



ROAN MAGAZINE

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SPORTS OFFICIALS

Cricket Captain C. Rodwell

Athletics Captain P. Wise

Swimming Captain M. S. Brown

Chess Captain K. Jackson



No. 146

AUGUST 1972

AN APOLOGY

I am very sorry indeed that the publication of this issue of the magazine has been delayed so long. Unfortunately I was ill at the critical period just before Whitsun when I should have been typing out the copy for the School section, and then a combination of Braithwaite, the junior play and school exams made it impossible for me to get the typing done until now—very late in the summer term.

The one advantage that has accrued from this unfortunate delay has been that we are able to print in this issue tributes to Mr. Witten and to Mr. Geddes which would otherwise have been in the winter edition.

Once again, my apologies for being ill at so inconvenient a juncture; I hope the magazine will be no less enjoyable for being somewhat late.

NIGEL BALLANTYNE.

SCHOOL NOTES

The end of an era . . . Mr. Witten has decided to retire and Mr. Geddes has left us after long service to the school. We wish them both every happiness in the future.

Other members of staff who have moved on are Messrs. Southgate, Griffin and Wanstall. Mr. Southgate, who joined the school seven years ago has taken a keen interest in the Christian Union, as well as supervising the charities. Mr. Griffin has played a large part in the modernisation of the biology department, including an increase in field work, has helped to develop badminton and has played in the band. Mr. Wanstall was best known for his work with computers, but also helped with the Christian Union and was master-in-charge of tennis.

There have been the usual variety of activities during the year. A team from the school came second in a local road safety quiz, and the Mayor of Greenwich, Mrs. Marie Kingwell, presented the prizes in assembly one morning.

A concert was enjoyed by two full houses last Christmas. It combined songs of the revue genre with more serious music. Also at Christmas the sixth form launched a vast campaign to raise money to give some of the old people of Greenwich a seasonal treat. By means of carol singing, appeals and various gimmicks a large total was collected—a very commendable effort.

Another sixth form activity was the school dance which “starred” “Kiroko-Assagai” and “Tame”, along with “Big Bob” and his Disco—another success. On a more cultural note, the sixth form conference this year had as its subject, “Censorship in a Free Society”. There was a more informal atmosphere than in past years and several heated exchanges made it all the more interesting. It is a shame that more people are not prepared to stand up and speak.

It was about this time that we had the dreaded power cuts which resulted in cold fingers clutching pens in the half-light.

A popular innovation has been the introduction of the sale of tea in the hall. Nor have the staff been neglected; old boys have been surprised to learn that Room 3, so long the domain of Mr. Witten, has been converted into an extra staff room. The school itself has been brightened up by having been repainted this summer.

The year ended with the post-exam activities once more directed in varied and interesting manner by the ubiquitous Mr. Thorp.

POWER CUTS

I sat alone
So quiet at ease
Reading a book
Myself to please.
Alas, Alack, I'm out of luck!
The light went out—a power cut.

A strange decision I did make
Of all odd things a bath to take—
Soap and soda to remove the muck,
The heat went off—a power cut.

I had my tea—now for some fun,
And then Dad said “Homework, Son”.
I looked at the clock and then I knew
Within a minute a cut was due.

But what went wrong?

I wish I knew.

I'm out of luck—

NO POWER CUT!

N. KAY, IJ.

Mr. G. C. WITTEN

With the retirement of Mr. G. C. Witten—“George” to us all—we are parting with one of our most lovable and exuberant personalities and our one remaining link with the pre-war world. But our sadness at parting with him, after 35 years of unstinting service, is leavened with affectionate memories of an outstanding schoolmaster, an “old fashioned” schoolmaster in the best sense of the word.

Any appreciation of George is rendered difficult by his inherent shyness and modesty. One will never hear of his good deeds from his own lips. Hidden beneath his expansive personality—a personality which displays something of the larger-than-life quality of Falstaff, the benevolence of Pickwick, the eccentricity of Robert Morley and which demands a wide stage (or, perhaps, nowadays, an apron stage!)—and his old world courtesy, lies a generous concern for the happiness and comfort of others.

He demands little worldly comfort for himself, but will take infinite trouble to create it for others. His unusual means of propulsion typify his own standards of comfort. With advancing years, he has certainly progressed from two wheels via three to the ultimate pleasure of four—all represented by character rather than comfort—from boneshaker, via decrepit motor-bike and sidecar, to a van which rumour suggests was purloined from Billy Smart's circus clowns on Blackheath one dark night—and all ultimately destined for the Transport Museum.

The cultural life of a school depends tremendously on the work of the senior English master, and George's scholarship, coupled with a natural talent for acting and production and a love of the written and spoken word—so eloquently manifested in his own mellifluous tones—have guided many Roan boys with outstanding professional success. Many Old Roans will remember with gratitude his assistance with spoken English, and with pleasure their participation in his many fine school and house plays. He has never spared himself. It is fitting that the last of his dramatic productions, his recent winning house play, should have been the finest ever seen. The Old Roan Dramatic Society, too, will recall with delight many of his own performances, from his first, in “Inquest” soon after his arrival in 1936, to his re-appearance after war service in “I Killed the Count”, and his notable portrayals in “Adam's Apple”, “The Middle Watch” (what an inspiring admiral!) and many others. And how can we forget his numerous delightful after-dinner speeches?

Roan history has always had a nostalgic fascination for him, as witness his resuscitation of a discarded and collapsing armchair—originally presented to the staff room by Mr. Jackson's widow—

and now a dangerous hazard for George's visitors. Likewise, his inaugurating the practice of "Beating the Bounds", which has become an annual O.R. event. For such an abstemious man, it is surprising how many local taverns in this itinerary have Roan associations. We understand that he does not intend entering the upholstering trade, nor offering the services of his pipe to Hollywood for producing Indian smoke signals in future Westerns. But, having recently acquired a garden of some size, we believe he intends, from the depth of the prairie which he loosely refers to as his lawn, to set up as a rival to Fred Streeter and hold forth on how to eliminate ground elder and create the perfect garden.

I once let his own inspiring guide speak for him: "A goodly, portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most notable carriage, and, as I think, his age some fifty". Since then the physical presence has become even more impressive, but how well the cheerfulness, the pleasing eye and the noble carriage have survived.

Both the school and the O.R.A. are the richer for his devotion. We think of him with affection and we shall always remember his name, so intimately woven into recent Roan history, with a very real gratitude.

Have a long and happy retirement, George!

L.J.B.

Mr. E. J. GEDDES

The retirement from Roan this term of Mr. Geddes is a matter of regret to everyone at the school who has come into contact with him, boys and staff alike.

Mr. Geddes came to Roan 25 years ago, and during that time has run the art department of the school with exceptional ability, but also with sympathy and good humour. The result has been a long series of examination successes and (even better) much real appreciation of art.

Mr. Geddes was educated at Tiffins School. In the war he was commissioned in the King's Own Scottish Borderers and served in the Far East as adjutant of his battalion. At the Royal College of Art he was one of the best students of his year.

At Roan Mr. Geddes came to be associated very early on with the school's dramatic productions. Every producer has expected him to design costumes and scenery, or at least to advise about them. His patience on these occasions has astounded more than one of his friends. Mr. Geddes's other main interest involving the school has been tennis. For many years he has captained the masters' tennis team.

Those who know Mr. Geddes well would be greatly puzzled to decide between the arts and tennis as to which counts for more in his life. Scarcely an important tennis tournament at Wimbledon (or



Mr. GEDDES and Mr. WITTEN



Christmas, 1971



The undefeated First Year team

elsewhere) has been held for many a year now which he has not attended. His knowledge of the game and those who play it is prodigious. In the field of the arts his equally considerable knowledge is supported by an impeccable judgment and taste.

Recently Mr. Geddes has had a studio built in his garden and in retirement he will doubtless spend much of his time painting. But it is to be more sincerely hoped by his friends that he will find time to make the journey back to Maze Hill from Richmond. We who have shared the lunch table with him hope that he will often return to contribute to our conversation his own unique combination of wisdom and wit and unfailing courtesy.

F.W.

ROAN BOYS' PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

Dear Parents,

This page has been placed at our disposal by the kind offices of the Editor and serves to tell you of the activities of the latest fledgling to nestle under the Roan wing.

There were many of us who had thought of such an association for a very long time and it was through the happy inspiration of Dr. Taylor, some 18 months ago, that our Association was formed.

In that short time we have progressed to some 180 member families and have held two autumn fairs, three dance socials, several friendly meetings over tea and biscuits, cricket and football matches and helped at numerous school functions and cross-country matches with a refreshment service second to none.

I must add that our primary function is to bring together the boys, the parents and the headmaster and staff so that we may be of real and worth-while assistance to each other. We are not primarily a fund-raising organisation, always seeking donations and organising raffles and the like for money's sake, but obviously we aim to make our operations pay their way. It is good that our funds have helped the school in the recent past and we trust they will continue to do so in the future. We have a hard-working committee who have planned a varied programme since our inception, and you will see below notice of our next major venture, the autumn fair, which will, we hope, give a further opportunity for participation and good fellowship. We welcome all parents to our gatherings; please come and support us with your presence and allow us to enjoy the pleasure of your company. Come and learn of the things we have already accomplished and assist us with fresh ideas for the future.

Yours most sincerely,

W. A. WILLSON (Chairman).

Dates for your Diaries

Thursday, 19th October	Provisionally fixed for the A.G.M.
Saturday, 11th November	Autumn Fair.

SCHOOL BAND

We are extremely grateful to the Parents' Association for the gift of a new tenor saxophone. This has made a big improvement to the sound of the band, adding depth and balance where it was most needed. Indeed, the sax section has improved so much that it is now a very competent unit, capable of carrying a melody and no longer subservient to the brass section. Occasional practices at lunch time have improved their reading and technique, and are a sign of the desire to improve their skill to a higher standard.

The brass section is very reliable, although at times it becomes rather coarse, due to overblowing; they need to listen to each other more and attempt to blend. We have been deprived of Mr. Griffin's presence this year, due to evening studies, and next year we will be looking for a replacement for P. Chamberlain.

The rhythm section is by far the best we have ever had and it adds precision and bite to the overall sound. Unfortunately, S. Swann is leaving this year and a replacement pianist of his ability may be impossible to find, so great has been his improvement.

L. Thornton and S. White play both in senior and junior bands and have filled in well whenever clarinetists M. Penny and T. Talbot have been engaged in other activities; their improvement is most encouraging for the future.

S. Adderley, P. Winslow and M. Shaw are other junior band members who play with the seniors. Their ability to do so is the direct result of their enthusiasm and love of music and, with our young clarinet players, will form a core of players for future years.

At Christmas we went playing carols in the area near the school. It was enjoyable, though exhausting, and we all appreciated the hot food when we eventually retired to Mr. Knott's house. Mrs. Elmes, one of the governors, is an active worker for local charity and, at her suggestion, our collection of over £30 was sent to the Spastics Society.

The band played at the Christmas concert and at the house plays, and we have a date in the summer term to play again for the physically handicapped in Sidcup.

In ways like this we are able to combine our own pleasure in playing with help to worth-while causes; I like to think that this is an important part of education.

W.E.

JUNIOR BAND

Rehearsals on Tuesdays and Thursdays appear to get noisier every week as more and more boys join the band. The enthusiasm of the players is most encouraging and they play with such obvious enjoyment that one can forgive the inevitable mistakes.

The clarinets, L. Thornton, S. White, R. Turner and P. McDonald,

are the most reliable section of the band; and we welcome J. Daniels, a first-year boy, who was already an accomplished player when he joined the school.

M. Taylor, G. Hutchins and P. Prescott have not been playing saxophones very long but they have made considerable progress; P. Winslow, on tenor, is probably the most improved player in the band.

S. Adderley and C. Taggart, on trumpets, are steady and confident most of the time; but it is A. Hill, C. Lade and M. Shaw, on trombones, who have recently shown such a great improvement on this very difficult instrument.

J. Page has taken over from Shaw on piano and has settled down very well; he is a great asset to the band. D. Bruce's accordion is a new and very welcome addition to the range of sounds and our drummer continues to make steady progress.

Mr. Elliott attends regularly and assists the trombones; we are very grateful to him and to all other staff who occasionally call in and give praise and encouragement.

W.E.

HOUSE PLAYS

This year, for the first time that I can recall, the house plays reached a standard of acting and production which moved them into the category of a full school production instead of a second best—for interval-consumption-only sort of affairs. The adjudicators, Messrs. Berry, Thomas and Rider, agreed that any one of the plays, in another year, would have been a winner.

Wolfe House presented an orthodox comedy and, despite the inexperience of the cast, managed to keep up the pace and point the lines very well. The young boys playing the women's parts were specially commended by Mr. Berry, and I was particularly impressed by Rubin, in his first attempt at acting. The two burglars acted well together; and, indeed, it was an excellent team effort.

Nelson House, the winners, had many experienced actors and were most professional in their production. In a large cast there were no weaknesses at all, and the sincerity of the central character, Angus, was a real strength. I have seen a number of house plays but I have never seen one as good as this was. I expected good performances from people like Talbot and Oatley, but I was surprised at the depth of talent there is in Nelson. My congratulations to them all on a fine performance.

Rodney, as they did last time, wrote their own play and, in my view, it was a better one than last time. It was the most naturalistic of the plays and each episode was well acted. I thought the juniors, particularly, who began the play, were most lively and interesting. Davis, at the peak, was a fine figure of a footballer and chewed

his gum most convincingly, and Smith was superbly senile. My one criticism of their performance was that they sometimes tended to talk through laughs so the next joke was lost—but in all it was a most enjoyable and refreshing performance.

Drake broke new ground in that they dramatised incidents from a novel—"Crime and Punishment". It was a very ambitious and difficult play to stage and they must be specially commended for making such a good job of it. Most of the actors were young, the characters demanding emotional force in portrayal, there was a split scene, so a crowded stage, and they overcame all these difficulties extremely well. The boys taking part will have benefited enormously from this experience, and, again, my congratulations to them for their achievement—particularly Humphreys as Raskolnikov and Thompson as the consumptive Katerina.

The school band played in the intervals between the plays and helped to make both evenings a success for all who were involved and a most enjoyable experience for the people who came to see the plays.

A.J.K.

IS THE WORLD . . .

Is the world so mentally dark,
To strip off the bark
Of an ageless theme,
A well devised scheme,

To unite the world,
Which has slowly unfurled,
With brother, you and me,
In perfect harmony?

Will they ever know,
That what they let go,
Was the only perfect answer,
It was love brought by the Messiah?

Or
Will they ever know,
That what they let go,
Was a gift for mankind,
Love, the only real bind?

S. NEWBERY, *III*A.

THE JUNIOR PLAY

Roan School, Fagin's den, Capulet's house, Hanging Knotts, South America—jumble these up and throw in a pagan rite for good measure and you have the rough outline of this year's Junior Drama Club production.

After last year's adaptation of a novel it was hard to decide on a suitable play that would cater for the assorted talents of the thirty or so boys from the first to the fourth year who, Monday by Monday, make up the Junior Drama Club, and so it was that in the mists of last October we decided to set about the task of writing our own (our very own) drama.

Gradually, as a result of Sunday afternoon gatherings at my house, various ideas were tried out and scrapped, but by the end of the Christmas holidays (during which 5 Lizban Street had resembled a sort of literary sit-in with budding Shakespeares filing squatters' right in every chilly room) a play was born, typed and stencilled and rehearsals could begin in earnest.

It was one thing to conceive the idea of a new boy coming late to Roan, failing to make contact in the playground and so romanticise his future colleagues into a variety of dream-fantasies, quite another to translate the idea from the mistyped page onto the few square feet of stage at our disposal. How could we arrange it so that Mr. Bonner and his stage crew had time to erect and dismantle Mr. Geddes's sets? How were we to transform Roan boys instantly into Victorian ragamuffins and South American revolutionaries? Would there be time for make-up changes? Could Mr. James squeeze enough versatility out of our lights or Mr. Burton out of the tape-recorders? Above all, how could we produce sufficient continuity for our audiences to keep up with our mental gymnastics?

It took a term-and-a-half of rehearsal to find some of the answers. We were helped by Mr. Lever, who composed a string of variations on the school song to set the mood of each scene while maintaining a linking theme. We were helped by Mr. Hall, who worked out a routine of changing in the kitchen with the precision of a military operation. We were helped by Mr. Hill, who let us rehearse through the Easter holidays. I'm not sure that we solved all the problems we had set ourselves, but I am sure that, thanks to the enthusiasm of everyone we asked to help and the keenness of the cast, many of whom turned up to hour after hour of rehearsal just to say their one or two lines and then provide essential living scenery to bring the principal actors to life, thanks to all of these people we all learned a great deal about how plays work and, perhaps more importantly, about the meaning of teamwork.

The whole idea of the Junior Drama Club is to give to any boy who wants it the opportunity to have a go at acting irrespective of

previous experience or, indeed, of natural ability. What pleased me about the show was the way in which everyone contributed something. We were helped in the production by our fourth form members who used their previous experience to help the younger boys, and it was the sense that what they were seeing was the combination of the enthusiasm of everyone on and off stage which, I think communicated itself to the audience.

In a sense, everyone was a "star" part, for everyone was essential; but certainly the most difficult role was that played by Ian Barnes as the newcomer, who had to link the play, living in and creating a world of his own. It was a character which would have taxed the resources of a much more experienced actor and Ian confirmed the promise he showed last year with an excellent performance.

So to the future; we have already started pooling ideas for next year's production which will, we hope, benefit from the lessons learned in "Late Entry". Some of our fourth-year members, who will have retired from junior acting, will be co-producing the play and we hope that we can count on your support again as audiences, for although we gain a lot of pleasure in rehearsal, it is by acting it to you that we gain most.

NIGEL BALLANTYNE.

Those involved in "Late Entry" were: Writers: Arnold, Barnes, Edwards, Emeny-Smith, Fry, Hazelden, Humphreys, Lade, Mehegan, Oliff, Page, A., Page, J., Tomkins, White, A., White, D., and White, N.

Actors: Barnes, Humphreys, Mehegan, Edwards, Pike, Pollard, Oliff, Page, Lade, Garratt, White, D., Jeffkins, Emeny-Smith, Arnold, Fry, Tomkins, White, A., Benford, Bryant, Callow, Dobson, Eton, Farnish, Forward, Hagyard, Jones, McPherson, McPhillips, Mills, Robinson, Simmons, Skeels, Snape, and Wyvill.

Backstage: Real, Chamberlain, Penny, Macknish, O'Connor, Thompson, White, N., Appleby, Bishop, Burgess, Francis, Fry, M., Lightwing, McPherson, R., Read, Wort, Burgess, Forward, Pullen, Kay, Adderley, Robinson, C., Shaw, Talbot, and Oatley.

Parents: Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Mortimore, Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Smith.

Staff: Messrs. James, Lever, Bonner, Geddes, Leaper, Burton, Knott, Hall and Ballantyne.

JUNIOR BRAITHWAITE 1972

(*The scene:* Two boys are sitting outside the hut at Braithwaite on the last day there, trying to avoid having to do any work.)

Boy A: Cor, I feel real tired, absolutely blown out!

Boy B: Yeah, it's all those mountains. Really takes it out of you, doesn't it?

Boy A: Yeah, the higher they are, the worse they are.

Boy B: I dunno . . . I thought Great Gable was more tiring than Hel, Hel . . .

Boy A: Helvellyn. Mind you, I preferred Saddleback.

Boy B: I thought you didn't like mountains.

Boy A: Well, I don't normally, but it was pretty good when the mist suddenly cleared and we saw the valley. It was sort of . . .

Boy B: Yeah, I know what you mean.

Boy A: I quite liked that walk around, what was it, Derwent water, too. No hills in that at least.

Boy B: But it was the rain that ruined that for me! Rain, rain, that's all we've had, isn't it?

Boy A: Yeah. Some bloke said once that something "Dropped like the gentle rain from 'eaven . . ."

Boy B: Must have been mad.

(From the hut a large, bearded gentleman emerges and hurls insults, whilst demanding a volunteer. Our two heroes run for cover behind a heap of blankets. An unfortunate fellow is dragged, unwillingly, to work.)

Boy A: That was a near thing.

Boy B: Still, I suppose we don't do much work.

Boy A: We *do*. I developed bad cramp in my wrist after all those spuds. And that washing up . . .

Boy B: Don't know why you're complaining. Old Evans, Ballantyne, Futter and Hall do all that, don't they?

Boy A: And the Headmaster when he was here. He was working like a lunatic.

Boy B: I thought the Head was good in the football competition, too.

Boy A: Well, I was scared to tackle him. I mean, you don't mind booting T.B.H., but the Head—well, he might expel you or something.

Boy B: Yeah, I noticed you didn't mind booting the masters. Poor old Smith!

Boy A: What was that line in the concert: "Bain, Berry, Bunton booting Ballantyne. Alliteration that is. Alliteration.

Boy B: The concert was good, wasn't it?

Boy A: Yeah, I enjoyed it. I've enjoyed it all really. It's really something up here, isn't it?

Boy B: Yeah, I've enjoyed it, too.

Boy A: Shame it rained so much.

(The sun sets over Bassenthwaite Lake, a beautiful evening. The Keswick Philharmonic violin section strike up with sentimental music. The end of another Braithwaite camp. Another page is written in this story of man and mountain.)

Boy B: Yeah, shame about the rain.

B.A.J.S.

SCHOOL SOCCER 1971-72*Master-in-charge: B. D. Thomas*

This has been another successful season for our soccer teams. There was to be no repeat of last year's extraordinary performance by our First XI, but honours have been more evenly distributed. All the sides made progress with the greatest changes coming at opposite ends of the school. The First XI was very young this year, since ten out of last year's fourteen-strong squad left; while the new first-year team went throughout the season undefeated. An increasing number of staff and parents turned out each Saturday to offer the boys encouragement and support. All the sides would welcome better support from the body of the school. It is from seeing other schools' facilities when we play away matches that we realise how fortunate we are at Roan. Mr. Lentle and his staff have again ensured that we have true playing surfaces in all weather conditions. All the staff and players are grateful for this and for the refreshments.

Under 12

Mr. Hoare was again in charge of our youngest side. His job of team selection was not easy, since the first year is as strong in depth as our present fifth year. Very quickly the team found a successful rhythm and started to beat even the comprehensive sides convincingly. In the second half of their last game they were 3-1 down, but came back well to equalise in the closing seconds. This is a sporting and spirited side from which we expect much in the future. The team scored over 120 goals while conceding fewer than 30. Regular side from: Stewart, Lay, Tebbut, Hinkin, Mills, Campbell, Barron, Orford, Green, Wilkins, Tierney, Lake, Cooke, Perry and Newman.

Under 13

Mr. Ellis has taken over this age-group and his side remains one very strong in defence. The players in midfield and attack tend to be small, but play up front improved when Cutler arrived and settled in well. By the end of the season the boys were playing cultured soccer.

Regular side from: Alderton, Thornton, Heselden, Lewis, Campbell, Mehegan, Finn, Hutchins, Earnshaw, Cutler, Barnes and Dunford.

Under 14

This was Mr. Brown's first side at the school. He gave them enthusiasm to which they responded with several fine team displays. The boys learnt never to give up and are probably the most improved side in the school. I hope they will maintain their constructive approach next season.

Regular side from: Case, Real, Clay, Hill, Elson, Carrick, Carter, Carey, Spires, Plumb, Lander, Marsh, Armstrong and Barwell.

Under 15

Mr. Brooks found himself in charge of a "psychological" team. At times they have played outstandingly well, while on other occasions they have collapsed incredibly at the back. Individually, the players are as skilful as those in the other age-groups, but have failed to achieve collective consistency. When they are good they are very good . . .

Regular side from: Wort, Sommerville, Stace, Brown, N., Steel, Hutley, Winter, Fry, Watchorn, O'Connor, Macknish, Young, Goy, Cordeiro, Robb, Lamb and Green.

Second Eleven

Unfortunately a growing number of schools cannot turn out a Second XI, which meant this year very few games in the autumn term. Also, the boys available were sometimes called upon to replace injured first team players. In view of all these problems, Maxwell handled his captain's job successfully. The side had spirited character and turned in its best display beating Colfe's 6-0 in a snowstorm.

First XI

Had all last year's winning side remained at school their task this season would have been difficult. As it was, most of them left and a great deal was perhaps wrongly expected of a very young side led by Lancelotte. With five fifth-formers in the regular squad we can congratulate the team on its success and look with relish to the future. We lost only one of our "friendly" fixtures. This was against Colfes, who played soccer for the first time this year. The whole defence was that day playing either for the district or for professional clubs, and the weather spoiled our chances of a return game. The boys are already eager for next season's matches against our new rivals.

Our defence of the English Schools' Cup was short-lived. After beating Abbey Wood 13-0, we went out to Ravensbourne 1-0 in the Kent qualifying competition, but happily beat them 2-1 later in the season. The London Cup gave us more satisfaction. We reached the quarter final stage and played Alleyns, a strong side this year. We failed to take early chances in a very close game and went down 3-1.

The highlight of our season came in the invitation seven-a-side tournament sponsored by Midland Bank. The day is organised on a "World Cup" basis. We won our league comfortably and beat Collingwood in an amazing semi-final. At full time the score was 1-1, but we had the beating of them in penalties, winning 8-7. In the final against St. Aloysius School, we pulled back a goal in the second half. We then pressed hard and went close to scoring. Their winner came in the last minute. A free kick was deflected by

a Roan defender into our net. This day proved a fine ending to a constructive season.

Regular side from: Thorpe, Leask, Hardy, Pinkstone, Hamilton, Davis, Hayes, Ellis, Thurley, Rodwell, Lancelotte, O'Hanlon and Gillman.

Mr. Broadfoot has again coached the middle and senior school in his forceful way, offering sound advice from a professional's standpoint. Mr. G. Sawyer, of the O.R.A. Football Club, appeared at all First IX games in a critically constructive capacity. The refereeing situation was eased this year by Mr. Brian Pearson's kind offer to help every Saturday morning. The players would like to thank him and his colleagues.

Without the corporate effort of the staff I have mentioned none of the games would have taken place, and on behalf of all the players I thank them. Finally, I should like to thank all the staff who have travelled away to fixtures in charge of school teams.

B.D.T.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Master-in-charge: N. R. Ballantyne

With the arrival on the staff of an ex-member of the cross-country team—Mr. Brown, and the inspiration of Brian Smith as training secretary, this year's runners have been the fittest we have yet fielded. Mr. Brown introduced the teams to new training methods which gave meaningful variety in place of the old repetitive slog, and Brian had the brain-wave of providing a team training book which not only served to record the performances of those who have been training regularly but also gave the opportunity for athletes to comment on their progress in passages ranging from the classical "*Clivo mihi attincto ad campum eum in colle Maze e conspectu iit*" through the poetic "It was a cold dark evening. How many more cold dark Tuesday evenings will we see? Who will remember the efforts of today's runs? In how many years will eternity end?" to the stark "Gave up 'cos of stitch". More runners have run more miles on more days than ever before, and our thanks go to Tony Forward who stood in wind, rain, snow and, frequently, darkness to time them throughout the year.

The fitness gained in training, coupled with the keenness shown throughout the long season, ensured that our school matches against local teams resulted in victories for us, apart from our encounters with Charlton juniors. In full matches it was the Kent schools: Chislehurst and Sidcup, Rochester Maths, and Judd, who take the sport as seriously as we do, who were able to give us real opposition and sometimes to beat us.

Although each school race is important in itself and useful, both to me for judging competition form and to the runners for tactical

training, it is from the championship, representative and club events that the greatest sense of achievement comes. This is why we have sent teams as far afield as Batley (Yorkshire), Birmingham, Brighton, Aldershot, Luton, Coulsdon, Thurrock and other venues to compete against some of the best boys in the country and gain, not only the medals which were so often brought back to be presented in assembly, but also the inspiration to keep at the grind of constant training in order that they can hold their own in club competition. I think that if I had to put my finger on one major factor that has led this comparatively small school to be able at the same time to produce outstanding success both on the soccer field and over the country, it would be the number of tough events which we enter and which force our standards up.

This, then, has been another very successful season and it would be impossible and fruitless to list all the events in which we took part. Each runner has his own vivid memory of personal success or failure—as a spectator I remember the relays at Aldershot where they forgot that we put the clocks back last winter and the last-leg runners had to guess their way round in darkness, homing in on torches at the finish; I will never forget the blizzard at Sutton Coldfield for the Club National and the two-mile trek back to the school where they changed, with shoes filled with water and even *my* lips frozen into dumbness! A more pleasant memory is of a gloriously warm autumn day at Maidstone where our young intermediate team all ran to the limits of their ability and did better than I had hoped. There were juniors covered in mud from head to foot at Thurrock, soaked to the skin at Battersea and buffeted by the wind off the Thames on our own course.

Our most memorable achievements? We again organised and won the Lewisham and S.L.G.S. championships; all our seniors represented London in inter-county races, and in the Schools' National we had Clive Brown, Tony Lee and Brian Smith representing London in the seniors and Mike Tomkins in the juniors with Steve Smythe as reserve. When you realise that it was only injury and illness at the wrong time that kept Steve Newbery and Ian Mortimore out of the same teams, you see the degree of dominance that we have built up, and by implication the amount of untapped talent there must be in London which is at present wasted.

We were again fortunate to have very promising first-years, with Michael Weller showing great natural talent and determination in coming third in his London and Robin Brown and Robert Bryant, in particular, training harder than any first-years we have had.

In the second-years Keith Diplock confirmed his promise of last year with an impressive string of runs, culminating in coming third

in the Second Year London and only missing selection for the Third Year National team for London by a couple of places. All the second-years ran hard and their determination, together with that of the first-years gave us overall victory in the First and Second Year London Championships.

Our third-years show a wealth of talent, with Mike Tomkins, the Third Year London champion probably the most improved runner, ably backed by Steve Newbery, Steve Smythe, Nick White and Ian Mortimore, whose unfortunate injury will, we hope, have cleared up for the start of the new season.

The intermediates, as only Harry Child ran from the fifths, were a young team but I was heartened by the determination shown by Andy Page, having a lean season which many boys have to weather as they grow rapidly in their mid-teens, Paul McGann, Mike Mepsted, Steve Humphreys, Tony Fry, Ulli Arnold and Steve Edley, who epitomise by their unfailing loyalty and keenness the character that sustains the team.

In the seniors we were fortunate in having in Tony Lee a captain whose dedication to regular training was an example to the youngsters. He, Brian Smith, Terry Stubbings, who again put in hours of work in arranging the fixtures, Clive Futter, "Pud" Pendergast and Andy Simpkins gave us the strongest senior team we have yet fielded, led home time and again by Clive Brown, whose consistency over the last two years has been remarkable. Even in training he frequently came near to the record and during the season he became the first Roan runner to better 21 minutes for the senior course. His season culminated by his being the first London runner home in the National, in fifty-fourth place, and beating Jon Barnes of Shooters Hill, who holds our course record and had had the edge on him all season.

Again I should like to thank everyone who has helped me to organise our many fixtures—Mrs. Harris, Mr. Hill and Mr. Neighbour, the ladies of the Parents' Association, Mr. James and Mr. Burton, the Park Superintendent for allowing us to use Greenwich Park, and Ron Edworthy and his band of hardy markers.

Those who ran most regularly were: Lee, Stubbings, Simpkins, Brown, Smith, Futter, Pendergast, Child, Page, McGann, Mepsted, Humphreys, Fry, Arnold, Edley, Tomkins, Smythe, Newbery, White, N., Mortimore, Khan, Snaith, Lade, Diplock, Windsor, White, D., Mehegan, Peters, Sheppard, Smith, R., Richardson, Allison, Cooke, Weller, Smith, M., Smith, N., Bryant, Brown, Legg, Benford, Stoye, Moore, Ruston, Hagyard, Stewart and Wilkins.

N. R. BALLANTYNE.

BADMINTON CLUB

Captain: P. Bennett

Secretary: S. Kennedy

Masters-in-charge: Mr. Bowerman
Mr. Griffin

This year has been one of team building. After understandably poor results at the start of the season the general standard of play has improved enormously and some very enjoyable matches have been played. We have given as many members as possible competitive experience and should have a greater depth of competent players than ever before next season. Among the new players P. Andrews and J. Osborne show particular promise.

Club nights have been well attended and the game continues to grow in popularity. The cup competition was won by P. Thomas and S. Gillman who defeated A. Lee and S. Kennedy in a very good final by 15-4, 11-15 and 17-16.

The following have represented the school: Andrews, Bennett, Dew, Gillman, Harvey, Haynes, Kennedy, King, Lee, Osborne, Pankhania, Puxty, Thomas and Winter.

J.B.

NIGHT KILL

The Owl glides through the air,
Not a whisper, not a sound,
It hunts for its dinner, unfortunate dinner
All through the bitter night.

It's every Owl for himself,
In this scavenger's world;
Full of death is this vicious world of the Owls,
Blood and carcasses.

Among the grass crouches a vole,
Waiting for its chance to escape.
Then it flickers through the grass,
Thinking it has given the Owl the slip.
But in a flash, the Owl is upon it.
Into the back of the vole's neck,
Sink the claws of the Owl.
This time it was quick, very quick—
The next animal may not be so lucky.
Then the Owl returns to its nest,
Not a whisper, not a sound.

S. PANNELL, I.R

CHESS CLUB

This was the year the Chess Club almost won something, doing well in all the competitions we entered.

In the Sunday Times knockout tournament a team of Jackson, Wager, Wiggins, Gavin, Brockwell and Lake reached the semi-finals of our zone, being beaten by a St. Joseph's College team which included the runner-up in the British Under 18 Tournament. The match was lost by the narrowest possible margin— $3\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{2}$ (if it had been drawn 3–3 we should have won on age handicap).

In the Kent Cup both the senior and junior teams reached the quarter-finals, while in the London League the seniors finished fifth out of nine and the juniors third out of nine school in their respective sections.

The senior team consisted of Wager, Jackson, Wiggins, Humphrey, Prosser and Beatty; the junior team of Gavin, Brockwell, Lake, Phillips, Trew and Mills.

There was also a simultaneous display given by R. G. Wade, a former British champion, in which the 19 school players were sponsored for how many moves they could last against the master. Just under £29 was raised for the London Spastics Society. B. Gavin, still a junior, beat Wade, while Jackson drew.

Individually, four boys entered the London Junior Tournaments. Wager finished thirteenth equal out of 43 in the under 18; Gavin and Brockwell were fourth and tenth respectively in the under 14 minor, Phillips finishing twenty-third in the under 14 major. Gavin won the Greenwich under 14 tournament and finished second in the under 15 as well. Brockwell finished fifteenth in the All-England Boys' Clubs' under 19 tournament.

Finally, the Chess Club would like to thank the school secretaries for handling their correspondence, and Dr. Taylor, Mr. Hill, Mr. Bonner, Mr. Witten and Mr. Westmarland for supervising their sometimes late home matches.

J. WAGER and K. MANNING.

SCHIZOPHRENIC PARANOIA—OR PLAIN COMMON SENSE?

(Dedicated to S.E. and E.B.B. in the style of R.B.)

As the failing light crowns the sky
With soft fluorescent glow
And dusk, the sun's day path run,
Approaches from below
The tree fruit stirs and rattles
In a cooling evening breeze,
And the sunbird's twilight final flight
Impresses; ill at ease?

Calmly slip into the growing dark
As shadows disappear
And peacefully you hear it
When lights the tidal sphere.

"Rage, rage against it" Dylan cried,
"Fight it, fight it" Robert, too, replied—
And so you should,
For you have much to fear.
No confidence in the morrow dawn for you
When life's darkness draweth near
And the infant fears, but worse,
One final time would fain appear.

Yet some do have it—
Hope in light, once more
After the darkness.
Hope that night, once clear,
Shall no more show its ugly head—
Shall never reappear.

Wise from age you call yourself,
Accepting the unacceptable,
You laugh at tenets deeply held,
And corrupt the incorruptible.
Scoffers are you all when life is sure,
But when death comes you'll desert the brain
And scoff no more.

G. A. WEBB, LVIG.

POLLUTION

The swirling smoke
Unravelling from chimneys
and the rivers foamed
at the mouth madness
killing the fish—the sadness
of the black-headed gulls
turned carrion by oil-
Spoiled is the land
Toil men of England!
To make town and city
clean for posterity.

T. C. WRIGHT, VG.

THE OLD WALLONIAN FOURTH ELEVEN

We called ourselves the "Old Wallonian Fourth Eleven", which was a series of lies from a start. We weren't old (the left-half was seven), none of us had ever attended "Wallo School", and even if there were such a school, it didn't have an Old Boys' first, second or third team. To cap it all, we rarely fielded eight players, let alone eleven. No. We chose this name because it sounded impressive and gave an indication of our ability.

Our Fixtures Secretary, who also played right-back and referee-ed had an erratic season. He had been voted to this important position because he had once been given an address book for Christmas; however, the teams that filled it varied from Arsenal reserves to Birkdale Park Junior School third team—but we were game.

As we grew in experience, things began to look up; we succeeded in procuring a home pitch. Apart from a few patches of grass here and there it also had the added advantage of three crossbars and an upright. With the aid of glue, saws and a very long boy, we managed to construct two goals. However, owing to the "petiteness" of the pitch, these goals were only 30 yards apart and, to save whiting, the centre doubled as penalty spots. The shape of the pitch was also unusual in that where the lines could be seen they weaved from left to right and up and down. Indeed, it was possible to be 10 feet behind the goal and yet still in the field of play, a fact which considerably increased the interest shown by our crowd—oh yes, we had a crowd, although we sometimes suspected that he was dead as he never moved.

We had a number of ways of making the game a fair one; if we were playing a Leeds-like team, we would imperceptibly swell the number of players squashed on to the pitch. More than once, puzzled passers-by were dragged in to play in goal along with our usual 'keeper. If, however, we were matched against the local old folks' home, then mysteriously a few men from our side would "take an early bath" (unless it wasn't raining—then there was no bath).

Mind you, sometimes we could only scrape up seven footballers anyway, and these occasions often resulted in a massacre for our adversaries. Indeed, in one game the opposing goalie nipped across a hedge and won a goldfish at a nearby fair during one of his side's more prolonged attacks.

But we pressed on undaunted. It's sides like the "Old Wallies" (as we were nicknamed) who keep teams in the first division alive; it's the "rub-out" cricketers who support Geoff Boycott, the "rubbish" at the back who make Dave Bedford's times possible. So *floreat* Old Wallonian fourth eleven—*floreat*!

B. SMITH, *LVIH*.

SPACE-AGE MILKMAN

He flies through the air with the greatest of ease
With his double-whipped cream and his mouldy green cheese,
His name isn't Ernie, it's 58 VQ
This space-age milkman of 2002.

He stops at the tower block to leave a few pints
Then streaks on his hoverjet to far distant heights.
He zooms through the black sky that once was so blue,
This space-age milkman of 2002.

He looks at the photos passed down by his dad,
When old three-wheeled milkfloats the milkmen still had,
But it's back on the rounds and his shift's nearly due,
This space-age milkman of 2002.

A. MEDHURST, *I/A*.

THE GALE

The gale brings death in its path
It makes the Devil wail and laugh
Chimneys and tiles
Grow into piles

Nylons hang to pylons.

Not a bin is left standing
No person puts a hand in
To help
Why should I help?

Nylons hang on pylons.

Boys cheer and shout
Run in here and there run out
"We've lost a tile"
"We've lost two"

And nylons hang to pylons

Come and gather round
Look at Mr. Brown
His window smashed, his face is gashed
And his door is dead on the ground

Nylons hang to pylons.

P. MCGAHAN, *IIN*.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The thud in the mud
A lump in the throat,
A puff and a pant,
And a groan and a moan.

The sound of feet
And thump thump my heart beats,
Bigger and bigger the puff and the pant,
Louder and louder the groan and the moan.

Turn right at the trees,
And run down the hill,
Look over my shoulder,
He's coming on still.

The end's in sight,
I start to sprint,
My legs feel like lead,
And I'm nearly dead.

A cough and a splutter,
A moan and a groan,
I'm over the line,
At eleven-o-nine.

I've equalled the record at eleven-o-nine,
The puffs and the pants,
The moans and the groans,
Were all worth while.

G. WILKINS, *IB.*

A SMALL CHILD WATCHING A DRIP

As the raindrops hit my roof,
And trickle to the gap
That's in the tiles above my head
As I lie for my nap . . .

As the rain is harder now,
A dampened patch soaks nearer
To the hole in the paintwork, not yet fixed,
Where the form of the drip seems clearer.

It's almost there, and now it's dripped,
And heading for my bed,
It changes course and then it hits
The middle of my head.

A. BERRY, *IIA.*

AUTUMN

See the lake in shimmering sunlight
Stretching far beyond my vision.
On one side did rise a forest
Full of oak trees, acorns falling,
Making sounds of gentle tapping.
Soon the leaves will gently flutter
To the ground and make a carpet
Where the squirrels quickly gather
Nuts for winter hibernation.
Up above the birds are circling
Getting ready for their journey
To the warmer lands of Asia
Where they'll spend the long hard winter.
Soon the time it will be nightfall,
When all creatures will be sleeping,
But the owl with eye a-glowing
Sits alert to catch his supper.

D. JEFFKINS, *IB.*

GIFT OF THE GODS

The centaurs with their shining lutes,
The wood-nymphs with their woodland flutes,
And Orpheus with his wondrous lyre,
His music a paradise, a heart's desire.
These instruments make music fair,
That slowly rises through the air,
And with a calm and peaceful ear,
Zeus listens to the happy cheer.

Fanfare trumpets echo round
Making an audacious sound.
Pan's piped notes that go floating thither
Are only matched Bellopheron's zither.
Spirits on gold harps they play
Melodious music every day.
It makes you feel quite far above
Full and tranquil as a dove.

While up above the gods do tower
And bless us with sweet music's power.

T. ORFORD, *IR.*

OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION

President: BRIAN THOMAS, 51 Sunnydale Road, SE12 8JW
Vice-Presidents: L. J. BERRY, K. S. BINNIE, W. J. BULLERS, W. L. GARSTANG,
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Hon. Treasurer: J. WILLIAMS, 101 Winn Road, Lee, S.E.12
Social Secretary: D. A. BAXTER, 66 Mayday Gardens, S.E.3
Magazine Editor: DAVID BRYDEN, 41 Mosslea Road, SE20 7BP

FROM THE PRESIDENT

It is customary at about this time for the newly-elected president to write a contribution for the magazine, although I am not sure that he is best placed to do this, situated as he is at the start of his year of office; for one thing, it means that instead of reviewing things that have actually happened, he has to look forward, which is a process that is becoming increasingly difficult. I expect to have another opportunity in the next magazine to review progress, but at this particular time I think it would be worth while to take stock of the Association and restate some of the aims and objects both of the Association and the Club.

The truth is, of course, that they are inseparable and neither could exist without the other. The Association has as its primary purpose the maintenance of contact among a large, scattered and steadily growing number of people who wish to retain and foster their links with the school and the friends they made there. This can only be done through the medium of the magazine, which is a costly affair, but irreplaceable. The Club was created by the Association, with the support of the school and the governors, to provide a long-needed focal point where Old Roans could enjoy each other's company and where men, whose business or studies had taken them far afield, could return in the fairly certain knowledge that they would meet someone they knew or know. It is also, of course, a valuable, if not essential, amenity for the sports clubs.

Both the magazine and the club require the maintenance of the closest possible relations with the school because we share the former and rely upon the goodwill of the headmaster and the governors for the continuation of the latter, and it would not be inappropriate here to express thanks and the appreciation all Old Roans have of the close and continuing association and co-operation we enjoy.

I am sure that the coming year will see a continued fostering of these links. Thanks to your committee's efforts, the financial position of both the Association and the Club is much more healthy than it has been, and consideration will doubtless be given during the coming months to improving services and amenities. I am, personally, very conscious of the responsibility the President of the O.R.A. bears for facilitating this process, and it is a particular pleasure to

me that so many of the younger members are taking an increasingly active role in the Association and Club's affairs. The coming year looks like being an interesting one; I hope it will prove to be a successful one for the Association, the Club and all the associated clubs.

There is one project to which I must call your special attention, for it concerns a matter that should be very close to the hearts of all Old Roans. I refer to the Harry Icough Memorial Fund, in which the Association are joining with the boys' and the girls' schools, the O.R. girls' association, and the Parents' Committee to raise enough money for a fitting memorial to a man who served the schools and the O.R.A. for many, many years and to whom all of us owe a great deal. You will already have received a letter from Lionel Berry on this subject, and all I want to do here is to pay a personal tribute to a very good friend of the Association who will be sadly missed, and to commend to each one of you the request that has been made for your individual contribution to a most worthy cause.

FROM THE SECRETARY

Our sixtieth anniversary is now past history and the year was a successful one, with an excellent attendance at the annual dinner held at the school where we enjoyed a good meal and a speech from George Witten, which will be remembered for many a year by all who heard it. The photographs displayed, on the past glories of the sports teams, and other items were most interesting and gave those present varied talking points. The dinner/dance was also a success, with the school dance band providing the music for the first time, I believe. The soccer club have had a very successful season, as will be seen from the report elsewhere in this issue.

The year was marred by the sudden passing of our dear friend Harry Icough and it is to be hoped that a fitting memorial can be provided at the field from the appeal fund now in being.

Membership has risen slightly again this year as we were fortunate that many of the young men who left school last July were keen on football and cricket and so joined the Association in order to continue playing with old friends, and it is hoped this trend will continue.

During the year I have had many interesting letters from members, which have been passed to Dave Bryden, our magazine representative, so that he could include parts of them in print. It is always of interest to hear from Old Roans who are out of the area, so please drop me a line to let me know when you have an occasion to celebrate, change your occupation or have anything interesting to talk about.

I have had some new blazer badges made, on the pre-war design, much neater than the last batch, and including gold and silver wire

work. Having bought 18 of them, I want some sold to get money back into the accounts, so please send me £2.25 if you require one.

My usual final requests—please let me know if and when you change your address so that you do not lose contact and, also, those who are not up to date with annual subscriptions, please forward to me whilst this reminder is in your memory.

OVER AND OUT

Or . . . *"A few words from the latest of a long line of past-presidents"*

I have been prevailed upon by the editor briefly to chew the cud upon the closing months of my year in office.

My overall impression is of an extremely rapid passage of time. It seems scarcely credible that twelve months have elapsed since I sat down to compose my initial message, and I hope this is an indication of time usefully spent.

Since the autumn magazine went to press Joyce and I have attended the boys' prize-giving ceremony at the Greenwich Town Hall, which was chaired by Doug Humphreys in the absence, abroad on business, of the chairman of the governors. This was in late October, and the following month we enjoyed the O.R.D.S. production at the school. At the very end of term we again visited the school for their Christmas concert—a healthy amalgam of staff and pupil talent that radiated enthusiasm.

The winter was climaxed on 12th February at the Bull Hotel, Chislehurst, by the dinner/dance. My deep gratitude to Del Baxter for his very considerable part in making this a memorable evening for us both and, I feel sure, a most enjoyable one for the hundred who were present.

It remained for me to enlist the services of that celebrated raconteur, George Witten, for the purpose of initiating a select gathering of the younger set into the ritual of "beating the bounds". George was, of course, delighted to oblige, and on Monday, 13th March, could be seen in Greenwich, replete with proverbial rucksack and trilby, leading (with his chin) a band of a dozen pilgrims around those historical monuments in the borough. The tour was punctuated by frequent toasts to our founder and his worthy contemporaries, as we drank liberally of George's bottomless fund of knowledge and anecdote. For those who would like to know more of the procedure I would refer them to George's own account of the first such ceremony, which may be found in the July 1958 magazine.

In conclusion, I would like to thank the many O.R.s who have helped me during the past year and to wish my successor, Brian Thomas, a happy and rewarding term.

OLD ROAN DINNER AND DANCE

Held at the Bull Hotel, Chislehurst, on 12th February, 1972

It has been traditional custom for many years for the OLD BOYS to show their love and affection toward their ladies on the one hand and toward their friends on the other. This occasion was no exception, resulting in a "near" capacity attendance in this Olde World establishment. Our President this year, Peter Williams, and his lovely wife, presided, and by order from the chair speeches were reduced to a minimum; however, they entertained their audiences.

Peter produced a rare flair for short proposals: firstly "The Queen", secondly "The Ladies and Guests". I am certain those of us who know Peter well, have never heard such a short speech, with everyone being made to feel very welcome on this evening, by its warmth and sincerity. The reply by his sister-in-law, Margaret Castle, who expressed a genuine feeling of affection for all O.R.s, was gratefully received, confirmed by the show of appreciation extended to her.

This year the introduction of an official toastmaster added that something extra which surely an occasion such as this deserves. I would like to thank Stan Berry, who has been our toastmaster in recent years, who showed encouragement toward the idea of our President that a "professional" was a must, particularly in maintaining the evening's entertainment. Need I say, had any unforeseen mishap occurred, Stan was willing to step in and help out.

I was indeed pleased to see the Headmaster, Dr. Taylor, and Mrs. Taylor, the Vice-Headmaster, Mr. Knott, and Mrs. Knott and the "second ancient", George Witten, were able to attend.

The absence of Harry Icough and his lady was noted by our President when he said "although his absence will be felt by all, Harry himself would not wish us to mourn him long". I only wish to add, for one who knew him too late and too little, a genuine and honest man you were Harry, and indeed in our memories you will remain, goodbye, God bless.

No occasion of this nature must pass without a tribute to the ladies. They presented themselves, faced with a total blackout by the power cuts in force at this time, in delightful decor that gave colour and elegance to the evening. With the tables set in tiers of five from the top, displayed with flowers, in pleasant colouring, all parties wine and dined; the bouquet presented to the President's wife by Veronica Huntley added a simple and delicate charm to the whole setting, conducted with a reverence so rare by our toastmaster, Mr. Frank Bayliss, to whom all our thanks are due for a very pleasant evening.

The whole evening's entertainment was pleasantly enjoyed by all, led by our master of ceremonies to the music of the "Roger Thorpe Combo". The floor was not left vacant for long. As Lionel Berry

remarked, "the spirit had been captured", and as indeed it had.

My thanks are due to Barry Thomas, whose keen interest in O.R. affairs in general has been very welcome, and to those O.R.s who took part in the early meetings, that enabled the evening to be a great success; to our host, Mr. Marchant, who provided a banquet table that I feel provided satisfaction to all.

The next function is the Old Boys' Annual Dinner, to be held this year at the school on Friday, 6th October; 6 p.m. reception for 7 p.m. dinner.

If you have not been before, or for some time, why not come along this year.

Please accept this as the official notice as I will not be circularising the membership as last year at some later date, as the postage costs are prohibitive. Thus any O.R. who wishes to book may do so now; the cost for the evening, obviously difficult to estimate with any accuracy at this stage, will be approximately £1.75.

Any communication, therefore, please address to: D. Baxter, 66 Mayday Gardens, Blackheath, S.E.3.

CRICKET CLUB SUPPER 1972

Or an evening without light during which our darkness was nevertheless illumined

The 25th February saw a large merry company of Old Roan cricketers and their guests assembled at the school pavilion. It was a deep dark midwinter night, made yet more bleak by the electrical dispute, which ensured that candle-light was essential and, moreover, gave the wine more sparkle and mellowed the strained faces of some present.

Bygone stalwarts of the Old Roan were there: Des Grimble and Keith Richardson, talking perhaps of summers five years ago when all the wickets in the world were theirs for the taking; Don Castle, from Addington village, was at the bar smarting from a "home" defeat by the Sunday third eleven no doubt. From Eye, in Suffolk, was Billy Beecroft, up on his second visit to "Lunnon". Alan Brown, David Sayer, Norman Brown and Graham Johnson sat solidly at the top table with Andy Hooper of Blackheath. Colfe's senior professional, Ian Waddell, sat with our own Graham Chambers, and, as usual, they looked like they were planning something; it turned out to be who bought most beer at last year's party!

What with no lights and too much food and drink, accurate reporting of speakers' narratives is impossible. Like Homer, let me merely catalogue: Alan Brown spoke first, toasting the Club; Graham Johnson (the Roan one) was in an impressionable mood and is still able to characterise too many members too well! ! !

Graham Chambers then spoke and introduced our final guest, Ian Waddell.

Suffice it to say, everyone had an enjoyable time; meeting people seen only in whites during summer can have its moments in such wintry surroundings. This was Del Baxter's second social venture and, like the first, he proved himself adept at "balancing the books" and giving everyone an evening to remember.

OF JOHN ROAN'S MEN

'... wherever men should be

Our Greenwich men are lighting new beacons in the night'

There has been a great deal of correspondence and news of distant and far-flung Old Roans since the November magazine. From Gatooma, in Rhodesia, we hear from **George Neame** ('41-'46). He now manages a motel there and is married with two sons; sounds like a good place for a holiday.

Visiting the U.K. this spring was **Derek Overy** ('35-'40), a contemporary of the Hon. Sec., Geoff Thomas. An informal reunion was held with **Ron Harmer** and **Don Durban** at a plush restaurant in London.

Doug Arter of 238 Remuera Road, Auckland 5, New Zealand, is curator of the New Zealand Dental Association. He is very anxious to contact any dentists amongst Old Roans who would care to send him items for his collection; he's after more than discarded dentures, I feel! **Bill White** ('55-'62) and **Alan Pearson** ('54-'61) graduated together from Sheffield University so may know of some dental left overs which might suit Doug's display cases. If they or any other Old Roan can assist, please write direct.

Ewen Whitaker ('33-'40) is an astronomer at the University of Arizona and writes of his connection with the Surveyor III mission to the moon. The U.S. President himself (not an Old Roan) wrote to Ewen congratulating him, amongst others, on the success of that mission. Ewen has fond memories of Junior Braithwaite camps of the mid-thirties and should be encouraged to contact **Tony Slaney** for details of this year's camp.

News in person from foreign parts comes from **Jack Hill** who arrived at Southampton recently from Hong Kong via Colombo, South Africa and Lisbon. From the verandah of his flat he narrates how he watched the Queen Elizabeth sink recently; it was burnt out, apparently, not struck by one of three typhoons that hit the area during 1971.

Any old boys in East Afghanistan or the mid-Pacific? That's the question asked by globe-trotting **J. F. N. Wedge** ('32-'38), who spends a certain amount of time out that way. If there are and they're near a carrier pigeon, get in touch!

Pigeon post or not, out of touch are two members whose magazines have been returned "gone away". They are **A. Walter Rydal** Avenue, Ramsgate, Kent, and **T. F. C. Bell** "Clinton", Littleton Drew, Chippenham, Wiltshire. Can they or any one supply their current addresses, please?

From the far west, Exeter in Devon, comes a challenge from **J. V. Webb**. His cricket team, Whiteways and Wimple, would like a first or second eleven fixture against an Old Roan eleven. Have to be an early start to get there and back in one day! He suggests a Devon tour.

Commiserations to two leg-break victims: **Alan Wilson**, the sixth eleven goalkeeper, broke his right leg in a Bromley League Division IV game and has had many painful weeks whilst the bone has been setting; **Frank Jones** broke his leg ski-ing in Austria back in March. Both will be more than welcome at the Club.

First **Del Dreher**; and now **L. J. Bruce** ('20-'25) has returned from Ireland. He is now Command Works Adviser to Flag Officer, Naval Air Command, down in Dorset, after seven years in Ulster in a similar capacity.

Cheddar Loveman writes from St. Annes-on-Sea. Time is at a premium, he says, and although retired from teaching for over two years, he writes French school books and enjoys English country dancing.

H. E. Knott ('11-'18) picked out **G. W. Gillam's** name from the November 1971 magazine and writes: "We were together at the Roan from 1911; but he left to enter the Civil Service, but I stayed on until 1916. After service in the R.A.F. I entered the Civil Service in 1918. I covered official work in Gibraltar, Greece, Malta and Australia, finishing up in India in 1966". Mr. Knott has since been put in touch with G. W. Gillam and the outcome was a four-hour talk-in all about the days at Eastney Street. It is over 60 years since they joined Roan School together and had not met since! If you remember the caretakers, **Mr. and Mrs. Sharp**, their pork, mashed and swede lunches for 6d.; **Rose**, the maid, who ran the Tuck Shop, then perhaps you would like to get in touch with Mr. Knott at 119 Bourne Way, Hayes, Bromley, BR2 7EX.

A request from **Rev. D. C. Francis** of Hove: he, like others, suffers from osteomyelitis and wonders if **Dr. Phillips** ('14-'20) could develop a substance to help in the same way he has helped sufferers of Parkinson's disease? The Rev. Mr. Francis has himself, however, been working on a new type of kitchen sink suitable for installations in cramped surroundings and upon which he awaits the granting of a patent. He has kindly offered the school a copy of the specification.

One who could use such a device is **John Marks**; after obtaining a B.Sc. at Brunel he has bought into a mobile canteen or pie shop in Southwick Street, Sussex Gardens. If you're hungry between 19.00 and 24.00 and near Paddington . . .

Like father like son—from Wimbledon **Ken Goldsmith** tells how his boys are both following up their science studies at school by reading for degrees; one is at Newcastle reading soil science, the

other is to go to Cambridge to study veterinary medicine. Ken himself spent most of his time on blood group serology.

Norman Daniel ('25-'29) has just moved even further away from us; after some years as a bank manager he is now to retire and move to Dorset from Hampshire.

We are all delighted to congratulate the Old Roan football first team, who won the final of the Metropolitan League Junior Cup 4-2. Such was the vocal support given by a resolute band of Old Roans that the opposition was rarely in the game. The Old Roan team was **Stanford, Petty, Marsh, Grimwood, Townsend, Russon, Todd, Aitken, Hutley, Hunt, West; sub. Broadfoot**.

Whilst on the subject of soccer, a recent letter requested the names and clubs of "famous" Old Roan soccer players; the best still play for us, of course, but among others **Ray Hutchins** plays for Bromley and has also represented the Kent amateur team; **Keith Weaver** is with Maidstone in the Southern League; **Paul Clements** is a forward with Oldham in the Football League, Division III; **Brian Kinsey** (ex-Charlton) and **Nick Howe** (ex-Erith and Belvedere) have gone to Durban in South Africa; **Ian Thorpe**, the school first eleven keeper is to go to Gillingham in Division IV; and **Tony Rickson**, now in Cambridge, hopes to play for a club comparable to Catford United in the Metropolitan League.

Finally, an apology to **Mike and Hilary Titheridge**: they have two not three children. Sorry Mike!

THE ROAN SCHOOLS ICOUGH MEMORIAL APPEAL

Chairman: **L. J. Berry**, 'Four Acorns,' 38 Orchard Road, Bromley BR1 2PS. Many of you will have read the tributes paid to the memory of Mr. H. W. H. Icough, and will already know of his devoted and unstinting work on our behalf during his 50 years as a governor and 36 years as chairman. It is no exaggeration to call him the greatest friend our schools have ever known. Those of us who knew Harry Icough well need no reminder of this, but to others, perhaps, he was a more remote figure, though even they must realise something of the debt we owe him.

But words are not enough, and we now wish to create a worthy and lasting memorial in his honour. The "Icough Memorial Fund" will gather together contributions from governors, staffs, pupils and parents' associations of both schools, and from the old boys and old girls associations. We hope you will all respond generously.

We contemplate an addition to the amenities of the school field which will be of benefit to all who use it. Though no donation will be too small to be acceptable, we hope for a final figure which will enable us to do full justice to the memory of a good man.

Contributions may be sent or given direct to me, or to any of the committee.

Best wishes and thanks.

Yours sincerely,

LIONEL BERRY.

B. R. THOMAS**President of the Old Roan Association 1972-73**

In writing this tribute to Brian Thomas I revert to the July 1955 issue of the Roan Magazine when he was featured under the title of "Old Roan Personalities". It is, perhaps, apposite that our elected president had made his mark in Old Roan circles some 12 years ago, for it is by reason of service to the Association that we elect one of our members to hold the prime office of president.

Dealing with facts before venturing upon the chancy roads of opinion; Brian left the school in 1939, having suffered from, or benefited by, five years indoctrination at a pre-war grammar school. After a brief period in the Civil Service he joined the Royal Navy in 1941, following in his father's footsteps, and was promptly commissioned from H.M.S. Collingwood. From that time, until demobilisation in 1946, he saw active service in many theatres—north-west Europe, the Mediterranean, South Africa, China and the Far East and Australia. It was in the Mediterranean that he had the doubtful pleasure of being torpedoed whilst in H.M.S. Airedale, but luck was with him and he came out in 1946 with the rank of lieutenant. Returning to the Civil Service, he was subsequently posted to the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority and, in 1955, was appointed to the U.S.A. for liaison duties. After an absence of some two years he came back to London and recommenced his activities with the Association and with his "second love" the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. It is pleasing to note that his interest in each of these differing spheres remains unabated, and despite the normal domestic responsibilities of his family, his career and his Old Roan activities, he has continued to serve with the London Division of the R.N.V.R., where he now holds the rank of lieutenant-commander. His enthusiasm is such that he may well be in line for further promotion and, in this modern age, it is good to see a man setting such a fine example of service to his country.

I referred earlier to his service to the Association; with the odd break he has been a committee member for some 25 years. During this period he has acted as magazine correspondent, represented the O.R.D.S. and, latterly, held the office of secretary of the Old Roan Club. It is not generally appreciated that Brian was numbered among the "chosen few" who, under the guidance of Harry Townsend, were instrumental in obtaining permission for the bar facilities, etc., that we now enjoy at the pavilion. During the recent period, when we were building the bar extension, he served on the executive sub-committee and his advice, cross-grained with a great deal of common-sense, was always extremely welcome. Perhaps it is right to leave his predominant Old Roan activity to the end, since no tribute to the president would be complete without reference to the O.R.D.S. It is fair to say that he has, at various times, played

football and cricket for the Old Boys, but I am sure that Brian would not consider himself the Gordon Banks or the Colin Cowdrey of the Old Roan. He might, with better justification, be referred to as the Olivier of the O.R.D.S., since he has, for more years than he probably cares to remember, played leading roles in the Old Boys' productions. His portrayals have often been brilliant—perhaps the characterisation of Decius Heiss in *The Shop at Sly Corner* is the prime example—and never less than good. He did forego the lime-light for a brief period in order to direct productions of the Society, but was very thankful to return to his true *métier*.

We may be certain that he will bring to the Association those qualities of leadership and organising ability that have been proved in his many activities since he left school and, for my own part, I believe the Association and the Club will benefit from his year of presidency. I am certain that I speak for all of you when I wish Brian, and his wife Georgina, a very happy and successful year of office.

F.T.B.

BIRTHS

HENNING.—To Fritz ('56-'63) and Hazel, on 16th January, 1972, a son, Christopher.

ORAM.—To John ('56-'63) and Elspeth, in Milan, Italy, on 28th December, 1971, a son, Simon John.

PERRY.—To Adrian ('56-'63) and Carol, on 14th October, 1971, a daughter, Rachel Alexandra, a sister for Megan Jane.

PERRY.—To Simon ('56-'60) and Jacqueline, on 17th January, 1972, a son, Daniel John.

The above are grandchildren of J. W. Perry ('21-'28).

MARRIAGES

EASTERLING-OWENS.—On 18th December, 1971, William Easterling ('57-'65) to Meriel Owens, at St. Alfege's Church, Greenwich.

HUDSON-STEAD.—On 11th September, 1971, Michael Hudson ('59-'66) to Kathryn Stead, at West Woolwich Baptist Church.

MOORE-MANN.—On 12th February, 1972, Geoffrey Moore ('63-'68) to Patricia Mann, at St. Peter's, Dulwich.

RICKSON-PRAETOR.—On 1st April, 1972, Tony Rickson ('57-'64) to Frances Praetor, at St. Leonard's, Streatham.

DEATHS

We regret to record the passing of the following:

DIBBEN.—In December, 1971, Basil John Clarke Dibben ('35-'42), of the Royal Canadian Navy and Fleet Air Arm, killed in a marine accident at Port Alberni, Canada.

DUNPHY.—The wife of G. L. A. Dunphy, M.C., B.E.M. ('02-'09), who died on their fortieth wedding anniversary.

JEFFERSON.—On 6th January, 1972, Edward Jefferson ('10-'16), died in St. Nicholas Hospital. Headmaster of Charlton Park School and Plassy Road Special School, Catford; author of "The Woolwich Story", published by the Woolwich Antiquarian Society.

PARKER.—On 31st May, 1972, R. Parker (aged 64), eldest son of Mr. G. R. Parker (former Vice-master). Died in Grand Cayman, British West Indies.

SCARR.—In January, 1972, Herbert S. Scarr ('89-'97), of Chislehurst, Kent.

TOMKINS.—On 7th June, 1972, G. E. J. Tomkins (pre-war very active in O.R.D.S.), retired. Died in hospital at Letchworth.

OLD ROAN FOOTBALL CLUB

Hon. Secretary: D. Bourne, 57 Horn Park Lane, Lee, London, S.E.12

With the season now over we can look back with a great deal of satisfaction. It is certainly gratifying to the players that so many of the "elder statesmen" see fit to give their vocal support, and it hasn't escaped our notice that the newly-elected president has become an interested onlooker on Saturdays and, indeed, for midweek evening matches—even during the rail troubles!

The first eleven fell at the last fence in their new league (losing two vital midweek games), but fortune smiled on them when the Metropolitan London League decided to promote them to Division I of the Reserve Section although they finished in third place. This was immediately justified, for the first eleven have reached the Reserve Section Cup Final, having disposed of four teams from Division I, including the top three! This promotion gave us the golden chance of accepting the invitation of the Metropolitan League to play our second eleven next season in the place vacated by our top eleven, which will be the strongest challenge our players have ever experienced. Let us hope, therefore, that all concerned will knuckle down to Joe Broadfoot's vigorous training sessions and so give themselves the chance to accept this challenge. The first eleven also reached the quarter final of the A.F.A. Senior Cup and the second eleven fell at the same hurdle in the A.F.A. Junior. Well done, lads!

It was most pleasing to see Bob Grimwood, Sid Dampier and Kevin Todd playing in Old Roan colours, and also to note that ALL of last year's successful school first eleven signed for the Club, with Glen Aitken, Paul Petty and Jimmy Russon firmly establishing themselves as regular first team players, whilst Trevor Puddifoot, John Hutley and Phil Pearce gave sterling service in the first or second elevens as required. Ian Thorpe, too, helped us out when his other commitments with the school, professional clubs and England youth permitted, as did Terry Thurley. These are the players of the future and we look to them for our strength.

Our third eleven was player/managed by Dennis Upton into third place in the South London Alliance Division III, and are a

side full of experience who really suffered at the start of the season, mostly due to cricket "late starters", but with schoolboy Tim Leask in goal emerged as a useful side indeed.

Brian Matthews and Tony Heywood piloted the fourths and fifths, respectively, through a difficult but nevertheless moderately successful season, whilst the sixth eleven, after supplying players to all and sundry, showed by their results that Keith Berry has instilled a remarkable team spirit which perhaps deserved a better fate. A limited number of friendly games were played by the seventh eleven, but had to be curbed a little due to the headaches given to the team secretary, Monty Smith, when the bad weather, illness and the like, around Christmas time, made the excellent job he was doing almost impossible. He survived luckily—well done, Monty!

Players and spectators alike agree that the conditions at the ground have never been better and we warmly thank Reg Lentle for this, and his unfailing support in our hours of need. Thanks, Reg—may Newport win the Cup!

G.S.

OLD ROAN CRICKET CLUB

Hon. Secretary: R. A. Stanbridge, 13 Marne Avenue, Welling, Kent

The Australians have arrived to recapture the Ashes. Let us hope for a fine summer and an exciting series. Good weather will, of course, also be welcomed by Old Roan as they face what could be a difficult season.

Even though the middle-order may welcome additional batting opportunities, there can be no doubt that Ken Farrer will be sadly missed on Sundays, especially in view of some very strong fixtures being undertaken. Added to which Terry Barry's studies prevented him playing early season, and a possible "job" may see him lost to Old Boys' cricket for the entire summer. The first eleven batting will therefore rely much on the likely opening pair of John Huntley and Graham Townsend, and the continuing form of Dan Calnan.

On the credit side, Graham Chambers will revert to playing both days and his captaincy will be enjoyed by the Saturday side. Joe Broadfoot has relented on his threat not to play regularly and we hope he will again score a 1,000 runs (especially if given his wish to open). Bowling may present a problem, but Brian Hamer's form in the winter nets should ensure regular first team selection. Del Dreher has returned, although he will be unavailable until end of June, whilst John Oram anticipates remaining in the U.K. most of the summer and is expected to return behind the stumps. Certainly, more regular availability from John Williams, Chris Wyton and Colin Moore will be required to ensure a well-balanced side.

The second eleven on Saturday will be without vice-captain Fritz Henning, available Sundays only, but Peter Williams (if not required by the first eleven) should add solidarity to the batting. Unless new stars can be unearthed, the side may struggle in facing stronger

opposition this season. The Sunday second eleven, having opted for many all-day matches, will rely heavily on their captain, Del Baxter, to give substance to the batting and will need regularly Graham Johnson and John Hutley to strengthen the team. However, a pre-season warm-up match kindly arranged by groundsman Reg Lentle, introduced a useful medium-pace bowler in schoolmaster Brian Burton. Wicker-keeper Tony Rickson, *en route* to Cambridge will be difficult to replace.

The Saturday third eleven will undoubtedly struggle for numbers, but it is hoped that the athletic prowess of some first/second eleven footballers can be harnessed and also save the legs of the older members. On Sundays personnel will remain virtually unchanged. The batting should be strengthened by the return of Don Boon from Canada and also if Fred Jacobs and Mike Titheridge can be persuaded to play most games.

The end of the Varsity year in mid-season should see the return of John Girdwood, Jim Russon, Bob Bain, Dave Lee and Stewart Plunkett, and they will be most needed and welcomed.

A continuing invitation is extended to schoolboys and we look forward to the further improvement of Messrs. Rodwell, Thurley, Lancelotte, Thorpe and Davis. Any other boys will be assured of a game if they contact any member of the Cricket Club Committee (phone or visit the Club on Thursday evenings).

M.C.C.

POST-WAR PLAYERS—No. 5: RON PARKER

Ron's association with O.R. cricket spans almost 20 years; we believe he has now retired, but such is his love of the game, his enthusiasm in adversity, that we cannot yet be quite sure of this. He has, you see, "retired" before—several times—and lesser hearts would have called it a day in the midfifties . . . but Ron keeps coming back.

He began playing Old Boy soccer in the early fifties and for a brief three seasons was a tower of strength at centre-half in a very successful eleven. Indeed, he had offers from more than one Southern League club, but his banking hours restricted the amount of travelling he could undertake and forced him to decline these overtures. During the winter of 1953–54 he suffered back trouble and this abruptly and prematurely ended his footballing days.

Meanwhile, his summers had been spent propelling the smaller ball with considerable speed and increasing effectiveness, and his first eleven debut occurred in 1952. It was not easy in those days for a bowler to establish himself in the top stratum of Old Roan cricket; Len Groves and John Williams held a virtual monopoly. Len bowled the first over and struck camp at that end until the tenth wicket had fallen and John seemed to regard 20 overs (and 50 runs) as no more than his normal stint. In this context it was no small achievement for Ron, in '53, his first full summer, to take



BRIAN THOMAS
O.R. President 1972–73



68 wickets at 14 apiece. The following year it was 83 at 13, and the year after a further 63. The generally warmer weather in the summer months tended to lessen the effects of his back injury, but since 1954 any attempt to touch his toes with legs rigid had to be abandoned at knee height. Such was his handicap.

In 1956 Ron moved to Devon and made only two appearances, one weekend in September. These produced 5 wickets for 31 runs and served to emphasise our loss in a season in which no fewer than 25 individuals turned their arms in first eleven matches. During the next five years he played occasionally—and with increasing discomfort—for a club in Exeter, and in 1960 underwent a spinal operation. This was successful insofar that it eased pressure upon the nerves and to a degree gave him increased mobility . . . but bowling was surely now only a memory!

A move to Berkshire in 1962 meant that he had reduced the distance from his old stamping ground to a mere 50 miles. Now a married man and in the process of raising a family of three daughters—a feat in itself beyond all his contemporaries—he made half a dozen excursions to south-east London that summer and collected 11 scalps, rekindling in the process the still glowing embers. During the next four years he was an integral part of the Sunday first eleven, involving as it did a round trip often in excess of 100 miles; the records credit him with 155 wickets during this period, but I think it is certain that the pleasure he derived from this remarkable labour of love went far deeper than mere statistical success. Although he took more wickets in the fifties, I shall always regard this later phase of his career as his Everest. That he was a more complete cricketer is not in doubt. What he had lost in pace—and he was now barely medium, even to his most ardent fan—was more than compensated by increased control of length and swing, away from the bat. He was apt to stiffen up and therefore liked a long opening spell, and it was customary for him to operate throughout the pre-lunch session. A very high proportion of his wickets were therefore those of accredited batsmen. Whilst not exactly a gazelle in the field, he was far from being a passenger and developed a reliable pair of hands for slip-work. But the story has yet to run its course . . .

In 1967 he was the unwilling victim of a stomach ulcer and played only in the opening fixture. Recovery proved tedious and we did not see him in a playing capacity in '68 . . . but throughout the early spring of the following year he regaled captive audiences with his impending come-back. This time it began with two or three games in the second eleven, but inside a month he was back in harness, happy whenever we fielded first, and finished the season with 32 wickets. The following summer his reward was only 21 and they cost him—for the first time—more than 20 runs each, and he knew the writing was on the wall. That winter he took what I believe

was the toughest decision of his cricketing life . . . and this is an acknowledgement to a genuine Old Roan. His last game was against Catford, notable at the time for 100 from Ken Farrer and 5 for 58 from Chris Wyton. Ron took only 1 wicket but bowled 21 overs for 50 runs—and begrudged every one. Here is the (dare I say?) final tally:—

<i>Overs</i>	<i>Maidens</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>Wickets</i>	<i>Average</i>
2,754	707	7,105	445	15.9

He took 5 wickets in an innings on 23 occasions and held 70 catches.

Having not once in this essay mentioned batting you may be forgiven for thinking (if Ron Parker to you is but a name) that our subject as a batsman is a complete spastic. Let me hasten to correct such misapprehension. Ron never scored a 50 in over 100 innings for the first eleven it is true: his best was 41—but, he will be the first to agree, this was not altogether his fault. It is not easy to score 50 batting at No. 11, and Ron can point out that as almost half his innings ended undefeated, surely his partners must shoulder an equal share of the blame? Ron batted southpaw, had a nice stance at the wicket, a good looking forward defensive push and owned his own batting gloves. I can recall only one occasion when his batsmanship fell below the praiseworthy standard he set for himself. This occurred in a match against a team we always regarded as a soft touch. On this occasion our batsmen showed an unselfish and most uncharacteristic desire to vacate the crease, and all too soon Ron was walking to the middle to join the skipper (also a left-hander) who had been there some little while, seemingly powerless to arrest the procession at the other end. With the total not yet into three figures the message was abundantly clear, but was nevertheless spelled out: “Play your shot to the straight ones and don’t flirt with anything off the stumps”. Ron digested this, grinned reassuringly and departed to take guard. To the first ball he essayed a flowery cut and was caught in the gully.

Let Ron himself have the last word—and I quote from a letter I recently received: “All I know is that I wish it was all starting over again, even if that includes the back business, too. I have loved every minute of the matches, tours, discussions, booze-ups, arguments, laughs—everything over the past nearly 20 years”.

OLD ROAN BRAITHWAITE CAMP 1972

Do you remember being thrown fully clothed into ice-cold water? Do you remember tramping across apparently endless fells, with an empty or non-existent water bottle, the sun burning down on your head and your tongue feeling like a piece of old leather? Do you remember wading ankle-deep through bogs, the rain beating down like a waterfall and the wind almost blowing you over? Do you remember sitting down with a peeling knife in front of a pile of potatoes seemingly of the same size as the mountains nearby? It

is now possible for Old Roans to revisit the scenes of these happy memories, at the Old Roan Braithwaite Camp. Those who do not have any of these happy memories are welcome to come; they may be able to acquire some for the future.

The Hope Memorial Camp at Braithwaite has changed to some degree in comfort over the years. Those who remember the first school camps will find that life is far less spartan nowadays. Running water, wcs and electric light and cooking facilities are now among the amenities.

The Old Roan camp has been running now for two years, each time with only a very few Old Roans taking advantage of the holiday. At the time of writing we have about eight people going this year, of whom seven went last year, and made up the entire complement of the camp. The camp is run on completely informal lines, anyone may do what they like during the day. All we ask is that you are prepared to do a small amount of the cooking, and that you buy your round in the evening! This year’s camp runs for two weeks, from 9th to 23rd September. You may stay for the entire fortnight, for either week, or even less. The cost depends on the number going—the site costs £15 per week, which will be divided by the number of people at the camp that week. Cost of food is also divided equally between members of the camp. It follows, therefore, that the more that go the cheaper it will be. If you are interested in going, why not try to persuade your friends to come too?

Any Old Roan interested in the camp who would like further details please contact either Tony Slaney, 1 Bushmoor Crescent, S.E.18, or Alan Palmer, 42 Elliscombe Road, S.E.7. We can also be contacted many club nights at the school pavilion. We look forward to hearing from you.

ALAN PALMER.

JOHN ROAN SCHOOL LODGE No. 5085

Secretary: W. Bro. G. P. Marsh, 33 Rennetts Wood Road, S.E.9

After the summer recess, the first Lodge meeting will be on Tuesday, the 24th October, 1972, when the present Master, W. Bro. H. C. S. Abbott ('34-'39) will install his successor, Bro. F. P. Barnes ('33-'37). The Lodge meets at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2, on the fourth Tuesday in October, November, February and April. The Secretary, as above, will be pleased to hear from any Old Roan who seeks further information. We warmly welcome Old Roans who are members of other Lodges to our meetings.

This year the Ladies' Festival will be held at the Masonic Hall, Bromley, Kent, on Friday, 29th September. Further details may be obtained from Mr. R. L. Harmer, 12 Warren Gardens, Warren Road, Chelsfield, Kent.

JOHN ROAN SCHOOL CHAPTER No. 5085

As the Chapter meets in the months of May, June and September, there has been no meeting since the last report in the November 1971 issue of the Roan Magazine.

During 1972 convocations have been or will be held at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2, on Tuesday, 23rd May; Tuesday, 27th June; and *Monday*, 25th September. At the May meeting the Chapter looks forward to welcoming two new members.

Any Old Roan mason who contemplates joining the John Roan School Chapter is invited to communicate with W. F. Dines, 41 Walnut Way, Buckhurst Hill, Essex (phone 01-504 5620).

ICOUGH MEMORIAL APPEAL

Firstly, many thanks to all who have already helped us—mostly those distant Old Roans who have never been able to enjoy all the amenities of the school field, which owe so much of their establishment to Harry Icough. We hope that all who are more fortunate, and have not as yet contributed, will respond. Let us make it a *personal* memorial.

We are giving much careful thought to various ambitious suggestions for the best form of memorial. Our guiding principle is to create one which we think would have pleased Harry, and also which will benefit the greatest number of those who use, or wish to use, the field.

We are optimistic enough to hope that the total will have been considerably increased by the time this magazine appears. Any worthwhile project will prove expensive. Moreover, our optimism leads us to hope that the present generous amount will ultimately be doubled—or perhaps more than doubled?

We may even extend the closing date if your continued response encourages us.

Postscript (June 1972): "Pour encourager les autres" (as Voltaire remarked)—contributions up to the end of June amount to £680.

LIONEL BERRY.

OLD ROAN FLASHBACK

1. No one could identify the name of the gentleman parodied by Ken Binnie on page 44 of the November 1971 magazine. He is a man of wit. Ten times a day he will give forth with quotations. "Twit! enterprise gives results" he might say. By George, this quiz is so easy!
2. For this edition, study the photograph of Old Roan Flashback No. 8—of a group of worthy upper school members of—well, when. What year was this photograph taken?

OLD ROAN ACCESSORIES

The following are available for immediate delivery:—

Ties (Stag's head)	£1.25
Blazer Badges...	£2.25
Cuff Links (with crest)	£3.40
Tie Chains (with crest)	£2.25
Tie Clips (with crest)	£1.95

Car Badges (grille or bar fitting) and Wall Plaques may be ordered for delivery in about four weeks for approximately £2.25 each.

Please write to the Secretary.

What's a 17 year old want with a bank account?

To keep your money safe, for a start. (Like it's easy to lose old socks, but how many banks get lost every year?) And to get yourself a cheque book. With proper identification (such as a personal letter, passport, or even driving licence) you can pay by cheque practically anywhere, and at any time you're short of ready cash.

Your cheque book makes it easier to keep track of your money, too—it guarantees you statements whenever you request them.

If you're going on to college, an account with Barclays can help you budget, so your grant doesn't run out before the term does.

Or if you're going straight out to work, you can have your salary paid directly into the bank—no fear of losing your hard-won earnings.

Finally, you may want an account with us because it's just plain sensible. You don't have a fortune now, but you've got a lifetime of earning ahead of you. Thousands and thousands of pounds. Managing that money – making the most of it – can become pretty complicated. Eventually you'll appreciate the help your bank manager can give you. Call in at your local branch today and have a chat. We look forward to seeing you.



BARCLAYS

a good bank to get behind you