



SUSCEPTUM PERFICE MUNUS

THE OLD ROAN CHRONICLE

No. 4

July 1984

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DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Girls' Reunion at Devonshire Drive	—	14th July 1984
Old Roan Braithwaite Camp	—	1st - 15th September 1984
Annual Dinner	—	2nd November 1984
Annual Dinner and Dance	—	9th March 1985
Annual General Meeting	—	29th March 1985



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FROM THE EDITOR

This year sees the closure of the Girls' School in Devonshire Drive, an event which will no doubt be greeted with mixed emotions. I am obliged to Kay Wilkins for providing the 'volunteers' who have contributed their reminiscences for inclusion in this edition of the Chronicle.

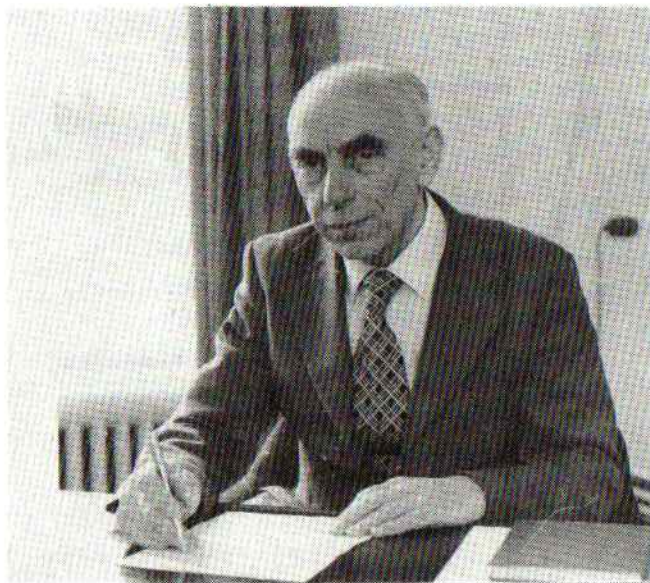
Equally I am most grateful to all those who have written articles, provided photographs or helped in the production of the Chronicle. Once again it has been a real team effort and, as a result, all the more worthwhile.

Two areas where I am conscious that we lack proper coverage is in the activities of recent school leavers and of the school itself. Hopefully we can rectify this in future editions. Certainly any assistance from a 'Junior' correspondent would be most welcome.

The Association has at its disposal only one complete set of Boys' Magazines and there are gaps in our series of Girls' Gazettes. It would be of considerable assistance if additional complete sets were available. The Secretary would welcome hearing from anyone who could assist in this matter.

With the retirement of Tony Slaney after an excellent year as our President we welcome Dr. Taylor as the new incumbent. Dr. Taylor continues the happy tradition whereby every Head Master or Mistress has become President. We wish him an enjoyable and productive year.

FROM THE PRESIDENT



Dr. A.J. TAYLOR
PRESIDENT 1984-85

The Headmaster as President! The last occasion when this was the case was 20 years ago when Tim Garstang, my predecessor at the Roan School, held the Office. Some of you will know that on more than one occasion I have declined to be nominated as President largely because of the pressure of work resulting from the re-organisation of the School, but also because I knew that the longer I left it the more of an 'Old Roan' I should feel. After all, I can now say that I have been at school twice as long as most members of the Association.

Born at Beccles, Suffolk, I attended the local grammar school, the foundation of which was earlier than that of Roan. Some of my teachers there were superb people and because of them I came to hold the teaching profession in the highest regard and made up my mind to become a secondary school teacher. While I was at school the war began, but as a potential scientist I was allowed to proceed to University. After a full nine-term course crowded into two years and three months, with most of my 'spare' time taken up by the Senior Training Corps, I was directed into research work. In time the lure of advanced academic work led me into University teaching.

In 1955 I "came to myself" and went back to my first love, becoming senior Chemistry Master at Tottenham Grammar School. From there, I progressed through two other appointments to the Roan School in 1968.

My application to Roan was made after a good deal of heart-searching, because I was a Deputy Head in a school which had been involved in an amalgamation with two other schools to produce a 10 form-entry comprehensive school. Part of the re-organisation involved extensive new building and by the time I left the school it was on two sites. My concern was whether I ought to stay on a little longer to give the school more time to settle! There were, however, other reasons why I should move at that time and so the application was made.

I was not familiar with South London and remember well, on the day of the interview, sitting in the train between Charing Cross and Maze Hill stations and becoming increasingly depressed by the view from the railway carriage, and how my spirits lifted as I walked up Maze Hill to the very attractive site of the Roan School. Within a few years of my commencing work we were planning for an amalgamation with two other schools to produce a comprehensive school on two sites. (Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.)

I am honoured by my election to the Presidency. To me it underlines the affection of old boys and girls for their former schools and the resolution to maintain the same kind of link with the present John Roan School.

LIONEL BERRY

Last Autumn Lionel Berry and his wife Maud moved from Bromley to Cranleigh, Surrey, thus ending over 56 unbroken years as a member of the Old Roan Association Committee. Lionel first started attending meetings in 1927 as the representative of the Dramatic Society. Since 1964 he has attended as a Vice-President of the Association.

His contribution to our affairs has always been pertinent and constructive. He also provided many of the links with the past that for an Association such as ours, are so valuable. The warmth with which members 'bade him farewell' at the 1983 Reunion Dinner, was testimony to the regard in which he is held.

It seems difficult to believe that it was over sixty years ago that LJB started teaching at the Boys' School. He had interests in rugby and tennis, but it was the Dramatic Society which was to become his first love. Lionel formed the O.R.D.S in 1927 and produced all their plays until 1962. Thereafter he became Chairman of the Society until relinquishing the post in 1974.

The Magazine at the time paid tribute to Lionel's '... flair for creating artistic and worthwhile presentations of many popular and some famous plays'. Apparently his post-show parties were held in equal esteem!

Lionel was appointed Vice-Master of the school in 1950, a position he held until his retirement in 1964. He was elected President of the Association in Coronation year 1953. In the last two decades he has busied himself with three major fund raising appeals. These were an appeal to bolster the Life Members Fund and the Gilbert and Icough Memorial Funds. It goes without saying that all these activities proved very successful.

We wish Lionel and Maud a long and happy 'second' retirement.

AJS

FROM THE SECRETARY

The Chronicle timetable does not fit conveniently into giving publicity to, or a report on, one of the most important events in this year's Association calendar. The Roan School for Girls opened in 1877 and will close as a school at the end of this summer term. All members on the Association's records who attended Devonshire Drive have been circulated with details of the final Reunion to be held on 14th July this year and it is hoped many of them, together with others who spent their schooldays there, and who saw some of the local publicity, will be able to go along to what promises to be a most interesting afternoon.

The second Newsletter was produced in December last and, according to replies, was well received. Many members were prompted into sending interesting notes, which have been passed on to the Editor. Please keep news coming in as this is one of the few ways 'News of Old Roans' can be put together. Thanks also to those who sent unsolicited donations, which all help keep the Association's bank balance out of the red and ordinary members' subscriptions down to £2.50 per annum.

During the year Freddy White has been coordinating the updating of the History of the Roan from several contributors and is now nearing completion of the final draft. In memory of Kenneth Binnie a tumble dryer is to be obtained for the Hope Memorial Camp, part of the money coming from the Icough Memorial Fund. Ladies' keep fit nights, run by Veronica Davies, have started and proved popular on Monday nights. Beating the Bounds, led by Neal Haslam, took place in April. The Old Roan Club has had the working area of the bar rebuilt, making working conditions easier, and now has 'Real Ale' served through permanent handpumps.

At the Annual General Meeting held last March Dr. Taylor, the current Headteacher, was unanimously voted President for this year. He has already proved a most able and interested Chairman at Committee meetings. Thanks are due to Steve Nelson, who filled the vacancy of Assistant Secretary for the past two years. When first elected, he expected only to be doing the job for one year. It was reported to the meeting that membership of the Association as at 31st December 1983 stood at 731 life members, 435 fully paid ordinary members, 15 junior members, 3 honorary members and 15 associate members, totalling 1199, an increase of 34 over the previous year.

Sadly Len Groves, a Vice-President of the Association and President of the Old Roan Cricket Club, died last December. A print of Kent Cricket Club Players, presented by Graham Johnson, the Kent Cricketer, and a plaque in Len's memory have been hung in the Old Roan Clubroom. Another Vice-President, Lionel Berry, has moved to Cranleigh. At the Annual Dinner last October he was presented with a gift to mark nearly 60 years involvement with Old Roans.

LOST AND (MAYBE) FOUND!

As usual some members moved without letting the Association know their new address. Since the last edition of the Chronicle we have lost touch with the following:-

G. Alabaster ('54-'60)	Mrs. C. Hardy (nee Webb)
P.H. Angus ('65-'71)	S. Hussain ('74-'81)
Mrs. P. Bagwell (nee Pinson)	J.C. Marks ('59-'67)
P.J. Buckingham ('62-'69)	H.T. Rogers ('53-'60)
P.J. Coates ('61-'68)	C.T.S. Sewell ('57-'62)
Mrs. J. Croft (nee Lashbrook)	M. Stroud ('63-'70)
W.C. Davies ('14-'20)	Miss E. West
Mrs. H. Green (nee Browne)	Mrs. E. Winter (nee Hunt)

Would anyone able to help by providing up-to-date information, please contact the Secretary.

THE OLD ROAN CLUB

This report follows the general pattern of those issued in previous years in that 1983 was successful both socially and financially. Reference to the Club trading account shows that bar sales and profits were a little lower than for 1982 but this is the result of our deliberate policy of keeping bar prices to a minimum. During the year we had to meet suppliers' increases, plus the extra charges imposed by the Budget but, despite these, we held our bar prices firm until November last. When the profit from the Fruit Machine and the Pool Table are taken into account we closed with a reasonable nett trading surplus but, regrettably, we had to increase the bar prices during the month of May.

During the year David Andrews has organised the various competitions at the Club and there have been a few disco dances. In an effort to provide more amenities a sub-committee has been formed to arrange more discos and promote other activities. In December "Dap" retired from the office of Chief Steward having done the job for over 3 years. On your behalf I say thank you to him for his efforts which have been of great benefit to all members. His successor in the office of Chief Steward is Linda Nelson and, for the first time ever, we have a lady on the Bar Executive. We are all very grateful to Linda for undertaking this vital job and wish her every success.

During the latter part of 1983 we were obliged to "tighten up" our amenity of cashing cheques for members. Over the 12 month period we cashed more than 30 cheques which "bounced" and although all were eventually redeemed we have placed a limit of £10 on any one cheque and this will only be accepted by bar staff on production of a cheque card. Once again the amenity enjoyed by a majority of members has been curtailed by the actions of a minority.

The duty rotas for bar service have operated at varying degrees of efficiency during the past year although this problem has improved slightly over recent months. We welcome those younger members of the club who have volunteered to help behind the bar but we still need more support for the Stewards who organise the rotas. If you are not already helping, but are able to do so, please see Monty Smith, David Andrews, Steve Nelson or John Dennis immediately. Whilst referring to this aspect of the Club I must, with the deepest regret, refer to the death of Len Groves. His untiring efforts for the benefit of all members will be long remembered and his loss will be felt for many years to come.

Looking forward to the future we have, at the time of writing these notes, just completed a total refurbishment of the bar and the ancillary services. Conceived from a report produced by Don Boon the project has been master-minded by our Treasurer, Neal Haslam. With generous assistance from the brewers, we now have a much improved bar. To these two members, together with others who have helped, we all owe a debt of gratitude. I feel sure that the improved facilities will meet the full approval of all members. Briefly, some of the interior walls have been removed to give a much larger service area and, incidentally, more storage space. We have new counters and shelving together with greatly improved cleaning facilities to improve the levels of health and hygiene. Gone, too, are the days of "humping" heavy beer kegs from the back store room for this is now converted into a "Cellar" and the beer piped direct to the pumps and dispensers. This method has also enabled us to extend the range of beers to include traditional "real ale" so beloved by some members.

The overall cost of this project is a little over £4,500 and the Treasurer has negotiated an extension of our current loan agreement with Whitbread's whereby the total sum will be advanced to us and re-paid over a ten year period by a special rebate, or discount, allowed by the brewers and based upon our purchases. This "self-repayable" loan is interest free and we are very fortunate in being able to avail ourselves of this facility. It does, of course, carry the implied obligation to maintain and improve our current ordering levels from the brewery as otherwise we default on the contract and are liable to penalty.

I conclude by thanking, on your behalf, the Headmaster and the John Roan School Governors for their continued co-operation and also extend those thanks to the Officers and Club Committee Members who, with your help, have ensured the success of the Old Roan Club during the past year.

Frank Barnes

OLD ROAN PERSONALITIES

Dr. A.J. TAYLOR

Having been awarded a first class degree in Chemistry at University College, Nottingham, in 1945 and his doctorate in 1952, the Headmaster began his teaching career as a lecturer. By 1955, he was at Tottenham Grammar School as Senior Chemistry Master, going on to Drayton Manor School in 1959 as Head of Science. From 1964-68, he was Deputy Head of Willesden High School; and, during his service there, an amalgamation was organized, which experience prepared him for the difficulties to be overcome when the Roan Schools and Charlton were amalgamated.

He came to us as Head in 1968, bringing with him a wealth of experience as well as his innate abilities, all of which were needed in a time of great change. I remember reading in a Roan Magazine a piece about Mr. Gilbert, a former Head, which contained the words: "... What a time to become Headmaster!" referring to the problems of war and evacuation.

Going comprehensive, mixed, and amalgamating have created problems as numerous, although different in kind; and Dr. Taylor has brought to the solving of them headmasterly qualities as numerous, although different in kind, as his illustrious predecessors'— necessarily so, as the conditions of serving as Head of Roan have changed greatly. He can no longer be autocratic, yet must still carry overall responsibility for what goes on in an institution employing something like 160 staff in various capacities involved in the education of over a thousand pupils. To this task Dr. Taylor has brought patience and compassion, humour and intelligence. Although not gladly, he has suffered fools (I, personally, am thankful to say); and has proved to me that a clever man can still be a good enough man to bear with the ineptitude and incredible irresponsibility of many children, and sometimes of his fellow men and women.

His standing in educational circles is very high, which means that he must give up a great deal of his free time to chair various meetings and committees as well as have his advice sought on diverse matters relating to schools and the children in them — all that on top of his attendance at all sorts of school functions from evening concerts to Saturday morning football, from parents' evenings to Governors' meetings.

I find it comforting, endearing even, that this apparent paragon — scientist, lay-preacher, teetotaler, fell-walker, after-dinner speaker, Chairman of the Hope Memorial Trust, etc. etc. — has mastered a relatively modern dance called the "Pogo" for which he has developed a spectacular, Jack-in-the-box leap; and that, one year, having suffered a particularly difficult and frustrating drive up to Braithwaite, he staggered into the kitchen and sat on the electric stove — which was on. That particular Alfie knew what it was all about.

He has always been a great help and support to the O.R.A., without in any way being intrusive — it is an admirable quality of his that his good is done by stealth, as so many pupils of all ages and Old Roans can confirm.

The Head is, in the best sense of the word, a worthy man who has won my respect and admiration, if not envy, by the way in which he has managed to save a very special baby at a time when more than one lot of bath-water has had to be changed.

A.K.

“GOINGS ON”

Thank you to those O.R.'s who responded to my last epistle. I apologise for not answering each letter individually. The views I expressed at that time triggered off a variety of comments — mostly positive.

At present we are involved in the last stages of the re-organisation and will reach our permanent two-site arrangements in September. We will then have the full complement of pupils together in the Lower and Upper Schools. This will mean the closing of Devonshire Drive and the end of an era — all of which is very sad.

The big talking issues at the moment are salaries and the new I.L.E.A. initiative on “The working class under achiever”. This is available in the Hargreaves Report — a weighty document which radically examines the curriculum needs of the 14-16 year old who do not for a variety of reasons “succeed” in our examination system. Most of us have felt for a long time that we were failing a significant percentage of our pupils. It is very hard to maintain motivation over a two year period leading to an examination at 16+. The solution suggested is based on a series of units of work with continual assessment. Short-term targets will replace the one-off examination at the end. If this scheme is developed and introduced into our schools then radical changes will be asked of our teachers.

As you know other reforms are likely — a Common exam at 16+ incorporating ‘O’ levels and C.S.E.’s (which have never gained public recognition), a new A S level, a new certificate of Pre-Vocational Education (CPVE) for the New Sixth former, and the large-scale involvement of the Manpower Services Commission and Central Government in the Technical and Vocational Education Initiative (TVEI) with massive funding for selected pilot schools. All very much the concern of those responsible in schools for curriculum planning.

The salary discussion and the “special case” argument for teachers is not new and is not likely to be resolved in the current dispute. I always find “industrial action” a problem but there is no doubting the genuine and sincere feelings that persist about the limited rewards for what is increasingly a difficult job. The market/supply and demand argument of Sir K. Joseph might suit the monetarist mind but education is a merit good and in the History of Economic Theory very few economists have questioned the case for State provision. Having that commitment one would assume that the state should pay the kind of salaries that will attract the best people. Teachers are not leaving in droves as was the case with the Police but that should not cloud the issue. Do we want the best education system for our children or not?

The problem I have about strikes and withdrawal of goodwill is that in the eyes of the children our role becomes similar to that of any manufacturing occupation. I suppose it is a forlorn hope that we could ever take education out of the political arena (as with sport, of course). The Society/Education debate where issues of class, race and sexism live is more in the open — but the changes are very slow to improve things. Despite legislation on Equal Pay and Opportunities women still earn 40% less than men and the Hargreaves Report on the working class under achiever must be seen against a fairly lengthy period of comprehensive schooling. Society has not got the Education it wants and Education has not got the Society it wants.

The loss of real income and parity with certain comparable occupations is disturbing. Teachers are offered severance and are being re-deployed in large numbers — so maybe we are like other workers/traders after all and maybe we ought to learn to live with that fact!

G. Brooks

“.... days of passion days of pride”

“OLD ROAN SINDROME”; notes from a veteran’s philosophy of well-spent manhood in the Retrospective Manner.

“If an Old Roan XI were laid end to end it would be a good thing”. Thus saith the Maker of all things noble in the Game, Titheridge M. who shall be hereafter known as Mentor, Creator, Master and Lord. Being there at the start of the end he dates from 1394, and narrowly avoided the Peasants Revolt. The Master issued Tablets of Stones and founded selection on a fundamental principle; the Squad System or “Fromma” (etymology doubtful, but possibly Middle English meaning “by your leave” or “from me”, becoming an uncertain body of men prone to fight and drink if omitted from a “team” or “side”). This Lord proved to be the wisest of men and would have done credit to a more central position in the defence at Nuremberg some time later.

Ling J. was the first disciple selected, from birth indeed in 1438. He was caught up in the Hundred Years War, chiefly on the right hand side of midfield, but had his name taken for not listening to others better positioned, shot his bolt too soon and was rested for the Wars of The Roses. Second hand boots were accorded the blame.

In 1476 Barnes B. appeared in commemoration of Caxton’s first printing press. He was employed in Finance and Advertising and missed several vital matches by going into Europe. He grew as an incipient libero but his shortsighted outlook on opposing forwards drew harsh words from the Mentor. Bootsie (sponsor of “A.I.D.S.—DA.” the three-striped fertility rite) had the vets stuffed as a publicity stunt, but the Press was not running so the event was unrecorded. Sloppy spelling was to see the rite reappear after 1953 as A.D.I.D.A.S. The Syndrome held responsible a suspect knee.

A limpness in defence generated the issue of Wattsy in 1509, a sympathetic by-product of the union between Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon. Best Known for inventing the combustion engine, he was 450 years ahead of his time in spectacular impersonations of Hubert Squad Car effected by sleeping through New Years Day. What he lacked in power he made up in guile.

The Scots were routed at Pinkie in 1547, due in the main to the performance of the boy Hadrill. Despite an uncertain joint which caused premature retirement the Mentor had every reason to be proud of Young Ted who was never outflanked. He possessed a healthy hatred of wing men. The Sindrome was satisfied.

The Lord Creator was bound to think bigger as the Age of Discovery dawned. The hottest property of this period was one Bird J., a devoted follower of Raleigh. Bird's middle name, Walt, was in honour of the Fish Fryers Chapter president who hit the High Street with potatoes and tobacco in 1587. Prior to Bird's deceptive plays just in front of defence, restaurants had served beef to punters unwashed and with horns intact. The Creator caused several pumps to be erected in Bird's honour, as the first player to bridge the Old and New Worlds.

Chance T. appeared on the point of Buckingham's assassination in 1628, but had limited effect through his devotion to a cold-tea-like potion from the northland. Strange words such as "Haig" and "Teachers" were spoken, but not among the Sindrome elders.

1653 was a famous year, commemorating in advance that date three centuries hence when the Heartland would win the Cup, seeing the ejection of the Rump Parliament and the promotion of one Bryden D. Contemporary dictionaries record new words such as "hacking", "tackling", "abitcurlierplease", and "yourballbal". A quiet man off the field, "Crunch" as he was known in the Sindrome was fiendish and uncompromising in play. History notes, however, that in one season during the Civil War Crunch scored more goals than he won tackles.

From the beginning the Lord Mentor knew that all good teams should hold sufficient reserves, and to this end caused to be born Smith M. in 1694 along with the Bank of England. Both institutions prospered though in discomfort until Headquarters removed unwelcome fizz. Smith was without doubt a child of his time.

1732 was the next big year for the Sindrome. The Colony of Georgia was founded on the 10th anniversary of the introduction of Workhouses for the Poor. Hamer A. was pre-selected in the same year, a tireless worker in attack for others less fortunate than himself and a champion of the Cause. Ever ready to listen to opinions of team members the Creator considered himself indeed blessed to have such a unifying force on his side.

Captain Cook found Australia in 1768 which heralded the appearance somewhere on the park of Spink F. A latecomer to the team and noted for his left footwork he evoked strong reaction from all who played against him. The Mentor firmly believes this to stem from Spink's formative seasons in the Sydney Select XI.

One looks for something exciting at the turn of any century, and in 1800 the Master spotted Williams I. casually window shopping on Saturday afternoons. Since then no-one has ever looked back. This is a good thing for football.

The Squad's intellectual came forth in 1832 to coincide with the opening of Durham University. "Redbrick" Webber has daunted many an opponent with incisive concepts cribbed from his ankle bandages. The Lord continues to work.

Parliament sadly became involved in the Sindrome in 1867 when by a clause in the Reform Bill the Creator was mandated to design the complete player.

This had two consequences, the P.F.A.O.R. Branch, and Mr. Larkin. "Sir", to his friends, was everywhere, in goal, on your shoe, in the outfield, with a cough and a homely curse to officials. Tradition has it that 1867 saw the beginning of the end, but in the Great Plan the Lord knew best.

Politics had by now dug in their heels. Every village has its idiot, every dog its day, and even the Sindrome its cross to bear. Callaghan M. came in 1900 along with the Labour Party. Literature of the time has it that in common, Callaghan and the Party held Right and Left wings together with a soft centre. Ever the creative leader, the Mentor managed to find a place for the boy, once every four seasons.

1944 saw a great turmoil in the land with continental players about to get a hammering. The scene was set for Perry C. born on "D" Day 6th June. He grew to take a leading part in attack, and even played John Wayne in the Film. Never one to mark easily, Champagne holds the Sindrome record for the number of goalkeepers felled in one day. It is unlikely to be equalled.

What are we here for? Is there life on Earth? Who's got the matches? Great questions had troubled Lord Creator for half a millenium, but like a bolt from his Father the fog cleared. A date was set and the final piece in the Sindrome's jigsaw found, as the direct issue of a weekend's pass in early 1945. A spotty little left back was allowed to attain the age of eight. Then the Lord Mentor Creator summoned up his strength and at the cost of all his powers writ that Blackpool beat Bolton 4-3, thus avoiding extra time.

Having so spent his energy He, Titheridge M., became Man, admitted human weakness and agreed that perhaps, after all, the "Fromma" should be laid end to end. We go back a long way.

A Country Member

DEVONSHIRE DRIVE

At the end of the Summer term this year, part of the Roan Schools' history will come to an end. There has been a Girls' School on the site at Devonshire Drive since 1878 but in July the building will close for good. On 14th July there will be a final Reunion at Devonshire Drive for all Old Girls and Staff and friends of the Girls' School. The School will be open the whole of the afternoon and you are invited to come and wander around and reminisce. A separate notice has already been sent to all Old Girls — if you have not had one but would like details, please contact me at the address at the front.

I invited a few Old Girls to write about their time at Devonshire Drive — as you will see from the following, they span the years quite well. However these are only to whet your appetite: I am inviting any Old Girls and members of Staff who want to put their memories down in writing, to do so and to send them to me. There's no hurry — until the end of the year in fact — but hopefully once you start reading the ones here, they will set you going! I must admit I was tempted! It's amazing how much one's memories revolve around individual members of Staff — I wonder if all those generations of mistresses had any idea what an influence they were having on the girls who passed through their hands.

I look forward to seeing you on 14th July and to receiving your memories of Devonshire Drive.

Kay Wilkins (nee Gotts)

1916 - 1923 by Dorothy May Robinson

Just some random thoughts on my time at the Roan School for Girls, Devonshire Road (as it was then known) from May 2nd 1916 to July 1923, some personal and some historical.

My cousin, Ivy, and I became pupils in the Spring Term 1916. My sisters, Louisa and Violet, were to join later, also my cousin, Pearl. We were all fee paying pupils and as Greenwich children paid £1.16s.9d per term. During the Centenary Exhibition of the Girls' School I discovered at least seventeen members of our family had been at Roan: my father's two brothers and two sisters; my two elder cousins, Edith and Helen; also my father's cousin, John H. Humphreys who endowed the John Humphreys Prize; my cousin, Charles, was a contemporary and later my nephew, Peter Gibbs; my brother, Albert, and his daughter, Marion, and Gay Wheeler, my cousin Pearl's daughter.

My first term was spent in the Lower Third with Miss Kendall as the form mistress, very kind and understanding. In this class I met Winifred Godfrey (now Sanglier), one of the first girls to have the fashionable bobbed hairdo. She was to be a life-long friend. I was her bridesmaid and her daughter Yvonne's godmother. This year we both celebrate our eightieth birthdays.

In the Autumn of 1916 we moved into the Third Form still under Miss Kendall where we met with those brainy scholarship girls who were to be keen competitors until the Upper Fifth Form (1920-21) when we sat for the

Matriculation examinations. I especially mention Muriel Fry (now Soper) who became a BA and taught history, also Doris Acton (now Cowling) who with her husband did work in India and (formerly) Ceylon for the Baptist Missionary Society. I still know Doris and Muriel.

So far I have not mentioned our Headmistress Miss Walker and her Senior Assistant Miss Cadmore, both Scotch, who influenced our lives until 1919. Both were keen that we should speak perfect English and knew how to pronounce difficult Scotch names such as Kirkcudbright.

During these first years our country was at war and we were encouraged to collect money for war charities such as the Kent Regiment and Soup Kitchens for Russian Soldiers. School dinners were now served. Prizes were out of the question, only certificates were awarded for work. Although the gymnasium was sandbagged from the entrance half way to the parallel bars, it was well equipped with parquet floor, climbing ropes, balance forms and mats and was an up to date facility. Under Miss Talbot gymnastics and games were of a high order. We also had a yearly medical examination by a visiting Russian lady doctor. We were expected to wear correct uniform, bottle green slips, white or cream long sleeved blouses with ties in the Roan colours, blue and green. Our hair for gym was expected to be tied back and off our foreheads.

The Library on the first floor was our hall where every day we had a school assembly for prayers and notices. Often we were tightly packed in. There we had music and singing under the direction of Miss Guinley. We loved the folk songs and some classics — "Who is Sylvia", "Where E'er You Walk" and "Jerusalem".

At this time the only foreign language taught was French. Miss Richardson was qualified to teach French and German but the latter language was not taught at Roan then. I believe Spanish may have been taught earlier.

During the year September 1918 to July 1919 while in the Upper Fourth under Miss Chettle, the Art mistress, the war suddenly ended with the November Armistice. My two sisters and I were on half-term holiday and looking after a younger sister and brother in their pram. We were just inside the Park gate at the top of Maze Hill when the sirens sounded to mark the Armistice, 11th November 1918. We reacted by dashing down the hill, pram and children, to our home at 13 Maze Hill where we played at dressing up for the rest of the day. This was the end of an era for country and for school life.

One morning at Assembly in the Spring of 1919 on the platform was a new Headmistress, Miss Mary Kingsland Higgs, who was introduced to us. Later there were other Staff changes; Miss Wendon took over Music and under her tuition we had a School choir which sometimes entered competitions at Westminster. We had visits to the Old Vic to see Mozart's Magic Flute. We were given musical appreciation through the gramophone of the Prize Song from Wagner's Mastersingers; Polly Smith was singled out to play on the piano. So we continued to enjoy music but on more expansive lines.

In other ways school life blossomed, particularly in Games and Physical Education. Miss Talbot now had Miss Watling to assist her. We were allowed occasionally to make use of the Boys' playing field. So hockey was played again as it had been very much earlier. Once a year there was a School Sports Day and occasionally a friendly cricket match with the School Staff (they won) and a cherry tea to follow. During the summer the girls played cricket on the Boys' field and tennis and rounders in the school playgrounds. There were open days with gymnastic displays and marching the bounds of the playground to the tune of "We are the Robbers of the Wood" from Chu Chin Chow. We had always played netball but seemed to have more outside matches with London schools home and away. We played Askes and Leytonstone. In the Gym we had a vaulting horse for the first time.

I think my time in the Lower Fifth was a very happy one, 1919-20. Our form mistress was Miss Brown, a specialist in Mathematics. We were happy as a form and produced "Twelfth Night". Miss Wilkie was our English teacher. I also enjoyed Chemistry with Miss Williams and Botany with Miss Martin. We were entirely unaware that the following year we would be taking Matriculation; life was not so serious as that – examinations were not as today the be all and end of all life.

I think it was in July 1920 that ten girls from Roan joined with another School for a visit to Paris with Miss Richardson accompanying us. We stayed in a newly built (after the war) hotel, Hotel des Quatre Fages near the Paris Zoo. Every day we set out in crocodile to visit important places – Notre Dame, Versailles, Sacre Coeur. Indeed it was an exciting experience, in spite of a rough crossing on our return home when my navy serge suit was covered with white salt stains, having laid flat on deck. So school journeys had begun.

So on to 1920-21, my year in the Upper Fifth under Miss Stap who taught History. I enjoyed this year too very much, except Botany had to be abandoned in favour of Chemistry. Miss Knight now taught us English and was very enthusiastic and encouraging. Nobody had ever marked my work A+ Excellent before. I owe my interest in Gilbert and Sullivan to her talks. I think it was this year my family accommodated the French Mademoiselle for oral French, Lucie Robequain, who was clever and serious and preferred to speak English at home. The year closed with good results and we were able to form a VIth Form under Miss Waters, about eight girls who for the first time undertook a two-year course of higher study for the Higher Certificate Examinations. So we were pioneers in this respect. Miss Higgs taught us Latin and Greek Literature.

To conclude my time at the Roan, I would like to say that the Girls and Boys remained distinct Schools. Nevertheless through relatives and friends we were able to make contacts. Sometimes we were able to visit the School at Eastney Street to see some of their dramatic productions, one of the first "The Iron Arm" about a robot. Later on Maisie Bull, Caroline Findlay and myself were privileged to join the Boys' Dramatic Society and took part in the earlier productions of "Our Mr. Hepplewhite" and "Tilly of Bloomsbury" under the direction of Mr. Berry and Mr. Poyser.

Ex-Roan boy Tom Manning, a good soccer player for School and university, lived in Dinsdale Road and as I was then in Foyle Road I became acquainted with the trio known as Dingle, Manning and Scott. I also knew through introduction William Dines, and William Findlay was brother to my sister's friend. So we did mix after all!

In those days cars were few and far between for transport. We reached School by walking through Greenwich Park sometimes twice a day and seeing the boys playing in the Park during lunch-hour. Otherwise we went by tram (No. 68 I think) or later by bicycle. So we kept well and active.

I have much to be thankful for – School, teachers and parents, relatives and friends. After I left, structural alterations were made, a new hall, library and science laboratories added. It is a pity to have to say goodbye to Devonshire Drive and all it meant.

1923 - 1930 by Margaret Brass (nee Tomsett)

I was a pupil at Roan from 1923 to 1930 and remember well what a happy time that was. I was a scholarship girl but do not remember that it made any difference mixing with fee paying pupils. I only remember my first years in the 3rd and 4th forms vaguely. Miss Atkinson was our kindly form mistress, very tall and slim with a band round her hair. For our French lessons with Miss Richardson, Dick to all and sundry, we had to take a small mirror to practise sounding the vowels in French and no doubt making silly faces at the same time. We were very much in awe of the senior girls. The prefects watched over us as we went up and down the stairs for prayers and for playtime, and we had to walk sedately and in double file in silence. We had no handy tuck shop but could buy two plain biscuits; no free milk in those days. We played rounders in the lower playground – fortunately we were not strong enough to hit the ball into any of the surrounding gardens.

I remember more clearly the middle school for then I began to do well at games and gym, perhaps better than in my lessons! Miss Talbot, Tabby, was my heroine and netball, hockey and gymnastics, and cricket and tennis in summer, took up a great deal of time. To be awarded a stripe at the end of the year to sew on to our green tunic was something to aim for. Tabby was special too as she always took part in the Staff play which was produced about every third year. I remember "The Admirable Crichton" and "The Late Christopher Bean"; she always took a male part. How we enjoyed seeing our special favourites on the stage and giggled at the chaste kisses. Other highlights were the productions of "The Mikado" and "The Gondoliers" in the Blackheath Concert Hall. Miss Monk-Jones and Miss Wendon were in charge and what triumphs the productions were. I only attained a male chorus part but remember Connie Harler and Isabel Hands in the star parts. The VIth Form always put on a play at the end of the Christmas term, another chance to gaze at our favourites. Inter-school netball matches were exciting especially as we had tea afterwards with highly coloured iced cakes.

It was not all sport, however, and we had to work hard for our General School Certificate and Matriculation, generally revising frantically at the last

minute. In the Lower VIth a business studies course was started under Miss Seed-Roberts with about eight of us taking shorthand, typing, book-keeping as well as the Economics course for Highers, and this was a very full timetable indeed.

Good manners were important — one always stood up when an adult entered the classroom and we were expected to give up our seat on the tram to an older person. If we were late in arriving, we lined up in the corridor and had to give a good excuse to Miss Higgs, the Headmistress. As I lived in Devonshire Road (as it was then) I was only late once and can not remember what excuse I gave! Naturally we had “crushes” either on members of Staff or senior girls and what agonies we suffered at the Christmas Dance plucking up courage to ask for a dance from our favourite. Of course it was pleasant to be on the receiving end sometimes. Poor Miss Miles had a difficult time in the Science Lab. and dare I mention the time the elastic snapped in her knickers — fortunately she was behind the bench! Miss Martin also had a hard time in Botany lessons and on Nature Walks. Miss Davies, the French teacher, had the hardest time of all at the last lesson on Friday afternoons — nobody listened and only one girl could ever do the translations. We were all bubbling over after a singing lesson. I do remember a very naughty girl who shall be nameless who put a drawing pin and some ink on the teacher’s chair. She disappeared so I suppose she was expelled. It all seems very innocent now.

Prizegiving was another exciting event and here the choir excelled as they gave a concert — does anyone remember the song “Five Eyes” about cats? Speeches followed and then Mr. Icough, the Chairman of the Governors, presented the prizes. I only twice received a book prize but at other times a plain certificate saying “excellence in subjects A, B, C or D” — and what they were I have no idea.

Miss Higgs was formidable and somewhat remote. As senior prefect in my last year, I had to escort her on to the stage for Prayers and stand aside as she swept out at the end, and it was an ordeal to be sent to her. I do not remember a cane ever being used but no doubt we needed punishment of some sort. Does anyone remember “bedtime charts” which had to be kept for two weeks and shown to the school doctor? Woe betide any girl who confessed to going to bed late. No television to keep us up then.

Until my last two years the regulation square necked gym tunic had to be worn always but summer dresses were introduced then and seniors could wear skirts and blouses. I think juniors could wear a flared pinafore dress. A round panama hat with ribbon band and school badge was worn in summer and one of felt in winter.

We had no contact with the Boys’ School and did not think we suffered because we were all girls, but I expect now that the Schools have combined there is an added spice to life. Roan gave me a good education, valuable in life, and I can say that my schooldays were some of the happiest days of my life.

1929 - 1936 by Margaret White

What did my time at Roan mean to me? For a child with little contact with those of her own age outside school, it meant companionship, friends and the fun of games together in the lunch-hour. (To have lunch away from home was in itself a new experience.) Increasingly the intellectual, musical and athletic activities became important, opening up new and sometimes fascinating spheres of interest and enjoyment. Above all, the School was alive and we were encouraged to strive and discover abilities we little thought we had.

Uniform was compulsory, a white square-necked blouse, green tunic with box pleats and black woollen stockings. Later the latter were replaced by brown woollen or lisle stockings. Unlike today there were no clothes especially for gym or games. In the Sixth Form one became rather more the young lady in green skirt, white blouse and school tie.

The lower forms were in the old part of the building that had narrow stone stairs that had to be negotiated in single file in the interests of safety and also of peace, no doubt. Plimsolls, universally worn in school, also kept the corridors relatively quiet, although they were often very crowded. In winter the classrooms had open coal fires; I doubt if this would pass today’s fire regulations! One minor excitement if you were in a classroom on the top corridor was fire drill as the exit was by climbing through a window on to the flat roof and descending by the iron staircase.

Most days, of course, were routine with their comparatively minor joys, sorrows and anxieties but there were highlights and unusual events — prize-giving, Founder’s Day, Sports Day, Staff play, etc. I was not a specially musical girl but nevertheless I greatly enjoyed and still do today the songs we learned with Miss Wendon. Weeks of practice culminated in the Prizegiving held one evening in the hall of the Boys’ School, our own hall being much too small. Parents were in the gallery, girls and staff — complete with academic gowns and hoods and carrying bouquets of flowers from the girls in their form — were in the body of the hall and, of course, Miss Higgs, the governors and guest speaker on the platform. This was one of the somewhat rare occasions when the box pleats of our tunics were well pressed!

On Founder’s Day the people of Greenwich could see one long green crocodile wending its way from the Girls’ School and another crocodile from the Boys’ School to meet and vanish inside St. Alfege’s Church. The name of our Schools’ earlier benefactors were intriguing as they were read out each year. The name Marmaduke Capper Matthews was one to repeat and savour!

Sports Day, under the direction of Miss Talbot (universally and affectionately known amongst the girls as “Tubby”), was a mixture of athletic events, sprints, high jump and the like, and more amusing races which varied from year to year for the less athletic. The Staff race (walking on flower pots one year, I remember) was always enjoyed.

Another event that made a happy break in the routine was the Staff play. This was enjoyed for the play itself but particularly for the fun of seeing members of Staff in new roles and showing gifts that to us were often

unexpected. It was a tradition, while the play was in progress, for sweets to be eaten surreptitiously in the comparative safety of the darkened hall. One year, when the Staff evidently thought that enough was enough, one member of Staff carrying a waste-paper basket went along each row during the interval and asked each girl to put any sweets in the basket. A large and interesting collection resulted!

Many activities that are now taken for granted were less usual in School over fifty years ago but we enjoyed occasional visits to theatres, museums and art galleries; visiting lecturers speaking on a variety of subjects from the use and effect of alcohol — including its use in hospitals — to the fun of bird-watching; visits from accomplished singers and instrumentalists. Our own production once every three years of a Gilbert and Sullivan Opera was a major effort and I realise now the tremendous amount of extra work that the Staff must have put into it.

Events outside the School forced their attention on us. The economic situation of the “slump” cast its shadow over the families of several of the girls. At the suggestion of the Staff, small posies were given to the Staff at Prizegiving instead of the former bouquets. A new School building, long talked about, was not to be forthcoming. We were encouraged to look outward, not only by discussions in class of topics ranging from housing at home to Christianity in China, but also by the Convalescent Fund. This was a fund to which we could make quite voluntary contributions. The money, taken weekly by two girls from each form to Miss Higgs and duly counted and entered, was distributed to various charities.

Of course, like every other human endeavour, the Roan Girls’ School of fifty odd years ago was not perfect and like every other school of any age it suited some girls better than others. (The pressure of exams in the higher forms was apt to take the gilt off the gingerbread.) I feel, however, that for its time the education it offered was progressive and outward looking in many respects and provided us with a good foundation and some useful pointers for the future.

1955 - 1962 by Shelagh Sherwood (nee Cagney)

When Kay Wilkins asked me to write something about Devonshire Drive during the time I was a student there, I wondered what on earth I should be able to remember after such a long time. A lot of water has passed under the bridge since then! However, here goes!

When we assembled in the Gym that first morning in September 1955, I was extremely puzzled as to why there should be a foot scraper in the wall — I, of course, learned later that the Gym was a new extension to the old building and many “built-in” features of that kind would become apparent as I got to know things better; the “attic” music room with a view of the Cutty Sark in dry dock (how we used to gaze at its apparent freedom from that high window during the difficult theory lessons!); the loose brick in the original garden wall which could easily be removed to allow a lovely clear view of a neighbour’s pigeon loft and its startled occupants; the Sixth Form garden with the original ornaments and seats. And many more I am sure I have forgotten.

I was extremely proud of my uniform, which is just as well as there were very strict rules about the wearing of it. One was never allowed outside without one’s hat, a beret at first and then (oh joy!) a skull cap with gold braid running from the top to the brim. How modern we thought ourselves. During the summer I wore a straw panama but even then I was considered a bit strange for doing so; we were beginning to become aware of the modern fashions (getting ready for the swinging sixties, I suppose) and panamas were considered a bit old hat, if you will forgive the pun. Cream blouse and bottle green pinafore (never a skirt) with school tie, one of those sashes with frayed ends that you could pick bits off in Assembly and bottle green knickers completed the picture. Sounds stuffy but you should have seen us on Founder’s Day — we must have looked great.

I used to feed the ginger guinea pig in the Biology Lab — his name was Pickles and my Mother used to get very uptight at the disappearance of her fresh greens and carrots. She never did get to the bottom of that one. I also remember very clearly the day that someone let out all the mice during the lesson — I am sure that I do not need to elucidate on what happened next. It was hilarious. A sad ending, however, came a few days later when we found a stray mouse that had been got at (by what we never did find out) and Miss Webb had to speed its ending. How I hated the dissection. Thank goodness we never got on to rabbits in the lower forms, the worm was quite enough for me.

I wonder if any of my contemporaries remember Miss Tilstone falling through the Biology Lab floor. She was striding about the raised platform in the Lab telling us about the alimentary canal and suddenly she just dropped out of sight. I thought we should all die laughing; there were nearly some more serious accidents with girls falling off their chairs and rolling round the floor with mirth. School was a very serious business in those days and such light relief was met with not a small degree of hysteria. I am glad to say our disappearing teacher was not seriously injured, though I am sure her dignity must have been.

The School’s amateur dramatic productions featured very large in my life. Miss Barnet nearly had to re-write Shakespeare himself; I was playing Antonio in *Much Ado About Nothing* and I tore a ligament in my knee as a result of which I had to wear a large bandage and was not allowed to stand on it (the leg that is). Miss Barnet was going to write in a piece about me just having returned from the wars but we decided to have Antonio sitting more than the Bard intended instead. I had parts in *Quality Street* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*. The phrase “a handbag” still embellishes my conversation whenever I can manage to find an excuse to use it! In one production (I forget which) I even played a Spanish galleon! We had to bunny hop along the back of the scenery bobbing our galleons on sticks in time to the music, what else but *Rule Britannia*. I remember the staff productions well — we used to love searching through the programmes to see our teachers’ Christian names, and were amused, delighted and in awe at their performances.

Now the grey matter has been well and truly stirred, I feel I could go on for ever reminiscing but I am sure the Editor would not allow it. To finish then, I will jog some memories, I hope.

Remember: when we had a seance in the Music Room and thought we had got in touch with Buddy Holly; when we sent a deputation to Miss Barnsdale about the school dinners and when we arrived in her room, I was on my own; when we studied Greek Literature in translation and giggled as Miss Barnsdale skipped over the rude bits in the Odyssey; when we passed round Lady Chatterley's Lover with the page dog-eared and torn (what number was it now?). How silly we all sound. But they were great times and I have really enjoyed thinking about them again. I hope you have too.

1960 - 1963 by Elizabeth (Liz) Lincoln (nee Ramsey)

When I look back at my brief years at the Roan Girls' School during the early 1960's, what nostalgic memories are conjured up.

It was a time of back-combed hair do's, with your beret or panama straw hat perched on the back of your head and secured with grips.

A time of going into Lewisham after school and keeping a watchful eye open for Miss Marsh, whose horror was absolute if you were caught outside school not wearing your hat.

A time of Miss Nash, who taught History, and her three inch high stiletto heels, which we thought so elegant.

A time of Miss Cummings, who taught Games, and was always so bouncy and fresh even if we were not!

A time of Mrs. Jeffery gliding down corridors with pleated skirts swinging, earnestly trying to keep us all in order.

A time of Miss Hall and Art classes, sloshing paint around and trying to be creative.

A time of the Sixth Form girls entertaining us all in the Hall one summer term, clomping around on stage doing a Greek dance and everyone else practically having hysterics.

A time of pale green and salmon pink walls in the downstairs cloakrooms, and the small room kept empty opposite the Library for girls who felt ill.

A time of trailing up to the Field at Kidbrooke and enduring the wind whistling round your green wrap-over games skirt and bare legs and lorry drivers on the road alongside who whistled and made remarks.

A time in the summer when Founder's Day took place and we all trooped in crocodile formation to St. Alfege's Church for the annual service.

And, one year, a time when the girls of VP tried to hang a pair of knickers on the statue at the front of the School!

When we were at School during that exciting period, we took it all for granted but now, looking back, they seem such happy, carefree days and, with the Girls' School finally closing its doors in July, all gone forever.

1960 - 1965 by Jo Stark (nee Hay)

I do not think anyone in the VIth form in 1965 was a goddess, nor in '64 or '63, come to that. Yet when I joined Roan late (in the January of the 2nd year, 1960) I distinctly remember a tall, slim blonde Olympian called Helen who showed me round the building. Whatever happens to "visions" and "beauties" as one grows up through the school.

The same applies to the staff — they are all so *old*, we said. But they do not retire until we, their pupils, are almost middle-aged ourselves, and we find out later that some leave to have babies! So perhaps they were not so ancient after all. I recall the easy, laughing groups of VIth formers and Staff one saw occasionally in corridors. Would we lowly 3rd years ever be able to talk to staff like that, as if they were actual people?

Another very early memory is trying on a secondhand blazer in Miss Barnsdale's office. A lovely badge but such unwieldy material: more like a serge breast-plate than clothing for growing girls. And as for the box-pleated skirt I looked like a bottle-green beer barrel. The summer uniform was quite nice though — green or yellow or blue gingham, with white piqué collar and cuffs and tightly strained white plastic belt. My mother still wears two of my dresses for housework. I still have the pale blue poplin which was one of the marks of the exalted VIth former, along with the freedom of the Library. I never had a panama. (My father, a local boy in the '20s, still talks of the ultra-smart young women who were marked out, almost with bated breath, as "Roan Girls" with panamas horizontal.) But I loved my velour. How could people throw them away on leaving school? And then there came the skull caps, folded almost in half so they did not show from the front, and just about hanging on at the back by dint of a dozen hairgrips. Oh the daring, and the possible terrors, of being without one's hat. Suppose a prefect caught you...

A coincidence which amazed me on my arrival from a grammar school in Lancashire was that in English and Latin, both schools were at the same stage — "Julius Ceasar" and "Latin for Today". When I kept going up to her desk, Miss Wretts-Smith told me very firmly "Don't fuss", which injunction is still with me. I can also still hear "Veni huc et scribe..... Bene subscripti (or something like that)", her regular greeting "Salvete discipulae" and our chorus "Salve magistra", and "Sedete..... Sedemus". I wondered what was going on the first few times, as I had never heard Latin actually spoken before — it was supposed to be a dead language they said. Miss Wretts-Smith must have been irritated by girls' constant mispronunciation of her name, and one day gracefully told one to omit the "Wretts", which we all gladly did. She had wonderful sunray pleated skirts in varying shades, and rumour had it they were reversible. She would stand, weight more on one foot, both hands holding the book on her slightly raised left hip, and later I believe changed sides. She was strict, fair, encouraging, consistent — in fact the archetypal teacher to my mind, and amongst other things she instilled in me a deep love of Latin and all things Roman. I am still an ardent supporter of curriculum Latin in the computer-mad "modern" comprehensive — its value is inestimable. If only we had been able to study Greek too.

One of my early faux-pas was to write an essay on Julius Caesar in biro (sharp intake of breath) and append an apologetic note (also in biro) to Miss Gallaheer. Miss Gallaheer – she of the rather untidy long dark upswept hair and red lips (and she must have been ever so young at the time, too) – she graciously marked it and in turn appended “I will not accept biro again”. This pronouncement I have often trotted out myself when confronted by the calligrapher’s nightmare, blotchy felt or nylon tip “pen”, which rarely aids neatness.

Another English teacher of note was Marjorie Hope who had glori auburn hair, often wore a check straight shirt-dress, and was almost painfully slim. It was hard work for me to do English précis and write precise little French essays (I am a rambler at heart) and so it hurt when Miss Hope wrote on one of my reports “Josephine’s essays have a gnomic quality”. We did not understand it for days – the word was not in my dictionary. No, one cannot please everybody. She brought an actress friend into school, Elizabeth Shepherd, to perform extracts from various plays, and the latter brought a “younger man”, who looked besotted even when not in a love-scene. We knowingly and covertly assigned him as her lover! We also talked about the fact, or hearsay?, that Miss Hope once went out with the Richard Harris.

Miss Barnett was another favourite, remembered by me later mainly because of an incident in the 3rd year. We had to tell the class about three books we had read during the holidays. One of mine was Rider Haggard’s “King Solomon’s Mines” and another in contrast and more importantly was one of the Narnian Chronicles by C.S. Lewis, “The Silver Chair”. It was the first of his books I had come across and I was enchanted, too. Miss Barnett said she was a great fan of Lewis and brought his children’s books as Christening presents for her godchildren, reading them first of course. (I began to buy them for myself over the next few years. Some of us, including our minister and A-level RE teacher, Mr. Mullis, and his wife would almost have fanclub meetings about them.) Best of all, Miss Barnett said that Lewis had been her tutor at Oxbridge, and she went quite dreamy and far-away for a moment. The full import of it came home to me later, once she had left the school, alas, so there was no chance of further information about my hero and no more reflected glory.

Discipline was good at Roan. Prefects meant something and even though you moaned, if they said move, you moved. To my knowledge, rules were rarely broken. We hated having to go out at break once in the upper forms and Frances and I often sat in the book cupboard. I still have the poem I wrote after Miss Bayley had burst in and found us and tore us off a terrible strip. We never did it again. When Miss Barnsdale was Headmistress, as we filed to a assembly and passed the steps down to the entrance lobby and her office, we automatically slowed and quietened. If perchance she was there in person, we even lowered our heads. Oh the indignity of having to sit cross-legged on the floor and how we longed to move further and further back until we had the privilege of canvas chairs. How we envied those with classrooms on the top corridor who always sat in the balcony. How grown up we felt as, after years

of going through the Art room and trying not to fall or clatter down the steps, we squeaked across the stage and sat down facing the youngsters.

I can not remember any member of staff who was “soft” in the sense that we ran riot or even tried to be cheeky. I and my cronies oft got into trouble for stupid or arrogant incidents (I was once called a shop-steward because of my attitude over “rights”). But I do not recall anyone being disciplined for general bad behaviour. A famous disciplinarian in the classroom was Mrs. Edmondson. She wore straight tailored suits and short tailored hair, and was given to unpredictable outbursts, but with no after-taste or grudge. It kept us on our toes! She commuted from Lewes and we thought maybe the travelling told on her. She left, to our dismay, the Easter before O-levels but we had enough confidence founded on her high standards, high expectations and infectious enthusiasm to gain the excellent results she had hoped for. A-level French wasn’t the same, so I gave it up. Another awe-inspiring teacher who never actually taught me was Miss Marsh. She nearly reduced me to tears on first meeting me in the corridor, soon after I came. She and another teacher were discussing French textbooks and she asked me which one I had been using. At my previous school we had referred to books by title, not author, so when she kept on about “Whitmarsh Book II” as if it was a best-seller, I felt I had committed a heinous offence by never having heard of it. Thoroughly exasperated, she gave up and was probably very glad I was not put in her Division.

Roan School is still the stuff of my dreams, as well as of the occasional nightmare!

OLD ROAN CRICKET CLUB

(Secretary H. Henning, 129 Kempton Walk, Shirley, Surrey)

The announcement of the death of our President Len Groves is made elsewhere in the Chronicle. Len's contribution to the cricket club, both on and off the field, will be long remembered and sorely missed. He was a friend to young and old alike and a tireless worker on our behalf. He is assured of a place in the record books as one of the finest bowlers and most prolific wicket takers in the club's history. But more importantly he is assured a place in the hearts and memories of all those who shared his love for the Great Game.

The club is very pleased that Peter Williams has accepted the position of President. His tireless association with the cricket club stretches back to the reformation of the club in the post war period. He continues to play – both days – and is as immaculately prepared as always. We wish him every success in his new post.

At the time of writing the season has barely begun. The opportunity is therefore taken for a further dip into the archives to continue the history of the club. We pick the story up in the 1927 season. Readers are referred to the 1981 Chronicle for the opening stages of the saga!

THE CRICKET CLUB 1927 - 1931

By 1927 the cricket club was looking forward to its sixth season. Two sides were fielded with the senior eleven captained by G.R. Parker. The playing results of both XI's were remarkably similar in a season badly affected by rain. Both sides played 19 matches and each was successful on 9 occasions. The ball still continued to hold mastery over the bat with good returns for the likes of Tommy Holt and George Thompson, whilst a youthful Harry Townsend was impressive in the 2nd XI.

1927 saw the introduction of 'two full-sized wooden bowling screens' to the school field, which 'should improve considerably the standard of batting in the home games and give the ground a more finished appearance'. W.A. Record certainly must have appreciated the screens as he thrashed Woolwich Poly for 162 runs (including 15 fours and 11 sixes). Len Watts and Findlay continued to get runs regularly for the 1st XI. Challenor, Solkhon and Laywood featured for the 2nd XI.

The 1927 season had been preceded by the death of Albert Thompson, still only in his mid twenties. Before the 1928 season could begin the news that his brother George Thompson had also died came as a great shock. Both had been outstanding footballers and cricketers and each had captained the School at both sports. Their memories live on in the annually awarded Thompson Memorial Prizes. Among George Thompson's feats are listed six goals scored for the representative A.F.A. team, his ten wickets (for 20) against Mill Hill Park, and the maiden century for the club in 1926.

Concern about having sufficient players to fill teams is clearly not only a modern problem. In 1928 the Secretary J.S. Bowles was pleading for new recruits. Holt again was the most successful bowler, with assistance from Townsend and Bowles. The batting was fairly consistent, and the bulk of the runs was the result of a few by each member of the side after a good send-off by either Watts or Gilham. Keith Ratcliffe, in his first year, '.... maintained the keen standard of fielding which had been a feature of the School side'.

1929 saw a change around in the officers of the club with the election of Gilham and Harris to captain the 1st and 2nd XI's respectively. E.W. Jacobs took over the reigns as Secretary and W. Findlay continued as treasurer. The 1st XI had a satisfactory season with 13 games won, 7 lost and 5 drawn. Len Watts headed both sets of averages with 444 runs (ave. 26.1) and 42 wickets (ave. 7.0). There were a number of notable performances including 118 in 110 minutes by Gus Gilham against Guildhall and 7-18 by Harry Townsend against Old Dartfordians. Keith Ratcliffe was obviously a hard hitting batsman as scores of 49 (10 fours, 1 six), 54 (6 fours, 4 sixes) and 61 (9 fours, 3 sixes) testify. Contemporary reports also note the emergence of W. Gosling as '.... a fast right-hand bowler'.

And appearing way before their time were two 'wits' masquerading under the pseudonym's of 'Cover' and 'Point'. Any connection with a more recent organ of the club is purely co-incidental. The latter was spelt with an umlaut in the title!

In 1930 the club was running two Saturday sides and a Sunday XI. The latter began the happy tradition of all-day games at the field. Early matches were spoilt by rain, but results for all elevens continued to be good. There is evidence that the club were improving their fixtures with the Magazine reporting '.... we are slowly but surely consolidating our position among the clubs of good standing'.

A third XI was being contemplated and the 2nd XI were commended for showing a marked improvement. For that XI Crane took eight wickets for 17, including the hat trick, in the game against Western Electric. Bonner, Webber and Napier did well with the bat, whilst Hought '.... promised to make a much needed fast bowler'. Green, Crane and Pierce also assisted the attack. There was also news of the first (?) Kent Tour with games against Whitstable, Folkestone and Ashford. This tour was organised in conjunction with the Bellingham club.

The 1931 season was to prove to be a very wet one with no less than five Saturdays lost totally to rain. Naturally the bowlers were to the fore. The following figures show that Holt and Watts for the 1st XI and Brown and Houghton for the 2nd XI made the most of the conditions:

	OVERS	RUNS	WKTS.	AVE.
T. HOLT	183.5	379	57	6.6
L. WATTS	61.3	157	23	6.8
J. HOUGHTON	143.3	276	41	6.7
W. BROWN	99.1	216	31	6.9

Harry Townsend topped the batting averages with 26.5 and the 1st XI ran out winners in 8 of their 16 completed matches. The 2nd XI continued to improve though the hoped for third XI did not materialise.

So during the second five years of its existence the club consolidated both in terms of playing strength and the number of sides it was able to field. Many of the names familiar even to this day had put in a appearance and the club had proved that it was able to compete successfully at a 'respectable'

Footnote:

By way of contrast to the above tales of our predecessors, May Bank Holiday 1984 will go down in the history of the club as the day when a batsman first batted in a helmet at the field. What Tom Carter or Bill Jordan will make of this remains to be seen! But on a square where hooking was once as rare as Aggro being nice to home or opposing batsmen, Nas Khan donned 'The Helmet' to face some distinctly unfriendly bowling from the Romford and Gidea Park attack.

Though the bowling was hostile, and survival was important, one hopes that this is not the forerunner of a time when club cricketers have to dress up as Michelin Men to enjoy their sport!

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FOOTBALL CLUB

Secretary: G.J. Sawyer, 18 Beaconsfield Close, Blackheath, London SE3 7LL

A frustrating season for the 1st XI - competing and getting points from games against the leading teams, soft pedalling with the inevitable loss of points against the teams at the bottom! A Guy Wilkins hat-trick inside half an hour in an away game — and still we didn't win! John Hardy led well by example but all too often wasn't able to instil his exuberance into all his colleagues. Peter Ellis took his chance in goal well and was a big factor (in more ways than one) in our most acceptable defensive record. Goals for were once again at a premium until Ray Mills burst on the scene and finished top marksman in both 1st and 2nd teams — some record. We were all delighted for Ray and Anne that baby Emma pulled through a difficult time and seems to have gone from strength to strength. Congratulations.

The moderate season was lifted a little in April when the 1st XI beat old rivals Southgate Athletic 1-0 in the Final of the Intermediate Cup, Rod Pepper supplying the 'coup de grâce'. On duty that day was Ellis, Jim Hardy, Campbell, Bradbrook, John Hardy, Davies, Dave Hutley, Turner, Mills and Pepper. Tim Fish and Dean Micklewhite were the substitutes. It was most pleasing to see so many O.R.'s in attendance. Many thanks.

Player of the Year: Keith Bradbrook

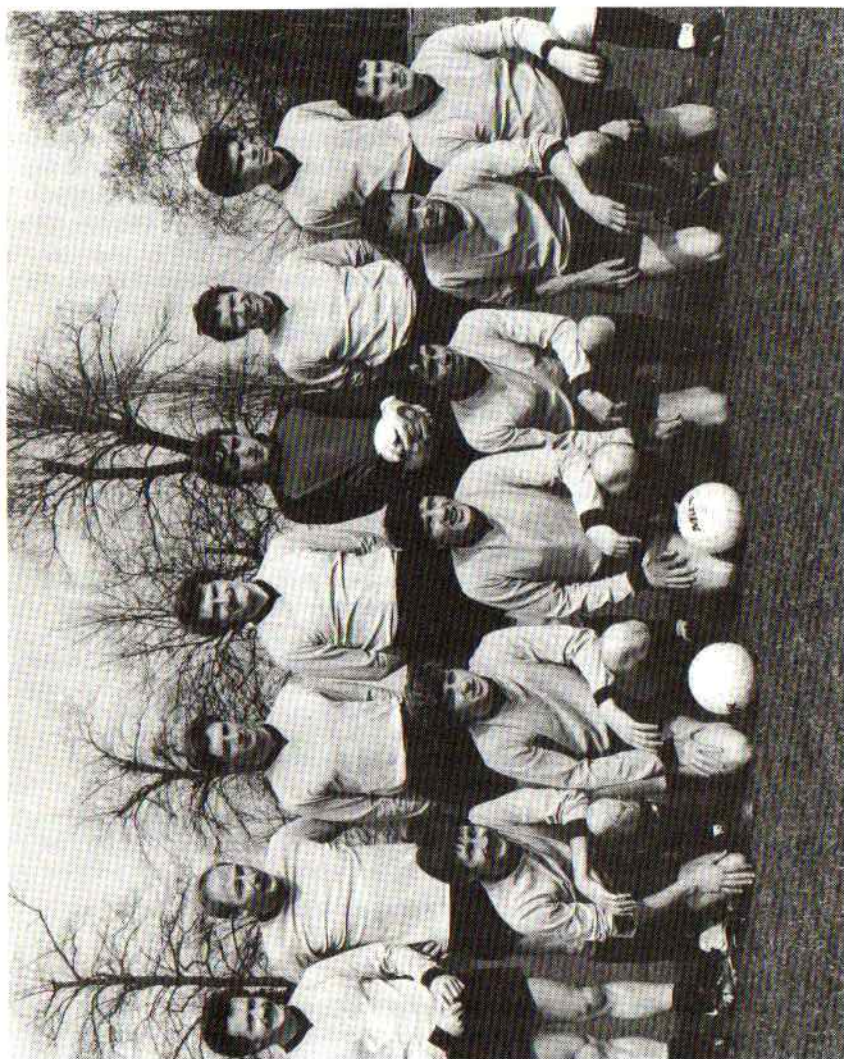
Doug Weaver writes "At last a season on which the 2nd XI can look back with satisfaction. After a few years of mediocrity, results have started to swing our way and hopefully it will continue in future seasons.

Our first league game in September was lost, but that was the last result to go against us in the remainder of the league programme, our last game producing a fine 10-1 victory. Our only disappointing result being in the Semi-Final of the league Cup, a defeat 1-0 after extra time. Our final league position has yet to be decided as other Clubs have to complete their fixtures. We currently head the table, but due to our high proportion of draws will have to settle for second place. Stalwarts in defence Nick Riley, "Mitch", Tim Fish, Keith Tebbutt and Robin Faithorn have been the foundation of the team, the latter elevated from the wealth of talent in the lower XI's. Keith Hedges, Mick Smith, Steve Baker and Nicky Green have done the hard work, while Chris Winter with various partners has battled away "up front" all season. A mention too of D. Peet without whom success is not possible.

A good season then, memorable games, and a fine spirit in the side, which hopefully will linger for years to come".

Player of the Year: Tim Fish

Over 30 players have been called upon for the 3rd XI, reflecting the somewhat topsy turvy season just ended, which has been interspersed with inconsistent performances. A balanced, settled side proved rather a luxury. The 3rd XI have experienced a transitional time with youngsters drafted in to blend with old heads (and bodies).



FIRST XI – WINNERS SPARTAN LEAGUE INTERMEDIATE CUP
 Back Row: FISH, PEPPER, MICKLEWHITE, BRADBROOK, HUTLEY, MILLS, JIM HARDY, DAVIES,
 ELLIS, TURNER, CAMPBELL
 Front Row: LEACH, JOHN HARDY

However, some excellent results were achieved notably an away victory at B.I.C.C. (2nd in table) followed by a home draw against Raglan Rangers (previously boasting a 100% record).

The inclusion of Steve Rider for one game failed to bring about an in depth feature on Thames Sport to spotlight the development of youngsters such as Barry Cronin, Chris McIntosh and Shaun Tierney. Each has different qualities but they combined well together to suggest a hopeful platform to the higher XI's.

It was a pleasure to find, although rather belatedly, such an outstanding centreback partnership in Messrs Little and Large (Sid Dampier and Bob Grimwood) who made life more comfortable for Stano when he was there and not in Blackpool, Birmingham, Bitter Suite or Betting Office!

Our special appreciation to Roger Dale for his sterling efforts running the line for most of the season.

Player of the Year: Paul Murphy—for his wholehearted efforts, availability and no mean ability in goal or at full back.

The 4th XI fresh with a Joe Gold Cup win and promotion from the Bromley and District 2nd Division faced the new season in the 1st Division with enthusiasm. Despite losing several of their regulars of last season, 'Chainsaw' Davis made cutting changes with the emphasis seemingly away from youth. After turning up old issues of the F.A. Book for Boys and pre-war Old Roan Chronicles he brought out old stagers GT, Terry Barry, Sid Dampier, Trevor Puddifoot, Keith Mexter and with Pete Edwards, Roy Hunt and Fingers Fuhr still doing the business the old groaners managed to finish runners-up in the League thus gaining promotion for the third consecutive season.

Not that youth was deliberately avoided since several younger players like Andy Daniels and Malcolm Muscat made their debut and Stuart Clay, Andy Page and 'Sniffer' are under 30 (just?). Two memorable performances from one 'Paulo Petty' also delighted the crowds. Fred Fuhr finally broke those famous fingers so fulfilling a life-long ambition to complete his wardrobes!

Player of the Year: Peter Edwards—by a unanimous decision despite protestations from 'Chainsaw' to the effect that Peter's decision to spend his win bonus on sunning himself in Barbados automatically invoked the Skipper's right to acclaim this coveted prize.

All the boys are looking forward to next season in the Premier. Keep up the good work lads!

On 7th April, witnessed by a crowd of at least 50 the 5th XI gained the success it deserved, winning the Cecil Best Plate 2-1, after a hard fought match against Balkan Rovers. Steve Nelson in goal, Tony Osborne, Seamus Gallagher, Keith Barron and Dave Horsburgh in defence, battled well throughout the year. Gary Barwell had an exceptional season, with willing help from Spot Hughes and Tony Young, whose brilliant football was only matched by his dazzling blond hair! Dave Armstrong showed class on the right wing with

Tim Farnham the Captain, terrorising opposing defences in more ways than one! Although this was their regular squad the 5th's would like to thank everybody else who played and a special thank you to Lesley, who hardly missed a match supporting them. They too look forward to next season.

Player of the Year: Gary Barwell

In terms of pure results the season for the 6th XI was not particularly successful. They started the season without a recognised goalkeeper – Mike Walpole and David Pine tried but were more than happy when Andy Daniels arrived on the scene to play consistently well throughout the second half of the year. High spot of the season must be the 15-0 victory over Daylight Reserves, and two wins over Premier Division teams in the Cup.

Despite poor results in the league the players never lost their enthusiasm and look forward to 1984/5 confident of an improvement in results. Special mention should be made of Steve Sawyer who played every game, Martin Muscat, Danny Lopez and Stuart Williams who never managed to score quite as many goals as the defence conceded. Colin Orford, John Coyle and Gary Hawnsey all played well throughout the season.

Player of the Year: Martin Muscat

Of the 7th XI or 'Vets' Mike Titheridge writes "We appear to have surpassed ourselves this season – not one victory!! Despite giving most of the other teams in the division a good game we only managed five draws, and our two Cup games in the first rounds represented our cup run.

However, as usual we all enjoyed ourselves and it was pleasing to welcome back Roger Larkin, Fred Spink and Ian Williams, who all helped to strengthen our squad. Simon Perry performed up front this season and his enthusiastic running brought back memories of past glories.

Once again Barry Thomas was a steadying and cultured influence at the back and it is with regret that we have to say farewell to him as he has taken up headmastership in Norfolk. We have explained that a round trip of approx. 240 miles should be no problem on a Saturday afternoon, but Barry feels it could be difficult.

Player of the Year: Barry Thomas. It is fitting that once again Barry has been voted our Player of the Year. Well done and thanks; please keep in touch, and good luck for the future.

Jim Bird started the season but apparently picked up a mysterious ailment and, as a combination of this and becoming the proprietor/owner of a "chippy" had to miss the games in the latter part of the season. Jim, or 'Oiseux' to his team mates, hopes to be back in action next year, especially as we shall then be playing an all 'friendly' season with planned extra training in other Club bars after the games to supplement what we already punish ourselves with at the Field.

Hopefully two other casualties will be back with us next year – Colin Barnes and Ted Hadrill, who both have knee trouble at present. Finally, to all the lads, well done, good season and I look forward to our new venture next year".

The season was nicely rounded off with the now annual 'Six-a-side' competition on a beautiful sunny Easter Saturday. After many close and exciting games (the Final being decided on 'sudden death' penalties) the victors were Rod Pepper, Dean Micklewhite, Shaun Foley, Stuart Clay, Danny Lopez and who else? Barry Thomas. Our thanks to Dave Ellis who organised the fitting end to the day and to the many helpers who made the evening run so smoothly. The response is encouraging.

Finally our heartiest thanks to Cyril Davies for the tending of the Field, to Vic Brooker for his jobs too many to itemise and to Fritz Henning for refereeing several matches for us with improving skills including the aforementioned 'Sixes'. Thank you all.

GJS



ROD. PEPPER HEADS THE WINNING GOAL
IN 1st XI CUP TRIUMPH

NEWS OF OLD ROANS

"Of what possible interest can it be to anyone that L.G. Rasper (Brough's 1949-54) has given up his job as Deputy Agricultural Supervisor in southern Botswana to become Banqueting Manager of the Ibn Bin Saud Palace Motel in Qatar? Or that Andrew Smellie (Newby's 1970-75) has passed his chartered accountancy exams and has been making a name for himself in the Plymouth area with his mobile discotheque and lighting-à-gogo roadshow?"

(Christopher Matthew — Loosely Engaged)

ADRIAN PERRY (56-63) has been appointed Vice-Principal of Shirecliffe College, Sheffield, where he has the task of converting the Technical College, College of Further Education and Sixth Forms into a Tertiary College. He is expecting that his series of Economic text books for the National Extension College will be published by Longmans as a single book later in the year. He is also working with Yorkshire Television with a view to presenting an educational programme in economics.

JOY AUDREY (nee HILL) (52-59) has lived in Switzerland for the past 16 years where her husband teaches and keeps bees. After leaving school Joy studied and taught Art, first at Tonbridge and then Clapham Grammar School. She has four children but still manages to teach part-time. She likes her adopted country but finds that despite speaking fluent French she is still referred to as "L'Anglaise".

STANLEY BEALE (staff) was one of 5 people who submitted correct entries to the Christmas quiz in the Newsletter. That his entry was correct is hardly surprising given that he has been compiling crosswords (mainly for 'The Listener') for the last 40 years. He recalls that at his time at Roan, about six of the staff used to pool their wits and knowledge to solve the Times Crossword during the morning break. 'We seldom failed. Alfie Knott was brilliant at the practical allusions'.

Incidentally the first correct entry to be drawn for the Christmas quiz was submitted by PHIL WILSON (62-69). He remarked '... the quiz just proved that all those hours learning about tomato growing in Sevenoaks from 'Hank' were not wasted'.

MARGARET WHITE (29-36) writes from Slough enclosing a much appreciated cheque towards Association expenses. She comments that the Newsletters contain much about Old Boys' activities but not very much about the activities of Old Girls. We have been happy to take up her offer to provide articles for future editions. However, the point is well made and not lost on the editor.

BRIAN PICKRELL (47-52) is Chief Technician in the Botany and Microbiology Department, University College, London. His brother JOHN PICKRELL (40-45), who like Brian served in Malaya, unfortunately did not survive that war. He was killed in a Valetta air crash in the jungle in 1952. However, his uncle ARTHUR PICKRELL (13-17) lives at 'Icough Court',

S.E.3. Brian, who is a keen radio amateur — callsign G8ARM — also sends news of C.R.D. PARLEY (47-53) who is married with three children and lives in Glenfield, Auckland, New Zealand.

This year's football tour to Holland was again organised by DAVE HORSBOROUGH. Four games were played and 25 players participated. Two games were won, one was drawn and the other lost. TIM FARNHAM, 5th XI captain had a remarkable tour, coming on as substitute in the second game v Tos Actief, and being carried off injured 4 minutes later to play no further part. Player of the tour was ROBIN FAIRTHORNE who played 3 full games and surprise of the tour was MIKE CALLAGHAN proving that sleep is a redundant commodity. Congratulations to DAVE BRYDEN who alleges that he played his 600th game for an Old Roan team when he captained the side against Unicum, Rotterdam. SPOT 'Rupert' HUGHES had the ignominy of being sent off to a 'sin-bin' against Uithoorn for 5 minutes. DAVE ELLIS asked the referee to make it 10 minutes! Thanks Dave Horsborough — same again next year please.

Still in the sports scene, BARRY BOYDEN (19-26) was interviewed on Rugby Special, BBC 2, during the Middlesex Sevens at Twickenham. He has been associated with Middlesex County R.F.U. since the 1930's. As organiser of the Sevens Competition he has watched over its growth from a small competition for 16 clubs to the massive event that it now is. Barry received the O.B.E. in 1979 and this year was the Rugby Union Writers' Club Non-Player Personality of the Year. His son was at Roan in the 1960's.

A rugby club now also features in the life of BARRY THOMAS (staff), who is taking over a new Headship in North Walsham, Norfolk. As a welcome to his new home, he was invited to become a Vice-President of the local XV. He accepted like a shot! One of his close neighbours is JIMMY RUSSON (64-71) one of the stars of that marvellous soccer side which brought the School the first of its three triumphs in the English Schools' Individual Cup.

It may have been that J.D. RICHARDS (36-42) would be calling on Barry as a representative of H.M. Inspectorate of higher education. It might have been, but John has written to confirm his retirement and removal to South Devon where we wish him well. Living in another lovely area, and another 'educationalist' is DAVID CHAMPION (46-54) now deputy head of Bootham School, York. He writes describing his long family association with the school and with Braithwaite which he first visited in 1949 at an overall cost of £4.25 for 2 weeks. David was at Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge, from where RICHARD ALDRIDGE and ROGER LODGE used to send a University Message for the Magazine as well as entertain senior school staff to dinner during the 1950's. Other contemporaries, in a year when 8 State Scholarships were gained, were JAMES WATSON, JOHN BUCK and RALF GOODALL.

Another contemporary was DAVID 'Dickie' POWELL (47-54) once deputy head at Christ's School, Richmond, and now Head at Archbishop Tenison's. Stan Beale, his form tutor in the VI form, recommended 'Dickie' to become a teacher as '... University was a bit beyond him'. With three degrees to his

credit he is now able to comment '... dear old Sam, he was obviously right and wrong in the same breath'.

HERBERT LATTIN (19-23) writes from Burton in Kendal, Cumbria. He asks whether any of his contemporaries served in India during the war. Herbert was a dispatch rider and a Section Sergeant of the 15th Indian Corps of Signals. Previously he worked for Siemans Bros. in Woolwich for whom he played cricket. One time secretary of the Old Roan F.C. PERCY LONGMAN (1924) is now running Horsham Football Club in the Isthmian League. Despite only a brief career at Roan, Percy re-started Old Roan soccer in 1946, with Jack Webber, Frank Barnes and Arthur Cutts. He still has a passion for the game.

ARTHUR LINLEY (26-31) has retired to Truro after many years in Sussex. Some while back he met OLIVE ROBINS (nee DREW) who was at the Girls' School in about 1930 or so. She asked Arthur to ensure that her best wishes are sent to all who remember her. Done Arthur, done! ELISABETH LINCOLN (nee RAMSEY) (60-63) now lives in Knutsford, Cheshire with her journalist husband and two sons. If any of VP want to write to her, she lives at 143 Ashworth Park.

MARGARET SWAINSTON, that was, who left the year Elisabeth joined, is married with four children and living near Stroud. Her brother MARTIN SWAINSTON (45-51) writes from Bath where he has been teaching at the School of Engineering. He has just set up his own computer aided design and manufacture business. Should any like minded Old Roan need such a system, (or just a chat) phone him on Bath 337553. Should you want a Rolls Royce, phone his brother GRAHAM SWAINSTON (50-56) in Derby: that's the firm he works for. Graham's father-in-law RALPH TROTT (24-31) is living in retirement in Gloucestershire.

Should you need a loan to buy a Rolls Royce DICK ASTILL (31-39) tells a lovely story about how he got his. First find a friendly bank (Barclay's no less, Mr. Slaney). Arrange for the manager to be on holiday. Deal with assistant manager; ensure assistant manager is an Old Roan; obtain loan! This is apparently true. Dick required the loan for his company and J.N. WEDGE was, at the time assistant manager, Oxford Street Branch. Dick used to play sport for Old Roan until 1939 and remembers affectionately Len Groves, Leo Trafford, Peter Trafford and Bill Gosling.

By virtually the same post we hear from two pre World War I contemporaries G.W. GILLAM, M.B.E. (11-15) and DAVID BURLEY (13-15). The latter is still teaching painting and drawing, a legacy from his years as a lecturer at Thanet School of Art. He now concentrates on designing stage decor for the local council's productions.

RAY STONE (59-67) has recently taken over 'The Cliff' public house in Southend. He would be delighted to serve any Old Roans that may be in that part of the world. As the beer advert says, there's no place like Stones! Not far from Ray is L.A.W. PRIOR (24-29) who lives in Ely Road, Littleport, Cambs., where he is involved in agriculture. He is now Vice-President of the National Institute of Agricultural Botany after many years

(and honours) resulting from his connections with the seed trade.

During the Dutch football tour we were delighted to see PHIL SNAITH (62-69) who, as he achieves higher status with Shell, moves up and away. Phil is based near Amsterdam and came to support us in our match v. Royal Dutch Shell (win 5-1). Another foreign absentee is CHRIS RODWELL (65-72) who is spending a year in Luxembourg.

Still on the sporting theme, GRAHAM FLETCHER (52-60) writes from Hong Kong to tell us of his cricket tour last Christmas to Peru, Argentina, Chile and Brazil. Although not remembered as a cricketer it seems he has also toured Thailand playing for the Hong Kong Civil Service. It would be pleasant to play such an experienced international in Old Roan cricket this summer but it seems Graham's visits to the UK are too short. Sweeter they would be if anyone could pass on information about HAROLD FISH (57-59) who transferred from Brockley County to study Spanish in the VI form.

Mention of travel to Brazil reminds us of E.H. QUICK (18-21) who is Vice-Chairman of the Anglo Brazilian Society where he spent 32 years of his working life. He would like to hear from his Eastney Street contemporaries. His address is 12 Cheyne Court, Flood Street, London SW3 5TP.

Another co-incidence was spotted by KENNETH BROOKS (34-39) in the last Chronicle. JOHN SMITH was apparently in Bangkok at the same time as Kenneth was there with the 1st Battalion of the Queen's Royal Regiment, 33 Indian Infantry up until 1947. Does anyone know John Smith's unit he asks? Well?

A more modern military man is GLY WATKIN (60-68) who is now a flight lieutenant in the RAF. Although living with his family in Shropshire, he is presently in Anglesea as an air traffic controller.

BERNARD LEE married a Roan girl EVELYN DUMPER 47 years ago. They now live in retirement in New Zealand, Bernard offers further reminiscences of Eastney Street and Braithwaite. 'Did you know there were donkeys adjacent to the School? Why was Eastney Street a No-Go area? What was the latin book banned from the VI form library cupboard (actually a history of swearing). Did the Braithwaite huts come from Carrock mine behind Skiddaw? ALAN NEVELL may well know the answers: he went to the first Braithwaite camp with his brother ADRIAN in 1924. It poured with rain all the time and the ground was too soggy to pitch the tents. They had to make do with a nearby barn.

GORDON and CLARICE SMITH have also recently visited the Hope Memorial camp. Gordon wryly observes that though the Hope Memorial Stone states 'For the use of boys' at the time of his visit the camp was occupied by girls. He has the date of the unveiling of the memorial as Easter 1932 and not 1933 as suggested in the last Newsletter.

JOHN LONG (32-37) noticed a reference to H.A. PORTER (17-23 and Staff) in the Spring 1983 edition of the magazine 'This England'. The item concerned a verse which W.J. Potter (then Second Master) had used to teach

elementary astronomy. Potter apparently used an open umbrella perforated with holes representing, in situ, the constellations and revolving as a hand-held planetarium.

Two final observations on Gordon Brooks' opinion about the influence of teachers on our subsequent lives. D.E. PHIPPS-JONES (24-31) writes that the 'Antient' left an ineradicable sense of justice and concern for the underdog and an awareness of the dangers of addiction. There was little explicit discussion of problems of sexism or racism, but the inculcation of a real care for people as individuals not types, came through from Messrs Lee, Kirby, Binnie, Mills and Jackson in particular. F. LUSTEAD is more specific. 'Don't lose faith in your chosen profession Mr. Brooks', he states. 'It is left to the individual to adjust himself to the standard laid down by all the people in authority ... and ... next to parents and policemen our teachers were regarded as the most important people in our lives'. Brave words Sir, brave words.

(The editor is grateful to Dave Bryden for his assistance in compiling the above.)

JOHN ROAN SCHOOL CHAPTER No. 5085

The September convocation was devoted to installing the Principals and to the investiture of the officers for 1983/84. We also had the pleasure of Exalting Bro. D.L. Brittan into the Chapter.

Bro. J.R.G. Card was also exalted at the March convocation, and we look forward to Exalting Bro. N.S. Haslam in June.

The regular Convocations are held at Oakley House, Bromley Common, Bromley, Kent BR2 8HA, on the 4th Tuesday in March, 3rd Tuesday in June, and the 4th Tuesday in September. Companions and Old Roan Masons interested in joining the Chapter should contact The Secretary, A.J. Jarrett, 90 Chislehurst Road, Orpington, Kent BR6 0DN. (Tel: Orpington 26557)

JOHN ROAN SCHOOL LODGE No. 5085

Secretary: W. Bro. R.L. Harmer, 6 Chesterfield Drive, Chipstead, Sevenoaks
Tel: 0732 458880

The last time I wrote a Report was for the July 1983 Magazine and since then W. Bro. Alan Penney (1948/51) was installed and he in turn will instal W. Bro. John West (1962/69) in October of this year. John will be one of the youngest masters of this Lodge.

Two of our members have died during the past few months, W. Bro. W.J. Yeomans (1913/16) who was Secretary for a short time some years ago, and W. Bro. S.G. Shippard, MRCS (1917/23).

The Lodge is a member of the Federation of School Lodges and the highlight of 1983 was to act as host at the Annual Festival held at Goldsmith

College on September 3rd when 346 Masons were in attendance led by the Provincial Grand Master of West Kent The Rt. Worshipful Brother The Reverend Canon Peter Churton Collins, BD, who was accompanied by the President of the Federation of School Lodges W. Bro. A.L.N. Hall, PPGW, Staffs.

We have now moved to Dartford for our meetings and I think it is fair to say that the majority of our members are very pleased with the new venue.

The Ladies Festival will be held on Saturday 13th October 1984 at the Forest Hill Banqueting Suite when our Master Alan Penney and his wife Margaret will receive their guests. Further information can be obtained from Bro. J. Card, 49 Belmont Lane, Chislehurst, Kent, telephone number 01-467 3894.

BIRTHS

- | | | |
|-------------|---|--|
| BARWELL | — | to Christine, wife of Gary (69-76) on 11th August 1983, a son, Anthony James. |
| BRYDEN | — | to Barbara, wife of Dave (54-61) on 27th November 1983, a daughter, Amanda, a sister for Matthew and Jonothan. |
| DUNFORD | — | to Alison, wife of Mike (68-71) on 29th September 1982, a son, Matthew. |
| FINCH | — | to Caroline (nee Spencer (69-76), wife of Peter (69-76) on 5th November 1983, a son, Christopher William. |
| GRINDLEY | — | to Sharon, wife of Peter (67-74) on 18th December 1983, a daughter, Robyn Marie. |
| MICKLEWHITE | — | to Kate, wife of Gary (72-77) on 30th November 1983, a daughter, Samantha. |
| MILLS | — | to Anne, wife of Ray (71-78) on 31st October 1983, a daughter, Emma. |

MARRIAGE

EASTERLING-NATSCH: on 12th August 1983 at City Hall, Toronto, Canada, Will Easterling (57-65) to Elaine Natsch.

IN MEMORIAM

L.W. GROVES (1918-1983)

I am sure that Old Roans, of all ages, feel a deep sense of a very personal loss in the death of Len Groves on the 9th December 1983. I doubt whether any single member of the Association could claim such widespread affection and respect and his passing is a grievous blow, particularly to the Old Roan Club. His efforts for the Club, from our commencement in 1956 up until his illness last September, were untiring and the support given to a somewhat hurried collection, donated to Cancer Research in his memory, was a tribute that shewed the esteem in which he was held.

Len left the Maze Hill school in 1936 and, as a Territorial, was mobilised at the outbreak of war in 1939. He served overseas with the Royal Artillery for over 5 years in the campaigns in Eritrea and North Africa. Effectively he had to start a new career at the comparatively late age of 28 when he entered the Civil Service and his subsequent promotion in the Passport Office reflects his own dedication to his work and the high regard in which he was held by the Service.

It is true to say that his prime interest was cricket and, over a limited period he was, perhaps, the most prolific wicket-taker the Old Roan Cricket Club has ever known. His untiring action, from a 7 or 8 yard run up, gave him enough pace to force all but the very best keepers to stand back from the stumps. He had admirable control of both length and direction and was a fine example to any up and coming pace bowler, his "finest hour" was in 1949, against Blackheath, when he took 8 for 10. Following his retirement from playing cricket he became an avid supporter of Kent and knew many friends amongst the county players. He also continued to encourage the younger members of the O.R.C.C. and succeeded Harry Townsend as Club President in 1978. He was elected a permanent Vice President of the Old Roan Association and was, I believe, the only person to be accorded that honour who had not held the office of President of the O.R.A.

He will be sadly missed at the Club, and on the cricket grounds of Kent, for many years to come but our especial sympathy must, of course, go to Ena whose loss far exceeds that of so many of us who were proud to enjoy the friendship of Len Groves.

(FPB)

DR. S.G. SHIPPARD (17-23)

'Ship' was a founder member of the O.R.D.S. He performed in its modest beginning in September 1927, when two short plays - 'The Ghost of Jerry Bundler' and 'The Iron Ann' - were produced on the equally modest Eastney Street stage.

He was a very active member of the John Roan Lodge and was much loved for his wit, delightful sense of humour and helpfulness in time of trouble.

(LJB)

T.P. CRANE (23-28)

Thomas Crane died in October 1983, aged 71. He entered Roan in Mr. Lee's 4E of 1923, and was in the School Cricket team of 1928 as a bowler, having in earlier years been noted as a batsman. He retired from Lloyds Bank in 1972, and then worked in Guernsey with a Trust company.

(PJB)

It is with great sadness that the following deaths are also recorded.

CROUT, Dame Mabel	(02-07)	8th February 1984
DINGLE, T.E.	(15-20)	22nd September 1983
ERRINGTON, L.G.	(24-28)	1982
HILL, C.	(Ex-Staff)	October 1983
KING, E.C.	(10-16)	22nd December 1983
McKENZIE, R.	(21-28)	31st March 1983
MOSS, A.	(23-31)	28th June 1983
WRIGHT, E.A.	(31-38)	24th August 1983

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