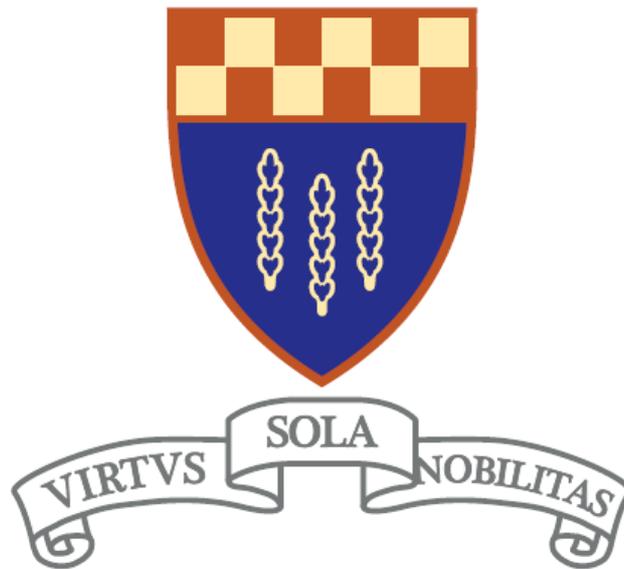


# The Pavior



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

**November 2012**

## **Your Committee**

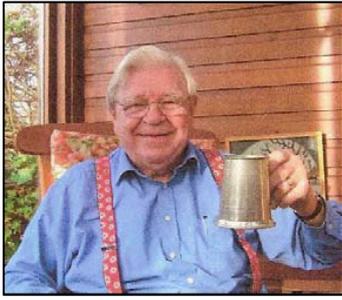
The Committee Members listed below are always delighted to talk to you on any matter – particularly if you have a contribution to make to this publication!

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**Faces to Remember**  
**Mr Eric W N Smith**  
English Master at High Pavement for 29 years  
1944 - 73



**COMMENT**  
**The Education Fund**

Since the Fund was launched some years ago the support it has received has been surprising to say the least. Your society now awards its own major prizes to the top 'boy' and 'girl' at High Pavement Sixth Form College based on the 'A' level results each year, plus two other awards for distinction in specific areas of study.

The financial support to the two principal prize winners has now been increased to £200 each and the others to £150.

In addition to this we now give several additional modest awards, for achievement in specific areas of study, when the College's Award Ceremony is held earlier in the year (which is distinct from our main awards described above).

In both cases the obvious pride displayed by the prize winners is only matched by that of their parents or guardians who are often there to support them by their presence. The enthusiasm and skill of the college lecturers, who are in attendance to present the prizes to the students in their particular sphere, is very much akin to that of the teachers we knew of yore at High Pavement School.

Scrutiny of the above paragraphs will show that we are rewarding *achievers*; achieving students for their success, their lecturers for their help and support, and their parents for being there.

On very rare occasions we have provided help from the fund with travelling expenses to students at the college and other items in cases of need. Perhaps the college, like similar organisations, has a welfare officer to look after the needs of students who are in financial difficulty or have other problems. It seems to me though, that we should remind the college authorities that our fund is also ready to help any student who deserves assistance of a more benevolent nature and not necessarily to the high fliers only.

[A little afterthought: I sometimes wonder if it is worth my while to over-exercise my 'little grey cells' (Poirot) thinking up 'Comment', when the only reply I have *ever* received was from the new principal of **ncn** who offered kind words about my recent piece on apprenticeships? Do let me know what *you* think about these things.] **Arnold**

**ooOoo**

We regret to report the deaths of two Old Paviors who were both loyal Society members.  
**Derrick Huckerby** (1947-52) died on 5<sup>th</sup> September 2012 after a long illness.  
**Jim Beardsley** (1939-45) died on November 3<sup>rd</sup> after a battle with cancer.

We send our sincere condolences to both families.

## **FROM KEN BATEMAN**

*[Ken Bateman is the donor of the Ken Bateman Award for Engineering, one of the Society's prizes which was presented recently for the first time (See report on p.9 ). He sends us this review of his interesting career in the mining industry.]*

Dear Colin,

I attended High Pavement School from 1942 to 1950 and was in Wollaton House and the Science 'A' Stream. I particularly enjoyed all forms of Mathematics and also Rugby and the friendship of fellow students. Most of all I appreciated the dedication of the staff, although little career guidance was available. I chose to study Mining Engineering at Leeds University, graduated in 1953 and, like many others at that time, was attracted by the high copper bonuses in Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia). Common sense prevailed and I undertook post graduate studies in Mineral Dressing and Coal Technology at Leeds. Some years followed at the National Coal Board in Operations, followed by a six year stint with a contractor working on coal projects in the UK and India. I served a further seven years with NCB in Research and Development then obtained a Master's degree from Sheffield University. I was nominated by the NCB and appointed a United Nations Consultant.

In 1971 there seemed no long term future in the coal industry in the UK and I decided to look overseas. I was recruited by Utah Construction and Mining whose HQ was in San Francisco. Utah Construction (Hoover Dam etc.) had decided to diversify into mining and at that time had small operations in the US, Canada, Brazil and Australia. I was posted to Brisbane, Queensland where I still live. At that time Australia's main coal operations were in NSW at Wollongong and Newcastle with smaller operations at Ipswich and Collinsville in Queensland. The vast Bowen Basin in Central Queensland 200km from the coast was in the early stages of development. Utah obtained 200km of lease entitlement and built a small mine at the southern end, 20km from an existing rail line, and was now looking at the higher quality coal to the north. A second larger mine was commenced but access was only by unsealed tracks and light aircraft. In total five large mines were built and operated and by 1980 over 20 million tonnes per annum of product coking coal was being exported to the world's steel mills. Utah built roads, towns, port facilities and contributed to the new rail line needed for the development.

I enjoyed working with the Americans. My responsibilities included in-ground coal quality investigations, process plant design and equipment selection, product quality measurement and control and liaison with customers. Initially all product went to Japan and later small tonnages to Europe. I was asked to investigate supply to other countries in Asia, followed by more of Europe and South America. We became the major coking coal supplier to the world's coastal steel mills.

It all seems a long way from growing up in a miner's cottage overlooking Cinderhill Colliery but the education I received at High Pavement enabled me to have a challenging and exciting worldwide career.

I still enjoy watching rugby particularly the All Blacks and the Wallabies.

**Ken Bateman**

## FROM MIKE THOMPSON

Dear Colin

I am a sleeping member of the High Pavement Society but have been stimulated to contribute something with the flurry of emails between Steve and John Leatherland and John Broughton who were in my year at HPS. We all started at Stanley Road but moved to Bestwood after one year.



Prompted by Dave Eastwoods contribution I am sending another photo, of rowers in the 1954-61 era. I was bow in the maiden crew (the one at the front of the boat in the picture) that didn't win anything but had a lot of fun. I started as a cox because I was so skinny but but put on a bit of muscle and was then allowed to row. The guy in David Eastwood's picture in the last edition of the news letter was Peter Taylor, a good friend of mine and it would be great to meet up again. The guy immediately in front of me in my picture is Ian Wright, also a good friend.

Ian and I used to youth hostel together in Wales and the Lake District and once mistimed our walk and came down into Little Langdale fortunately in full moon light. He introduced me to eating raw eggs which I haven't continued and we use to pick and cook blackberries in a tin on a wood fire and felt we were enjoying a high life??!!

Other names I remember are Keith Saunders who did medicine as I did, Barry Wrightson all in Biology 6th form because certainly I was bad at Maths. A master called Jackson whose son was in my class and I think coined the term 'owt for nowt at Oat's' (a confectionery shop on University Boulevard which was popular stop over on the way home from school). Other names are Chip Woods who was head boy in our year, John Wardle, Charles Boden and Steve Goodband.

I have recently retired after 56 years in the health service mostly as consultant surgeon in Portsmouth. Best Wishes

**Mike Thompson**

## FROM CHRISTOPHER GOWER



*[Christopher Gower became an eminent ecclesiastical organist, in company with Tony Crossland, Kendrick Partington and, further back in time, Doug Madden. There were others. High Pavement was a good breeding ground for such talents. I asked Christopher to tell us about his career and he sent an excellent piece which is too long to fit into this issue, so I have divided it in two. Part 2 will appear in February - Ed]*

Colin has reminded me that I haven't written a sequel to an article I wrote last year following a dinner I shared in the City in company with John Hayward (1952-59) and Ken Olisa. *(It was in the February issue-Ed.)* We met together at Plaisterers' Hall and I promised to explain, for those OPs who might be remotely interested, how my connection with the Plaisterers' Company came about. As I began to put together my response 'my fingers wandered idly', not in this case over the organ's 'noisy keys', but over the keys of my computer.....

My memories of High Pavement in the 50s are somewhat fragmentary. There was first the thrill of the purchase of uniform from D and P in Friar Lane, and then the mixture of excitement and trepidation experienced by all young pupils as they move from the relatively narrow but safe environment of their primary school, to the frightening and challenging world of their senior school.

In my years at the school it was members of staff that I most vividly remember, and still do. From the beginning it was Stanley Middleton who captured my imagination. Unlike other members of staff, who I feared, I somehow felt that in Stanley there was a kindred spirit and someone to whom I could immediately relate. He opened doors to the worlds of literature and music, and for this I shall always be grateful. We never met again after I had left school but our friendship continued, by correspondence (he always contacted me after broadcasts) right up to his death.

It was my impression (rightly or wrongly) that if you were put in 1B you had a certain ability in Maths. Sadly this was not so in my case. I struggled under the tutorship of 'logic' Jackson throughout that first year, and simply had no grasp of Geometry or Trigonometry. I was on surer ground with Stanley's English lessons and with my German studies, though 'dynamite' Thompson terrified me with his barked orders and machine-like movements. In the summer he, like other members of staff, went in for open-necked shirts. I was, and am, fussy about being tidy and smart and so could never quite cope with this relaxing of dress code for the staff. Nevertheless, he was a very good teacher, and I made reference to him at the beginning of an address I gave in Peterborough Cathedral marking my last service with the King's School before retirement.

I was moved into 2A. Our form room was in one of the huts on the other side of Stanley Road. This was a happy move as it meant I could begin Latin. Ultimately a GCE pass in this subject enabled me to gain admission to Oxford. However, my middle years in the school were unhappy ones. I was immensely proud of belonging to HP and constantly looked at the honours board, which was somewhat hidden away at the end of the first floor corridor. For some reason the name of Louis Essen stuck in my mind. Although I was not the least bit interested in physics I admired the fact that here was an Old Pavior who had gained international recognition for his researches into the measurement of time. Despite this pride in the school I so often felt ill at ease there. My studies in music, first with the piano, and later with the organ and in church music, seemed to have no connection with school life. Although I had an intense interest in cricket, and still do (I became a member at Trent Bridge in 1949) I was hopeless at the game and at sport in general. The games fields filled me with

dread, as did the use of apparatus in PT. No doubt wrongly, this anxiety and a particular lack of ability in sport made me feel inadequate. I longed to be like the 'hearties' I saw emerging from the subterranean changing rooms on their way to the gym/hall. During my third year in 1952 a school trip to Belgium and Germany was one I remember for a variety of reasons. To go to Germany so soon after the end of the war was something in itself. The desolation in Cologne brought about by the allied bombing made a deep impression on me.

It was altogether a confusing time for me. I did achieve some limited success in verse-speaking and in acting in school plays, which in those days were staged at the Cooperative Theatre in George Street. The pinnacle of my acting career was my Calpurnia, playing opposite Peter Bowles (Marcus Antonius) and John Bird (Brutus). On the first night an element of comedy clouded my big speech as the pillars at the back of the stage failed to remain upright. The fact that I was always given women's roles perhaps didn't help my self-perception. I shrank at the rough and tumble of Friday night scout meetings under the leadership of 'Chick' Farr; the worst feature being the playing of 'British Bulldog'. I left the 121st after three years because choir practice at church required my attendance. I was safe there! Illness in the later stages of the fifth-form meant that I had to re-take the year, and in the long run this proved to be most beneficial. I began to grow up.

I believe that it was at this point that we moved to our new buildings. (An abiding memory was hearing the news of the invasion of Suez while in the pristine dining hall.) The new school had no atmosphere whatsoever, but there were many advantages over Stanley Road, not least that at lunch times we no longer had to plod through depressing streets to the Palm Street canteen. Then, the walk to the battered former free-church chapel with its reheated food was also tainted by the sickly smell emanating from Shipstone's brewery. Thankfully the move meant that there was no more of this. Once in the sixth-form I began to feel much more settled and happy within the school and with school life. I could study the subjects I really liked – music with Frank Williams, English with 'George' Gilbert and History with 'Puffy' Graham. 'Puffy' always wore a grey three-piece suit, and nearly always a gown. He only relaxed this form of dress in high summer when he wore a cream linen jacket. His 'slip' tests were a hallmark of his teaching and undoubtedly helped you to memorize facts. His forays into nineteenth-century English history captured my imagination and gave me an interest in the subject that I still pursue.

The Headmaster, Harry Davies, through his membership of the committee of Nottingham Music Club, produced free tickets for a number of us to attend the club's monthly concerts in the YMCA hall in Shakespeare Street. This was a huge opportunity which I valued even more with hindsight. Instrumental and song recitals, chamber music and ensembles, and all performed by distinguished musicians. What a treat for a budding music student! Two occasions stand out : a performance given by Benjamin Britten and Peter Pears and a piano recital by Shura Cherkassky. They remain vivid memories and ones I treasure.

In school, at long last, I was able to get closer to the sporty side of HP. Not in participating, but as scorer for the cricket first XI. I had arrived! However, music was my first interest and organ lessons continued with Doug Madden before I moved on to being taught by Kendrick Partington. To Kendrick I owe so much. By now, what seemed (to me) my modest successes in music began to gain some recognition in the school. I was frequently used as an accompanist (witness the recording of the school song, a copy of which John Hayward produced for me). I played the organ at Speech Days in the Albert Hall and also for the school's Carol Services in High Pavement Chapel.

**Christopher Gower**

(to be continued)

## STANLEY ROAD FADES AWAY— OR DOES IT?



Following our report in the last issue of *The Pavior* Geoff Oldfield raised the topic of High Pavement's former Stanley Road premises at the recent AGM of the Society. He declared that his investigations about the future use of the building, especially through his contacts at the Nottingham Civic Society, had met with no response. He went on to suggest that the matter seemed to be in limbo at present.

Following Geoff's expressions of concern we have since been fortunate to make contact with Mark Cotterill of the School Organisation Team, Nottingham City Children's Services who are involved in the utilisation of school buildings in the city. In response to our enquiries Mark has been most helpful and has supplied some details of a proposed scheme to convert the main school building, formerly used by High Pavement School, into accommodation for an extension of the Forest Fields Primary School. This is hoped to embrace all the rooms on the first two floors of the building with much restoration of the fabric. Installation of a lift is a feature of the development. Many minor structures on the site will be removed and there will be extensive landscaping including the section of Stanley

Road between the schools (all pending adequate finance being available).

This is very good news to the members of this Society many of whom hoped that the old school would continue to be used for educational purpose. The amount of information we have received is quite extensive and we intend to produce an article in the February issue of *The Pavior*.

ooOoo

## ARCHIVE ADDITIONS

We have corresponded with **Mrs Emma Rawson** of Dorset who has been engaged in clearing the house in Wollaton after the death of her uncle Mr Cecil Roy Rawson (b.1921). Roy Rawson was an Old Pavior and she discovered among his possessions several copies of the original school magazine, *The Pavior*, for the years 1935 to 37. Mrs Rawson has taken steps to hand them to Robin Taylor on a special visit to Nottingham. We are very grateful to her for putting these magazines at our disposal and they will be a valued addition to our archive. (An extract from one is featured on page 11 of this newsletter).

Mrs Rawson also wrote about an old Pavior, now deceased, called Royston (Roy) Fox (b.1931) who was her father's best man. He was a contemporary of mine at the school and I knew him well as I am sure did other members of my generation.

Our member **Jim Beardsley** also sent us two donations just before he died on November 3<sup>rd</sup>. These were a copy of *The Pavior* for 1946 (interestingly it was the first issue apart from the bare-bones wartime edition in 1944 since national paper shortages prevented normal production) also a copy of the booklet issued by the then Old Boys' Club containing a list of all Old Paviors serving in H.M. Forces from 1939-45, acknowledging the work done in its compilation by Mr F B Page.

**Colin Salsbury**

## THE 2012 HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY PRIZE AWARDS PRESENTATION CEREMONY



Recipients of this year's awards pose with the Society's representatives..

**L to R:**

**Noel Gubbins**

**R H**

Stanley Middleton Award for  
Literary Achievement

**Colin Salsbury**

**Sarah Topley**

HPS Prize for Excellence

**Oliver Reynolds**

Ken Bateman Engineering

Award

**John Elliot**

*Photo by courtesy of ncn*

The Society's four principal prizes, which are awarded to the students of High Pavement Sixth Form Academy (part of Nottingham New College – **ncn**) were presented at a ceremony held at the Chaucer Street premises on September 18<sup>th</sup>.

Among those present were senior members of the College staff including Robin Kempster (Deputy Head - A Levels), Dawn Whitemore (**ncn** Deputy Principal - Delivery) and Jennifer Fearon (**ncn** Director - Progression and Academic Studies). The Society was represented by committee members John Elliot, Noel Gubbins and Colin Salsbury. Two of the recipients were accompanied by one of their parents. Both parents expressed great interest in the Society's award schemes.

The four awards for 2012 were as follows:

The **High Pavement Society Prize for Excellence** (for £200, to the *female* student achieving the highest score in 'A' Level Examinations) was presented to **Sarah Topley** by John Elliot.

The **Stanley Middleton Award for Literary Achievement** (for £150, based on 'A' Level English Literature results) was presented to **R H** by Noel Gubbins.

The **Ken Bateman Engineering Award** (for £150, to a student who, in the opinion of the subject tutors, showed the greatest aptitude in subjects leading to an Engineering or similar career) was presented to **Oliver Reynolds** by Colin Salsbury.

The **High Pavement Society Prize for Excellence** (for £200 to the *male* student achieving the highest score in 'A' Level Examinations) was awarded to **Mikael Tuabin** but he was unable to attend the presentation ceremony

The three recipients then discussed their plans for the future with the Society's representatives.

## THE 2012 AGM AND QUIZ NIGHT

The AGM of the Society was held on October 1<sup>st</sup> 2012 at the Welbeck Rooms, West Bridgford, Nottingham. The meeting was conducted by Ken Kirk, Chairman of the Society, in his usual expeditious manner but even so the proceedings lasted for about 30 minutes. Meanwhile our nearest and dearest sat in sociable conclave in the adjacent bar. Mr Robin Kempster attended to represent the HP Academy. The minutes of the meeting have now been circulated.

Following the formal AGM the usual social evening was held with an excellent buffet provided by the establishment. After a short interval,



during which a raffle was conducted by Barry Davys and Margaret Maclean, raising the splendid sum of £110 for the



Society funds, the company enjoyed participating in the Quiz for which the quizmaster was Noel Gubbins, ably supported by his charming wife Enid.

The questions taxed even the cleverest member present and there was the usual hilarity when the answers were revealed later. The winners of the prize of 'fine wines from Sainsburys' were the table operating under the team name of 'The Forty Eighters' (after their average age?) with a staggering 46 points out of 56. How did they do it?

**Right:** The Gubbinses prepare for action,

**Above:** A delighted Elizabeth Tomlinson of the winning quiz team displays her share of the prize.

**Below right:** *Carmen Paviorum!* Anne Taylor listens appreciatively to the 'choir' (watched over by H M The Queen). ►

The evening closed with yet another spirited rendition of *Carmen Paviorum*. We never seem to tire of this grand song.

This time, in the unavoidable absence of Kendrick Partington, the assembled 'choir' had to sing *unaccompanied*, but did so with competence and *brio* under the baton of Lance Wright. As usual we departed homewards with the music still ringing in our ears; glad to be Paviores, albeit old ones now.



## Browning Done Brown or The Dame and the Mitt

An Echo from the 'Pavior' of 1935

[This poem is a humorous parody of 'The Glove' by Browning (also a poem in the same vein: 'Der Handschuh' by Schiller). Both texts were popular at HP, either in English Literature or German translation, depending whether your 4<sup>th</sup> year was spent in the Classical or Science 'A' stream. The 'American' slang is a little dated now and probably owed much to the advent of the 'Talkies' a few years earlier.

*Frau Kunigunde challenges her admirer, the young knight De Lorges, to retrieve her glove which she has carelessly dropped into a pit full of wild animals. He does so with agility, avoiding injury but returns the glove by throwing it in her face, declaring that her disregard for his safety made her unworthy of him. The watching King of the Franks then expresses his agreement at this rather unchivalrous behaviour.]*

One day King Frank was feeling sore  
'Cos peace was such a mighty bore;  
He took his court to Noo Yark zoo.  
For there was nothing else to do.  
Amid the crush the great De Lorge stood  
With his sweet—a dame from Hollywood.  
Oh! What a face that baby had,  
It made the lions feel real bad.  
This dame let fall with sudden passion her  
Leather glove with the new zipp fastener.  
"The mitt my honey will recover,"  
She thought. 'Twas true. He reached the glove a  
Second later. Back he sped—  
The lions stunned or maybe dead—  
He raised his hand, then with a whizz  
Flung the mitt clean into her fizz.  
Oh baby! Did that mitt shemozzle;  
It hit the dame clean on the schnozzle.  
Disaster! Wakes Snakes! Pandemonium!  
The king said: "Say bo! I must own I am  
Fairly flummoxed, but that's what I'd have done."  
*Beanibus spiltis, Carmen finitum<sup>1</sup>*

S GOULDER (Classical IV).

ooOoo

### (YET) ANOTHER SLICE OF HUMOUR FROM PETER DAWSON

When, as new pupil, I first entered the portals of HP on Stanley Rd in September of 1948 it was a whole new world and one of the things that was new at the time was the rather 'corny' sense of humour where puns abounded and a so-called funny joke was judged by how big a groan it received. Puns became the staple diet of humour and I have never lost my appreciation of them and also the 'shaggy dog' story.

Well, here goes (groans optional):

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<sup>1</sup> (The beans having been spilt my poem is ended—Ed.)

Evidence has been found that William Tell and his family were avid ten-pin bowlers. Unfortunately, the Swiss league records were all destroyed in a fire—so we'll never know for whom the Tells bowled'

Back in the 1800's the Tate Watch Company of Massachusetts wanted to produce other products and since they already made the cases for watches, they used them to produce compasses. The new compasses were so bad though that people often ended up in Canada or Mexico rather than California. This, of course, is the origin of the expression: 'He who has a Tates is lost.'

A famous Viking explorer returned home from a voyage and found his name was missing from the town register. His wife insisted on complaining to the local civic official who apologised profusely saying: 'I must have taken Leiff off my census.' **Peter**

[*Connoisseurs of school humour might be amused by the collection of Examination Howlers made by Mr E W N Smith who is our Face to Remember on page 2 of this issue. Simply enter **exam howlers ewn smith** on Google and open John Smith's Home Page.*]

**ooOoo**

### **PAVIORS RUGBY CLUB ANNIVERSARY**

Members of the Society were invited to help with the singing of *Carmen Pavorum* at the Paviors Rugby Club's 90<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebrations on November 3<sup>rd</sup>. at the Ron Rossin ground at Burntstump Hill, Arnold. The club, though not connected with the Society, has a historical link with the now defunct 'HP Old Boys' Rugby Club'. We were therefore pleased to honour the association on the day. The singing was robust as usual and many members of the Society attended the event.



John Elliot and Lance Wright with Paviors club members and the British Legion poppy man. (Photo by Di Turner)

**ooOoo**



### **GEOFF OLDFIELD MBE our historian writes this month on: The Staff Council**

An unusual item deposited in the High Pavement School section of the Nottinghamshire Archives is a couple of books containing the minutes of the Staff Council<sup>2</sup>. These are the only ones deposited there and only cover the years 1950 to 1956. The Staff Council was responsible for all day to day organisation of the school and covered management and care of the buildings, the organisation of the daily routine of classes, the arrangements for the provision of school meals and the

<sup>2</sup> Not to be confused with the *School Council* a quasi-democratic body created by Harry Davies in the late 1940s to act as a forum involving both staff and pupils. It acted as a forum and had little or no executive power.

discipline and behaviour of pupils plus any other matters raised by the headmaster and a small group of teachers (who represented the teaching staff generally).

The Council met monthly under the chairmanship of the headmaster (then Harry Davies) who usually prepared the agenda, with the teachers' representative bringing forward any items which related to them. An example of this arose at a meeting, following a decision already made to allow prefects and sixth form boys to decide for themselves whether they should wear school caps. The item was to reconsider this decision as a result of some feeling in the school that this privilege should be extended to the remainder of the boys for whom it was compulsory to wear caps out of doors at all times while at school. The new minute said that wearing the cap should be optional for everyone. This decision was produced after what the minute described as 'a long discussion' although the headmaster thought it was only of minor interest.

Another item deliberated by the Council concerned the rules to be followed at dinner times, as not all boys went home to dinner. On fine days boys dining in the school dining hall were not allowed to stay indoors after their meal and a teacher had to supervise buildings and playgrounds and make one tour of the premises, calling in at the office to inform the duty prefect of his movements and where he could be found. The playing of card games was by common consent held to be unwise and was forbidden. The procedure on wet days was for Room 1 and Room 3, in the presence of a master, to be used for boys to do 'quiet work', sit quietly and behave in an orderly manner. The use of the library in such circumstances was subject to several conditions. All this gave rise to much discussion and each master was subsequently given a full written list of the instructions.

Another meeting heard that damage to furniture and school property was still too high. A sub-committee was appointed to consider whether there should be enough keys to ensure that all doors were kept locked when rooms were not in use. All damage was to be reported to Mr Gooderson as he was in constant contact with the school caretaker. In 1951 the headmaster reported that there was likely to be a serious shortage of paper and that there must be strict economy in its use. On another occasion he (the head) admitted to forgetting to put in the agenda an item relating to sport. This earned him a mild rebuke that if he had done so 'certain difficulties might have been avoided'.

From time to time some of the boys were summoned before the Council. Pupil X was warned about his bad conduct and untruthfulness. The minutes of the next meeting stated that, as usual, he was the subject of discussion. The headmaster reported that X had been sent to the Child Guidance Clinic to see the psychologist '*who had relinquished his post after he had examined him*'.  
**Geoff Oldfield**

ooOoo

### PUB LUNCH NEWS

**The 'Lambley' at Lambley** \_\_\_ The Lambley has a reputation as a 'gastro-pub' with an ambitious culinary prospectus so we felt pleased to pay the slightly higher prices than normal. We had been there before and memories of this encouraged 24 persons to crowd into the dining room for our gathering. We were pleased to see our new member, Barrie Cutts, among the guests and bid him welcome.



The pub made a big effort, although the service was on the slow side, and most members enjoyed their meal, especially the desserts. However, some of the steaks were disappointing and the waitress's remark that ordering them 'well done' was responsible for their condition was no excuse. A good chef should still be able to ensure the steak was enjoyable to eat. Even so, it was a most convivial gathering and Arnold Brown was thanked for organising the event by our Chairman, Ken Kirk.

### **Special Pub Lunch Notice**

For many years, the majority of our pub lunches have been organised by Arnold Brown and most members would say he has been extremely successful in choosing suitable premises and generally arranging these events. He usually visits the pubs involved, checks their seating capacity and samples the food (and probably the drink as well) to verify its quality and availability and ensure the cost is not beyond our pockets. All of this has made demands of time and travel and, regrettably, Arny now finds that his advancing age and limited agility make it difficult to continue. Soon the time will come when he wants to hand the task over to a willing successor.

Don't all rush at once! We hope suitable volunteer(s) will step forward, ready to take the reins in the New Year, under Arny's guidance, so if you feel like a try please contact the Secretary as soon as possible.

### **Christmas Pub Lunch December 18<sup>th</sup> 2012**

As our usual venue is now unable to seat the number of guests we normally attract for our Christmas event we have relocated to **The Welbeck Rooms, West Bridgford** (where we hold our Annual Dinner and AGM). Invitations will this time be sent out to the whole listed membership and it is hoped members who are not regular pub-lunches might be able to make a special effort to attend a Christmas get-together. Since we can now accommodate a larger group than normal **all who wish to attend** will be welcome.

Please contact the secretary if you need details in advance.

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### **ARNY'S BOOK**

*[In our last newsletter the extract from Arny's Book described events leading to his problems with Manic Depression. He now continues his narrative about his struggle with the affliction.]*

In the last extract I spoke about my despair at keeping the bakery running profitably and how my outlook verged on suicidal. My doctor (Bywater) apparently took a serious view of my condition because he rang Mapperley Hospital, who arranged for a doctor (psychiatrist?) to visit me at home later in the day. That I was ordered to stay at home was

accompanied by an enormous feeling of relief. The predominant sensation I had was that the bakery, and its multifarious problems, was a situation I could no longer face. The prospect of a spell at home, even under conditions of mental illness, removed the weight of cares from my mind.

Dr. Jones, a man I later met many times at St. Anne's Hospital, arrived at our house around tea time, and I suppose I unloaded my troubles to him in considerable detail. My memory is of a long visit, during which Dr. Jones showed great patience and understanding. He prescribed an assortment of pills, and asked me to attend the hospital the following week. That I was, for an indefinite period, relieved of the responsibility of attending work, served to enable me to regain a certain degree of sanity. I was perfectly capable of attending meetings and functions which were unconnected with the normal world of work, and continued to do so.

During March, Barbara and I were able to arrange a holiday which in many ways was one of the most memorable we have had. Paul (*son*) and Cathy had volunteered to look after the twins (*daughters*), who were only seven years old at the time, and so on this unique occasion we managed to drive away alone with little idea of our destination. Memory fades, but I know we covered the Cotswolds as well as the Yorkshire Dales, discovering the River Swale, The Strid and Bolton Abbey, and staying briefly in a hotel at Burnsall. I was able to enjoy these recreational pursuits to the full, but when thoughts turned to the bakery my mind was full of terror, a feeling which took years rather than months to overcome.

I was unable to work for eight months until the following September, and during this time received a variety of pills together with counselling during periodic visits to St. Anne's Hospital where I always looked forward to talks with Dr. Jones. My mood varied between depression and elation. My sister, Win, was concerned because I appeared to lose all sense of responsibility as far as money was concerned. In addition to my salary which I continued to draw, I received weekly sick pay from the government which considerably enhanced my total income. I felt positively rich, and spent money as if there was no tomorrow. I decorated, made cupboards, and performed any task I could find during my periods on 'high' but there was always the blackness and fear, including nightmares about the fortunes of the bakery.

In 1971 there were mutterings that I really ought to be thinking about returning to work, that my protestations of still being ill were not borne out by my behaviour. Little did they realise that, behind the outer shell of normality, still lay deep feelings of fear, and an inability to face the daily trials and tribulations of working life. During late August or early September I returned to the bakery office, and worked fitfully. Paul was now acting as buyer, which was previously one of my main jobs, and I attempted to perform a comparatively minor office routine. It was to be a long and hard road back to my previous position as a competent partner in the business.

Berni Inns was a steak bar company operating several establishments in the Nottingham area, and which were growing at an exceptional rate and we supplied them with goods which formed a significant part of our turnover. The order specified Vienna Rolls which, for the uninitiated, means that a glaze was produced on the crust by the action of steam injected into the oven. We had no facility for this, and achieved the desired result by brushing the unbaked roll with egg-wash which was usually found acceptable. However, one morning, as I was about to go home for lunch, the telephone rang. 'This is the Berni Inn at The Grosvenor, Mansfield Road. We have a very serious complaint about your delivery of rolls this morning. Will you come to The Grosvenor immediately, where our Managing Director is waiting to see you?' He was one of the Berni brothers, well known for his

meticulous and ruthless reputation. This order was a vital one, and its loss could well mean a further move towards insolvency for the Brown empire.

Berni jumped straight in. 'These rolls are not Vienna; they are egg-washed, and not to our specification'. I was dismissed in disgrace. This incident was sufficient to undo whatever good may have been done for my health during months of enforced rest. I asked for an emergency consultation with Dr. Jones, and pleaded to be admitted to St Anne's Hospital as an in-patient, the only place I felt might be a safe haven from the cares of the outside world.

Life in a mental hospital is not, perhaps, quite as it may be imagined. I was surprised and relieved to find that my fellow patients were, with notable exceptions, perfectly normal and intelligent people, but who had problems which they found difficult or impossible to handle. Dr Jones once put it quite simply to me when he said 'Mental illness starts when it becomes impossible to see a solution to one's problems'. On the other hand Dr Jones, I feel sure, had reached the stage when he could see no solution to *my* problem, and so he decided to try the dreaded Electro Convulsive Therapy. It seems probable that ECT has a beneficial effect, but not even the most learned authorities seem to know why. It is feared by the general public, I suppose because of the bizarre nature of the treatment. To place two electrodes, one on each side of the forehead, and then to pass a high voltage current between the two is reminiscent of science fiction—especially when many lay people believe that this procedure is carried out without anaesthetic, as it was in the early days. In my case the treatment was preceded by a simple injection which ensured oblivion until waking half an hour later on a restful bed, but with a head aching with the degree of a moderate hangover. Although some patients complain bitterly of memory loss after this treatment, I was not affected in any degree of consequence, but I question seriously whether I derived any benefit from this highly controversial therapy. I was released from hospital after six weeks, returned to work and performed ineffectively. I agreed to undergo a further series of Electric Treatments, this time as an outpatient. Unbelievably, I used to drive from work to the hospital at nine in the morning, undergo treatment, and drive back about ten thirty, with as little thought as if going for a haircut. There was still little improvement.

Early in 1972 Dr Jones decided to try a further change in my medication, this time to a fairly newly introduced treatment—Priadel tablets, the chemical name for which is Lithium Carbonate. Lithium was proving effective in correcting the chemical balance in the brains of sufferers from Manic Depression for the better. In my case it performed a miracle, and from the beginning of the treatment the symptoms rapidly disappeared, and I was able to resume a normal life again. Though the change in my mental well-being was clear to me, and happened quite quickly, this was not matched by a similar climb back to normality in my working life. Following the Manic Depression episode Army's position had radically changed. I was now company financial controller (a posh title that) and chief clerk. Financial Controller because I retained control of the cash, both incoming and outgoing, and, by means of the cash book, monitored command of the company's finances. Chief Clerk because I prepared the wages, and helped with what was now becoming known as the Sales Ledger. Major policy decisions were usually taken in consultation with Paul, the initiative invariably coming from him. Paul at this time was ambitious to open one or more shops. Army was in a more cautious frame of mind - perhaps governed by the action of Lithium Carbonate on his previous manic temperament?

**Arnold**