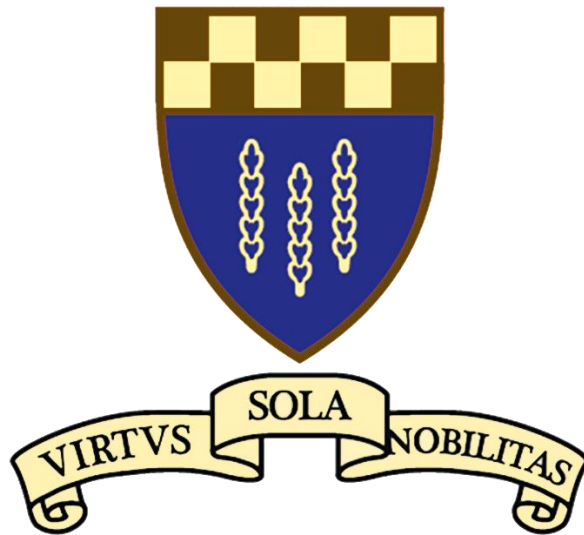


# **The Pavior**

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



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

**November 2025**

## Your Committee

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

Gerald Taylor: [news@highpavementsociety.org.uk](mailto:news@highpavementsociety.org.uk),  
who is glad to receive articles, reminiscences, old pictures, and titbits to  
do with High Pavement School.

The HP Society **Website** address is: [www.highpavementsociety.org.uk](http://www.highpavementsociety.org.uk)

The HP Society **Facebook Page** is: [www.facebook.com/groups/232442222741252/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/232442222741252/)

ooOoo

## From the AGM

A report of the informal business at our meeting on 18<sup>th</sup> September appears on page 13. Here are salient outcomes of the formal proceedings:

- The subscription is now £25.
- Michael Johnson, our Treasurer, announced that the Society had £2077.20 of general funds and £2546.50 in the education fund on 1<sup>st</sup> July. What we have got is enough to support our activities for at least 18 months, **but we must look for economies or additional sources of money in the longer term.**
- The quorum for the AGM shall be reduced from 15 to 10
- The office bearers were elected, the list above reflecting the appointments we made.
- The Committee thanked Clive Bagshaw for his painstaking and much needed work as Acting Secretary, and Gerald Taylor, Graham Wybrow, and Lawrence Milbourn for their work in other capacities.

## Obituary.

### David Pratt (1938-2025: HP 1950-57, School House)

David's son Robert writes:

"It is with sadness that I have to inform you that my father, David Pratt, passed away recently. Despite having been a Type I diabetic since the age of 20 Dad made it to the ripe old age of 86.

At HP from 1950 to 1957 (School House) he firstly went into teaching, then later into Town Planning, becoming Head of Technical Administration for the Borough of Bromley.

He was fortunate to be able to retire in 1999 and relocated to Mickleton in the Cotswolds, maintaining his interests in classical music, railways, and The High Pavement Society.

He is survived by his wife of 57 years Angela, and his two children."

His longtime friend Michael Simpson has kindly contributed the following:

David and I entered HP in Stanley Road in September 1950. We were placed in form 1d. David was in School House and I was in Trent. David went into General 3 and I entered Classical 3 but we kept up our friendship, being re-united in the Sixth Form, where we both read Geography at A-level. David went to King Alfred's College, Winchester, to train as a teacher, while I went to Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge. David taught subsequently in Croydon and then in the schools of the British Army of the Rhine. On returning to England, he took a BSc in Geography at Birkbeck College, London, and then became an administrator in the planning department in Bromley.



David Pratt (1938-2025)

David was the Best Man at my wedding to Susie in 1964 and I served in the same role at his wedding to Angela in 1967. Due to our different career paths, we met only rarely after leaving school but we maintained contact and went on a youth hostelling tour of the Rhine and Neckar in 1960. In later years and into retirement, David, Angela, Susie and I met up for two lunches a year, more or less between their retirement home in Mickleton, Gloucestershire, and ours in Swansea. The two wives got on well and exchanged notes on books they had read. David and I reminisced, amid a good deal of banter.

I once described David in these pages as 'as true a friend as one could have'. I stand by that remark. He was loyal, trustworthy and supportive. In addition to service as a teacher and in local government, David was an accomplished musician and a fine enough bass to sing with the BBC Chorus and the Philharmonia, his engagements taking him to several countries. At school, he rose to become House Captain and was as fine a product of the school as anyone.

David and Angela (herself an able singer) had two children, Robert and Caroline.

Michael Simpson (Trent, 1950-1958).

### **An Influential Old Pavior.**

*In the previous issue of The Pavior Phil Atkins mentioned an old acquaintance, Ian Duncanson. Sadly, we have since been informed that Ian died recently. His wife, Judith, tells us of his life, and the remarkable influence he had in Australian legal circles.*

#### **IAN WILLIAM DUNCANSON (3/08/1946 – 10/07/2025: HP 1957-64, Newstead House)**

Ian Duncanson passed away on July 10, in Bendigo (Victoria, Australia) Hospital with his wife Judith and daughter Kirsty at his bedside. He had multiple myeloma for the past few years, and had suffered a spinal injury from a fall in a Melbourne Hospital early in 2025. During his last months in hospital Ian was dictating his memoirs to his wife and mentioned his enjoyment of school days at High Pavement. He finished Upper 6<sup>th</sup> form in 1964. Ian, whose mother was from Hull, and whose father's family was from Selkirk in the Scottish borders, grew up in Nottingham. Reflecting back upon his school years at High Pavement Ian mentioned in his memoirs that Charles Mardling, his housemaster at Newstead, had been particularly helpful. At a time when Ian's mother was not well and his father had moved to Scotland for work, Mr Mardling had counselled him – "If I was worried about not being one of the sporting crowd at school, he said, not to worry about sport; it wasn't important. Be good at what you are good at, and enjoy it. At the time I remember this cheered me up." Ian's school friends sustained him, along with rowing, hiking and his studies.

Ian went on to an LLB at Southampton University and a master's level BCL (Bachelor of Civil Law) degree at Durham University, and made a career in University teaching and researching in the areas of law and history. He had been an articled clerk at Bridgewater Borough Council and completed his legal professional training at Liverpool. Ian was surprised recently to find that his thesis at Durham University, *Equity and Obligations*, was available on the internet, as a pdf. A shorter version had been published in the *Modern Law Review*. While working at Newcastle he was part of the Child Poverty Action Group in the north-east, and gave legal advice on a BBC radio programme during a period of industrial unrest.



Ian in Vietnam in 2012

He taught at Newcastle upon Tyne, at Keele University, and after his move to Australia in 1980 at La Trobe University in Melbourne. During his six years at Keele University he taught in the LLB program, taught adult education courses, and continued his regular BBC radio programmes of legal advice answering calls of people contacting the radio station. Ian was amused that he was described as having a 'radio voice'. After retiring in 2002 from La Trobe he completed a PhD at Melbourne University in the Politics Department with a thesis published as *Historiography, Empire and the Rule of Law:*

*Imagined Constitutions, Remembered Legalities*, 2012, Routledge. He joined the Socio-Legal Research Centre at Griffith University in Queensland as Professor, and took part in the work of the Institute of Post-Colonial Studies in Melbourne.

He continued to undertake research after retirement in Melbourne. He published some 60 or so articles on law, democracy and history over a 50-year career. After moving to

Australia in 1980, a time when British Universities were under threat of funding withdrawal, he established a Law and Society conference group, which continues with its 44<sup>th</sup> annual conference, and also a Law and History conference community, which will host its 44<sup>th</sup> annual conference in November, as the Australian and New Zealand Law and History Society. The ANZLHS Executive recently awarded Ian its *Award for Outstanding Achievement*, “in recognition of a significant and sustained contribution to the knowledge of law’s history, particularly in England and the British Empire, as scholar and teacher, in founding the field in Australia with the first Law and History conference at La Trobe University in 1982, and inspiring subsequent enduring research activity.”

Ian had moved to Australia with his first wife, Su, and children Kirsty and Alexander (Sandy). His second wife Judith Grbich was also an academic in law and jurisprudence. Ian’s children went on to follow his interests on law and social justice: Kirsty Duncanson is now a Senior Lecturer in Criminology and Social Sciences, and Alexander Jon Duncanson (who passed away in 2010) had completed an LLB and become Principal Solicitor at the Hobart Tenants’ Union in Tasmania. An annual Social Justice lecture has been held at the University of Tasmania since 2011 in honour of Sandy Duncanson and his work on social justice. Ian has four grandchildren, Elke and Sandy in Melbourne, and Iris and Luka Duncanson in Hobart.

Ian commenced his PhD thesis with a quotation from Colonel Rainsborough at the 1647-9 Army Debates, “For really I think that the poorest he that is in England hath a right to live as the greatest he; and therefore truly sir, I think it’s clear that every man that is to live under a government ought first by his own consent to put himself under that government; and I do think that the poorest man in England is not at all bound in a strict sense to a government that he has not had a voice to put himself under. I should doubt whether I was an Englishman or no, that I should doubt of these things.” Ian lived his life in support of these principles, and made a contribution to social justice which far exceeds his time span of 78 years. He enjoyed his work, his family, his children and grandchildren, tropical holidays, and the odd bottle of Shiraz.

In the foreword to *Historiography, Empire and the Rule of Law*, Professor Stewart Motha states “this book is thus essential reading for any scholar or student of empire and imperialism, constitutions and constitutionalism, or utilitarianism, liberalism, and the rule of law”.

Judith Grbich, August 10, 2025

### **Obituary.**

We have been informed by his son that our member Barrie Cutts died in November 2023.

Regrettably, we have no information about Barrie’s life at High Pavement or later.

Perhaps some of our members could help us.



## **The High Pavement Remembrance Ceremony.**

In the hope that you will be able to read this before the date of the ceremony, we give information here for members that wish to attend. Our President Ken Kirk writes:

“The Remembrance service begins on November 7<sup>th</sup> at 10:30 am with an introduction by Adam Beazely and the reading of the names of the fallen in two world wars (read by six students). I recite the Act of Remembrance (They shall grow not old.....) and the bugler will sound Last Post followed by two minutes’ silence. The bugler will then sound Reveille and I will give the Kohima epitaph. The Deputy Lieutenant Tracey Davenport will be in attendance and will make a short speech (she is also a former pupil). The service will then close with the singing of *Carmen Paviorum* (unaccompanied) and, as the Deputy Lieutenant is representing the King, the first verse of the National Anthem will be sung accompanied by the bugler. There will be orders of service available, and Adam will close the event”.

*The service sometimes begins a little before 10:30, and arrival by 10:15 is advisable. By the way, you can watch the 2021 Remembrance service on YouTube. A search on the site for “High Pavement Remembrance Service” will find a 15-minute video, which is one of a collection of items you may find to be of interest on the channel titled “Nottingham College”. See [www.youtube.com/watch?v=oFWHBc3IvOE](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oFWHBc3IvOE) - editor.*

**ooOoo**

### **From Phil Atkins.**

*Phil wrote to us in the August Pavior. He now adds something:*

Hi Gerald

Many thanks for the August Pavior just received. One or two further comments. I was very interested to see the piece on Charlie Mardling, whom I well remember, also his very pleasant precise and calm voice. I was surprised to see Ray Caulton listed as careers master. When I left in 1964, and for some time before that, it had been Oscar Carlisle, a senior Chemistry master who also fulfilled his other role in very much a part time capacity. I don't think he has received a mention. I recall he lived in Woodthorpe. He accompanied my first trip abroad in April 1963. In previous years it had always been Annecy in France, but in 'our' year it was Brienz near Interlaken in Switzerland, which Christine and I visited again six years ago. Similarly there was a regular trip to Malham, not so far from here, but again in 1963 it had to be Slapton in South Devon instead. Much closer in time then than now to WW2, the appalling disaster that had occurred there during a rehearsal for D Day was still a close secret, only revealed much later. We had a day trip to Dartmoor to visit Wistman's Wood, when there was also something of a disturbance at the prison. On the way back (by bus) I got my only glimpse ever of Stonehenge in the middle distance. Two other masters I still recall are Alan Beck, who I think was also an HP old boy [he was – ed], and the rather eccentric Sam Quincey, who also taught Latin (and Greek). I ended up failing Latin O-level.

*Phil's mention of Annecy reminds me that announcements were often made at assemblies about matters to do with the “Annecy party.” A fellow pupil must have had a strange impression of what this was all about, as he used to mishear it as the aniseed party – editor.*

## An Old Pavior's Unusual Life After School.

*Clive Bagshaw told in the previous issue of The Pavior of his relocation to Africa. He now begins to recount his experiences there.*

On my previous three short visits to Africa, all in summer time, I had never seen an African winter. We arrived on June 14th 1992 in the middle of winter, the dry season. Nobody told us it could get so cold there. Our house was all glass and the windows were louvred so keeping drafts out was impossible. There was no heating, just an open fireplace to burn wood. The wind blew howling gales through the louvres that added to the chill factor. Before we left England I told my wife to leave all her winter woollies behind, as she wouldn't need them: we were going to tropical Africa and it would be hot. Wrong. We froze. It actually wasn't that cold, the temperature never dropping below 56° Fahrenheit; but to get there at night it dropped from around 90° to 95° F during the day. That is a huge 40° drop and it was really the temperature difference we felt rather than actual cold.

The owner of the company, my new employer, was an Asian and the company had grown to significant proportions as a group of family businesses ranging from the technical, to which I was attached, a Rank Xerox supply and servicing company, and computers, to furnishings, agricultural equipment and supply and export of farm produce such as chillies, peas and pulses. The furniture business was busily engaged in the production of tailor-made curtains and the supply of carpets and other furniture for our boss's new house, so our requirements had to wait until his had been met first.

Our container of household goods was packed in England at Easter time, and as I said, we arrived in Malawi on the 14th June 1992. The container arrived in Malawi in October, having travelled by sea to Durban in South Africa and then by road overland through Zimbabwe and Mozambique to Malawi. It was a long wait through the tropical winter for that container. We had existed with a bare minimum of essentials over the months as we waited for our container to arrive, and when it did we discovered the company had filled it up with things of their own as well as our chattels and by the time I got to it, the container had been opened and some of our things were missing, never to be seen again. The company had lent us two armchairs from the head office reception area and we were able to buy a bed, a cooker and a fridge. That was about it apart from



the upturned tea chest we used for a table. They had said they would arrange furniture for us but when we arrived it was not there. They said they didn't buy it because they thought we would like to choose our own. A nice thought but there was nothing available off the shelf and it takes weeks to place an order and get it made. As for curtains and other things, well the boss was moving into a new house himself and so he took priority on the tailor's time. We had to wait for weeks again. The "nice car" they had promised us turned out to be a tiny old 1300 cc

Suzuki Swift that quickly became the laughing stock of the local ex-pat community. It did not compare well to the endless array of 4×4's that filled the rough roads. They said, my little Suzuki was so tiny that I wore it rather than drove it. It was small and could get lost in the potholes that littered the roads. I have photographs of guys sat on a stool fishing in the potholes; they were so deep.

The shock of Margaret's breast cancer scare combined with moving job, house and country all in one go were too much for Margaret. She virtually had a nervous breakdown and was ill for some time.

We were fortunate to meet some nice people who took us under their wing and introduced us to Malawi expat society. To these people we will be for ever in debt. There was



A Delicate Balancing Act

a wonderful lady by the name of Lynne Mills, who heard through the expat grapevine that we had arrived and called a meeting of the ladies' sewing circle, better known as "Stitch & Bitch," to which my wife was invited. This was our break into the Malawi expat social scene. It was the beginning of many invites to braais, (Bar-B-Q's to you), dinner parties, weekends at the Lake, where many companies had cottages for weekend

breaks for their senior employees, and so on. A kind lady from LEPROA, Vera, loaned us some curtains temporarily till ours were made for us at the company's furniture shop. They were much needed because our house was all glass, and so we now had a little privacy. LEPROA stands for the Leprosy Relief Association. Margaret joined all sorts of ladies' groups including The Corona Society, (the English ladies' society), Protea, (the South African ladies' society), the book club, the bridge circle, the mah-jong circle, the garden club, the handmade pottery group and lots more.

I got into golf, some sailing at the lake where I bought a yacht, flying with the Luchenza Flying Club now based at Chileka Airport near Blantyre, and 4×4 rallies over the mountains, target shooting with the Rifle association of Malawi, I joined the Hunters Association but didn't do much hunting, in fact I only went on one hunt and was singularly unsuccessful. It was not trophy hunting just hunting game for the pot and to put some venison steaks on the braai.



A Really Delicate Balancing Act

*This account will be continued in the next issue of The Pavior.*



**From Terry Swinn (HP 1957-64, Newstead House).**

I read with special interest two articles in the August issue of *The Pavior*.

1. **SPEECH DAYS.** In the Autumn term of 1964, I was the School Captain and had the duty of offering words of thanks to certain members of the Platform Party. All I remember now is thanking Alderman William Derbyshire, who may have been on the Board of Governors, for, among other things, handling matters with his “customary aplomb”. That seemed to take him aback somewhat. I looked for my face on the photo but could not see it.
2. **CHARLIE MARDLING.** He was my form-master in Modern 4A, so 1962-63. Class prizes were awarded for best overall achievement throughout the school year. In Modern 4A that year the prize was initially going to be awarded to a very talented mathematician and physicist named Raymond Stead. Charlie Mardling then intervened behind the scenes and said that there was one other pupil who was equally deserving, so two prizes were eventually awarded. I was told this sometime later by another master. CM had a great sense of fair play.

A few publications ago, there was a photo from the early sixties of some masters. Could anyone name them? I think one was a newly qualified Classics teacher from Manchester by the name of Jamieson who was at HP for a short while. He taught me Classics in 1962-63.

With best regards, Terry Swinn.

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*Graham Wybrow tells us that we did indeed have a Mr Jamieson. Graham says*

"Our Staff Database does have a record:

**Jamieson      Robert Ian Michael**

**Started: 10/01/1961   Left: 26/07/1961**

Clearly, he was only with us for a short time, but this would have included May 1961, when the last of the Large School Photos was taken. No idea what he taught."

*The dates do not quite agree with Terry's recollection, but the records we have inherited are sometimes inaccurate.*

**ooOoo**

**HP Quick Questions.**

1. With whom do you associate *I want to talk to you about litter*?
2. On how many floors was the main building at Gainsford Crescent?
3. And on how many floors was the science building?
4. For some years part of a classical piece was played through a loudspeaker near the ceiling to soothe the savage breasts of pupils before assemblies. What was the piece?

(The answers are on page 15.)

## From Helen Salisbury.

*Readers of The Pavior will recognise the Salisbury brand. Here, Colin's daughter Helen has a story to tell.*

I recently attended an HP Society social event at the Mapperley Golf Club in my role as driver and supporter of my father. During an interesting and varied chat after lunch with the other gentlemen attending, the subject of writing came up and I shared that I had begun to write a fictional account of the life of my three-times great grandmother, who had lived in Nottingham.



Colin Salisbury, unaccountably looking nervous, with daughter Helen.

Her name was Hannah Jeffcott and she was a midwife in the Narrow Marsh area of the city, in the shadow of the first High Pavement school buildings on the cliff above. It is interesting to speculate whether any of the many children she delivered ever reached the heights to attend the school.

Hannah was born in Stockport, Cheshire in 1800 but spent most of her life in Nottingham, first as a lace worker and then by 1840 as a midwife. I inherited, through my grandfather, her handwritten record books, which she kept for the next 34 years until her death in 1874. She attended and recorded 3,910 births over her career and these include several of my Salisbury ancestors (photos), while many names appear again

and again as families grew.

Hannah recorded details of the mothers' names, the sex of the babies, the exact time of the birth and the street names of the homes. Also recorded is the fee and whether paid or owing, usually 2/6 but sometimes as much as 10/6. The books detail other occurrences such as assisting local doctors with operations, attending cases in a local lunatic asylum and attending an inquest after the alleged suspicious death of a child at the hand of its mother.

The books are a valuable record of social history in mid-Victorian times, when life in the crowded back-to-back buildings of the yards and closes of the poor was tough, unhygienic and full of risk. As far as I know Hannah had no training or medical certificate as she went about her business helping the women in her care, but she was obviously a well respected woman, married to William Jeffcott, a sawyer and living on Canal Street. She travelled all over Nottingham to attend births, mostly in the area around Broad and Narrow Marsh but also up to Parliament Street, Mansfield Road, Radford, Sneinton and St Annes. She even recorded visiting a relative's confinement in Cropwell Butler.

I have detailed some of the more notable entries from the books:

September 24 1853 Mrs Plowright of a daughter at 7 o'clock at night. Beyond Mapperley Plains. Paid. Birth no. 1,036 - I wondered reading this how she had travelled so far when there was no public transport.

March 15 1854 Mrs Belton of a daughter at 8 o'clock in the morning. High Pavement. Paid





### **Recalled by Harry Davies, Headmaster.**

*Harry Davies was known to many Pavors, and his name is familiar to many more. I am one of those whose time at the school did not coincide with his, but I am aware none the less that he is fondly remembered as Headmaster. His son, John, tells us here about a few of his father's recollections of High Pavement days - editor.*

This is a companion piece to the article by Sheila Pearson (Mardling) in The Pavior of August 2025. Sheila writes of meeting Old Boys. They did seem to be everywhere. I remember them visiting our house, usually for tea or coffee. My favourites were those who babysat for me and my brother and did my maths homework. Several continued to visit accompanied by wives or girlfriends. I remember thinking that the last person I would wish to visit was my headmaster. My father (henceforward HD) said that he would know all the boys in the sixth form and the majority of the fifth form each year. Certainly, a lot of Christmas cards used to appear each year from old boys. One of the last I remember meeting was when I got married. He was one of the officials and after the ceremony HD said, 'I hope you've done it properly!' As this was in 1967, he obviously did as we are still happily married. HD was not one to talk much about his work, but he did mention a story which caused much hilarity amongst his colleagues. The PE master was delayed for a class and was surprised that his pupils were waiting quietly for him in a line. He said 'What's the matter? Why are you so quiet?' 'Please Sir,' one told him, 'An old man came and hit us with a stick.' This was Mr Crossland, the Deputy Head. This is not meant to denigrate his character. HD always spoke warmly about his advice and support when he started at High Pavement.

One further anecdote. HD was approached by the Drama teacher and asked to come and reinforce his opinion of three pupils. He said, 'I could go through my whole career without seeing a talent like this, and I have three in the same form.' HD agreed he was right. The three boys were John Bird, Peter Bowles and John Turner. [*Graham Wybrow tells us that he must have been proud of John Bird, who having narrowly failed the 11+ had started at Ellis School, when HD intervened to give him a second chance at High Pavement - ed.*]

ooOoo

### **From George Heywood (HP 1944-9, Sherwood)**

I really look forward to receiving The Pavior on a regular basis although most of the entries are from students who attended way after I had left in 1949.

I am now 92 and have lived in Alaska for the last 50 years. I came to the States with BP to work on the Alaska Pipeline. The forecast was that my family and I would be there for about 3 years but circumstances changed that to currently 50.

Circumstances included children graduating from High School and going to college and my wife passing away suddenly in 2001 after 46 years of marriage.

I will always remember my time spent at HP from 1944 to 1949 and I know that what I learned, both scholastically and personally, helped me tremendously throughout my future life.

My career included:

14 years in Royal Navy (8 of those in submarines).

22 years with BP.

10 years with Alyeska Pipeline Service Company.

Hawk Consultants (Senior project controls consultant), having retired in 1995 aged 62.

Stopped 2021 (age 88).

Enjoying retirement although some minor medical problems with age.

Have spent vacations in Scotland and Las Vegas. Hoping to go to Vegas in November

Wishing the best to you all.



## A Report on the HP Society AGM.

Now don't turn the page just yet. AGMs of other, lesser societies are often seen as tedious. But that of our Society, held on September 18<sup>th</sup> at Mapperley Golf Club, had the virtues that its formal business was swiftly and efficiently carried out, and then the Old Pavors and guests, numbering nineteen in all, enjoyed an opportunity of meeting and chatting together in attractive surroundings, where we were well catered for. We were so impressed with the club that our Christmas gathering will be held there.



John Randall

One notable presence at the meeting was John Randall, who came all the way from Australia. A Pavior from 1954 to 1961, John wishes we published more material relevant to his time at the school. So let us treat his wish as an invitation; if you were at High Pavement during this time, tell us of your recollections.

Because John had to leave early, we sang *Carmen Paviorum* not only at the end of the proceedings but also in time for John to hear it. They say practice makes perfect. I should not like to assert the truth of that maxim in relation to our rendition of the hallowed Song, but let's say that perfection is a work in progress.

Graham Wybrow showed us a short excerpt from a *This is Your Life* episode presented by Eamonn Andrews. It featured an Old Pavior, Peter Bowles. The episode can be seen on the internet. The easiest way of finding it is to search for "Peter Bowles on This is Your Life." Or seek [www.dailymotion.com/video/x7vtypn](http://www.dailymotion.com/video/x7vtypn)

We were also shown a clip featuring Mr KSS Train.  
**HP Quick Question 5** (Q1-4 are on page 9). Who was the former HP teacher that appeared on the programme?

Hint: he was concerned with drama.

The answer is on page 15.



Graham Presenting *This is Your Life*



Paviors Tackling *Carmen Paviorum*

## Did You Ever Dine at the High Pavement Restaurant?

High Pavement was undoubtedly worthy of something more than a tuckshop, and you see it in these photographs supplied by Graham Wybrow. But it would not have been easy for pupils to pop in; it is on 8 Palmer St, Frome, Somerset BA11 1DS.



Regrettably, Graham has not been able to ascertain anything about the establishment. What we should most of all like to know is whence it derived its name. Was it purely due to the renown of our school? And was it established by an Old Pavior?

If you know aught of this place, please tell us about it.

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### A Modern Pavior Tells us of his Time at High Pavement.

*Most of us have recollections dating back more decades than we care, or are able, to count. Here, Gaige Bailey, a recent alumnus of High Pavement College and winner of the Stanley Middleton Literature Award tells us of his experience there.*



Gaige Bailey

Looking back, what stands out most about my time at High Pavement from September 2022 to July 2024 isn't a single class or exam, but how much responsibility we were given for our own learning. It taught me that education isn't just about absorbing information - it's also about curiosity, discipline, and finding your own voice within the material.

The teaching methods used at High Pavement naturally vary, to some degree, by subject. During my time there, I studied A-Level AQA (Assessment and Qualification Alliance) English Literature, Philosophy, and Psychology, so the majority of my lessons took the form of lectures focused on developing particular skills, solidifying our understanding of specific topics or issues, and engaging critically with the readily available textbook material. These lessons were almost always delivered via PowerPoint presentations on an interactive whiteboard. However, for English Literature, we were once taken on a trip to St Barnabas Cathedral in Nottingham due to its significance in the contextual history of Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock*, which was a key text in the crime genre we were studying. So, on certain occasions, lessons did extend beyond the classroom.

Given that AQA has published the entire body of required knowledge within two textbooks for each of my subjects - one for Year 1 and one for Year 2 - it was largely up to me how much I



prepared for each lecture in advance by reading ahead. That being said, we were sometimes given small tasks to complete or consider before the next scheduled lesson.

I'm also aware that other subjects, such as Computer Science, Art, or Chemistry, are taught through lectures with more practical elements, but that was seldom necessary for my particular subjects. The biggest exceptions to this were when we held structured debates in Philosophy or when we were instructed to design and carry out an experiment in Psychology related to schizophrenia.

My work was assessed mostly through mock exams simulating the conditions and challenges of the final exams at the end of the two-year study period. My subjects were all heavily essay-based, so the majority of my mock exams involved writing essays under timed conditions. There were two exceptions to this general rule, both in English Literature. Part of my final grade for that subject was determined by two non-examined assessments (NEAs). These were 2,500-word essays (excluding quotations and bibliographies), in which you would choose your own question with a critical focus—Marxist, Feminist, Ecological, Colonial, Narrative, or Literary Value—and apply it to a prose text in one NEA and a poem in the other. For example, in my prose NEA, I wrote about H. P. Lovecraft's *The Complete Cthulhu Mythos Tales* from a literary value perspective, asking about its status in the Western literary canon and how much the mythos's success and longevity could be attributed to Lovecraft himself, as opposed to his successors. In my poetry NEA, I wrote about Dante's *Inferno*, analysing to what extent the characters and settings of his epic poem were reflections of the author's own real-life circumstances. There were also numerous extracurricular activities available to students. For instance, I helped set up and run the High Pavement Chess Club as its President, hosting term-by-term tournaments, and I also took on some administrative tasks for the High Pavement Book Club, such as completing the weekly registers, to help the club's President with organisation. There were plenty of other opportunities made available to us by High Pavement outside of this, such as attending the Nottingham Climate Assembly in 2024 and a debate regarding the 2024 East Midlands mayoral election at the Nottingham College City Hub campus. In terms of clubs and societies, however, this was the extent of my participation. All in all, when I first walked into High Pavement, I did so as a mature student with nothing but a set of GCSEs to my name. By the time I completed my studies there, I left with a strong set of A-Level results, renewed confidence, and the readiness to move on to university and succeed. I owe that to the support I was given during my time there - something I'll always be grateful for, and one of the many reasons I'm glad I chose High Pavement as my institution for further education.

Kind regards, Gaige.

*I am surely not alone in thinking this is a fine advertisement for High Pavement College. It is good to know that the old school, now as a college, still thrives and promotes excellence – editor.*

ooOoo

### **Answers to the HP Quick Questions.**

On page 9: Q1 MH Brown, last headmaster of High Pavement School;  
Q2 the main building was on three floors;  
Q3 the science building was on two floors;  
Q4 "Jupiter," from The Planets.

On page 13: Q5 Stanley Middleton appeared on *This is Your Life*.

*Can you offer an item that might be used as an HP Quick Question? Write in to The Pavior.*

## **An Old Pavior Becomes the Supreme Timelord – A Primer.**

Never mind about Dr Who and all that nonsense. It was Dr Essen, an Old Pavior, that definitively perfected timekeeping. Before I go into what he did, I should like to explain what a messy business keeping tabs on time has been throughout the ages.

Ancient peoples often used moon calendars, which were messy because the moon goes through its cycle of phases twelve times in 354 days, leaving folk with the problem of what to do with the eleven leftovers.

A calendar determined by the behaviour of the sun requires 365 days, but leaves approximately six spare hours; more accurately five hours and forty-nine minutes.

Julius Caesar solved the problem after taking advice from the Greek astronomer Sosigenes by decreeing that every fourth year should have an extra day. A great advance.

The Julian calendar would be spot-on if that figure of six hours just mentioned was exact; but as it is eleven minutes too long, the calendar accumulates an error that grows at an average rate of eleven minutes a year. This does not sound like much, but at that rate the calendar slips almost an hour in five years, and the best part of a whole day in a century. Nowadays, we should probably not fuss about that, most likely saying “let the error accumulate; we’ll get used to it.”

In olden time it may have been viewed differently. At any rate, in 1582 Pope Gregory XIII decreed a reform to prevent in future the slight overcorrection caused by the Julian calendar’s scheme for leap years: century years, which till then had all been leap, should only be so if the century number divided by four. So AD 2000 was leap, but 1900 was not and 2100 will not be. The pope also decreed that to make up for past misreckoning, ten days should be dropped from 1582, October 15th thus being the day after October 4<sup>th</sup> in that year. These changes were widely adopted in Europe, but not in Britain, which consequently was ten days behind the Continent, and eleven days after 1700, which was leap here but not in Europe.

In 1752 Britain came into line by dropping eleven days. The move was unpopular, and caused serious riots in London and Bristol, whose people, not having been educated at High Pavement, thought they had lost eleven days of their lives and eleven days' pay.

An example of the effect of calendric shenanigans comes from Isaac Newton’s dates. British books say he was born on December 25<sup>th</sup> 1642. Continental books say he was born in 1643, because they refer to the reformed calendar, then ten days ahead.

The alternation of day and night is determined by the earth's rotation, which unfortunately is getting slower, thanks mainly to the gravitational effect of the moon on our planet. That is why a leap second is occasionally inserted into our official time. You may be consoled to know that the earth, through the same gravitational interaction, retaliates by slowly pushing the moon further from us; though consequently, at some very distant time there will no longer be total solar eclipses, as our satellite will be too remote to cover the whole disk of the sun. But to come back to the point: because the terrestrial rotation is slowing, we cannot, for precise timekeeping, simply divide the day's length into 24 equal hours. Careful observation of planetary movements seemed to indicate that these bodies were accelerating, when really it was the earth’s fault.

Who could possibly sort out all the mess? Well, a Pavior, of course. This brings us to Dr Louis Essen. In the next issue we learn about what he did, and its significance is even greater than you are likely to suppose.

**Gerald Taylor.**