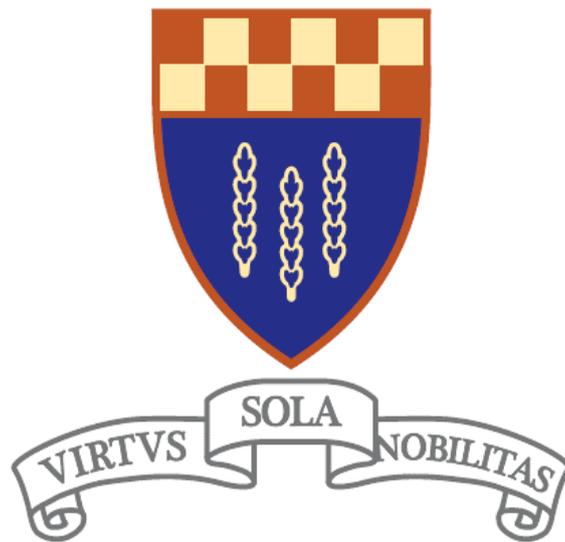


The Pavior



The Newsletter
of
The High Pavement Society
(founded 1989)

November 2020

Your Committee

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

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**Faces to Remember
James G Bullock
Mathematics Master at HP
1934-66 (died in service)**

Committee notices

WNG –an appreciation



The Society owes a debt of gratitude to its former Secretary, Noel Gubbins. In the early days our founder member, Arnold Brown did all the secretarial work himself as well as every other organising activity and gathered together a supporting group which evolved into the Society's Committee. Time has taken its toll of those members and we have shrunk in number since.

When Noel Gubbins joined the Committee he was immediately appointed General Secretary and soon licked the organisation of committee matters into shape. Minutes were meticulously edited and filed, agendas prepared and meetings convened, including the AGMs.

The AGMs were nearly always followed by a social gathering which included a quiz of slightly hilarious character, initially conducted by Neville Wildgust until he relinquished this office when Noel proved to be an equally effective quiz master (assisted by his wife, Enid).

As we all become older many of us feel the onset of the infirmities associated with our years. Noel developed serious problems with his eyesight and other disorders which meant that he had to relinquish the office of Secretary. His was a hard act to follow but we are in regular contact of course and can rely on his trenchant opinions on a variety of committee matters. The Society are grateful for Noel's ministry.

The Committee

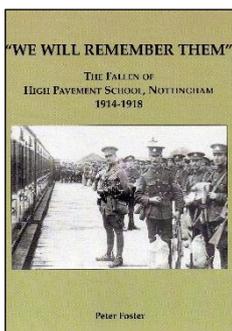
Appeals for contacts

We have been contacted by four more Old Pavors since the last time we made such an appeal. Constraints of the Data Protection Act forbid sending personal address details without permission but we can display the names of the enquirers (enquirees?):

Rex Davies; **HP 1941-48;** (nicknamed 'Pyrtle'); Lives in Worksop, Notts.
Alan Cecil; **HP 1964-71;** (Woodthorpe House); Lives in Wirksworth, Derbys.
Mike Harrison; **HP 1971-72;** (nicknamed 'Mole'); Lives in Radlett, Herts.
Derek Bristow; **HP 1960-67;** (HPS member 2020) Lives in Leicester.

The Covid 19 restrictions mean that this must, for the time being at least, be a matter for correspondence only. **The secretary will be pleased to pass on any messages.**

Remembrance 2020



The calendar now shows we are in November and our thoughts turn to the Remembrance Ceremony which this society likes to celebrate with our High Pavement Sixth Form friends at their Chaucer Street premises. Alas, the emergency measures now in force mean that we are unable to do so this year and our remembrances must be expressed privately. It may be an occasion when members would like to read about the Old Pavors who died as a result of the First World War as recorded in Peter Foster's book '**We will remember them**'. Copies are now available from Robin Taylor, at a new price of **£10.00** inc. postage and packing. (His address is given on page 2).

The Society has arranged for a modest wreath to be laid before our War Memorial at Chaucer Street.



HIGH PAVEMENT SOCIETY PRIZE AWARDS



As most members are aware, these annual awards are based on the academic performance of students at the High Pavement Sixth Form of Nottingham College (as it is now known). The useful cash awards are intended to assist the students in the next stage of their studies, usually at a Higher Education establishment.

This year however, due to Covid 19, there have been no A-level examinations on which this performance can be based. Instead A-level grades have been awarded according to the professional assessments of the tutorial staff. We learn therefore that the following students are therefore eligible for our awards:

High Pavement Society Award for Excellence (best performing female student):

Asma Akbar

Asmar is at present taking a gap year and will take up the study of Medicine in 2021

High Pavement Society Award for Excellence (best performing male student):

Liam Pearce

Liam is now studying English with Creative Writing at the University of Nottingham.

Stanley Middleton Literature Award (best achievement in English Literature):

Tia Duckmanton

Tia is now studying History at the University of Nottingham.

Ken Bateman Award for Engineering

(best student intending to pursue studies in Engineering or Associated Subjects):

Ben Harvey

Following a gap year Ben intends to pursue a degree apprenticeship in nuclear engineering, with aerospace engineering also as an option, rather than a university degree course. He is currently preparing applications for 2021, mentioning his success in winning this Award.

In normal times the prizes would be presented by members of the Society Committee during a simple ceremony at the College but this year the cheques and certificates will be forwarded by post. The Society offers its warmest congratulations to all four winners.

Treasurer's Note

The Awards to the students are made from the Society's *Education Fund* which is supported wholly by donations by members of the Society, with the exception of The 'Ken Bateman Award' which is made thanks to the generosity of an Old Pavior of that name, now resident in Australia, who was a pupil at HP from 1942-50.

The Prize Awards of the Society are among the activities of which we are most proud and we invite members to make contributions (via the treasurer) to the *High Pavement Society Education Fund* in order to help us maintain the level of the Student Awards into the foreseeable future.

Robin Taylor, Treasurer.

ooOoo



◀ Part of the display in one of the completed showcases

The Trophy Saga

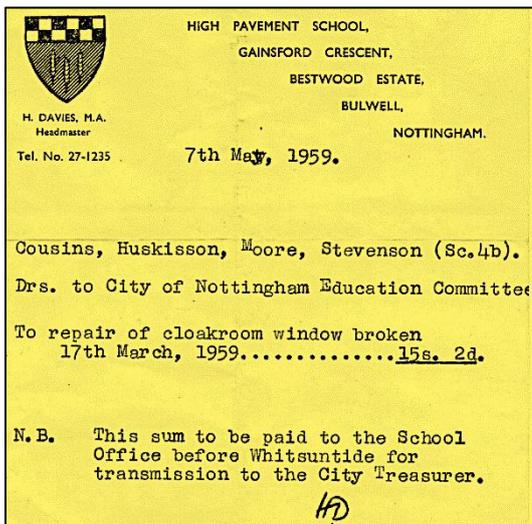
The installation of the trophy cabinets, so long awaited, began during the third week of October under the restrictions of the Covid 19 emergency. Only three members of the Committee were able to attend: Ken Kirk, Robin Taylor, and Alex Rae. One of the two cabinets was successfully installed and the second was in progress when an accident occurred involving one of the glass shelves collapsing. This brought the installation to a halt until a suitable replacement can be procured. So near and yet so far! It was very galling for those involved to encounter this mishap after the long gestation period of this project. A more complete report will be available in the next issue of *The Pavior*.

ooOoo

FROM OUR READERS FROM GORDON MOORE

A stern message

Colin, During lockdown I did a lot of tidying and came across this document. I can't remember how we came to break the window but thought it might interest *Pavior* readers.
Best wishes, Gordon



[This document is suitably initialled by Taffy to show that he meant business. An inflation calculator on the internet suggests that this bill would total nearly £18.00 in today's money. Were Sc 4b such a wild lot in those days? I hope they paid up! - CS

ooOoo

FROM DAVID TAYLOR

[Our member David (DG) Taylor (1958-65) recalls his days as a founder member of the High Pavement School Omnibus Society and his subsequent career in the public transport industry.]

My interest in buses commenced at around the age of six or seven when my aunt would take me into Nottingham City Centre or Hyson Green on a Saturday afternoon shopping expedition. We would travel on a 43 or 44 trolleybus (4d for auntie, 2d for me). I was especially interested in the Midland General blue and cream buses which ran to such places as Ripley (B1), Alferton (C5) and Mansfield (B8) and I would collect the Route Numbers rather than the Fleet Numbers.



My interest continued at Highbury Junior School and then at HP. During that time I made friends with several boys who were also interested in buses and we decided to form a bus enthusiasts club in 1960.

This was the start of the HP Omnibus Society. Maths Master Mr R K (Bob) Pannell kindly agreed to serve as President although he himself had no previous interest in the subject. Bob Gell was the Secretary and I was the Chairman. We used to meet monthly with about 15 members including Michael Speake, Len Gill, Melvyn Cresswell, Paul Evans and Brian West.

Each month members would give talks on different bus operators. We organised visits to the garages of local bus companies including Trent at Derby, Barton at Chilwell, and East Midlands Motor Services at Mansfield, Worksop, Clowne and Chesterfield. For all of these trips we used service buses only. Another most interesting day was spent in Loughborough at the bus builders Yeates and Willowbrook where we saw vehicle bodies being made. The Omnibus Society ran for about 2 years before, eventually, school pressures took over as we prepared for our careers.

I remember each day going to school and catching the No 17 Bus from St Alban's Road at Bulwell to Arnold Road. This bus ran at 0827 and was a duplicate to the scheduled service and almost always had the same conductress, Molly Drury; the fare was 1d with a yellow ticket. After alighting from the bus at Arnold Road, I would wait to see the Black & White Coach pass at around 0840, en route from Mansfield to Cheltenham on its daily journey via Stratford on Avon. 'Black & White' were a Cheltenham based company.

I began to consider a career and decided to go into the transport industry, so I approached Nottingham City Transport (NCT) and Trent and had an interview at both. NCT seemed the better prospect so I joined them in 1966, just after the last Trolleybuses ran in June of that year. I worked as an office junior on the Operational side of the undertaking in the company, one of several teenagers, some of whom were also enthusiasts to varying degrees. One young man was Philip Doughty (also ex-HP) who later went into teaching.

As I progressed up the career ladder I studied for the Professional Exams of the Chartered Institute of Transport and the Institute of Transport Administration and passed them in 1969/71. I became a Corporate Member of both bodies. In 1974, NCT decided to set up a coach and bus hire department so I applied successfully for the post of Operating Manager. We had the Lilac Leopard Coaches, also other double and single deck buses which were used all round the country and on hire to National Express. As I had also been interested in the geography of the country I very much enjoyed the job which I did until 1986. Then, I had to leave NCT to care for my housebound mother so I took a home-based job instead.

As a bus enthusiast, I also joined the national Omnibus Society and the PSV Circle in 1974 and am still a member of both. As well as being interested in the infrastructure of the industry and the vehicles, I have travelled around most of the British Isles to photograph the buses and local scenery. I especially like the North of Scotland including Shetland, Orkney and the Outer Hebrides; also the Channel Islands and Wales.

So what started as a hobby became, for me, an enjoyable career. Many of my friends (including some from HPGS) stayed in that line of business for many years. In my possession, I still have the fading Minute Book of the HP Omnibus Society. For a school with several railway lines nearby (e.g. Bagthorpe Junction), it made a change from train spotting !

David (DG) Taylor

FROM GRAHAM WYBROW

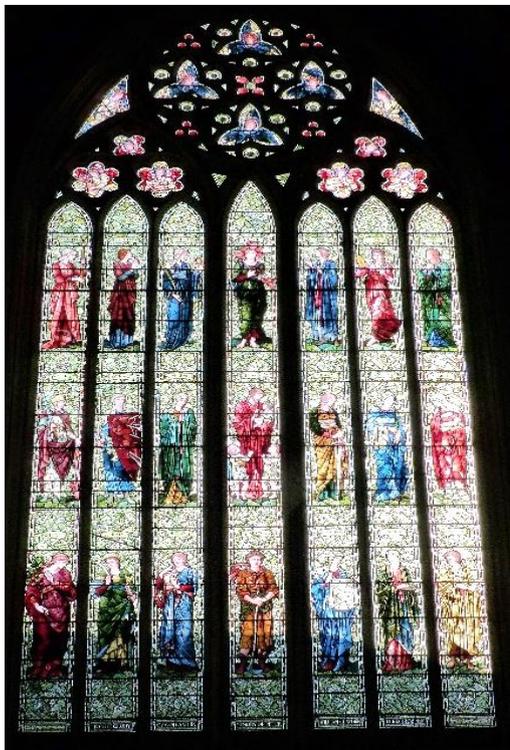
A fond memory - The Christmas Carol Service at High Pavement Chapel

It was December 1959, and I was coming to the end of my first term at High Pavement School (Gainsford Crescent). It was announced in school assembly that a few days hence, the school would be holding the Annual Carol Service at the High Pavement Chapel in central Nottingham. On that morning, instead of coming to school as usual, pupils would be required to make their own way to the High Pavement Chapel in the Lace Market for 9.15 am.

At that age, I was quite familiar with travelling around Nottingham on my own and on buses and I had a fair idea of where the Chapel was. However, my parents advised me that if I did have difficulty finding it, I should be able to follow the sea of brown blazers heading in that direction. I found it without trouble and quickly sought out my own form and our form master amongst the throng on the pavement and car park outside the Chapel. The form master took an informal roll-call and we awaited our turn to enter the Chapel.



Weekday Cross and the High Pavement Chapel (with Spire).



The Magnificent South Window (Burne-Jones). The shadow of our first School falls across the lower part of the window.

I remember the day being very cold with white frost on leaves and fences. At the appointed time, we were instructed to enter the Chapel by form and, as in normal school assembly, the first forms were seated at the front with the other years in order of increasing age seated behind. The church was dark and sombre but well decorated for Christmas with a large illuminated Christmas tree at the front and Christmas lights, a Nativity scene and bright seasonal decorations.

I remember being immediately impressed by the stained glass windows on all sides. Directly in front of me was the magnificent South Window which I now know to have been the work of the celebrated artist, Edward Burne-Jones. I also noticed an unusual window to my right which, strangely, depicted a more 'modern day' soldier and sailor (see photo) rather than the usual Saints and medieval knights that I had come to expect. This I now know was the First World War Memorial (West) window, which commemorated those members of the Chapel congregation who lost their lives in the Great War.

The Service started around 9.30 with familiar seasonal carols, prayers and lessons. There were performances by the School Orchestra and lessons read by the Headmaster, the Head of RE and selected pupils. There was hearty singing of several popular carols by the



Detail of the World War I Memorial (West) Window showing the images of the soldier and sailor.

whole school, most of whom were now sensing the imminent holidays and were entering into the festive spirit.

The service concluded around 11.00 am and we were then all dismissed in an orderly manner and allowed to make our own way back to Gainsford Crescent for the afternoon session starting at 2.00 pm. This allowed some free time for pupils to look round the shops in the city centre which were all now well decorated for Christmas. With some 750+ pupils needing to return to Gainsford Crescent on normal service buses, this extra time also avoided too much congestion on the service buses (a

corporation double-decker, even now, only holds about 100 passengers). Presumably those taking school lunch would have needed to return a little more promptly.

This was to be the first of seven annual Carol Services that I was to attend at the High Pavement Chapel. I had long assumed that the custom of returning to our founding Chapel for this Annual Christmas Service was a long-standing school tradition probably dating back to the days when the school was at its original site. However, I have only recently learned from colleagues who attended Stanley Road that this was certainly *not* the custom in those years. Of course they held an annual Carol Service but this was held in the school hall at Stanley Road, and not in the High Pavement Chapel. I now realise that the use of the more historic venue was in fact a relatively recent initiative, probably dating from the time of the move to Gainsford Crescent.

Education is all about encouraging pupils to ‘get out of their comfort zone’ and expand their envelope of experience. This was an example of the school taking an opportunity to give its pupils the experience of an important new environment at minimal cost. For many of our pupils who would not otherwise have seen the inside of a church, it was an opportunity to become familiar with church layout, furniture and customs. I presume that at this time, the chapel was struggling with the cost of upkeep of such a fine building with steadily declining congregations and our use of the Chapel would have been of help to them too. Also, I presume that Mr Train, an authority on the city’s churches, would have appreciated the opportunity to acquaint all pupils with the history of our school centred on that site.

Time moves on and the fine High Pavement Chapel is now enjoying a completely new life as the ‘Pitcher and Piano’ Restaurant, having, in the intervening years, also served for a period as the Nottingham Lace Museum. However, the building has been very tastefully converted and the magnificent stained glass windows are now preserved and protected (the photos above were taken in 2018).

Meanwhile, the now much reduced congregation of the High Pavement Chapel continue to meet but using more modest premises in a converted lace factory in Plumtre Street, a couple of hundred yards away (off Stoney Street).

Graham Wybrow

ooOoo

FROM TREVOR JONES

Surgery abroad

[Trevor, who lives in Viet Nam adds a further reminiscence to his article last month. This time he describes encounters with two rather different parts of the Vietnamese medical services]

In 2016, I decided that I needed new glasses, so upon a personal recommendation, I visited an opticians in Vinh Long, the city where I live. As soon as I walked into the shop, serious doubts entered my head because, even though the front of the shop definitely looked like an opticians, the back of the shop was definitely a motorbike workshop, with parts of two or three (it was difficult to guess the exact number) bikes spread all over the floor. I turned to go out but was assured that everything was OK and an eye test was performed. Two days later I returned and, on trying the new glasses, it confirmed that I was right in the first place - even the bikes we're still in bits!

So I decided to head north to Ho Chi Minh City and visit an eye hospital, Cao Thang, that I was given to understand had an excellent reputation. Upon arrival at the hospital I was greeted by an ultra-modern establishment that I would recommend to anyone. Being a foreigner (we pay more money than locals) I was soon queue jumped and being tested for everything.

I was told that I had cataracts in both eyes and I had the choice of new glasses or surgery—I opted for surgery. I was then told that the retina in my left eye needed laser treatment first before surgery could be performed on it. When I returned a week later, I had the laser treatment, then I had the operation on my right eye. A week after that, I had my left eye done.

The surgeon was a Dutchman and his first lieutenant, as it were, was French, but you did have a choice as they had taught a few Vietnamese surgeons as well (and they charged a few *dong* less) but I cautiously stayed with the Dutchman.

It was a month after surgery when I returned for a follow-up that I met one of the Vietnamese surgeons who checked me over. She was stunningly beautiful, spoke perfect English (as did most of the people I met there) and she gave me that look that said ‘I could have saved you some money!’

The great thing about that hospital was that a percentage of the fee that I and other people paid went into a charity that they ran so that local people who needed surgery but couldn't afford it were able to be treated.

It was quite an experience having the operations, but I would definitely recommend it to anyone. There was absolutely nothing to worry about during, or after the ops, and now not having to wear glasses (other than ‘Sunnies’) is so much better than before.

The photo of me was taken following my second operation and they did recommend wearing sunglasses afterwards for a while because of the brightness of the sun over here - but to be fair, because of the glare of the sun here, I wear them *every time* I go out.



Trevor Jones

ooOoo

FROM TOMMY GEE

[Our well-known nonagenarian correspondent reports on a visit he made recently to Brasil (sic), a country he greatly admires and where he intends to take up residence. This describes his experiences during the visit he made to the city of *Araxa*. Time to consult the atlas! –Ed.]

We travelled inland, together with many trucks, many of double length and impossible to pass when in convoy, some 200 miles to Araxa to spend New Year local style at a big rural hotel in coffee/cattle country. The hotel building is literally palatial. The dining room is a double cube, (twice the size of the Whitehall banqueting hall where Charles I lost his head). The solid walnut lifts are 90 years old.

Swimming was in the blue-tiled pool deep underground. (I was reminded of a similar experience in Baden, where *Nazi-like* medical assistants in white, imposed strict time limits in the water in case one turned to stone.) Everywhere seems to have local marble floors, often with unnecessary red carpets, and much use of blue ceramic tiles with distant echoes of Delft.

This really massive building stands in extensive grounds surrounding a lake, surely the reason for the original investment. Getting in past security took 5 minutes. Eventually the gatekeeper tolled on a large bell (Lutine-like, as if to announce the sinking of another ship) and we drove into the porte-cochere. We were then taken over by porters of different grades, indicated by the number of rings on their sleeve. The boss, a **four ringed** bell captain!

On arrival, one is wrist-tagged just like on a family prison visit. Luggage was commandeered and stickered with the room number and wheeled away. We were escorted to the lifts and briefed on the extensive facilities, and arranged to swim before shutdown. We were admitted to the pool, and a wheel chair was ordered to whisk me back to room 4342. I had managed the long walk to the pool but feared I would not be able to get back, or would get lost in the carpeted marble corridors with no *Tomtom*¹ to guide me. Lost in the Catacombs!

I find the people of Brasil quite fascinating, due to what I call their colour spectrum, and it seems to be a classless society. There is more information about their persons than you would encounter in northern Europe, since they are less clothed, and what they do wear is so revealing in many ways. Although wearing a great variety of colourful clothing, as if part of a fashion parade, the half-contained person, both male and female, is almost always visible. All these different fashion models mix and match in a delightful racially-well-mannered, seemingly classless, melting pot. Ever present are their phoneless well-behaved children.

Am I blinkered here by social financial layering? Maybe, but so far this is the persistent experience. The most overwhelming impression is of the racial spectrum, across the range from black to white, but also in facial types from Africa all the way to Old Europe. It would be an impossible challenge for our racial nations to decide who to send back to their home country, were they ever ambitious to do so. Words are inadequate to get this across, so I shall have to do some furtive photography to make the point.

I have not yet been able to form a view on the other half of the people, who live in *favelas*², nor about the ticking time bomb which they must surely represent. Will this evident skewed wealth distribution lead to an explosion? My host's son (a surgeon) has offered to guide my reading on Brasil's future socio-economic implications to try and satisfy my curiosity, as my experience so far is constrained by language, and polite conversation. **Tommy**

¹ For those who don't know, a brand of sat-nav.

² A Brazilian shanty town, or slum

FROM DICK BEASLEY

Memories fade...

Basford, Forest, Newstead, School and Trent ... houses - I think there were eight. Let others fill the gaps. *Amo, amas, amat ... Una voce concinamus ... Foras sesto pondero ver ...* The Latin, and 'dog Latin', punctuates the years.

The long trudge up Bobbers Mill Road, then Berridge Road to the Victorian edifice on Stanley Road. Later, at the new school in Bestwood for my 6th form years, the long uphill bike ride from Aspley Lane. At least I kept fit. And the return journey was much easier!

But I was never a sportsman. Trips to Strelley in the earlier years for bone-chilling rugby games. I was always one of the last to be selected - I was small and rather weedy for my age. *Remo, pila, pede, caestu ...* At Bestwood, athletic types working out in their tracksuits and spikes. Colin Bacon might be improving his javelin throwing - he became a national schoolboy champion. Others showed their prowess on the rugby or cricket field, in the boxing ring or swimming pool - ah, memories of Noel Street baths where I did at least learn to swim. In the spring, the pounding round the fields of the cross-country run - quite enjoyable in a masochistic kind of way. But the changing hut left much to be desired.

Alimentum. Lunch at Palm Street canteen, with its boiled cabbage smell and Spotted Dick with custard for afters. Walking past a brewery on the way there with its cloying smell of hops. The baker's trays brought into school for mid-morning break: cobs which we stuffed with crisps, cream doughnuts. Probably not the best diet but better than modern-day junk food.

Friday evenings Scouts and fragmented memories of many camps: Walesby, Brynbach (algae in the swimming pool), Belle Isle in Brittany, walking with the Senior Scouts in the Trossachs (midges galore). Peter Bowles my first Patrol Leader. Short shorts and long legs. The Scout hut in a wood near Oxton, with bunks inside. I forget its name (*The Friary-Ed*).

Trips: to Arran where I climbed Goat Fell, beginning a love affair with mountains and wild places; to Annecy and the Alps by Barton coach, sleeping in a school dorm, snowball fight on the Col de l'Iseron, rowing on the lake - learning to row at Highfields was not wasted.

Speech Day at the Albert Hall and the orchestrated standing and sitting by around 700 boys. We were well drilled! Some stirring music, and singing too, such as 'Glory to Isis' and the Gilbert & Sullivan repertoire. The school song of course ... *omnes Paviores*. Who put the button in the organ pipes? More music at assembly, once we moved to Gainsford Crescent, with a select piano piece played by one of the boys. Many might have preferred Bill Haley!

The staff: Wilson, Farr, Millidge, Mardling, Train, Blackburn, Dodd and many others whose names I've forgotten. Lots of nicknames - *Taffy, Crock, Chick, Isaiah*. Some teachers more inspiring than others but all supposedly contributing to the development of a well-rounded character - perhaps they succeeded? Quite a few now remembered in street names on the site of the dismantled Bestwood school buildings. (Strange how short a life the new buildings had compared to the once-condemned one on Stanley Road.) I was never taught by Stan Middleton but subsequently enjoyed a number of his novels.

My friends of course, many of whom are sadly no longer with us. Some did well in life and hopefully all benefitted from being at High Pavement. I am still in touch with one or two of the survivors. I have some photos, plus my fading memories ... and the arrival of the 'Pavior' may bring a new one to light. May it long continue. *Sic per annos* **Dick Beasley**

ooOoo

FROM ROY JOHNSON

[Roy Johnsons is one of latest recruits to the Society and, thanks to his habit of keeping a diary (in those days anyway) is able to paint a picture of life at HP shortly before it evolved into the High Pavement Sixth Form College. We have a common acquaintance in Ray Caulton who was School Captain in the sixth form during my first year at HP in 1942-3. -Ed.]

I recently joined the society and I am enjoying reading the articles in the Pavior. Coincidentally to joining my brother found a diary of mine for 1971, which had been hiding behind a drawer of the family bureau for 54 years!

My last year at High Pavement was in 1971, when I wrote the diary. I left after my 'O' levels and subsequently lost track with my school friends who stayed on for the 6th form, whilst I entered the world of work. However, this diary has brought back some happy memories



My main friends were Paul Dudley, Howard Hewitt, Steve Jones and Pete Sadler and according to the diary we spent many hours at each other's homes or on the local parks. There was inevitably some under age drinking (see photo), but according to the diary this was a rare occurrence!

Under age?

From left to right: H. Hewitt, S. Jones, P. Dudley, R. Johnson.

We even had a holiday together (except for Pete Sadler) at a caravan in Skegness.

There is very little mention of teachers (masters) in the diary apart from Mr. Posaner, Mr. Caulton and a leaving interview with the headmaster Mr. (Albert) Brown which was probably the only time I had been to his office for anything other than punishment!

With 1971 being an exams year there was much revising but after the exams the school sent me to various careers events and also to do some voluntary work such as gardening in the grounds of Basford Hospital and for some elderly residents of the Bestwood estate. It is difficult to envisage schools sending out their 5th formers to do that now!

As regards sport, this is well categorized in the diary. I was very keen on sport, although of average ability, and apart from activities at school such as rugby, hockey and cross-country running I diarised six other sports in which I took part during my leisure time: Football, Basketball, Bowls, Cricket, Tennis and Golf! I guess that didn't leave much time for homework!

Finally I counted in my diary that I went to 14 Forest football matches, 2 Notts C.C. cricket matches and 2 concerts (T. Rex and Uriah Heap). Where did I get the money for all these events?

I hope your readers find this interesting and if any of my erstwhile school friends remember me, please get in touch.

Best Wishes, Roy

ooOoo

FROM ALAN CLARKE

[A welcome return for Alan Clarke who has been a member of the HPS since its founding year of 1989 and has contributed articles in the past. He begins his latest offering with this photo which should stir memories for many of our members]



School Prefects appointed in the summer of 1956 (numbered from the left): **Top row:** 9. Dick Spooner 11. Brian Hall; **Middle:** 4. John? Herworth (vice-captain) 5. Brian Silk (school captain) 6. John Lowther (later to become school captain) 7. ? Worthy (son of staff member); **Front:** 2. Dick Beasley 7. John Sharman 8: Alan Clarke.

The photograph was taken at the fairly new Gainsford Crescent site outside the Science Block. Sadly the whole area, including what was a magnificent playing field, is now a housing estate.

The contents of the Society newsletter for August certainly lift the mists of time to revive faded memories, especially of those formative and fortunate years spent at High Pavement (1949-57). I say fortunate because we lived fairly close to the school. Duke Street was only a few minutes' walk away from Stanley Road. However, the 1955 transfer to Bestwood was less convenient. Luckily, my parents were proud to know I had gained entry to HP and decided I had earned a brand new bicycle, of which I made good use during the following decade.

As for the education I received, the key words were performance and participation, and expectation was high for both. The superb Head, Harry (Taff) Davies, aided by deputy, Ralph (Croc) Crossland, and an eclectic mix of staff strove to impart wisdom and knowledge to their aspiring protégés, hoping for academic success and brighter futures.

Of course it wasn't all work and no play! There were ample opportunities to participate in sport and other leisure activity as we are reminded with each issue of the newsletter. My own particular interest was the 121st School Scout Group which I joined on entry and maintained throughout my time at HP achieving the coveted Queen Scout status in 1955. This award was presented by the then Chief Scout Lord Rowallan at the camp at Gilwell Park.

Keith Fothergill's article in the August issue jogged my memory of those many Scouting forays and adventures including visits to The Friary (the outdoor base in the country near Calverton), Walesby Forest Camp, overnight hikes and several holidays under canvas both in the UK and abroad. Although I didn't go to Sark with the 'Seniors' in 1954 I recognise several of the faces in Keith's photo including Leader Don Varley (far right), Alan Ripley and 'Bing'

Crosby (far L). However, I was in the party who held a 10 day camp in Brittany in 1955 also led by Don and carry fond recollections of that.

Sportwise I enjoyed athletics, cricket and swimming in the summer, and hockey when it was introduced by Mr Worthy in the autumn of 1955. I had played rugby in the early years but was never really a fan of the game.

I had more than a passing interest in Drama and in 1956 appeared in the School Play *The Government Inspector* and produced the (Woodthorpe) House Play in the same year. This interest continued locally until recently. Even so, I was never going to emulate Peter Bowles!

Of those in my photo Brian Silk had been School Captain for a year and was about to leave to begin his career in medicine, culminating as a Paediatric Consultant at Kettering General Hospital (now retired). I wonder what has happened to all the other young men. **Alan**

ooOoo

FROM BOB PATCHETT

Dear Colin, It was a pleasure to receive the latest copy of *The Pavior* but I did feel that you had lowered the tone a bit until I noticed the photograph of a gang of ruffians on page 7. I suddenly realised that *I* was in the picture so, on closer examination I recognised what a splendid bunch of young men they are. As Keith Fothergill wrote, they are indeed the 121st Nottingham Senior Scout Troop on La Coupée on Sark. I am in the middle.

On the extreme left is Barry 'Bing' Crosby. He was a keen butterfly collector, which didn't appeal to me much, but I went out with him into Derbyshire several times looking for unusual rocks. He was pretty hot on geology and I learnt a lot from him, and have retained that interest all my life. Next to him is my mate Dennis 'Sam' Palmer. We lived fairly close in Bulwell and went through High Pavement and the Scouts together. In fact the following year we were the two patrol leaders when Don Varley took the Seniors to camp in Brittany. Don, at the extreme right in the photo, always looked smart. Fred Tippett was my mentor in the Boy Scouts, then Don in the Seniors. Both men were a great influence in my development.

On the train to Southampton, where we were to catch the boat to St Malo, Don told us that the French railways were on strike—and we were now to cross Brittany by train.. But it didn't seem to worry him. He found *buses* that took us all to Rennes, and then to Vannes.

One day we had drunk a fair bit of local cider with our lunch, so didn't feel quite up to doing the washing up. Not what Don expected of us; he walked over to us, said nothing, but picked up all our dirty plates, flung them into the forest then went back to his own tent. A lesson learnt. Towards the end of the camp Don told me that there was soon to be a Queen's Scout award ceremony and what did I need to qualify for the badge. In fact I had got everything except the required ability to swim. As a result of a childhood experience I was scared of water, especially of getting my head under. Fred Tippett had spent several evenings with me at the baths as had a friend of my father, but no success. So Don took us all down to the river, which was wide and fast flowing. He told Sam to station himself 50 yards downstream and the rest to spread themselves out between with instruction to help me if I was in trouble. 'Off you go' said Don, so I lifted my feet and made a few arm movements before the current carried me to Sam. 'Fine' said Don, 'Now we'll book you in for Gilwell'. So off I went to collect my Queen's Scout badge, which is still pinned up in my home office.

However, I couldn't live with this so, without telling anyone, at the baths I managed a width at the shallow end, then a bit deeper, on several visits. Then one, and finally two lengths. I went two more evenings so that I was able to tell Don that I had swum 50 yards three times. He said 'I knew you would' and walked off. That's management!

For some reason to do with the rail strike we were not able to sail back from St Malo, but Don discovered that there was a train going to Paris, so got us all on to that. We had a couple of nights in a hostel there, so were able to look around the city. Sam and I were thrown out of Notre Dame for going inside in hob-nail boots — quite a distinction!

Don was the only one of the Scout leaders who was not a teacher at HP. He was a lecturer at Nottingham University and warden of a hall of residence. I wish I could thank Don and Fred Tippett for the good they did to me. I recognise most of those in the photograph but I cannot remember many names. If anyone can identify them, I hope they will write in.

I lost touch with the 121st when I did my National Service. On my return I helped a workmate run a Scout camp south of Nottingham, news got around and the local Commissioner asked me to run a new group in Hyson Green where three Scout troops had boys reaching age 15, but not enough to form their own Seniors. I enjoyed that, but gave up when I went off to university (a late starter) in 1960 and subsequently moved to Birmingham.

But Scouting never dies in you. I had a touch of Covid 19 earlier this year that rather knocked the stuffing out of me. Our Rector saw me staggering around and mentioned it to his family. His father, who runs a local Cub pack, made me a blackthorn thumbstick 'to remind me of my Scouting days'. And it certainly does, as did that photograph. **Bob Patchet**

ooOoo

NORMAN YATES

Mrs Mavis Yates has informed us that her husband, our member Norman Yates, has died at the age of 93 on October 27th 2020.

BARRIE STARBUCK

We have also learned from his wife that our member Barrie Starbuck passed away on September 25th 2020 at the age of 86.

NEVILLE KAY



We have received the news that our member Neville Kay FRCS died on June 6th 2020, aged 86. Neville, whom we knew at school as Neville Kay-Kreizman (shortened to the mathematical expression K²!) had followed a distinguished career as an orthopaedic surgeon, specialising in joint surgery. He recounted many of his experiences in the pages of *The Pavior* and we have used his last contribution as an appropriate 'end-piece' of this issue.

The Society offers its sincerest condolences to all the above families on their sad loss

OUR ENDPIECE

Neville Kay's Lessons from Life

Chinese Tat

Well into my eighth decade of life and with a strong belief in God, I still don't know what religion I am. I'm reminded of this by a small piece of Chinese Tat, a faded green Jiminy

Cricket from Walt Disney's Theme Park in Orlando. It's survived the breakup of my partnership and the multiple moves that followed, yet still sits cheerfully on my bookcase, its vivid iridescent green fading day by day. I often think that were my pacemaker to suddenly stop, and life ebb away, my executors would bin it without a second thought. Just Chinese tat. Yet the memories held by that small piece of mass produced clay are those of life itself.

Naturally *she* was a Theatre Nurse, twenty years or more my junior with a bed as welcoming as her smile. The affair was full of all the emotional and physical pleasures only illicit love can offer and when she went to Orlando with her family, knowing my love of the Walt Disney Classics, returned with a beautifully illustrated book,.... and Jiminy Cricket.

Eventually we parted, both realising there was no long term future and when I met her many years later in Tesco, our stories were similar; she having separated from her husband but with two strapping lads, while I had separated from my partner and had three wonderful, gorgeous and talented girls. We did meet for a drink, but the spark had gone.

So whenever I look at Jiminy Cricket as I do from time to time, fond memories of love, life at its prime, tinges of sorrow and the smell of her perfume all emanate from that small piece of Chinese tat.

I now wonder what thoughts were evoked for my late father when he looked at the brass mortar and pestle in his study. I curse the day I carelessly and unknowingly let the house clearers take it away. I subsequently learned its true significance from my uncle, who had held true to the faith. It had been made by my grandfather in Russia as a passing-out piece from his apprenticeship as a brass founder; it symbolised in Jewish culture all the pleasures and sorrow of life, ground together in the mortar and pestle of God's making.

As children, we were hid in the depths of Derbyshire, evacuees from the soot, grime and slums of Manchester but in 1944, my father judged it safe to bring us from those rural delights to Nottingham and for about fifteen months I attended Huntingdon Street primary school.

The eleven plus changed all that. I was to be introduced to High Pavement Grammar School and to my Jewish background; this with my mother's consent and approval, despite her background of fiercely protestant Northern Irish stock. Nonetheless, I was sent to my Jewish Grandparents house for the summer and later to Jewish Sunday School and Synagogue to be prepared for my *bar mitzvah* at thirteen. But like my father I rebelled, was never 'bar mitzvah-ed' and was asked to leave the synagogue by the elders as a disruptive presence.

But the die was cast, for at High Pavement, my parents ensured that I joined those few Jews and Roman Catholics who preferred to miss the religious part of the morning assembly and gather in one of the classroom off the hall until summoned to re-join the assembly.

So now, in my eighth decade I still don't know what religion I am but I do know where I shall be buried. I have a reserved plot, next to my late daughter in what I consider to be one of the most beautiful and quintessential English grave yards in the whole of the realm. There is a small church, struggling now for congregation, but never closed, where I regularly go and contemplate after visiting my daughter's grave. And when I stand beside her gravestone, look at the stunning column of elms that line the church pathway, listen to the sounds of birds and find a sort of peace with myself and the world, I think that on my tombstone I shall have engraved the Star of David, the Cross of Jesus and the Masonic Square and Compass.

Symbols of my beliefs.

Neville

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