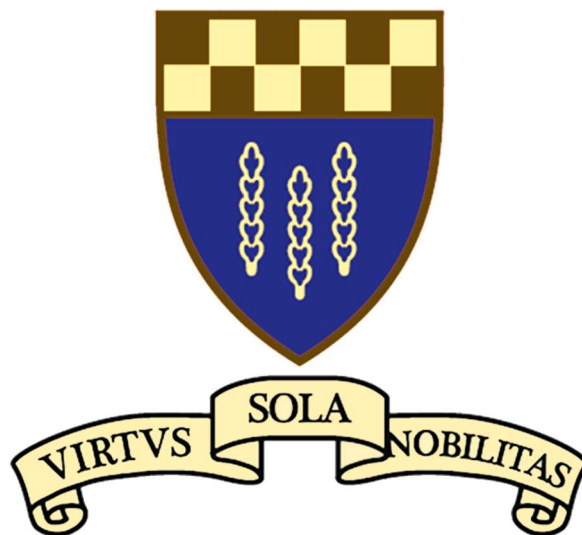


The Pavior

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



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

November 2024

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!

President: Ken Kirk

Honorary Vice Presidents: John J Elliott
Colin Salsbury
Noel Gubbins

Committee Chairman: Vacant
Deputy Chairman: Vacant
Secretary: Vacant
Treasurer: Michael Johnson
Registrar: Alex Rae
Pavior Editor: Colin Salsbury (01509 558764)
Assistant Pavior Editor: Gerald Taylor
Administrator: Clive Bagshaw
Archivist: Graham Wybrow (0115 9626249)
Web-Master: Lawrence Milbourn
Committee Members: Malcolm Pilkington (01623 491260)
Noel Gubbins
John Chambers

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

Colin Salsbury: colin.salsbury@outlook.com

116 Leicester Road, Loughborough, Leics. LE11 2AQ

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

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



1

2

3

4

5

6

Faces Not Quite Remembered (Photo Competition)

We have at last run out of photos of staff we can name but we still have some photos without names. Can readers help please? All the above appear on the “1955 Junior School Photo”. If you think you can name any of these please contact me by email at:

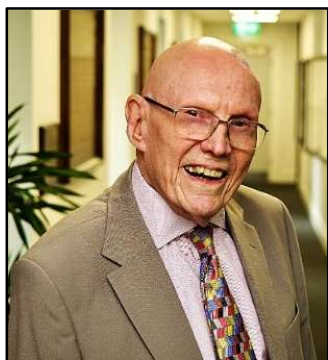
gm.wybrow@btinternet.com

(or by phone on 0115 962 6249) with your suggestion. Continued on Page 4 . . .

Committee Notices

Obituaries

Michael JORDAN [HP: 1942-49, Woodthorpe House]



We have been informed by his daughter, Mrs Gill Curtis that our loyal member Michael Jordan, passed away suddenly at home on July 7th, 2024, at the age of 92. Michael was the youngest of five children, son of a haulage contractor in Nottingham and he attended High Pavement School in the 1940s. He went on to train as a Radiographer at the Bromley School of Radiography in Kent. As he followed his profession he became Assistant Secretary of the Society of Radiographers, later becoming General Secretary. He eventually became Chief Executive Officer of the College and Society of Radiographers before retiring in 1993.

Michael is survived by his wife, Ann, to whom he had been married for 68 years and they had two daughters and three grandchildren

John Victor RAWSON [HP: 1946-54, Wollaton House]



We have received news of the death of John Rawson from his son Christopher. In his words “Dad slipped away ‘*gently into the good night*’ in the early hours of May 21st, 2024, aged 88. He had suffered from advancing vascular dementia in his last few years, but thanks to the love and support of our wonderful mother, was able to stay in his own home until relatively recently.

Dad was brought up on the new Council estate in Aspley, Nottingham. During the war his father was killed on active service when Dad was only 7, leaving my Gran to raise two children with the help of her family.

Dad passed the 11-plus and attended High Pavement Grammar School, where he became School Captain for his last year (1953-54), the last group to finish attending the Stanley Road premises. He was highly successful in both Rugby and Athletics.

With the encouragement of Harry Davies, the gifted head of the school, he applied and was accepted for a choral scholarship at Cambridge. A condition was that he obtained ‘O’ level Latin, which he achieved by a correspondence course in less than 6 months during his National Service. He was Commissioned in the Royal Corps of Signals, serving in Egypt and Cyprus.

On graduating in 1959, he married my mother (Josephine – Manning School, 1947-54) whom he met aged 17 at an inter-school dance. When they married, she had become a State Registered Nurse at Westminster Hospital.

Dad spent the next 45 years in manufacturing industry, running and designing new production facilities in printing and glass manufacture, retiring at the age of 67 after the successful sale of his glass firm.

Since 1975, he had lived in Clitheroe, Lancs, He is survived by our mother, his wife for 64 years and his three children. He had five grandchildren and two great granddaughters.

Peter Chester [HP: 1943-47, Sherwood House]



We have been informed by his daughter Christine, that Peter Chester died peacefully at his home with his family round him on Wednesday November 6th, 2024.

He was '92 years young' as he would say and attended High Pavement when it was operating in the Stanley Road buildings on Forest Fields.

Brian Dove [HP: 1948-53, Basford House]



We have been informed by his family that our member, Brian Dove, has died aged 87 after a short illness. His funeral was held at St Paul's Church Daybrook. On 28th November 2024.

His daughter-in-law, Amanda, writes:

"I have known Brian since I was 17 years old, and we were very close. I loved him and miss him so much. I was with him when he died peacefully. Brian was such a wonderful man so kind, loving and caring. He would always sing the Pavior's song in Latin to myself and Alex his granddaughter.

Brian was always there for myself and Alex through all the years and he was like a second Dad to me. I will miss him terribly.

TRACING MEMBERS

From time to time, we try to send a message to members but we have been unable to make contact because the address details on our register are inaccurate for some reason. Two such persons are **James Wakelin** and **Andy Irons**. Communications, including their copies of *The Pavior*, have been returned. We would like to obtain their correct addresses. If any member can shed light on the matter, would they please contact me as soon as possible.

If you are likely to have changed *your* email address (or even your postal address) in the last few months, it would be appreciated if you could also inform me as soon as possible. (Of course, if you have already done this you need take no further action). Thank you.

Colin Salsbury, Acting Secretary

Continued from Page 2 (Faces Not Quite Remembered):

When replying to this quiz, please use the following notation / format:

1. Fred Smith; 2. -; 3. Tom (Fred) Brown?; 4. - Wilson ??? etc.

Please feel free to include nicknames and use up to 3 "?" to indicate uncertainty (ie No "?" = Sure; "?" = Fairly Confident; "???" = Not Sure; "???" = Wild Guess).

HPS 2024 Christmas Lunch

The Christmas Lunch will be held on **Tuesday December 10th** commencing at **12 noon** in the **Paviors RFC Function Room at the Burntstump Hill ground**. Full details are given in the Flyer which is enclosed with this newsletter. **Please avoid discarding it inadvertently.**

ooOoo

2024 Remembrance Service

On Fri 8th November, the Society in collaboration with the Staff and students of the Sixth-Form College held a Remembrance Service at the College on Chaucer Street. This year, we were honoured with the presence of a Deputy Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire representing His Majesty King Charles. More details of this in the next edition of the Pavior (Feb 2025).

The 50th Anniversary of the Sixth Form College

On Oct 17th, 2024, the Society, in association with the High Pavement Sixth Form, held a special event to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the High Pavement Sixth Form. Yes! It really is 50 years since the old Boys' Grammar School made way for the Mixed Sixth Form (informally referred to as The Sixth Form College).

This Event was held at the Chaucer Street building. It was organised on behalf of the Society by the affable John Chambers, Committee Member, who has worked very hard in recent months to strengthen the links between the two institutions.

Two sessions were held. The first was in the lunch break, from 12:15-1:00, and was aimed mostly at the current students and staff. It was held in the Information Centre / Library and the Society organised a Video Presentation which was displayed on their enormous video screen. The video was entitled "A Brief History" and covered the history of the Schools from 1788. This was a "silent video with sub-titles" which ran for exactly 15 minutes. It was looped and cycled through three complete presentations during the lunch break. The presentation was also left running (silently) throughout the afternoon session, for the benefit of any students who were interested.

The second session was in the evening from 5.00-8.00pm and was aimed at Society members, former students, staff and guests. In the event, some 20 or so individuals attended. This Session started with a conducted tour of the Chaucer Street building, which was ably conducted by Finley Castledine, an Apprentice Administrator on the staff of the Sixth Form. Finley answered questions at each level of the building and generally coped well with the undoubted "challenge" of conducting a party of largely over-80s. The most interesting stop proved to be the "Honours Boards", which most visitors remembered from previous School buildings. The tour was much enjoyed by all.



The video "Tour of Gainsford" being shown on the enormous screen (showing view of Junior Chem Lab). Event Organiser, John Chambers is standing at right, Graham Wybrow is seated to left of screen, Society President Ken Kirk is standing extreme left with College Principal, Adam Beazeley.

At 6 pm, the party returned to the Information Centre for two Presentations by Society Archivist, Graham Wybrow. Each ran for half an hour and made use of their enormous video screen. The first was an illustrated talk (PowerPoint) given by Graham and covering the

“History of High Pavement Schools from 1788”. This was broadly a development of the shorter video that ran at lunchtime, but with more explanations by Graham in person.

The second was a video, previously prepared by Graham, entitled “A Tour of Gainsford Crescent”. This was a “Visual Tour” of the old site intended to provide a “visual experience”. It was configured to run without narration but just atmospheric background music. It had been constructed by Graham from some 220 of his vast collection (estimated 1,300) of photos of the Gainsford Crescent site. It led viewers firstly around the site with its 27 acres of playing fields. It then moved on to show the exteriors of all the buildings before going into each building in turn to explore the interiors. It certainly brought back many happy memories for those who spent significant years at Gainsford Crescent.

There then followed a short break for refreshments followed by the Presentation of the 2024 High Pavement Society Awards (see separate description below). The meeting was then addressed by **Adam Beazeley**, Principal of the Sixth Form, who explained in detail the current aims and functions of the Sixth Form and stressed how highly he valued the links with the High Pavement Society.

After some informal discussions and individual chats, John Chambers brought the meeting to a close. A few of the members then retired with John to a local hostelry to continue their reminiscences.

The 2024 High Pavement Society Prize Awards

While there was a significant gathering at the College for the 50th Anniversary Celebrations, the opportunity was taken to present the **2024 High Pavement Society Prize Awards**. This year’s winners were:

- For Excellence (female student): **Samia Sakhawut Nahida**
- For Excellence (male student): **Stephen Reid**
- The Ken Bateman Award (for Engineering or associated subjects): **Kaspar Hawkins**
- The Stanley Middleton Award (for English Literature) **Gaige Bailey**



The two Prize-Winners who were able to attend in person to collect their High Pavement Society Awards. They were (left) Gaige Bailey (Stanley Middleton Prize), and (right) Kaspar Hawkins (Ken Bateman Award). In both photos, the Society President, Ken Kirk, is on the left and John Chambers on the right.

This year, we were fortunate in that two of the Prize-Winners were able to attend and receive their awards in person. These were **Gaige Bailey** and **Kaspar Hawkins**. Ken Kirk, as President of the Society, made the presentations and there was warm applause from all present. The absent award winners will be receiving their Certificates and Award cheques by post.

Bestwood Remembered

This time we have a very unusual view of the Gainsford Crescent site. This photo was taken in 2002 from the high ground north of the School, from what might loosely be called the Padstow School playing fields. I say loosely because the ground was not terraced and was so steep that I doubt if any sports could ever have been played there. However, from that area it was possible to look down on the Gainsford site and get this unusual view. The photo shows the Main Building with, in the foreground, the north end of the Science Block.

Because of the distance from the HP School, a long (telephoto) lens was used, and this had the well-known property of greatly ‘foreshortening’ distances, making distant features appear very much closer. In this picture, it gave some interesting coincidental alignments. On the ridge, to the right-hand side of the picture can be seen the crown-like shape of Wollaton Hall at a distance of 3.8 miles. On the left-hand side, can be seen the massive structure of the Ratcliffe-on-Soar power station at a distance of 9.5 miles.



This power station occupies a prominent position close to the M1 (Junction 24), the River Trent and the East Midlands Parkway Railway Station on the London line. It has 8 massive cooling towers and a 650 ft chimney. Construction began in 1963 and it was commissioned in 1968 with a capacity of 2,000 Megawatts. At its height, in 1981, the station was burning 5.5 million tonnes

of coal a year and consuming 65% of the output of the South Notts coalfields. In so doing, it met the electricity needs of approximately 2 million people and did much to improve the standard of living for us all. In fact, the Lower Trent Valley was known informally as “Megawatt Valley” because of the concentration of coal-fired-power stations from Rugeley in Staffordshire to the Humber Estuary. In the mid-1980s, the valley's 13 facilities generated up to a quarter of the power demand for England and Wales.

However, Ratcliffe was also contributing approx. 12 million tonnes of carbon dioxide to the atmosphere each year and, as we all now know, making a major contribution to global warming. This power station was recently in the news as the UK's last coal-fired power station. On the last day of September 2024, Ratcliffe generated its last ‘watt’, its closure marking the end of coal-powered electricity generation in the United Kingdom.

The history of coal burning goes back very many years; indeed it was income from coal mines that largely funded the building of Wollaton Hall (1580-88). However, it was not until the Industrial Revolution (starting around 1760) that the potential of coal was fully realised. It was the development of a practical steam engine by James Watt that enabled coal to power the industrial revolution. The first steam-engine had been invented by Thomas Newcomen in 1712 but was hopelessly inefficient. James Watt developed the design and produced the first practical engine with ‘linear motion’ in 1776 and in 1781 the first engine with ‘rotary motion’ and able to directly replace the water mill. And the rest, they say, is history. High Pavement School was founded in 1788 and has seen it all! **G Wybrow**

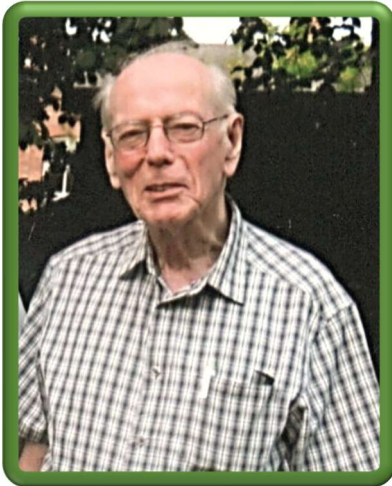
FROM OUR READERS

From Colin SALSBURY [HP: 1942-49, Newstead House]

[Editor's note: This contribution was solicited by my colleagues, who thought perhaps that your editor had a tale to tell worthy of the Pavior's pages. So, for what it's worth, here it is.]

It happened this way.....

The story of the 'late' Colin Salsbury



The year 1942 was a turning point for WW2 in many ways. The battle of Stalingrad took place in far distant Russia and the Battle of Alamein in North Africa, both, helping to put the Axis on to the back foot, as it were. However, it was also the year when yours truly began his career at High Pavement Grammar School.

On my first day I travelled to school on my small bike together with two brothers, Don and Geoff Boyden who were close neighbours. Geoff was also a beginner, and we were guided to Stanley Road by Don Boyden, his elder brother, who had already been through the first year, so he knew the ropes. Rather to our surprise he guided us through back streets of the inner suburbs to arrive at the school, along a route that was quite different from the shorter one I would have chosen. Aha! There were apparently special reasons for this as we since found out. Apparently, it was a mortal sin to try and adopt any other route because the school had decreed certain streets '*out of bounds*' to cyclists. A school rule learned before I had even entered the building itself.

I was already aware that I was a member of Newstead House and had met Charlie Mardling, the housemaster on the preliminary visit. I was placed in Form 1A, and the first term progressed reasonably well but I had a weakness, in that, even at junior school, I was habitually late arriving and often penalised for the offence. I never seemed to allow enough time for the journey, and I followed this pattern throughout HP and even into my industrial traineeship. I was damned if I could ever break the habit. Even in a later career as a lecturer in Further Education my classes were often kept waiting, when I should have been there first.

Even so, I managed to plough a passable furrow in the first four years of my HP career, although I struggled with maths and was demoted to the lower 'sets' in which we were separated for this subject. I was one of a group who impressed enough of the teachers of our general ability to be entered for the School Cert at the end of the *fourth* year (a year early) and we were all successful. We then entered the Remove (a lower sixth form) to study for the Higher School Certificate. However, my maths was my weakness, and I floundered while the rest of the students (all highflyers) forged ahead. I became a bit lazy and slipped down the academic scale, failing the Higher Cert exam (in maths, of course).

Fortunately, as there were other Higher Cert failures, and thanks to an intervention by dear old Crock (Crossland) we were allowed to have another year to catch up. This resulted in a success but of inadequate standard to qualify for university entrance.

I became a prefect and enjoyed my brief authority but had little idea of the career I wished to follow as I felt unable to contemplate university life, which worried Taffy Davies a great deal.

One of the great diversions of life at HP was the annual Prefects' Concert where the staff were mildly (and occasionally somewhat cruelly) lampooned and on one occasion, I clearly remember, the then School Captain, Rosse Heslop, asking the audience to please stand as we had a guest in the person of the *Sheriff* arriving via the rear of the hall. We all scrambled to our feet but in a few seconds, it became obvious that this was a spoof. One of the prefects was wheeled in on a barrow, accompanied by other weirdly dressed types, one wearing in army greatcoat and cap (the late Ken Jones formerly a member of the Society) carrying a *rifle* from which he fired blanks with a deafening report inside the school hall. You couldn't get away with such things today!

I was now at a crossroads and was advised to do my National Service first, then think about reconstructing my career. So, I left school to join the ranks of the RAF.

Two years passed and I enjoyed my National Service, training and working as a Wireless Mechanic and, thanks to RAF discipline, was never late on parade. Originally this was for 18 months but the Korean war broke out and our service was lengthened to two years (but we did receive more pay!).

After demob, I obtained an engineering traineeship with the East Midlands Gas Board, based at their Basford works (learning never to use the term 'gasometer' 'It is a *gasholder*'). This lasted for five years with both part-time and full-time technical education. Occasionally during this time, I enjoyed acting as guide to parties of visitors which included science students from High Pavement, accompanied by Stan (a.k.a. Sam) Thrasher who had tried so hard to teach me Physics. However, on these occasions he was genial and friendly.



Marjorie and I celebrate our 70th
Wedding Anniversary

I married during this time, and we eventually raised four brilliant children. However, the obnoxious odours of gas manufacture eventually palled, not to mention the advent of North Sea Gas, which posed a threat to traditional gas making, and after reaching Chartered Engineer standard I departed from Basford and took a technical teacher training course at Huddersfield, lasting for most of an academic year. I successfully applied for a teaching post in Loughborough and entered the teaching staff as a lecturer, at Loughborough Technical College, which is why we now made our home in the town. I always hankered after a degree, so at the age of 40 I began a part-time course leading to a BSc at the age of 44.

I took early retirement and, with my dear wife Marjorie, enjoyed many years of fantastic travel all over the world. Alas, more than a year ago now, she died, aged 89 and, now in my 94th year, I am simply plodding around Loughborough with my walking stick, lest I keel over on the pavement.

And that's how it all happened...

My regards to Pavors, everywhere, Colin

The High Pavement Jazz Band

First, a bit about me. In 1951 I returned with my family to the UK from Egypt, where my father was an RAF officer stationed on the Suez Canal Zone. I had passed the 11+ exam while in Egypt but had another go on our return to Nottingham and started my secondary education at High Pavement Grammar School.

It was a bit of a shock to find I had to attend lessons in the afternoon; in Egypt we only went to school in the mornings and the afternoons were reserved for sailing and swimming in the Great Bitter Lake. In fact, after time at HP, being a good swimmer, I was signed up for the swimming team. Eventually I was promoted to be their captain. and awarded my 'colours'.

Like so many others of my generation, I became a Trad-Jazz fan, and one Humphrey Lyttleton was my ideal trumpeter. I was able to borrow a cornet from a fellow pupil and, equipped with a 'Teach Yourself' book, I set about annoying my family, not to mention the neighbours, for several months.



The band letting rip with one of their numbers

By this time the school had moved to Gainsford Crescent, I was a prefect in the sixth form and decided to try and form a jazz band. With other jazz-minded friends we eventually achieved our aim, and we practised in the lunch hour or after school.

I remember that Bill Morley was on piano, the drummer was Brian Benjamin, on double bass was David Deacon, the banjo player was Alan Hussey, and I was on cornet/trumpet. (Alas, the name of the clarinet/saxophone player quite escapes me, and I would be so pleased should any reader be able to tell me his identity.¹)

Of course, we thought we were great and, rather audaciously, we requested a slot in the annual music concert for parents and friends! Probably reluctantly, the teaching staff did agree to one or two numbers. We felt so important that we even asked for blue stage lighting. Shock horror! I do not recall the audience response, but we felt we were on our way to stardom.

At that time a series of extremely popular talent contests was being run by a Canadian impresario called Carroll Levis and his '*Carroll Levis Discoveries*' show, often broadcast by the BBC, visited the Nottingham Empire music hall. Here was a chance for fame not to be missed, so we entered and 'surprise!' we won our heat on the Monday evening and so had a place in the final on the following Saturday.

¹ Send to the editor who will pass it on to me.

Sadly, we did not win, so settled down to revising for 'A' levels. Afterwards we all went our separate ways. I went to University at Aberystwyth and, guess what, formed a jazz band. We played in the interval at the students Saturday night 'hop', we won the College Eisteddfod and came 6th at the Inter-Varsity Jazz Festival held at Birmingham University in 1961.

I still have a trumpet, in a case, but not played for years. So, if any members of the High Pavement Band can remember more, I would love to hear from them. **Michael Weale**

ooOoo

From Alex RAE [HP: 1966-73, Woodthorpe House]

Eating People is Wrong – Sort of !

[Following the article in the Nov 2023 Pavior about the History of Bestwood Estate, the Dukes of St Albans and the Beauclerk Family, our member Alex Rae brought to our attention the fact that there is a fascinating connection with one of the most sensational criminal cases of the 19th Century, the prosecution of Tom Dudley and Edwin Stephens for murdering – and then eating – Richard Parker. Alex recalls that he first came across this story in his first year at Law School.] Alex writes:

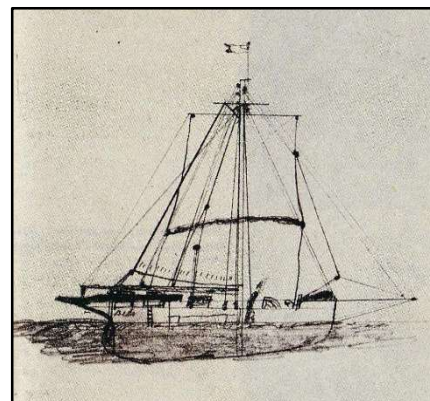
Dudley, Stephens and Parker were members of the 4-man crew of the British yacht *Mignonette* which set sail for Sydney from Southampton on 19 May 1884. The 17 year old Parker was the yacht's cabin boy. The 4th member of the crew was Edmund Brooks, of whom more anon.

On 5 July, while approaching the Cape of Good Hope, *Mignonette* was struck by a huge wave during a gale and sank minutes later. The crew managed to abandon ship and take to the lifeboat.

On 23 July, having drifted in the Atlantic for 18 days. Dudley and Stephens killed and then ate Parker. They were rescued and in due course were brought back to Falmouth, where they were charged with Parker's murder. It was not suggested that Brooks played any part in Parker's death, but he did admit to partaking of the feast.

The trial - presided over by The Right Honourable Sir John Huddleston - took place at Exeter Assizes on 3 Nov 1884. Dudley and Stephens pleaded Not Guilty, relying on the defence of 'necessity according to the laws and custom of the sea'. Sir John was the last person to be appointed a Baron of the Court of Exchequer before its abolition in 1875. Readers may recall the breach of promise action at the centre of Gilbert and Sullivan's 1875 comic opera *Trial by Jury* is heard in the Court of Exchequer.

By an arcane procedure not used since 1785 Sir John did not ask the jury to determine whether or not the accused were guilty. The jury was instead asked to produce a 'special verdict', whereby they were merely asked to determine the facts of the case with a view to asking a higher court to decide whether



Sketch (c1880s) of English bark *Mignonette* by Tom Dudley (1853-1900).



Emmanuel Church, Bestwood. The "Family Church" of the Beauclerk family.

on those facts Dudley and Stephens were guilty of murder. In reality, Sir John made the jury agree to a special verdict that he had prepared earlier.

On 4 December 1884, the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Coleridge) and four High Court judges, sitting at the new Royal Courts of Justice on the Strand in central London, decided that necessity was not a defence to murder, even in extreme circumstances. Dudley and Stephens were therefore convicted of murdering Richard Parker and sentenced to death. They were however reprieved and released after serving only 6 months imprisonment.

The ashes of Sir John Huddleston (1817–90) were buried in the churchyard of Emmanuel Church, Bestwood Lodge, Nottingham, together with those of his wife, Lady Diana De Vere Beauclerk (1841–1905), daughter of the 9th Duke of St Albans.

Bestwood Lodge is the former hunting lodge of the Dukes of St Albans, who are descended from Charles II and Nell Gwynn. Charles gifted the Bestwood Estate to his son, Charles Beauclerk, the first Duke who was born in 1670. Legend has it that Charles had earlier given another of his mistresses (Louise de Keroualle) an estate in Sussex called Goodwood and that Nell Gwynn insisted on young Charles receiving Bestwood. The truth is more prosaic: the name Bestwood means ‘where bent grass grows’ (*‘The Place Names of Nottinghamshire’*, English Place-Names Society. Volume XVII., Cambridge University Press, 1940).

There have been royal hunting lodges at Bestwood since C14th but the current Bestwood Lodge is a high Victorian mansion built between 1862 and 1865. It was designed by SS Teulon, described by Sir Nikolaus Pevsner in the Nottinghamshire volume of the *‘Buildings of England’* series as ‘one of the most ruthless and insensitive, and original of the High Victorians’.

The resting place of Sir John and Lady Diana's ashes is marked by a plaque. The site used to be marked also with a 3cwt bust of Sir John. However, this was stolen in March 1982 and was later found in a severely damaged state in a Manchester scrapyard. The plinth on which the bust rested remains with the Inscription:

“BARON HUDDLESTON
LAST CREATED BARON
OF THE COURT OF EXCHEQUER
AND MEMBER OF THE
ORDER OF THE COIF.
BORN 1817, DIED 1890.



The Plinth on which originally stood the 3 cwt bust of Sir John.



The Inscription still visible on the Plinth.

Graham Wybrow [HP: 1959-66]

ooOoo

Less Well Known Staff of Period 1964-71 – Part 2.

Gerald Taylor writes: A continuation of my list of High Pavement staff not mentioned much, or at all, in dispatches of the Pavior. Most joined the staff in the school's later years.

Mr. J. P. (Art) Smith (approx 1950-70), who taught Art (and Tennis – **Ed GW**), was a portly man with a manner that suggested that he did not suffer fools or the inartistic gladly. He would sometimes hold up a pupil's deficient effort for the whole class to look at, and remark that "Whoever drew this might just as well have spat in my eye". On these occasions I sometimes recognized my own handiwork.

Mr. Richard Griffith-Jones (1966-67), who took PE. I recall only that he was very forthright about our inadequacy when we did not perform to the standard he felt ought to be expected (e.g. "You're a lot of thorough *****"). But perhaps, as a Welshman, he was more passionate about rugby than a lot of his charges.



Mr. Richard Hays (Dick) Milne (1967-73), took PE. He was known to my year as "Gordon", but I think it likely this was simply the name of another Milne, one in the public eye at the time.

Mr. Eric Harris (1961-66), who was known as "Jet" after a musician of the time. He taught History and took rugby. In the former role he ran a tight ship. In the latter he once told a pupil off for being fatter than a member of the rugby team ought to be. Imagine such a thing nowadays: for what he said he would have been clobbered with charges of "fattism", "lipophobia" etc, and made to undergo psychological reorientation.



Mr. Jeffrey John Frank (Jeffrey) Robinson (1967-72), who taught Mathematics, and was introduced to the school as the County tennis captain (or was it champion?). If I remember right, he got to play in a doubles tie against Arthur Ashe and partner in a tournament at The Park. From time to time a photograph of him would appear in the Evening Post, and he told my sixth-year class that one of his younger pupils had cut out such a picture, stuck it into his mathematics exercise book, and added the comment "it's great to know the famous."

I also remember bowling against him in the yearly match between staff and pupils. I think I skittled him out, though I recall not the event but only a departing batsman's reproachful glare, which must have said "It's jolly unsporting to bowl fast at my toes when I'm only wearing plimsolls." In fielding, however, he made more of an impression, taking at least two catches, each greeted by a loud exultant call of "Well held, Robbo". From Bill Gray, if you haven't guessed.

Mr. Andrew John Skidmore (1971-74), Mr. John Cecil Birch (1967-71) and Mr. David Mouncer (1969-79), all arrived late in my time at High Pavement. Perhaps some younger Pavors can tell us about them and their subjects.

Mr. Frederick Wilkinson (1966-70), who became Deputy Headmaster after



Jack Train. He was introduced to us as from The Priory School, Shropshire, and eventually left to become headmaster of Dame Allan's Boys' School in Newcastle. There was a bizarre story that he had become so fed up of being referred to by his colleagues at High Pavement as "Fred" rather than "Frederick" that he changed his name to the former by deed poll. This got into the local paper, though the school was wrongly identified as Nottingham High!



Mr. Wilkinson

it would have made little difference.

I recall one morning when his history class, which was certainly never enhanced academically by my membership of it, was due to sit a test. I had not bothered to swot, supposing that my dentist appointment would keep me safely away. To my dismay I arrived at the school in time for the test, and so had to devise some excuse to get me off sitting it with the others. I forget what miserable plea I proffered, to which Mr. Wilkinson replied, "You mean you thought you would miss the test". Whether I did go on to undertake the test with the others is now a history mystery, the matter having passed beyond all human recall. But as my knowledge of history was just about as abysmal as my grasp of geography,



Mr Whitehouse

Mr. Laurence Edward (Lew) Whitehouse (1967-71), who taught Economics. He was known, in view of his initials, as "Lew". Though not a natural cricketer he was noted for racing enthusiastically round the boundary to chase balls hit into the deep, and it was remarked that he always gave an impression of thoroughly enjoying himself.

Mr. G. A. Stamper, who taught metalwork, or woodwork. I once commented to a classmate in metalwork about asbestos pads, which were used in activities that entailed strong heating, that I thought asbestos was supposed to be dangerous. He replied, "not this kind - I hope". Well, I left school in 1971, so evidently it was known by then that asbestos was dangerous. Yet the stuff continued to be put into buildings well after that.

Mr. Phillip Wilson Holleworth (1965-66), who taught Mathematics and took rugby. He sounded as if he was from Yorkshire. In Mathematics his bark was so "scareful" that he never got round to biting us.

Mr. P. R. L. (Roger) Pratt (1960-68), who I think taught English (actually, he taught Mathematics – I knew him well – **Ed.GW**). He may have acted at times as umpire or scorer in cricket matches. At any rate, it is only his presence at some cricket matches that causes me to remember him.

Mr. George William Alan Airey (1967-74), who taught Mathematics, was so particular about precision and order that I recall his painting white marks on the classroom floor to define where the legs of all the desks should be. In this trait he perhaps resembled Lewis Carroll, who in real life was Charles Dodgson, lecturer in Mathematics at Oxford. Despite the madness of the world he created in *Alice in Wonderland*, he was actually very fussy about having things done properly and correctly. Not that Mr. Airey wrote any zany books, so far as I know.

Gerald Taylor [HP: 1964-71]

OUR END PIECE
Alan A SMITH [HP:1943-48, Basford House]
Just An Ordinary Bloke – 7. (From 1957)

[93 year old Alan, now living in Australia, describes his life since leaving the icy Falkland Islands Dependancy Survey. This includes emigrating to Australia, getting married, being posted to a tropical island, working at the Maralinga British Nuclear Test Site, and living in Alice Springs.]

The good ship *Orontes* docked at Adelaide's Outer Harbour early in December 1957. When I walked down the gang-plank the sky was cloudless, a breeze was blowing and it was hot! I wondered what I had let myself in for. The Weather Bureau had told me to contact them on my arrival.

As a school boy I had a pen-friend in Adelaide. Our writing soon petered out but our fathers intermittently kept in contact so I renewed my acquaintance. Christmas Day lunch was a typical first course of roast poultry and in season vegetables. Christmas pudding arrived and the hostess said, "Alan, what will you have on the pudding, there is cream, ice cream, brandy butter or custard?" In Nottingham we only ever had custard and it was my inevitable choice!

At the Weather Bureau I was interviewed by the South Australian Regional Manager plus an off-sider. They were looking for a Weather Observer to spend a year on a tropical island, Willis Island, commencing in mid-year. If I was to accept I could start work in the Adelaide office the following day. I agreed.

In early June, I was in Cairns, Queensland. There I met Harry who was in his middle 40's. He turned out to be a very peculiar character. He had been on Willis Island eight times before! Frank completed our trio and had been a radio op. many years before but had gravitated to being a sales representative. He was a widower and 62 years of age. He applied for the Willis position and of course was accepted. We boarded the *Cape Leeuwin*, a Lighthouses Supply Vessel, along with a small group of tradesmen who were to do maintenance work on the buildings during the few days that the *Cape Leeuwin* spent there. The ship departed Cairns on the 9th of June.

Willis is about 450 miles due east of Cairns, about a half mile long and its highest point about 30 feet above sea level. And it is populated by thousands of birds. It has been a cyclone warning station since 1921. I was the only weather person and had to conduct observations at three hourly intervals. I was excused the one at midnight and so it was 7 observations each day for the whole year. I was also required to do two balloon flights daily (weather permitting), I *made* the hydrogen used to fill the balloons. There were monthly meteorological returns to be made and a comprehensive annual report at the end of my term.

"House-work" was divided among the three of us. I also took on the responsibility for the poultry, fowls and ducks which at one time totalled 80 birds. We did our own laundry. There was a bottle of port and brandy for each of us and we shared the fruit juices and "lollies" between us. I recorded the titles of the 54 books that I read whilst on the island. There were no records or films. We were allowed to send and receive 100 words each month, gratis, by way of the telegraph. There is an RAAF base at Townsville, Queensland and four times in the year a Shackleton aircraft flew low over us. It would drop "storepedoes" which contained mail, any items we needed to replace or repair equipment, plus beef, vegetables and fruit.

On the 28th of May the *Cape Leeuwin* returned. Back in Adelaide I got married and recommenced work at the airport. A copy of my journal was placed in the Queensland State

Library and when I took another one to the Weather Bureau's Library the librarian introduced me to a bloke who had also been there. His first question was, "Who were you with?" I said "Harry Hicks," and his immediate response was, "That was a queer bugger, that one. A real queer bugger!"

Maralinga is located in a remote area of South Australia. In 1956 two nuclear explosions had been conducted there, and another 5 were conducted through to 1963 when the facility was closed. I spent a three month spell there in 1961. Years later I was surprised to learn of the breadth and depth to which the Security people probed in both Australia and the UK before granting me a security clearance.

In 1963 we were moved to Alice Springs, its population about 4000 and a reputation for being rough. Population today about 30,000 and still rough. On New Year's eve of 1964 we were enjoying ourselves in the Commercial Club. The police came in, stopped the music and the dancing. "There's been a traffic accident! Blood donors are needed up at the hospital."

I gave blood at 02.00 the following morning. Incidentally twice in my time as a donor and a good number of years apart I have been asked by staff using pretty much the following words. "Although your blood group is the most common, O positive, you have within that blood group something that is very rare. Would you mind us taking an extra small sample which will be put into deep freeze for future research?" I agreed on both occasions.

In 1964 I obtained a position of Instructor in the Training School in Melbourne, later to become a Senior Instructor and in 1971 to move to Australia Post's HQ in what is known as the Human Resources area. In 1988 I availed myself of an offer of early retirement.

At Australia Post I met John, a rural NSW bloke who was involved in gold fossicking. Once, with a newfangled metal detector, we found a small nugget, weighing just under two ounces. A dealer assumed that it was 80% pure and gave us 80% of the going rate for gold. The end result was a nice amount added to my spending money! About \$1500 to each of us!

About 20 or so years ago 5 of us were walking near Mount Kosciusko (Australia's highest). We comprised my wife Joy, myself, Brian and his wife Judy and Joyce, a widowed mutual friend. We had lunch at our highest point, about 6000ft, and were descending through a largely treed area, mainly snow gums. Joy complained of pins and needles in the left arm and then her face. Then she became incoherent. My phone would not function but fortunately Brian's did. He contacted a NSW emergency group -

"Can she walk out? No! Can we get a four wheel drive in? No!

Hang on. We are sending a helicopter - be with you in about an hour. OK".

The pilot contacted us. We gave him the compass bearing of a dam wall we could see in the distance. He told us to switch the phone off until we heard them approaching, just in case the battery was running out of power. As they got closer we waved all the brightly coloured clothing we had. They saw us and hovered above. A crew member was winched down. He did not speak because of the noise, checked out Joy, then put a harness on her, signalled upward and the winch took them up. Briefly we could hear Joy screaming.

It turned out that she had had a TIA, (Transient Ischemic Attack). We were given details of a specialist, in Melbourne, who would provide follow-up care. My daughter Simone flew up to Canberra to help with the drive home.

[In the next Pavior we hope to conclude Alan's saga with an account of his travels after retirement.]