gallon barrels, 18-gallon pins and 9-gallon firkins. At busy times between the adverts on TV there used to be queues around the shop, out of the door, and across the forecourt some thirty feet to the road and a hundred yards down Andover Road. Customers were served from the old beer engines on the counter top via copper funnels into quart bottles with screw stoppers. As a kid I had a part time job there stocking up the shelves and delivering grocery orders on a carrier bike at weekends; and the manager taught me how to manoeuvre the barrels on to the gantry, how to tap and spile the barrels, and how to check and test the ales, (lovely job that) adding some finings if it was a bit disturbed or cloudy to ensure the beers were clear and bright before they went on sale. These were valuable skills that would come in handy later in life when I went right out of the electronics industry for a while and took a free-house pub in Brierly Hill, in Staffordshire and became a publican.

ooOoo

The Rogueless Gallery.

Identify these, who were transformed from photographic portraits to line drawings by AI.



The answers are on page 14.

ooOoo

HP Quick Seasonal Question

Christmas comes but once a year. What is the frequency of Christmas in hertz? You may use the standard prefixes in your response, *nano* most likely being appropriate.

The answer is on page 16

Behind the Scenes with the HPS Organising Committee

In this article, we attempt to show something of the workings of the High Pavement Society's Organising Committee.



The offices of Page-Kirk Chartered Accountants on Gregory Boulevard. The Board Room is the ground floor bay window just left of the central tree.

The HPS Organising Committee meets roughly once every 6 weeks to plan and co-ordinate Society activities. The Committee usually meets in the Board Room at the premises of Page-Kirk Chartered Accountants on Gregory Boulevard in fine premises which overlook the Forest Recreation Ground. We enjoy excellent facilities and hospitality kindly provided free of charge by our President Ken Kirk. Ken is the 'Kirk' in 'Page-Kirk'. Ken was a founder member of the High Pavement Society back in 1989 and has provided these facilities to the Society for the last 30 of the 37 years of its existence. The offices of Page Kirk consist of a fine Victorian Mansion with a modern (1950s) annex which, at one time, formed the offices of HATRA, the Hosiery & Allied Trades Research Association.



The fine Page-Kirk Board Room.

The accompanying photographs were taken after the Committee Meeting held on Wed 30 Sep 2026. This meeting was held to discuss the outcome of the AGM held 6 days before at the *Pitcher & Piano* on High Pavement. The Pitcher & Piano is now a restaurant which occupies the magnificent building that was originally the High Pavement Unitarian Chapel on High Pavement – our founding Chapel. The Photo below shows six of the current Committee Members attending that meeting. Missing are Gerald Taylor (the Editor of the *Pavior* Magazine) who lives near Edinburgh and cannot easily attend meetings in Nottingham and myself. I do not appear for the same reason Neil Armstrong does not appear on any of the Moon Photos – I had the camera.



The Committee (L to R): Lawrence Milbourn (Webmaster), John Chambers (Chairman), Alex Rae (Membership), Malcolm Pilkington (Secretary), Mike Johnson (Treasurer) and Ken Kirk (President).

This particular Committee Meeting happened to fall within Goose-Fair week (or 10 days as it is now), which meant that there was considerable activity on the other side of Gregory

Boulevard. The Goose Fair site is normally the 'Forest Recreation Ground' and it is, of course, overlooked by the old High Pavement School buildings on Stanley Road. For some 60 years, the Forest Recreation Ground provided part of the school's sports facilities by providing the public pitches (certainly cricket) which the school used.



The Stanley Road School Buildings on the horizon, perfectly framed by the twin arms of the Tiki Slingshot (or Reverse Bungee) Ride.

This picture shows the Stanley Road buildings in 2026 perfectly framed by the twin arms of the Tiki Slingshot (Reverse Bungee) ride. This fiendish ride is also known as the 'Ejection Seat' or the 'Bungee Rocket'. Two daring paying customers are securely fastened into a spherical steel cage which is attached by two strong bungee cords to the tops of these two arms. The cage is held down by a strong electro-magnet as the bungee cords are stretched up to the top of the arms (like a child's catapult). When the electromagnet is cut, the cage is shot vertically upwards rising to well above the tops of the two arms and tumbling wildly as it does so. A video camera inside the cage records the reactions of the customers.



Looking West over the Goose Fair Site from the Main Entrance to the Forest on Mansfield Road.

If any of our members in far flung lands wish to reminisce about Goose Fair there are plenty of Goose-Fair videos on YouTube etc. One I particularly like because it includes some spectacular views of the area - including our old school on Stanley Rd (with a chance to refresh your Nottingham accent too) is: **We Tried Goose Fair in 2026...** **Graham Wybrow**

A Compass for French.

Mr EWN ('Compass') Smith will be remembered by many as a teacher of English, but he also taught French, to first-year classes at any rate. A habit of his when marking our work was to mutter remarks to himself in French, or a kind of French, about mistakes we made in our answers. Probably most were incomprehensible to me, but one that I do recall was "Il a laiss*é* tomber une clang*è*re," which I was able to construe as implying that someone had dropped a clanger. Mr Smith was never my English teacher, but perhaps others can say whether he had an original way of characterising wrong answers in English.

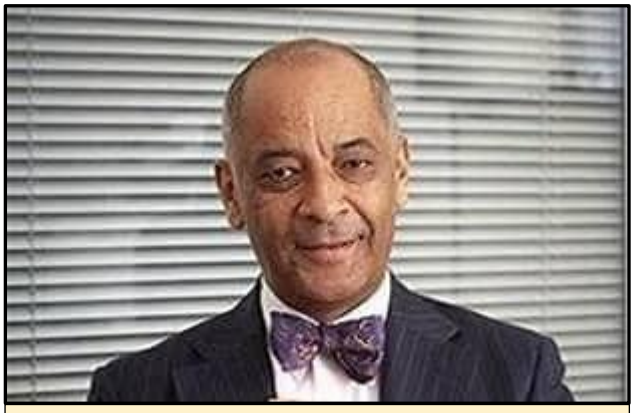
He also had his own way of teaching genders: a clot in French was *un clot*, whereas a clottess, so to speak, was *une clotte*. But possibly these terms are still not acknowledged by the French Academy.

ooOoo

An Old Pavior Retires from High Office.

High Pavement helped to transform a humble boy 'Olli' from Hyson Green to Sir Ken Olisa, the Lord Lieutenant of Greater London. The occupant of this office is the King's representative for the capital.

Alex Rae notified us that on October 13th he retired, having reached his 75th birthday.



Sir Ken Olisa

Ken Olisa was a year above me at High Pavement, but I knew him and had an impression that everyone in the school did. His popularity was manifested at a prizegiving, at which there was the usual perfunctory applause for the various recipients of awards. Till Olli stepped forth to receive his. Then the reception was loud and enthusiastic.

He once gave me, or sold or possibly lent, a copy of a Biggles book. The title was something like *Biggles of 266*. If it was only a loan then my conscience may one day reproach me for not returning it.

The internet will allow you to find a huge list of his distinctions and achievements, which may have availed to distract him from demanding his book back. You can also find on YouTube an interview with Lorraine Kelly:

www.youtube.com/watch?v=Nd0CWPOGQOs

Gerald Taylor

ooOoo

Answers to the Picture Questions on Page 11.

The rogueless gallery consists, from left to right, of Stan Middleton, Bill Gray, Eric Shepherd, and penultimate, Mrs PA Richardson, who taught Chemistry around 1970.

And now that you have reached this page, you will recognise the last picture as that of the man shown above, Sir Ken himself.

From a Pretty Old Pavior

David Stevenson (HP 1953-60, School House) tells us of his time at the School, and gives us a fascinating picture of some of the staff both in the classroom and away from it.

Forgive the malodorous alliteration, but there I was in the yard shovelling sh** as I mucked out our two elderly horses, and for some reason I started to sing the school song – 'Omnes Paviores' (to myself – I had to mime even at school, so bad am I!). Got a couple of lines out but stopped. A while later after chasing through the Society website, I was furnished with the complete Latin version by your excellent newsletter secretary Gerald, to whom I had offered a couple of reminiscences. He seems to think that some of you might be interested in more!

Really! I'm 84 now, and there'll be a few of us about, but not a classroom full, I imagine.

I did a couple of years at Stanley Road, moving there from Whitemoor Primary. My Mum and Dad had moved into a post-war prefab just off Nuthall Road. They were temporary homes, 10 years probably. The pebbledash re-clad, they are still around 80 years later, as bungalows! It was a 20-minute walk for me (that took 40 minutes of a gobbled home lunch [dinner, we called it]), accompanied often by Shippo's horse-drawn carts. As the school moved to Bestwood, so did our family, to Bestwood Park and its nearby fields in those days.

Harry Davies was the Headmaster from the start, rightly regarded as a future star. This modern grammar school was where he personally advised me that in my third year I should go on to the Arts side and not the Sciences, and so unrounded was my education there that beyond lighting a Bunsen burner in the huts that passed for labs, I did no more science ever again! So, progress was to lead to A-levels in French, Spanish and Latin, taken in the lower sixth and repeated for top grades in the upper sixth before staying on, as you did in those days, to a third year to take the Cambridge entrance exams. Success and a place at Trinity Hall with a degree three years later and a job teaching at Birkenhead School, 'head-hunted' (posh word) by a bloke who had been a student teacher at High Pavement himself and remembered me!

Modern indeed was Taffy! Harry Davies was the man who strapped me, correctly, for leading astray a Wednesday afternoon cross-country run. Its route crossed my habitual weekend walk with dad and the dog, and short-cuts were easy if you knew you had to finish quickly to get to the City Ground. No floodlights, so an early kick-off, but a 7-0 thrashing of the wondrous Jimmy Anderson's Burnley side was worth the school beating. Anybody else see that? In those days my dad's boss at work in the Council was Jim Willmer – Chairman of Forest, a club run then by an amateur committee … not a Greek autocrat! I still have opinions; no point at my age producing hot air with little purpose! Jim Willmer was good for tickets – two for the 1959 Wembley final, indeed. I'm still a Notts supporter though.

It was the same H. Davies who knocked on our front door in late August one year to say that the staff had elected me as School Captain – I recall a couple of things: having to lead the prefects into assembly and from the stage rostrum give the impression that I had the school in the palm of my hand before the staff arrived; and, trembling, to have to welcome our speech day guest at the Albert Hall, History Professor Alan Bullock from Oxford.

The excellent photos on the website provoke all sorts of memories, in the whole-school photos, and of identifiable friends, as well as more personal ones, such as leading the Under-14 cricket team. Stan Middleton ran that group and I can see him now threatening the batsmen in the nets

with his ‘tweakers’. I’ve since read just about everything he has written – we wouldn’t have known then that his writing career began alongside these tweakers!

I spent many many hours watching Notts at Trent Bridge in the days when the best players played for their counties! I also played there for Nottingham Boys – in those changing rooms, Amateurs had a different space from those awful Professionals (on the scorecard the amateurs were listed, for example, as Mr. R.T. Simpson, the pros were Butler R), and the captain had his private dressing room. Inclusivity!

My dad was a keen cricketer, so I had to be. I lied to get into the Under-11 side, confirming that I had played cricket at Whitemoor School: we had played some silly game with a tennis ball called softball. Proud as punch when after my first school match, against Becket, I was announced in assembly as scoring 32 not out. There was no mention that as wicketkeeper I had let in 27 byes and that a replacement would be sought! Eventually I captained the school 1st XI. In a match between the school and a team of parents and staff, captained by my dad, I was scammed out through a collaboration between dad, keeping wicket, although he was a decent leg-break bowler, John Dodd, master in charge of cricket, and an American guest teacher, Fred Gentle, who took the field at cover point wearing a baseball glove. Silly man! My immaculate cover drive was inevitably misfielded by a mere Yank, and I set off for a run, only to discover that the gloved hand was secure, the throw immaculate, and son run out by father, as set up! That’s not cricket!

John Dodd was insanely a Sheffield United fan, but kind enough to run me home on the back of his motorbike, no helmet of course, after net practice: ‘elf & safety, 50s style. Another colleague out of school was ‘Killer’ Carter. He ran the school badminton club, and took me to his own club in St Leodegarius church hall in Basford, where the court almost fitted into the space, the base line only going a few inches up the stage wall! Nice bloke.

I owed my place at Cambridge to my two language teachers, Little Smith and A.P. Millidge. Cruel, weren’t we. Big Smith wasn’t that big, but bigger than Little Smith and he taught me English. There was also, inevitably, unknown to me, a Fat Smith. Little Smith, Alf, I think, was just a nice guy. We smiled when he took time out of his Spanish lessons for a migraine, assuming it was for a fag, but on reflection I would bet he was actually suffering. At the end there were just two of us being taught in a storeroom, myself and Jim Wakelin. It says something of his teaching that both of us got places at Cambridge. Jim had a car accident in a treasure hunt after his first year and had to take a year off. He came back, but couldn’t make it through the course. He eventually married a Dutch girl, and lived abroad. You don’t know at the time how good the teaching was. When in Spain my accent was accepted – it all came from Little Smith.

David’s narrative will be continued in the next issue of The Pavior. He invites members to communicate with him at

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ooOoo

Answer to the HP Quick Seasonal Question on page 11.

There are 31.5 million seconds in a year, and so the Yule frequency is

1/31.5 million, which is 0.0000000317 Hz or 31.7 nanohertz.