



ROAN MAGAZINE

No. 149

June, 1974

Editor	N. R. Ballantyne
School Captain	Brian Pinkstone
Vice-Captains	Neil Hamilton Steve Hammond
Cricket Captain	David Hutley
Athletics Captain	Michael Puxley

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

13th July	Parents v. Boys Cricket Match—with sideshows
9th November	Parents' Association "Autumn Fair"— 2.00 p.m.



No. 149 JUNE 1974

SCHOOL NOTES

Since the last edition of the School Magazine, we have had to say farewell to Mr. Lever, who had been in charge of Music in the school since 1970. He has gone to take up a new appointment at Banbury.

He will, I think, be remembered chiefly for his work with the School Choir, culminating in the musical direction of the mini-opera 'Mark of the Goat' last year which was the most ambitious and successful musical undertaking at the school for many years—we wish him well in his new appointment.

With the current staff shortage in London we have been unable to fill his post as Senior Music Master in this academic year, but we have been very fortunate to secure the services of Mrs. Lee, who has joined us to teach extra English and last term we welcomed back Mr. Milne (certainly no stranger to Roan) to take over Mr. Lever's French teaching. In the interregnum Mr. Ellis has given further proof of his versatility in organising the many instrumental lessons and Mrs. Carroll has joined us to teach the 'O' Level Music groups.

This term we also say goodbye to Mrs. Floyd, whose baby is due soon and we have again been very fortunate in securing the temporary services of Mrs. Littlejohns and Mrs. Schomberg to cover her French and Latin teaching. We wish Mrs. Floyd all the best as she takes up a more domestic role.

Once again the Sixth Forms of the Boys' and Girls' Schools combined their efforts to raise money to provide parcels of food for the senior citizens of Greenwich at Christmas. As well as straightforward collecting, they arranged many and varied 'stunts'—one of the bravest being some of them offering themselves as 'Aunt Sallies' to the junior members of the school, who happily paid for the privilege of throwing wet sponges at them during one none-too-warm December dinner hour! The result of their efforts was a magnificent £600 and to judge from the many letters of appreciation

which they received from the old folk, the gifts were very welcome indeed.

The band, too, once again spread a little Christmas cheer when they toured the neighbourhood one evening playing carols. Incidentally, it wasn't until that night that we really noticed the effect on street lighting of the power shortage—it seemed that it was the strategically placed lamp posts that had been chosen by the Borough Council for turning off. However, a sound knowledge of the repertoire, coupled with ingeniously-held torches overcame this and the Band showed its versatility by playing 'Happy Birthday' for one listener on request. They raised £35 for the Spastics' Association.

Dramatically, it has been a very good year. The House Plays in the Autumn term were generally acclaimed as being the best set for years, and the Junior Drama Club's 'Shakespearean Evening' revealed a wealth of acting talent among the younger boys of the school. Both events were very well supported by boys and parents alike, and this gave great encouragement to the large number of participants (over 130 boys have been involved).

We have, as usual, hosted a Sixth Form Conference; sent a party to the wilds of Inverliewer to further their Geographical and Biological Studies; met with success and defeat on the games fields; organised the usual school holidays—and got on with academic work. This last rarely makes the headlines in the Magazine—as with the National Press, it is the unusual which makes news, and day-to-day schoolwork is not unusual. However, it is pleasant to be able to report when one reads so much of unrest in schools these days that classroom life at Roan continues in the family spirit. Like most families we have our minor 'ups and downs', but essentially we are a very happy community both in and out of the classroom, and everyone in some way contributes to this general harmony.

N. R. BALLANTYNE.

SCHOOL BAND

The purchase of a baritone sax has made a big improvement to the sound of the whole section, and Mr. Bonner has earned our admiration by his technical mastery of so difficult an instrument in such a short time. We paid off the loan by having a stall at the Parents' Bazaar, and we wish to thank all those who contributed in any way.

Our carols at Christmas raised £35 for Spastics, and thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Knott for providing refreshment at the end of the evening.

We performed at the Prize-Giving, the House Plays, and at a concert for local schools, and were praised on each occasion. Next term we are competing in the Lewisham Festival and we hope that our first attempt at a competition will be rewarding.

We received a very generous and unexpected gift from Hugh Croxford (1956-63) and were thus able to buy five new instruments. This means that, during the year, fifteen boys have taken up wind instruments, thus assuring us of a good supply of recruits in the future. This is very important as we lose our best players every year. Paul Radmore, Nigel Potter and Brian Wooldridge leave at summer and we may also lose some of our fifth formers, so we may have a lean time ahead of us.

Recently, Paul Winslow and Stuart White distinguished themselves in grades 3 and 4 respectively of the Royal College of Music, and Jeffrey Daniels rose to the dizzy heights of grade 5, all on clarinet.

Fortunately, in the middle of continuing change, we can rely on the staff players to provide a good nucleus. They continue to improve, and they add stability and enthusiasm without which the band would be very much the poorer.

SKI-ING HOLIDAY 73-74

It was a cold, bleak Boxing Day morning as the intrepid Roan School expedition to the Alps set off once more for Reith-bei-Brixlegg in the Austrian Tirol.

Arriving at Gatwick, the sixth attempted to hi-jack a plane bound for Bermuda and we soon found ourselves at Munich and on another coach to take us to Reith. Out onto the German autobahn system and another hundred miles or so later we arrived heavy-eyed and ready for sleep.

The crack of dawn (actually it was eight o'clock) saw breakfast and a brisk walk to the ski-shop to collect various items disguised under the general heading of 'Ski-ing Equipment'. Ready for action the experts soon found their ski-legs while the beginners floundered in a flurry of arms and legs, thoroughly enjoying this new experience. The instructors arrived and we were soon making our way up the ski slopes to learn to ski correctly. We then found it was not as easy as it looked—every time one moved, the gathering momentum soon gave one the impression that life was in peril. Eventually however, the instructor had us all in a more or less straight line and began to show us how to ski without falling over. None-the-less most people did and by lunch time most of us were nursing our bruises.

Amongst the novices, Bernie, our instructor, could be heard continually calling "Bendz-ze-kness", although this seemed to have little or no effect on anyone's ski-ing when performed. We progressed gradually through the week from a one-degree to a twenty-degree slope, and most of us found it more exhilarating as the week went

on. Notable in the group was Simon Perry who didn't seem to be able to move even an inch without falling over and at one time managed to knock most of the party over while standing still! John (I-can-go-faster-than-you) Marsh assumed the role of the mad skier, always going higher to start, always going faster than anyone else, and usually ending in a heap of snow!

At the end of each day the experts would ski down to join the novices, and it was most heartening to see even them fall over occasionally. We would then all make our way back to the bottom of the slopes, John (killer) Pexton usually trying (but never succeeding) to knock Mr. James over on the way. At the bottom a curious Austrian custom took place before we were released from instruction. With the group in a line and the instructor in front, we all had to raise one of our skis to the vertical (while the other remained horizontal on the snow of course). The instructor would then shout 'Ski' three times while after each cry the group would shout 'Heil'. The upright skis would flop to the ground and the lesson was over. The Roan School group were soon out-shouting all the other groups on the slopes, much to the delight of our instructors.

After dinner each night the party dispersed in search of the town's evening delights. The townsfolk under-estimated our 'Beer mat flicking' champion, Paul Real, who promptly acquired refreshment for all from an astonished German. This sport soon became a popular pastime!

When we arrived on Boxing Day the local people had appeared cool and calm—no doubt like most people after the Christmas festivities, they were recovering from the gluttony of food and drink that one usually partakes of on such occasions. Come New Year's Eve however, the local populace began to explode in a manner which has to be seen to be believed. As the hour for the ending of the old and the start of the new year approached, the residents acquired a sort of madness and began to congregate on the two streets of the village, to throw fire-crackers at the local police, let off rockets and cause a general *melée*. By midnight the whole town was drowned in a hazy light of fireworks seen through a pall of smoke. At last it became too cold to stand out any longer and all returned to the already-crowded hotels. Next morning breakfast was later than usual and there was a quiet sadness about the village. Ski-ing was postponed until midday and we all had a welcome break to have a good look round the village.

By the end of the week everyone's ski-ing had greatly improved—yes, even Mr. James—but alas all good things must come to an end. We trudged unhappily back to the Ski Shop and deposited the battered remains of our skis. A tearful hotel staff bade us farewell as we boarded the coach back to Munich and after an uneventful journey, a rousing chorus of the School Song announced our arrival

home—to the relief of parents and the disappointment of boys.

We take this opportunity of once again extending our warmest thanks to Mr. Smith, without whom none of this would have been possible. We hope the interest in ski-ing will not die. Here's to the next time . . .

N.S.H. & O.J.D.

HOUSE PLAYS

Once again, the House Play Competition was a great success. The variety of previous years was again in evidence, and the standard of acting and production in each of the plays was the highest I have known. In past years, the gap in the dramatic achievement of the first and last placed plays has been considerable. This year, any one of the plays could have been a worthy winner in a previous year.

Wolfe House played Noel Coward's 'Family Album', which had songs as an integral part of the action. I think it was the first time any sort of musical drama had been attempted, and for young boys to deal so effectively with what was a kind of traditional romanticism was astonishing. The setting and costuming was of a very high standard, and all who had a hand in the production are to be congratulated.

Next came Rodney with the melodrama 'The Pedlar Boy'. I thought they all acted with more gusto than the judges appreciated—and that melodrama is not as easy a medium as was suggested by their comments. There was good team-work, and a lively pace was kept up throughout which helped the humour considerably.

Following the melodrama came Nelson's 'Family Occasion', the only 'straight' play of the evening, so to speak. This was a very professional production, beautifully acted, and the outstanding House Play, as far as I am concerned, of the last twenty years. There is a wealth of acting talent in the House, and it was very well directed to make Nelson worthy winners of the competition.

To round off the evening, Drake entertained us with what I have come to think of as a 'Ballantyne Special', Shaw's 'Pygmalion' cut to forty minutes. With a narrator linking a series of short scenes, Drake managed to achieve the impossible and give us a coherent play in which Thompson as Higgins, Sargeant as Eliza and Real as the Colonel were outstanding.

Others who stay in my mind from that most enjoyable evening are Burgess, bent like a hairpin; Poole, whose voice sounded like a concrete mixer; Hanson, magnificently heroic; and really the entire cast of 'Family Occasion' with a special mention for M. Gill whose stage presence and personality promises much for the future.

From Mr. Bonner and his stage hands we have come to expect a high standard of efficiency and they were again on top form.

Finally, an admiring appreciation of the work done by Mr. and Mrs. Huntley on the superb backgrounds.

My personal thanks to everyone for a most interesting evening.

A. J. KNOTT.

Those involved were:

Nelson House: A. Fry, V. Farley, B. Pinkstone, R. Clark, P. Savage, K. O'Boyle, K. Jacques, M. Gill, P. Hazelden, C. Bunton, P. Appleby, S. Chapman, S. Hammond, A. Jerreat and J. Peakin.

Drake House: N. Sargeant, S. Thompson, P. Real, S. Humphreys, S. Emeny-Smith, T. Hagyard, S. Bishop, J. Oliff, L. Fitzpatrick, M. Lay, J. Lindsey, I. Thomas, G. Meeham, B. O'Keefe, C. Lay, R. Farnish, M. Lemmerman, P. Spires, L. Tyler, S. Randerson and M. Eaglen.

Rodney House: M. Mepsted, U. Arnold, R. Poole, A. Spicer, A. Page, N. Khan, N. Walford, E. Waller, C. Taylor, C. Titlow, C. Hills, P. Knott, A. Shearman, R. Jeal, K. Cheeseman, P. McGann, M. Frostick, S. Edley, N. Smith, A. Medhurst, J. Page, R. Miller, P. Toms and D. Bruce.

Wolfe House: M. Hobbs, S. Baker, P. Whittle, L. Wellbrook, J. Hughes, P. Finch, D. Hobbs, B. Wooldridge, P. Burgess, T. Richardson, R. Shea, J. Greenfield, T. Mahon, G. Griffith, L. Thornton, S. White, A. Skeels, P. Prescott, N. Pattenden, S. Adderley, R. Jackson, N. White, M. Murphy, S. Pithouse and T. McGuinness.

Other helpers: S. Bailey-Kennedy, A. Finn, K. Francis, R. Hone, D. Johnson, S. Sargent, R. Kay, T. Griffiths, C. Jewell and R. Keable.

BIRTH

You're bordering on the edges of a psychedelic breakdown—
The spectra fallen out of shape and green is changing red to brown
Your mind is over-clocking to the rhythm of your heart
As taken from your mother's womb, you're just about to start.

Your brain begins to comprehend the immaculate conception
Your personality twisting round to find the right direction
Desires, feelings, sorrows and gladness forming up before the dawn.
Crying, smiling, sanity and madness—

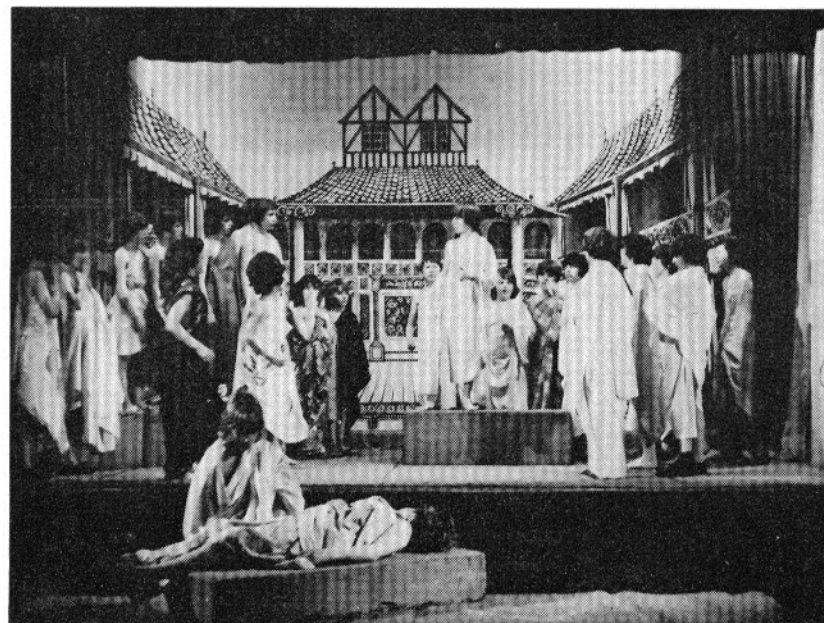
A human being created and born.

A. FORWARD, 4B.

SHAKESPEAREAN EVENING



"RICHARD III"



"JULIUS CAESAR"



"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"



"HAMLET"

A SHAKESPEAREAN EVENING

This was the title of the fourth presentation of the Junior Drama Club made last April, towards the end of the Spring Term.

The production was marked by enthusiasm and by good identification of the actors with the people they were portraying which 'got across' to the audience. Even if we sometimes found the language difficult to follow—or, occasionally, difficult to hear—we were still held and carried along by the action taking place before us: we shared the tensions and the humour; we were participants in what was going on. In fact, it was good drama and I guess that nobody who took part will ever think of Shakespeare as being dull!

The success of the evening owed a great deal to the Stage Managing; the stage hands were as well-rehearsed as the actors and worked with commendable quickness and efficiency. The prompter also deserves mention: the principals had memorised lengthy and difficult passages well but if they forgot something he came in quickly and firmly so that his intervention passed unnoticed by most people.

After a prologue borrowed from 'Henry V' and spoken by Ian Thomas, we started with the battle of Bosworth Field from 'Richard III'. It took a little while for the cast to build up the atmosphere of fifteenth century ways and political intrigue, but after the sincere piety of Richmond (Tim Hagyard gave his best performance of the evening in this part) and the ghost-ridden sleep of Richard (Ray Mills) we had entered sufficiently into the spirit of the thing to find nothing odd in Ray Mills tearing about Roan School Hall looking for a horse! The ghost did much to enhance the dramatic effect of this excerpt and to capture the imagination of the audience.

The First Year obviously enjoyed their extract from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and that helped us to enjoy it too. They all played their parts so well that it would be unfair to single out any individual for particular mention: the 'rude mechanicals' were as funny a bunch as I have ever seen. Congratulations!

'Julius Caesar' provided us with the crowd scene. This was Ray Mills' best performance and he was well supported by his 'crowd'. They reacted convincingly, moved and spoke like the fickle mob they were supposed to be and managed this without rendering the principal speakers inaudible.

The producers were wise to leave 'Hamlet' till last: it was the best of a good evening. 'Hamlet' is a difficult play, especially for school-boys; it is a tragedy, but the duelling on stage, and dying in rather large numbers in the last act, if poorly acted, can easily degenerate into something farcical. The actors succeeded well in conveying the suspense and tragedy to the audience—you could have heard a pin drop in the hall when Hamlet realised that he had been wounded

and that the formal duel had been transformed into a fight to the death. Jonathan Smith sustained the long and difficult part of Hamlet very well for so young a boy, and Michael McGuinness gave a realistic performance of the dying Queen gasping out her last warning.

The musical interludes (in the Elizabethan mode) were appreciated by the audience, as were the appropriate programmes, produced and provided by Mr. Pearce of the Parents' Association, and Mr. and Mrs. Huntley's magnificent backdrop of the 'Globe Theatre' put the actors, ingeniously costumed from the 'props cupboard' by Messrs. Drew and Trewin, into the right context.

Altogether another very successful 'Roan Evening'.

DR. TAYLOR.

Those involved were: R. Mills, T. Hagyard, J. Smith, D. Bruce, T. McGuinness, M. Lawson, C. Taylor, T. Benford, G. Griffith, A. Putnam, R. Farnish, R. Shea, T. Mahon, M. McGuinness, R. Jeal, B. Bahra, G. Meehan, C. Wilkins, M. Peacock, C. White, J. Blowes, M. Smith, G. Jackson, P. Knott, R. Lade, B. O'Keefe, N. Grant, K. Cheeseman, M. Stone, M. Cowcher, K. Howard, M. Cowling, D. Durey, P. Whittle, J. Page, D. Jeffkins, J. Daniels, T. Chance, P. Ridge, H. Bharaj, C. Hinkin, G. Southard, S. Thorpe, S. Eton, M. Rodwell, I. Thomas, S. Ruston, P. Real, M. Eaglen, S. Humphreys, A. Fry, A. Peakin, P. Spires, L. Tyler and S. Thompson.

A Footnote by Ray Mills

That's another Junior Play finished, and I think that all the rehearsing was worth while. At first, when we heard the idea, we all thought 'What a bore!' but now we have finished, I think everybody enjoyed it.

The actors must give a lot of thanks to Mr. Ballantyne who gave so much time and help to the plays.

We also thank Mr. James who helped to produce the plays and did the lighting; Mr. Bonner who, with a new stage crew, made all the props and set the scenery and Mr. and Mrs. Huntley who painted the Globe Theatre on the back wall. In fact, we would like to say thank you to everybody who helped us with the plays.

The play cast spent about one-and-a-half terms on the plays and worked hard to get them ready. Then, on the nights, we had excellent audiences and without them the performances would have been a failure.

Now we have finished, and we must start thinking of another play and we hope that you will give us lots of support.

... and another by Jonathan Smith

As I walk onto the stage I can feel a hundred faces glaring at me, and the heat of the lights burning through me. My heart jumps in its case as the first words pour out of the actor's mouth. All words seem to disappear into the blackness of my mind, and then appear again, just in time. But sometimes, the words may fall, too late to be used . . . but the distant voice of a prompt soon picks them up ready for use.

All fear seems to go once the play is at its height. I become more confident, and pay no heed to the glare of a hundred faces, and the heat of stage lights.

THE COUNTRYSIDE ENEMY

In the quiet town,
Near Somerset downs
Where the swallow flies
And where peace hardly ever dies,
The bee hums his merry song
While the villagers thrive
On honey from his hive
And where nothing can ever go wrong.

In fishing for dace
In a shady place
A noise I hear—
I sat, poised
While the thunder came from the hills:
It came near,
Nearer,
CRASH!
"It kills, it kills"
Scream the birds from the hills,
And they flutter away
Away from the bash and the clang
Away from the destructor:
The dreadful tractor.

Chug, splutter, chug
Under the wheel crashes another bug,
Fumes from the cart
Which foul up the heart
Which make this land spread
Absolutely cold DEAD.

M. TEODORINI, 1D.

ROAN SOCCER 1973-74

This has been a moderate season for soccer at Roan. The 1st XI was weakened from the outset by several of the better players leaving to find jobs, while the younger sides were not always provided with opposition sides. It has become difficult to establish block fixtures with schools on a regular basis. Too often boys in other schools earn money on a Saturday rather than play football, or staff involvement is limited. It is a measure of how well Roan works as a school that for another season we have found no shortage of players and some age groups could, if required turn out two or three sides.

The potential of schoolboy players can be realised only if members of staff are willing and able to manage sides. Once more Messrs. Hoare (U.12), Ellis (U.13) and Brooks (U.15) undertook to support their teams. We welcome the active role played by Mr. Rouncefield of the Geography Department who inspired the U.14 XI which came on strongly towards the season's close.

U.12 XI—Mr. Hoare

The 1st year XI did not have an easy season. They took some weeks to settle down and play effectively as a team. However, throughout the season they always played with spirit and determination and their efforts did not go unrewarded. A number of players show real promise and it is to be hoped that they will go from strength to strength as they progress up the school.

U.13 XI—Mr. Ellis

At full strength the U.13 team played well, but were weakened by long injuries to G. Emeny-Smith and M. Rose and also by District commitments. G. Micklewhite worked tirelessly, while D. Sears and K. Cheeseman were aggressive wingers. There is a lot of talent in the team, but too often they play below their potential because they lack the self-discipline necessary for a well balanced team. As they mature they will understand their own spheres more clearly and should develop into a good side.

U.14 XI—Mr. Rouncefield

A consistent standard was maintained throughout the season providing some excellent moments of constructive and fluent football. The best game of the season was against Malory in the first round of the District Cup, unfortunately losing 3-2 to the eventual competition winners. Four boys from the side, N. Campbell, P. Cook, M. Lay and G. Lake represented the District, but our reserve strength was such that in their absence the team retained its momentum, and gained in stature in the second half of the season. Special mention should be made to the consistent members of the

side apart from the District players, notably M. Stewart in goal, who played consistently well, C. Hinkin, S. Grover, R. Mills, L. Tierney, G. Wilkins, M. Smith and R. Hone, all of whom played vital roles. However, without the services of players of the calibre of K. Tebbutt, K. Jones, S. Perry, K. Padgett, J. Riley, P. Newman, N. Green and T. Orford, many games won comfortably would have been lost.

U.15—Mr. Brooks

Record:	P	W	D	L	F	A
	18	10	1	7	66	37

Dewar Shield: v. Walthamstow 3-3 (abandoned)
3-5 (lost)

District Cup: Semi-final 3-4 (lost)

This has been a moderately successful season, but one which has been most enjoyable. Nineteen boys have, at different times, played for the team. We have often been without our 'star' players, Campbell and Heselden, who played for the District team throughout the year. The most pleasing aspect of the season's play has been the high quality of discipline and self-control displayed by the entire team. In these days when the name of football is often disgraced, I (Mr. Brooks) believe that we can never be said to have done anything to bring the game into disrepute, although there were times when the side was subjected to severe provocation. The following boys have represented the team this year; D. Campbell, M. Heselden, L. Thornton, M. Titlow, A. Osbourne, I. Barnes, C. Alderton, G. Dennis, S. Earnshaw, M. Lewis, S. Ditchfield, C. Vincent, K. Hutchins, C. Hamilton, A. Finn, M. Walker, P. Mundy, S. Cutler, L. Brockwell.

2nd XI

This season saw once again our 2nd XI out-classing almost all opposition. They suffered often from the inability of schools to field a side, but whenever they played it was with spirit. The squad was the traditional mixture of youthful talent and old heads which blended well. It is fair to say that several players in the side would be in other schools' first teams. In the game against the 1st XI the 2nd's had most of the play but suffered from not taking the available chances. Chappell led the side well. Under him a settled team developed and the following players received half-colours; J. Lander, C. Carey, C. Robb, D. Case, R. Trew, C. Bunton, S. Clay, T. Lane, N. Carrick, G. Hanson, P. McGann.

1st XI

We had this year a set of players of similar skills and ability, and the side lacked one really class player who could dictate events from

midfield. Consequently we relied on a system of play dependent on effort. Towards the end of the Christmas term the side had become settled after trying various permutations. In the middle of defence Hamilton was ably supported by Pinkstone, arguably the most improved player in the team. A measure of the fluctuating performance of the side lies in the record that, while we lost several games, we defeated both finalists in the London Schools Cup (Crown Woods and Addey-and-Stanhope) earlier in the season. The 6-1 win over Crown Woods recalled memories of 1st XI's of several years ago. Unfortunately we failed to raise our game in Cup competition, losing 3-0 to St. Thomas-the-Apostle in the English Schools Trophy and 2-1 to Addey-and-Stanhope in the District Cup Semi-final. Despite setbacks, the side played with commendable spirit, epitomised by Mumford's attempts to raise the dead with his calling from midfield. Many members of the side will leave this summer, so 1974-5 provides the chance to rebuild a stable team lasting possibly two years. While results have not been brilliant, involvement in the game has provided enjoyment for the participants and often, spectators. The settled team was picked from the following boys who received full-colours; N. Riley, J. Lucey, B. Pinkstone, N. Hamilton (Capt.), G. O'Connor, R. Mumford, D. Watchorn, P. Grindley, M. Baxter, M. Puxley, C. Winter and D. Hutley.

The most pleasing aspect of this season has been the increased support for the six teams. The most consistent observer this year has again been Geoff Sawyer who provided gems of soccer wisdom. (He would like to remind players leaving the school this year that the Old Roan Football Club runs six teams and that the levels cater for all abilities). A number of the staff have turned out regularly to watch games while parents appear in ever-increasing numbers. The Parents' Association kindly donated new shirts for the three senior XI's while the Old Roan presented the school a new football. Old Roans have refereed throughout the year, and thanks are due to Brian Pearson, Mike Callaghan, Fritz Henning and Mike Walpole. Late in the season qualified referees appeared from the school roll in the form of Kevin Francis and Andy Thomas. The away games as usual necessitate a member of the staff to be with our players. The Reverend Young volunteered himself to travel on all coach trips for the second season in succession. All those concerned with soccer at Roan will be aware of the excellent facilities at the School Field. We are in danger of taking for granted the well-marked pitches, level surface and refreshments provided, and on behalf of the staff and players I should like to thank Mr. Lentle and his staff for their interest and concern with the game, and look forward to a successful season in 1974-5.

CROSS COUNTRY

I suppose it was inevitable that after so many very good seasons we were bound sooner or later to have one that did not measure up to those of former years—and so it has been this year!

There are a variety of reasons for it—I have not been able to give to the sport the undivided attention that I could previously; there have been difficulties in obtaining fixtures from other schools; and, with the notable exception of the Intermediates, we have experienced, for once, a dearth of talent in depth.

Having said all this, there were still several notable achievements—the outstanding ones being Mike Tomkins' selection for the London team which came third in the English Schools' title at Brighton—Mike, himself, coming 51st—and our first ever win in the Kent Cross Country Championships.

As Greenwich had formed their own Association, we decided we should leave Lewisham, with whom we formerly competed, and join the local body. On paper, this could have meant stiffer competition for our boys, but local apathy led to our having a yet easier time than heretofore, especially in the Intermediates where our team of Mike Tomkins, Ian Mortimore, Keith Diplock, Mark Windsor, Steve Smythe, Nick White and Nick Kedge won more or less as they wished, with Tomkins the individual Champion. In the Junior Race there was more competition, and Robert Bryant ran a superbly judged race to win, having shown the confidence and ability to lead from start to finish, Mike Weller also had a good run to come 3rd. It was a great shame that Bryant was not at his best in the London Championships, but he nevertheless showed great strength of character to finish the gruelling course despite a near-crippling attack of cramp. In the Intermediate London race Ian Mortimore and Keith Diplock were outstanding, powering their way through the mud on a bitterly cold February afternoon to leading places. It was unfortunate that both of them suffered injury later in the season which curtailed their activities.

These highlights apart, the season was notable in that we had our first International fixture! We ran against Carrickfergus School from Northern Ireland—possibly as a result of their long journey and subsequent celebrations, they offered us little opposition and we comfortably showed them around Greenwich Park!

So, then, a moderate season only—with a crop of medals in the first term and little to show in the second. It could be that this marks the end of Cross Country as a major sport here, and that it will join other sports that have flourished for a time and then disappeared into oblivion. I hope not—we are very lucky, by London standards, at Roan—we have the Park just across the road in which we can easily

get practice at hill-running on a course which is the envy of most of our visitors, and we have proved in the past that once a good team spirit develops even moderate performers can be transformed into real runners. I very much hope that whoever takes over Cross Country from me next season will be given the enthusiastic support that I have had and that Cross Country will continue to offer an opportunity for those who are, perhaps, not gifted footballers to represent the school, and find personal satisfaction in doing so. While I was watching the English Championships, a master from another London school said that unfortunately the Roan Cross Country empire was dead—it's up to you whether he proves to be right!

NIGEL BALLANTYNE.

BADMINTON CLUB

Secretary: O. Davis

Master-in-charge: J. Bowerman

Captain: S. Bailey-Kennedy

The Badminton Club has had an active year. The number of players attending on club nights has generally been as large as can adequately be catered for by one court. Players come from all years from the third upwards.

We have played fourteen matches against other schools, winning nine. Membership of the team has varied according to the expected strength of the opposition, so that a total of thirteen players have had match experience. We were unfortunate to be drawn against Chislehurst and Sidcup, the holders and eventual winners, in the first round of the Kent Schools tournament.

One of the most encouraging features of the season has been the improvement in the play of N. Kay, S. Adderley and P. Webber. All three play at clubs outside school, this being the best way for a promising player to improve his standard. A number of players in their first year of badminton have also made good progress and play with great enthusiasm.

The finalists in our annual Doubles Tournament were J. Osborne and C. Winter, last year's losing finalists, and N. Kay and K. Hutchings, who had previously beaten the cup-holders. Osborne and Winter won comfortably in straight games.

Finally, my thanks to Messrs. Thorp and Powell for their assistance in running the club and to Mr. Hill for his co-operation.

J.B.

BRIDGE SOCIETY

Captain: A. Camlett

Secretary: N. S. Haslam

Master-in-charge: Mr. M. A. Barbor

Enthusiasm has dwindled this year, but we have managed to enter two teams in the London County Contract Bridge Association League.

The 'A' team was able to field an unchanged team throughout the campaign and they got off to an excellent start, winning their first three matches. Unfortunately, in the fourth match, they were beaten after some dubious behaviour from their opponents and were finally outclassed in their final match by a team from St. Paul's School, whose experience and technique were there for all to see.

The 'B' team were rather less successful, but the enjoyment of playing seemed to make up for this.

Friendly matches are being arranged for the summer term in order to keep some interest going.

Many thanks must go to Mr. Barbor for his enthusiasm in the Society, especially for preparing some hands for the teams to play over each week. This has given us some very useful practice.

'A' team: A. Camlett, C. J. Jewell, M. F. Wiggins, K. Lewis.

'B' team: from N. S. Haslam, O. J. Davis, P. A. Hofschroer, B. R. Wooldridge, A. B. Jerreat and G. J. Gwyther.

N.S.H.

CHESS CLUB

Captain: M. F. Wiggins

Secretary: A. Camlett

Master-in-charge: Mr. Schollar

The senior team started the season with very high hopes since we had a larger than usual squad of upper sixth players with considerable experience. However, although the first few games were all won, they were not done so very convincingly and when we came to meet the two teams in the London Schools Chess League, Dulwich College and Catford, we were narrowly beaten in both matches. Nevertheless, third place out of nine was a commendable effort and congratulations are due to the team which was chosen from M. F. Wiggins, A. Camlett, J. Humphrey, B. Gavin, C. Jewell, N. Potter, J. Prosser, L. Brockwell and M. Phillips.

After its success last year, the junior team was seriously weakened by the non-availability of last year's third formers, and three first formers had to be drafted into the team. However, the team won a couple of matches and one hope for the future is T. Earnshaw of the second year who played second board and returned a high

number of wins. The team was chosen from G. Lake, T. Earnshaw, R. Mills, J. A. Tanner, N. J. Borrett, S. J. Dixon, C. White and B. S. Bahra.

In the Sunday Times Age Handicap Knockout Competition, we reached the quarter-finals of the London zone before being beaten by Glyn Grammar School, who, I am told, won the zone last year.

In the Kent League, our senior team just failed to win their zone, but the junior team (4th year and below) gave Roan our one success of the season by qualifying for the quarter finals. Unfortunately, on their big day, one of the team sustained a broken arm and was unable to play, and this could well have cost us the match, which we lost narrowly.

Finally, I must thank Mr. Schollar whose enthusiasm in team matters and general helpfulness was something I have not seen before from a Master in charge of chess.

A.C.

ROAN BOYS' PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Committee of the Parents' Association have been deciding how to spend the money raised at the Autumn Fair last November. Due to the efforts and support of very many of you the sum of £602.14 was raised then and this is how it has been apportioned so far:

Shirts for school soccer teams	£75
Grant to Inverliever Field Trip	£25
Shelf Dividers in School Library	£13
Sixth form 'farewell'	£25
Equipment for the setting up of a School Cine Club				£150
Amount towards replacement of hut at School Field				£300

Further details of the Association's finance will be available at the Annual General Meeting to be held in the Autumn Term at which all parents and guardians will be welcome.

On July 13th a team of Parents will play cricket against the Boys. Volunteers for this match are asked to contact Mr. Ron Pearce at 858-8437. There will also be some sideshows for your amusement and if you'd care to run one of these, please 'phone Mrs. Rita Powell at 856-2749. Tea, squash, cakes, etc. will be on sale during the afternoon. Please come along to the School Field, Kidbrooke Park Road from 2.30. We shall be very pleased to see you and your family.

Our Secretary and Treasurer are always keen to collect subscriptions from parents and guardians and it may be of interest to you to

know that a new Continuous Membership was passed at the last AGM. By this means a parent or guardian may pay £1.25 entitling a family to membership throughout their son/or sons unbroken attendance at the school. Annual members may transfer to Continuous membership at any time on payment of £1.25 less 20p for each year's annual subscription already paid. Mrs. Hazel Smith (856-4795) will be glad to accept subs and issue you with a receipt.

ALAN MORTIMORE,
Chairman, Roan Boys' Parents' Association.

WEATHER

Spring! spring!
Where have you been?
Down on the lakes
Upon the green.

Summer is coming
The bees are humming,
The sky is blue
And hearts are true.

Autumn is here
Winter is near,
The leaves are falling
Winter is calling.

STEVEN BEAN, 1D.

"WHAT COLOUR IS THE WIND?"

He hears the waves on the sand;
Feels the cold wetness that's the sea;
And the solid dry places, the land.
He feels something else round his face:
Cold, not wet
Completely dry—what is it?
The wind.

He reaches out to catch some—
It slips away.
He listens to it—
It whispers past.
It has no taste—
He thinks to himself:
"What colour is the wind?"

T. MAHON, 1B.

TEARS

Tears of happiness
 Tears of joy
 Tears of a girl
 Tears of a boy
 Tears of joy
 Tears of sorrow
 Tears of today
 Tears of tomorrow.

G. MEEHAN, 1B.

THE RIVER

Starting as a trickling stream
 Down the mountain side
 Broadening as it flows along
 Through the countryside.

It pushes through earth,
 Pushes harder through mud,
 While still from its birth
 Water flows in a flood.

At last with a splash
 It broadens so fast
 And then with a crash
 It's a river at last.

Stretching out long, as far as it can
 Reaching out for the sea
 The hills behind—the mud and sand—
 At last an estuary.

W. DAVIES, 2M.

TIME

Time is but once released from the ever-running
 clock of Life. Never stopping, never waiting. Monotonous is its
 journey, but never weary. In fact man's invention, but also man's
 destruction.

Running for its goal of eternity, but never getting elderly. Striding
 through men as if it were master over them. Time is to be respected,
 but not, as man, destroyed.

When one day man realises it, he may learn to respect it, and not
 despise it.

D. ABEL, 3J.

A WALK IN THE SUBURBS

It is a blustery autumn day. The wrinkled leaves dance on the pave-
 ment. The suburbs are still.

Every house has a name, because every house is exactly the same.
 Each 'Chez Nous', each 'Dunroamin' is the same 'sem. det. all mod.
 cons.' as its neighbour. Some curtains are drawn, but open ones
 reveal polished palaces where dust is the enemy. Framed doodles
 hang on the wall so that the lady of the house can display her
 dubious taste to family and friends.

The Rovers and Singers lie in orderly ranks. The Bentleys are
 tucked away in garages. The smaller vehicles are their 'second-cars'
 for shopping trips. In the front gardens are lines of carefully-
 nurtured hydrangeas. In the front gardens of the lazier inhabitants
 are haphazard slabs of brown and grey crazy-paving. On a windowsill
 slouches an over-fed Siamese cat.

From one house steps a minked and muffed madam on an
 expedition to Harrods. She chirrup her 'toodle-oo' to the canary
 and minces down the path.

In one lounge sit five or six ladies genteely sipping coffee and
 swapping gossip. Bountiful smiles and flowery hats cannot com-
 pletely conceal the refined hate that oozes from each brain.

The road is lined with now-naked trees. The wind howls between
 the bare branches and dashes itself against the phalanx of houses.
 Only the moss clinging to the tree trunks is secure. Among the leaves
 is a shopping list, caught by the wind and whisked away. The sky
 is a dull colour, low and depressing. The clouds are growing closer
 too.

A clatter of stiletto heels and the sound of a much-practised accent
 announces the arrival of the Avon lady. The backbone of suburban
 beauty with her false face, false smile, false teeth and false talk is
 on the march again. Overpriced perfumes for over-aged beauty
 queens are her speciality. Carefully avoiding the spot where Fido
 fouled the doorstep, she rings the bell and skips in. Twenty minutes
 and ten pounds later she skips out.

The corner house is the pride of the road. With rambling garden
 and latticed windows it is the flag that the other dwellings rally
 round. But as the corner bends it also ends the idyllic calm of
 suburbia. High, like the tower of a black castle, rises a factory
 chimney. It belches progress into the skies and below it lie its
 millions of minions, the sprawling greyness of terraced houses, each
 with its own curl of smoke.

The giant tower is even visible from the corner house, but one
 doesn't look out of that window, does one? . . .

A. MEDHURST, 4A.

The next three poems were written after the class had studied Robert Browning's "Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister".

"SWOTTER"

Just look at him rush out of the room
To get to the front of the class!
He thinks he's the best,
Above all the rest—
His exams are always a pass.

He spends all his time swotting for tests,
Reads books and sits on a bench—
At dinner he goes
Where nobody knows
Just to get up on his French.

Just look at his hand—it's up again!
Another question right.
He's always the best,
Comes first in the test,
He's in my catapult sight!

D. JEFFKINS, 3C.

LOOK AT HIM!

Look at him up the front:
"Yes sir, no sir"—little goodie-goodie!
Yesterday he told on us,
Today he sits up the front.
Oh, if I could get him!
If we threaten him, he tells—
He does his homework perfectly,
But we get corrections to do;
He gets a lift home:
We have to walk!
Oh, if I could get him!
At dinner he lets the prefects in
But he fights to keep us out.
He leaves his plate at the table
And, if asked, says it's ours—
Oh, if I could get him!
He always gets his way
While I have to sit back and wait.
He's a cry baby when hurt—
Oh, if I could get him!

R. MILLS, 3C.

THE CREEP!

Look at him, sitting in that desk at the front and working his hands to the bone, all just for sir's benefit.

'Please sir, shouldn't I clean the blackboard for you, sir. I've done all the homework you set and it's all neat. Look at it sir, I spent ages and ages on it last night. I hope you like it, I like it; do you like it sir?'

I'm pleased we aren't like that, we sit where we like, he gets the front seat every time. At home he's always saying how much he likes the teachers and how they all say he's doing so well.

I mean, who's always offering to get more chalk, who always volunteers to do jobs for masters, who always cleans the blackboard if it's dirty, who sits next to sir in assembly and in dinner, who always gets front seat in class, who gets out of games when it's cold, who is let off class detentions, who always tells tales if he's annoyed or hit?

We get our own back though don't we, tripping him up in corridors, taking his bag from him, making the blackboard dirty for him to clean, writing things about him on his books, locking his bag with our keys, he gets exhausted and fed up with it. He'll stop sometime, it isn't worth it for him to carry on like this.

T. HAGYARD, 3C.

THE VANDALS

Smash! as the window
falls in little pieces
Thud! as the thugs
land on the floor.

Creak as the floorboards
groan with the footsteps
Tinkle as the money
rattles in the till.

Then comes the peep
as the police come round the corner
followed by the bash
as the thugs run away.

M. WETHERALL, 2R.

ENGLISH

Him at the front
The pupils at the back.
To him a fascinating book—
To me . . . rubbish!

'And that means that Harry . . .'
What's he talking about now?
Oh, only eighteen minutes to break—
Great—just a quarter of an hour now—
'Now Harry is having an . . .'
Oops!—almost dozed off there . . .
'Wake up there, Smith.'
Yes sir—see—he did notice.

Him at the front
The pupils at the back
To him a fascinating book
To me . . . rubbish!
(The 'pips' go)

I. THOMAS, 3C.

*('O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae many a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.'—ROBERT BURNS)*—Ed.

A TALE OF WORLD WAR I

Over the top tonight Johnny,
Over the top tonight,
Only seven came back,
The last time they went,
But it's over the top tonight.

Over the top tonight Johnny,
Over the top tonight,
You're only eighteen,
Too young to die,
But it's over the top tonight.

Over the top tonight Jimmy,
Over the top tonight,
None came back,
Last night Jimmy,
But it's over the top tonight.

H. J. BAINES, 5L.

AFTER THE RAIN

It has stopped raining now. All around, the colours of the world have been darkened and enhanced. The solid brick wall that was a hard and light dusty colour is now soft and deep in rusty reds and browns mingled with black and cream. The old pale yellow shell of a car down the road has lost its matt finish for a new, eggshell yellow ochre; and its dusty wheel hubs are now a deep rust red.

In the park, the leaves of the trees have acquired a glossy, brilliant green colour in place of their old pale green scaly finish. They shed their own raindrops with the help of the wind, as if to help the clouds recreate the world. The trunks of the trees are as they were before the rain, except for a dark, glistening streak down one side.

Passing cars shine with small raindrops clinging to their paintwork, their darkened tyres making a hissing noise with the soft and shiny road. Suddenly, the cars passing have bright yellow blobs shining from them as a burst of yellow sunlight shines from the parting mass of grey clouds. The world undergoes yet another transformation as each paintwork-clinging raindrop becomes a piercing spot of light.

The leaves on the trees have another shade of yellow added to their already beautiful shade of green. The tree trunks gain blinding streaks of yellow over the dark patches. The brick wall's mosaic of deep, warm reds seems to glow from within, as well as being spangled with a million yellow stars produced from one real star ninety-three million miles away from this glowing, glistening, damp planet.

Now the dank, rich smell appears. From every brick red wall, every creosoted fence, every grease-spattered car shell, every brilliant green chlorophyll-rich leaf, every musty patch of damp ground comes a completely original smell; it is as though the sun and rain together are working to reveal the secrets from every corner of the earth.

The air begins to get humid as the rain evaporates, carrying with it in smell form a record of where it has landed. A cool breeze soon clears the air, carrying the last deep colour, the last glistening star, the last smell out of the world. After the rain it is now as it was before: the only evidence of a cloudburst exists in the memories of men and the life of plants.

J. PEAKIN, 4A.

OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION

President : RON HARMER, 12 Warren Gardens, Chelsfield, Kent
Vice-President : L. J. BERRY, K. S. BINNIE, W. J. BULLERS, W. L. GARSTANG,
 W. GOSLING, J. V. LOVELL, H. H. PYE, G. SMITH
 H. J. TOWNSEND
Hon. Secretary : G. THOMAS, 27 Camborne Road, Welling, Kent
Hon. Treasurer : J. WILLIAMS, 101 Winn Road, Lee, SE12 9EZ
Social Secretary : D. A. BAXTER, 66 Mayday Gardens, SE3 8NW
Magazine Editor : DAVID BRYDEN, 41 Mosslea Road, SE20 7BP

FROM THE PRESIDENT

What is expected of a President in his year of office? He is the representative of the Association and as such is the link between the school and club and no doubt will be invited to many of the various functions which are held in his year of office. I trust that the affiliated clubs will also see their way clear in not forgetting to extend an invitation to me and in this way one hopes that closer links can be established for the benefit of the Association.

I have already spoken to Reg Lentle, our groundsman, and we are arranging a cricket match between two XI's of Old Roans in June, one under my mantle and the other under Reg's. Through Del Baxter I am taking a cricket XI down to Meopham on Sunday, 22nd September to play against Alan Penney's XI, one of our old boys. This will be a family day and I hope that there will be a good attendance. I no longer play the game myself (I wasn't very good) and it must be some 20 years since I last played but I do follow the fortunes of Kent (attention Len Groves) as a member and I am also a member of the M.C.C. My eldest brother, who has been in New Zealand for some 20 years, officiates at weekends in first-class cricket and recently he was umpire of a one-day match between Australia and New Zealand in a limited overs' match.

I hope that during my year of office I will be able to watch all the XI's who play cricket and football together with other activities and I trust that many Old Roans will also give their support. The club house is worth visiting and spending a little time there in sampling the various beverages (mostly strong) and these are provided at a very reasonable price. You will see elsewhere in the magazine that the Annual Dinner will be held in the autumn, and as I mentioned when I was Secretary some years ago, if you have far to travel why not invite yourself to the home of one of your contemporaries who lives near the school or grounds where they can provide accommodation for the night. The more Old Roans who are interested and attend our functions gives added strength to the Association and no less important, it gives the committee more incentive knowing that their ex-school chums appreciate their efforts.

FROM THE SECRETARY

In my last report I did mention that the 1974 subscriptions were increased to £1 and requested members to see that I received the correct amount either by Bankers' Order or by post. However, a great number of members only read the items in the magazine that interest them and that does not appear to include this paragraph as I have been sent subs at the old rate and Bankers' Orders have remained unchanged. I did send reminders out with the A.G.M. Notices and this brought a good response. However, there are still 50 or so annual members who have not paid the £1 subscription and I shall therefore be pleased to hear from them and hope that by now all members who pay via their Bank have amended their instructions.

Since my last report we have held enjoyable evenings together at the Dinner held at the School and the Dinner/Dance at Forest Hill. Attendances at both functions were disappointing, especially to the President and Del Baxter who does so much in organising these functions, hoping these will be well supported. In any event those who attended enjoyed themselves and we thank the Social Secretary for arranging these affairs.

Following the A.G.M. in April, we have a new President, Ron Harmer, with whom I spent all my school years as we attended the same Junior School, and were in the same form at Roan. We have always valued our friendship and knowing Ron as well as I do I know he will prove a sincere and hardworking President during his year in office. I was re-elected again but this will have to be my last year owing to pressure of business and also I feel that after 5 years one gets into a rut and a new mind doing the job would be a good thing to bring fresh ideas to the Committee. Barry Thomas continues as Assistant Secretary for a further year, and my thanks to him for his considerable efforts in collecting subs and getting new members.

PAST AND FUTURE PERFECT . .

. . . last year's President reflects

It hardly seems a year since I was reading past President Brian Thomas's words of wisdom and here we are with Ron Harmer our President of the Association for 1974-75. Ron, I wish you a very happy and enjoyable year.

Upon looking back over 1973-74 I have often wondered where the stalwart members of the Association's Committee get their time and tireless energy. As we are all aware these days—the general rush and ever-increasing problems leave us very little time for relaxation so I can only assume from the regular attendance at the committee meetings of the Association that they derive their relaxation this

way. I would like to thank Geoff Thomas for all his efforts in collecting subscriptions and in the general administration of the Association, Frank Barnes and brother Peter Williams and all the Bar Stewards for keeping the Bar running smoothly, not only for the social enjoyment of Members, but, also for the attendant vital financial benefits accruing therefrom, without which the Association could not survive in its present form.

I would also like to thank Del Baxter for all the hard and often frustrating work he has put into organising the two main social functions of the Association's Year, the Dinner at the School in October and recently the Dinner Dance at the Forest Hill Banqueting Suite. Both functions were thoroughly enjoyed by those who attended them but, bearing in mind the number of members in the Association, the attendance at both functions was disappointingly low, only 84 sitting down to the Dinner at the School and of 120 Old Roans, Ladies and Guests who enjoyed the Dinner and Dance only about 40 could have been members of the Association—Where were you all!!!! It makes one wonder whether the Association members really want these functions. If anyone has any views or suggestions why not write to either Del Baxter or myself!!! I would hasten to add that I would hate all members of the Association—both present and possibly future to get the impression that it is losing ground—on the contrary you only have to look at the number of sides run by the Football and Cricket sections, and their results, or to see the number of members of all ages enjoying the social amenities of the Clubroom to realise that the Association is just as virile as it ever has been.

THE ANNUAL DINNER AND DANCE 1974

The Association's Annual Dinner and Dance has been held in a variety of different places in recent years; the venue is less important than the company which is something that can be relied upon to be good, but the surroundings, the meal and the service do have an important effect on the occasion but are less reliable. This year's affair, held at the Forest Hill Banqueting Suite, can be counted as one of the most successful—all the factors playing their part to make a thoroughly entertaining evening for some 120 Old Roans and their guests; John and Beryl Williams can look back on it as a splendid climax to his year as President.

The space and layout of the Suite are admirably suited to this sort of function; the standard of the meal and the service was high and the music of the 'Regentones' who played during dinner and for dancing afterwards all contributed to make the evening totally pleasant and enjoyable.

Del Baxter is to be congratulated on yet another success as Social Secretary and it is to be hoped that his efforts will be even better supported in the future.

THE ICOUGH MEMORIAL APPEAL

After protracted and strenuous efforts to obtain a grant towards our original, if ambitious, hope to erect two squash courts in memory of Harry Icough, we have finally, with great reluctance, had to abandon the project. Although our appeals were sympathetically received, we were unable to get help from such sources as the Sports Council, the G.L.C., the Greenwich Borough Recreational Committee and others. These setbacks, coupled with staggering rises in building costs and interest rates, finally persuaded us to revise our plans. In the meantime, the capital has accrued considerable interest, and now approaches £1,100. Once again, our thanks to all who have helped us to reach this splendid total. It has given great pleasure to Mrs. Icough.

We may use a small sum to create a visible memorial, but we intend to found an Icough Memorial Trust with the bulk of the money. We are, at present, working on the wording of the Trust Deed, and the constitution of the controlling committee, and we are endeavouring to safeguard the future of the Trust Fund, and also to assure ourselves that the income will be, as far as is possible, used for recreational purposes from which as many contributors as possible may derive some benefit.

A final word to any who may still feel that they would like to contribute—a Trust Fund can always be added to!

LIONEL BERRY.

OLD ROAN CRICKET CLUB

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

When these words are read the 1974 season will be in progress although at this moment of composition all is pleasant anticipation; pleasant certainly in that early April has been notable for a succession of warm sunny days—in contrast to the chill winds and leaden skies that all too often herald the opening games at the end of the month. Measuring our expectancy in terms of success on the field is rather a different matter.

It seems certain that the 1st XI—both on Saturday and Sunday—will differ appreciably from that of last summer. Both Graham Townsend and John Oram will be earning dollars instead of pounds, Graham Chambers is unlikely to be available and Terry Barry is not getting involved until after his final examinations at the end of June. Two all-rounders, an opening batsman and a wicket-keeper; these

places can only be filled by promotion and therefore the lower elevens will of necessity also be concerned. One hopes that this redistribution of talent will not result in serious numerical deficiencies since this, inevitably, will hit the 3rd XI hardest.

1974 will see Saturday league cricket extended to the 2nd XI—led this year by Martin Hooker. The ground problem referred to last time has been resolved by the 1st XI playing a majority of their matches away, and the 2nd XI using the pitch in Greenwich Park for several 'home' fixtures. Their record last summer was so good as to promote confidence in their ability to do well this year; it will be a great pity if the circumstances referred to in the previous paragraph result in a depletion to their strength.

The Sunday 3rd XI may be least affected by the likely upgradings, and since they ended 1973 in a welter of wins the portents here for the coming season are good.

From past experience it is likely to be on Saturdays that we shall feel the pinch, and whilst it is appreciated that any appeal voiced here may be heard somewhat belatedly . . . if you are not playing cricket on a Saturday afternoon and would like to, you will be doubly welcome in 1974; just announce the fact at the Club, or contact the Secretary.

During the past winter the indoor nets at the Eltham Sports Centre had scarcely got off the ground when—due to lighting restrictions—a halt was enforced at Christmas-time, and no further practice was possible. This was frustrating, but two other winter events proved unqualified successes. A 'disco' in October provided for two hundred enthusiasts the appropriate degrees of sound and illumination much sought after these days. Solid refreshment disappeared as if by magic and the bar succeeded in supplying all fluid demands despite some of the staff being recorded as 'retired, exhausted'. A good time was had by all. Friday 1st March saw the latest (and many claim the best) of the O.R.C.C. suppers. A desire had been expressed to return to the self-catering of yesteryear. Accordingly Ann Chambers and Maureen Bourne accepted the challenge, and no praise for their efforts can be too high. It was a superb evening; and we can but hope that Ann, Maureen and their enthusiastic band of helpers felt that it was all worthwhile. 130 cricketers sat down, a liberal sprinkling from local clubs, not forgetting the County contingent—in the company of their social manager, Len Groves. The speakers, John Vickerage (O. Colfeians), Mike Callaghan, John Huntley and Graham Johnson (Kent) struck a perfect harmony with the rest of the proceedings.

Going back a little further, it remains to round off the summer of 1973—which was still very much in being when the copy for the last magazine was requested.

Both 2nd and 3rd XI's completed the season with firm grounds for satisfaction. Reference has already been made to the success of the Saturday 2nd XI—and also to the reversal during the latter part of the summer of the fortunes of the Sunday 3rd XI; clearly Mike Callaghan's optimism was well-founded.

The 1st XI—running second in the league—needed to win the final game to retain second place. They lost, and finished fourth. In other Saturday fixtures five out of nine were won, and on Sundays the record was precisely even. A five-match tour in Kent in August was blessed with fine weather and we emerged with a slight credit balance. The complete analysis is given below and whilst not the equivalent of recent years is by no means unsatisfactory:—

Results—1973

		Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Abandoned	Position
Saturday—							
League	...	14	6	4	3	1	4/15
Friendly	...	9	5	1	3	—	
Sunday	...	19	6	7	6	—	
Mid-week	...	3	0	2	1	—	
Tour	...	5	2	2	1	—	
		—	—	—	—	—	
TOTAL	...	50	19	16	14	1	
		—	—	—	—	—	

Individually three performers stand apart. Joe Broadfoot and John Huntley each scored over a thousand runs and showed a consistency bred of determination. Terry Barry (after being deceived for months by an incompetent statistician) took exactly 100 wickets—and scored over 800 runs—and doubtless will go on record as the first O.R. bowler to buy a hundred-wicket-jug in December! He and John Huntley were the only centurions, whilst Joe had four scores in excess of eighty. The best bowling was Terry's 8 for 53 v. Chelsfield Park. Fred Spink in his first season with the 1st XI deserves special mention for his bowling and in particular a remarkable analysis v. Bromley Common . . . 12.3-11-13-6

Bowling

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
T. Barry	... 466	97	1300	100	13.0
F. Spink	... 321	63	997	54	18.4
G. Chambers	... 205	54	627	26	24.1
B. Hamer	... 418	68	1377	57	24.1
K. Calnan	... 206	34	623	24	25.9

Batting

	<i>Innings</i>	<i>Not out</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>Fifties</i>	<i>Average</i>
J. Broadfoot ...	47	8	1422	9	36.4
J. Huntley ...	38	2	1080	6	30.0
T. Barry ...	33	2	825	6	26.6
G. Townsend ...	34	1	742	5	22.4
G. Chambers ...	35	8	599	1	22.1
P. Williams ...	28	7	441	1	21.0
J. Russon ...	20	2	339	—	18.8
K. Calnan ...	28	7	370	2	17.6
B. Hamer ...	29	8	261	1	12.4
C. Rodwell ...	26	3	256	—	11.1

In conclusion, and on behalf of the Cricket Club, may I express gratitude to the School for the use of the field and amenities, to Reg Lentle for wicket preparation and the many other ways in which he helps us (not least, if belatedly in print, for the score-box) and to umpires and tea-makers whose contributions are essential to the proper functioning of the club.

POST-WAR PLAYERS . . . No. 6—KEN FARRER

The subject of this short essay is unquestionably the best batsman to represent the O.R.C.C. since the war, and some would say that my 'post-war' qualification was entirely superfluous.

At the end of the fifties the name 'Farrer' was regularly added to the list of players available for selection, and was equally regularly written into the Sunday 2nd XI. Carefully nurtured by Del Baxter, it was not long before the feats of this 15-year-old began to attract a wider public. In 1960 he played in two senior mid-week games v. Honor Oak and Merton Wanderers and scored 18 on each occasion. The following summer, whilst of course still at school, he was a regular Sunday choice for the 1st XI, beginning (as did Len Hutton) with a duck, but scoring fifty in his fifth innings—another half-century in his seventh—and three more in his eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth games. Ken Farrer had arrived. His record that year was 700 runs for an average of 36 . . . second only to John Williams. In 1962, when he scored the first of his eleven centuries, the positions were reversed.

There followed two less prolific seasons, due to the demands of university, and then the flood-gates opened. His batting average in 1966 and '67 was over fifty and his aggregate each time comfortably into four figures. Another thousand runs in '69 and, the crowning achievement, a thousand again in 1971—reached in only twenty innings, playing one day a weekend—for the impressive average of 63. Truly a memorable summer, but tinged for us, at least, with sadness . . .

Ken was now a fully qualified constructional engineer, married and with a young family. His work necessitated a move to Buckinghamshire, and he now lives in Princes Risborough and plays cricket for High Wycombe. It may be of further interest that on most Sunday mornings he may be found tasting the frustrations of golf (and the consolations of the 19th hole, no doubt) with another Buckinghamshire resident—Ron Parker, none other—who in turn on Saturday afternoons regales captive audiences at Chesham C.C. with the arts of away-swing and the virtues of the occasional off-cutter. We were delighted to see them both at the recent Club supper.

During the last two summers Ken—and Ron too—has taken the opportunity of enjoying five days' cricket on the Kent tour, Ken adding four further fifties to an already notable tally, adding to everyone's pleasure and underlining our loss. I make no apology, even to those unimpressed by figures, for the following summary:—

	<i>Innings</i>	<i>Not out</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>Average</i>	<i>Fifties—Centuries</i>
1960	2	0	36	18.0	— —
1961	26	6	727	36.3	7 —
1962	25	5	799	39.9	5 102* v Midland Bank
1963	15	3	379	31.5	4 —
1964	13	1	333	27.7	1 104* v O. Colfeians
1965	27	6	757	36.0	6 —
1966	32	12	1143	57.1	7 117* v Blackheath Wanderers
1967	30	6	1307	54.4	12 117 v Harveys 101* v O. Shootershillians
1968	28	4	822	34.4	4 110* v O. Askeans 119* v O. Brockleians
1969	30	2	1059	37.8	7 155* v Marlborough 1870
1970	13	2	508	46.1	5 108* v Catford
1971	22	5	1083	63.7	6 113* v Norwood 156* v Temple Bar
1972	5	0	182	36.4	2 —
1973	5	1	169	42.2	2 —
TOTAL 273	53	9304	42.2	68	11

As a teenager, Ken's potential was recognised and he was given opportunities by the A.K.C.C. in representative cricket. Baptism in 1961 was followed by regular appearances in '62 and '63, culminating in a tour of Holland for which he was appointed skipper. I

wrote to Ken asking if he could supply any factual material relating to these games. He replied saying that he had had tremendous fun and had managed to score the odd fifty, and recalled with great delight taking two slip catches at Canterbury and batting in the same match whilst no fewer than three partners (including one A. P. E. Knott) had the misfortune to be run out! He also remembered his last game for the senior side v. South African Universities; he arrived an hour late, batted at No. 8, and took a first ball... so I am afraid I did not have much luck in persuading him to embellish the saga of his success.

For those who have seen Ken Farrer bat there is nothing more to be said. For those less fortunate any words I use would doubtless do less than justice to a technique that reduced fallibility to a minimum. On the front foot, bat and pad allied to reach, could, when the need arose, proffer a near impenetrable barrier. To anything short of a good length he was savagely punitive, and his ability to force off the back foot was, I think, a measure of his class. Timing and strength—strictly in that order—are virtues; he had both... and, of course, a confidence in his own ability and a desire to score runs. Upon reflection, I apologise for writing in the past tense; due, I assure you, only to the fact that we are no longer able to enjoy the talent which, for Old Roan, produced:—

The highest career average (42) to date

The highest individual score (156*)

The highest average for a season (63)

The most centuries (11)

A thousand runs in fewest innings (20)...

... and untold pleasure.

OLD ROAN DRAMATIC SOCIETY

(Hon. Secretary: Trevor Talbot, 311 Holbourne Road, SE3)

Due to the inevitable social consequences of the recent power crisis and the three-day working week, there has been little activity within the Dramatic Society since our last production, 'Night Must Fall', in November, 1973. However, shortly after the performances, one member, Graham Johnson, organised a group outing to the 'Young Vic', to see 'Much Ado About Nothing', a very clever, up-dated production featuring such contemporary comedy artists as Denise Coffey and, believe it or not, Roy Hudd. This was a very successful venture, and we plan to continue this scheme to unite the Society between productions, with visits to London cinemas as well as the traditional and modern theatre.

O.R.D.S. activity is very likely to pick up now, with a committee meeting directly preceding our Annual General Meeting, which will

be held some time towards the end of May. From this point onwards, as is customary, discussions will be set in motion for our new production... Speaking of productions, let us end with a note on our last play, 'Night Must Fall'. This is a very intense drama written by Emlyn Williams specially for himself as an actor, and it calls for intensive rehearsals and learning from an amateur dramatics society, such as ourselves. For this reason, full marks must go to, along with every member of the cast, Ivor Hughes, who played Emlyn Williams' role of Dan—although he did take on this part with some degree of experience, having played Dan with the Barclays Bank Dramatic Society. The cast were guided by our experienced producer, Martin Rider, who worked so hard and obtained some fine results from this very demanding script.

The play was received very favourably by our two audiences, even though, as always, they were very small in size. In fact, this problem is becoming such a headache now, that we are seriously considering seating the audience on the stage and performing our play from the auditorium. Our immediate aim, therefore, is to develop new ideas to attract our supporters back again on one evening of the year, from the Old Roan and Roan Schools. Whether this will mean 'up-dating' our choice of play, our methods of presentation, or just simply improving our 'sales-drive', this will certainly be a subject for debate at our 1974 Annual General Meeting.

Many thanks, anyway, to our supporters last year. We hope that you will bring along more friends next time, and that we shall be able to attract more Old Roan members at the end of the year.

MARRIAGES

HITCHIN-BEASLEY—On 12th January, 1974, Richard Hitchin ('65-'71) to Rita Beasley at Woolwich.

MORAN-MARSDEN—On 19th April, 1973, Colin Moran to Diane Marsden in Royston, Yorkshire.

FRANKLIN—On Easter Saturday, David Franklin ('63-'70) to Pamela at St. Laurence's Church, Catford.

TOWNSEND—On 19th April, 1974 Graham Townsend ('63-'68) to Janet at Lewisham.

AITKEN-MAINE—On 29th September 1973, Glenn Aitken ('67-'72) to Paula Maine at Lewisham.

BIRTHS

CALLAGARI—22nd January 1973, Elizabeth Jane, a sister for Anna.

RICKSON—4th February 1974, to Tony and Frances, a daughter, Jessica.

DEATHS

We regret to record the passing of the following:—

MARRABLE—On 14th December, 1973, Harry Marrable ('06-'10) peacefully, aged 78. Harry was a Civil Servant before retirement after which he took over the King's Head pub in Shoreham, Kent.

PERCEY—On 18th November, 1973, at Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital, Welwyn, Herts, Leonard Rivers Norman Percy ('15-'20) MBE, JP, Knight of the Order of St. John and formerly Secretary of the National Licensed Victuallers Defence League.

GARBUTT—On 21st April, 1974, E. Owen Garbutt. Mr. Garbutt came to Roan in 1950 to teach mathematics and retired from full time teaching in July, 1966 though he continued to assist the School on a part-time basis for some time after this.

BEECHER—On 27th January, 1974, Jack Beecher ('23-'30) both a pupil and for 3 years, 1945-1947 a teacher at Roan.

WALTERS—In June 1973, Hubert C. Walters ('13-'19) of Bexhill, Sussex.

HARMER—On 12th April, 1974, Jack Harmer ('11-'14) of 19 Park Drive, Charlton, SE7, an uncle of Old Roan President, Ron Harmer.

JACK BEECHER

Those Old Roans who knew Jack (J.B.) Beecher will grieve the loss of a fine personality and a great friend. It was tragic that his sudden death on 27th January came just as he had begun to enjoy retirement. Those who knew him will remember him as a loyal Old Roan, and as a dedicated member of staff, with an infectious sense of humour. He joined the O.R.D.S. as soon as he left school in 1930, and had 17 appearances to his credit, the last being in 'The Purple Mask' in 1939. He was very versatile, and was equally at home with farce ('Plunder', 'The Sport of Kings', etc.) or drama ('The Immortal Lady', 'The Chinese Puzzle', etc.). He joined the staff in 1945, and is remembered as an outstanding teacher of physics. He remained for some years, but most of his teaching was done as a Civilian Instructor at Sandhurst, where he was highly regarded, and where a tree has been planted in his memory. He leaves a widow and two daughters, and we extend to them our sincere sympathy.

JOHN ROAN SCHOOL LODGE No. 5085

(Secretary: W. Bro. G. P. Marsh, 33 Rennets Wood Road, SE9 2NF)

The next Meeting of the Lodge will be 23rd April, 1974 when the members present will elect by ballot the Master for the ensuing year. Then follows the summer break, though Masonic work continues in various forms, and come 22nd October, our Master, Douglas Humphreys (1925-33) installs his successor who, in turn appoints his officers for the ensuing year. Subsequent meetings are planned for 26th November, 1974 and 25th February, 1975. All meetings are held on Tuesdays at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2. Old Roans seeking information regarding the Lodge should write to the secretary as above.

The Ladies Festival held last year at the Sussex Tavern, Oval Cricket Ground, was most successful and therefore the same venue has been chosen for this year's Ladies Festival and the date is Saturday, 19th October. Our Master, Doug Humphreys, and Mrs. Humphreys look forward to receiving members, guests and their ladies. Further details may be obtained from H. C. S. Abbott (1934-39), 1 Vale Close, Farnborough, Kent.

Herbert Baker (1921-31), who last visited the Lodge 22 years ago prior to emigrating to New Zealand, has written to us.

The Lodge of Instruction meets on Tuesday evenings from September to May at the Roan School Sports Pavilion, Kidbrooke Park Road, S.E.3 under the keen enthusiastic instruction of our preceptors—Secretary, W.Bro. V. T. J. Penfold (1927-33), 11 Studland Road, Hanwell, W.7.

JOHN ROAN SCHOOL CHAPTER No. 5085

Regular Convocations of the John Roan School Chapter are held at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2 on the fourth Tuesdays in May and June and the fourth Monday in September. Interested Old Roan Freemasons should contact Dr. S. G. Shippard, 31 Lovelace Road, London, SE21 8JY, 01-670 2942, for further particulars.

OLD ROAN BRAITHWAITE CAMP 1974

The Old Roan camp at Braithwaite was held again last year for two weeks in September. Only four members attended for the whole two weeks, two others for the first week alone, and Tony Slaney was only able to manage a long weekend.

A combination of our lack of fitness, the discovery that none of us is getting any younger, and the lack of Tony Slaney's presence meant that for the most part of the first week we contented ourselves with fairly gentle walks on the fells, without attempting any major climbs. On the first day of climbing we all climbed Sale Fell, which at 1,170 feet was just the right height for us to climb without undue exertion. Later on in the week the Robinson-Hindscarth Horseshoe was completed, and two walks over to Buttermere were made, one by way of Sail Pass, the other via Coledale Hause and Whiteless Pike.

With the arrival of Tony Slaney, we became more adventurous, and mountains and fells climbed by members of the party included Green Gable and Great Gable, High Street, Blencathra, Pavey Ark via our perennial favourite, Jack's Rake route, and Bowfell.

The expedition to Bowfell was mounted by Tony Slaney and Jim Batt on the second Sunday. The day was fairly cloudy, with the cloud level at about two thousand feet. After successfully reaching the summit Tony and Jim took the wrong path in the mist, and when they came down below the cloud they found themselves in Eskdale, instead of Langdale where they had left their car. The distance between the two places is about ten miles, over some pretty rough country. They telephoned the Coledale Hotel in Braithwaite, and dragged two of us away from an evening's serious drinking to rescue them. After driving about 45 miles we reached them just after 11 o'clock, standing outside the Woolpack Inn, the comforts of which hostelry they had been sampling while we were speeding, parched, through the night on our errand of mercy.

This year the camp is planned for 7th-21st September, and all Old Roans are welcome to spend any period at the Hope Memorial Camp during that fortnight; the whole two weeks, one week, or whatever length of time is suitable. We have received two or three enquiries about the camp at the time of writing in May from 'non-regulars', so it would appear that the camp should be better supported this year than last, although the numbers are still much lower than we would like to see. The more people come, the cheaper it is, so why not arrange with some friends to spend a few days at Braithwaite?

For further details please contact Tony Slaney, 1 Bushmoor Crescent, London, SE18 3EG, or Alan Palmer, 42 Elliscombe Road, Charlton, London, SE7 7PY. We can also be discovered propping up the bar at the Old Roan Club most Thursdays, Fridays and Sundays.

OF JOHN ROAN'S MEN

W. F. Dines ('16-'20) has left his Buckhurst Hill home and moved north; his new address is 6 Egerton Road, Lymn, Cheshire WA13 0PA. Mr. Dines was secretary of the John Roan School Chapter from July 1966.

Unlike the above Old Roan, **Phil Dew** ('65-'72) has moved south; he has left Kirkpatrick Fleming in Scotland to take a 3-year course in Agricultural Economics at Wye College and now, with his wife, lives at 'The Cottage', Dynes Farm, Bethersden, Kent.

And now for the really good news: in North Road, Wimbledon is 'The White Hart' and the friendly 'mine host' is **Billy Moor**, an Old Roan. It would be interesting to know of other Old Roan licensed victuallers. Since the late **Harry Marrable** was in charge at the King's Head in Shoreham, Kent, there have been no known Old Roan publicans.

News of Old Roans abroad continues to be gratefully received. **Herbert Baker** ('21-'31) who, with his family, emigrated to New Zealand 22 years ago writes of his experiences and is, in fact, finishing off a new home built from trees felled by himself.

Roger Moran ('57-'63) is now at the heart of the Common Market; he is employed by the Commission for European Communities in their Director General's Office for personnel and administration in Bruxelles. He is still studying for his chartered secretary examinations, and asks to be remembered to all who know him.

Back 'down under' we hear that **Larry England** ('38-'42) will be over here for a summer holiday from his adopted Australia. The Williams brothers will doubtless be keen to quiz him on the strengths of Australia's next cricket team.

On loan to the Ministry of Defence in Cyprus is **Brian Davis** ('44-'53); he writes that his wife and he, whose address is RAF Akrotiri, BFPO 53, will be pleased to see any Old Roans passing through. He thinks that the extremely dry football and cricket pitches would cause disbelief to the grass-loving English but admits that brandy at 30p a bottle must be some compensation.

Back from Chile comes, no, not **K. H. Courtney** ('18-'22), but his magazine marked 'Gone Away' (or the Spanish equivalent). He used to be with Williamson Balfour and Co. Can anyone advise please?

Other magazines and correspondence returned by the postman include the following:—

R. G. C. Scourfield; S. Turner; R. B. Jenkyns and D. J. Ransom whose house has been demolished as has that of **R. Sudds**.

At the Old Roan Association at the School last October was **Colin Callagari**, whose coming was presaged by a letter from his parents' home in Essex. Colin has been in Australia many years and is unsure whether this current trip with wife and family is of a permanent nature. Two of his Australian achievements are listed elsewhere in this magazine.

Colin's contemporary, and an equally good footballer recently went to Australia with his family: this is **Colin Bently**, who for some years has organised National Westminster Bank XI versus an Old Roan Sunday Soccer side once or twice a season. Colin Bently and Colin Callagari both played for the Old Roan XI for some time.

J. B. A. Hill ('37-'44), a contemporary of Peter Williams, is now Head of the Mathematics faculty at the Thomas Bennett School in Crawley.

Mick Roberts ('56-'63) has moved permanently to the Hague in Holland using his expertise as a traffic and planning engineer to sort out their circulation problems. Also he is learning Dutch and when last seen, in Sarrebourg in April, was indeed very proficient.

One of Mick's contemporaries, **Will Easterling** ('56-'63) has left his position as European Sales Director for the Sevenoaks firm of Marley Extrusions. Will was travelling in Europe five days a week and has now moved into the city as a foreign exchange dealer.

On the move, but within England is **Peter Trafford** ('28-'38); he has left his Southampton home and moved to 5 Waterford Road, Bristol BS9 4BJ. Peter is now Senior Medical Officer at Bristol Prison. His eldest son has been ordained a priest in the new Catholic Cathedral of Clifton. Peter also writes of the death in February of **Alain le Berre**, a friend of **J. P. Vinay** who was twice French assistant at Roan in the thirties; Alain was known to Old Roans who camped in Normandy in 1937, and Peter Trafford has kept in touch ever since.

Jerry Davies ('62-'69) writes to let us know of **Father Dennis Leigh**; he has left St. Mark's, Plumstead and moved north to Corby in Lincolnshire. Jerry works in Customs and Excise, but is Vice-President in the Civil and Public Services Association, one of the largest white collar unions. He writes too, of another senior Old Roan, **Frank Hewlett**, who he meets frequently in the course of Church affairs.

President of the O.R.A. in 1969-70, **Doug Humphries** ('25-'33), has moved South from London. His new address is 3 Meadows Road, Lower Willingdon, Eastbourne, Sussex BN22 0NF. He spent some time last year touring Australia and obviously inherited the love of rural life therefrom.

THE HOUSE PLAYS



"A FAMILY OCCASION"



"PYGMALION"



"PEDLAR BOY"



"FAMILY ALBUM"

OLD ROAN FOOTBALL CLUB

(Hon. Secretary: D. Bourne, 57 Horn Park Lane, S.E.12.)

After a league programme starting in August '73 and just ending in late May '74 the 1st XI must still be wondering if football is indeed an 'all-the-year-round sport'. They have nevertheless stuck to their task well and emerged as champions of the London Met. Res. Div. 1 as well as losing semi-finalists in the League Cup, a long run in the A.F.A. Senior Cup and only falling in the quarter-final of the London Intermediate Cup. Well done lads!

John Stamford in goal improved as the season progressed behind a reliable and often uncompromising back line of Paul Petty, Bob Grimwood, Bryan Marsh and Jim Hardy. Various combinations in midfield of the reliable Keith Thomas, skipper Sid Dampier, tear-aways John Hardy, Brian West and Kevin Todd and the undoubted skill of Keith Bradbrook made good chances for the front men, John Hutley (top scorer he tells me), Roy Hunt and Keith Silcox, to show their form. An encouraging season.

The 2nd XI have had an ordinary sort of season often not getting the right results through nothing more than lack of spirit. The skill is there and properly harnessed must lead to better things. Roger Larkin tried hard to instil some teamwork, being well supported by Doug Weaver, Dave Ellis, Phil Pearce and occasionally Simon Perry but not enough wins to challenge for honours.

Following the successful Football Tournament held at Langenfeld (West Germany) in April 1973—details of which were recorded in the last magazine, it became the turn of Old Roan to be hosts in October 1973 when teams from Germany and Sarrebourg (France) visited us for a return competition.

The two visiting sides arrived at Gatwick airport just before midnight on the Friday evening, and a coach brought them to a restaurant in Catford for a meal and a few glasses of wine. We were indeed fortunate that **Will Easterling** knew the proprietors, as anywhere in England being open after midnight is unheard of! In the early hours of Saturday morning the Germans made their way to the 'Regency Hotel' and the French were billeted with the various Old Boys involved.

The football matches were held at the School Field thanks to co-operation of the School, the Groundsman, and Football Club Committee. Perhaps our visitors had imbibed too much on Saturday lunch time or were below strength due to key players being unable to travel (probably a combination of both)—but Old Roan ran out easy victors in both their matches.

The Cup, nevertheless, was presented to the Germans and both sides were presented with pennants obtained by **Jimmy Russon**.

During the evening, celebrations continued to the music of the **Trevor Puddifoot** disco, but unfortunately neither French or Germans liked our beer! (a feeling since shared by some Old Roans). The Germans were however satisfied with Scotch, fascinated by the Bar Billiards and making constant enquiries for directions to Piccadilly. The French purchased a vast quantity of champagne but seemed to suffer from a lack of food and were amazed at the English stamina in this respect.

On Sunday morning an enjoyable 'lunch-time' session was appreciated by all, before the coach left for the airport with **Terry Barry** and **Don Boon** as 'couriers'. These were the only Old Roan witnesses to a farewell described as fantastic and the Airport Police joined in wishes of 'bon voyage' to the sounds of 'Tea for Two'.

During this visit invitations were offered by the Germans to visit their Langenfeld Carnival.

Such was the enthusiasm that some 17 Old Roans and connected friends met at Victoria Station—10.00 a.m., 21st February, 1974 to head for Dusseldorf by rail via Dover/Ostend ferry.

Although the journey was long and tedious, total boredom was prevented by card games and word association contests organised by **Roy Hunt** but the assembled party was very pleased when the train eventually arrived at Dusseldorf.

A coach awaited us at the station to take us to Langenfeld and our dry throats were quenched by service 'Lufthansa' style.

After a pleasant session at the 'Schlemmer Ecke' bar, we adjourned to the luxurious house of one of our hosts where a late swim was enjoyed by some. Perhaps it was not the water that was the sole attraction for certain members of the party.

Friday proved to be a unique experience—our sights of Langenfeld being confined to some 16 hours of the inside of the 'Schlemmer Ecke'. Germans would come and go but the Old Roans were not to be moved.

Saturday was Carnival Day—the purpose of our visit! Of the thirty floats, one was sponsored by the German football team, and Old Roan were to supply five personnel. As those intending to appear on the float had not arisen, the Old Roan contingent was therefore **Will Easterling**, **Graham Townsend**, **Chris Rodwell** (taking a break from the German schoolgirls) and **Mike Callaghan**. Their duties were to assist in the 'chucking' of sweets to the 30,000 people of Langenfeld who lined the streets with carrier-bags in an attempt to gain several months' supply of 'goodies'. Meanwhile the rest of the party had found a suitable vantage point and **Ian Clatworthy** and **Monty Smith** ensured that no lack of beverages prevailed.

After a meal, the evening provided the week-end's highlights, with **Terry Barry** and assistants giving a performance at the Town Hall of which even Andre Previn would be proud. **Jim Bird** showed a liking not only for the German beer but also the glasses, whilst one of our hosts, **Bernt**, gave us a glimpse of his past life as a Circus performer.

Sunday found us ready to leave (well some of us!) and we caught the train from Dusseldorf with literally only seconds to spare. The train journey was only notable for **Anne Chambers** successfully resisting the advances of **JB**. The boat trip provided an opportunity for **Jim Bird** to relate his football reminiscences much to the chagrin of **Barbara** who learned of the demise of her husband **Dave Bryden** when felled by a short-range shot.

From arrival at Victoria—the stragglers reached Kidbrooke still in possession of a crate of Scotch purchased on the outward boat trip—and very tired indeed.

The continuing saga of our European travels unfolds in the last week of April, when the venue is Sarrebourg in Eastern France close to the German border.

Six of the party set out from Victoria Station on Thursday morning, five travelled by car on Friday; two went to Germany and travelled with the Germans by coach. **Mick Roberts**, working in Holland, motored overland, and a last minute decision by **Terry Barry** found him arriving at Strasbourg Airport, ironically his fare being the most expensive.

The scenes of greeting and 'bon homie' when all persons, French, German and English met at Sarrebourg late on Friday evening can be imagined. For some, however, particularly the six by train, one day had elapsed since their arrival at Strasbourg, and for 24 hours they had received the most fantastic hospitality.

We can now reveal the master-plan of the French to win the Football Tournament—it was to put the leading Old Roan players—their full-backs—out of the competition. **Mike Callaghan** having stumbled on 'the French Connection' was duly drugged and was unable to recall events of the Friday evening, whilst **Monty Smith** was subjected to a vicious assault, thrown down steps, and ended in hospital with a shoulder injury. The plan only half succeeded as Mike was still able to play on the Saturday. We were wine and dined before the match to such an extent that even **Simon Perry** was below 'par'. Both matches featuring Old Roan were drawn, **Keith Weaver** scoring four goals, but our usual dependable goalkeeper, **Fred Fuhr**, was far from his usual self. The Germans defeated the French by 1-0, and after the match were presented with the Trophy by the Mayor at a reception in the Town Hall. Thereafter everybody adjourned to a club some 15 kilometres out of town, where

Kevin Todd demonstrated the behaviour of a typical shy, reserved, polite Englishman. **Keith Weaver** and **Chris Rodwell** formed a company 'Pullers Unlimited' but it turned out **Chris** was only a sleeping partner; **Graham Townsend** was on his best behaviour, no doubt due to his marriage only one week earlier. At about midnight, the party ended and people went their various ways. Certain stories emerge: **Dave Bryden** and **Roy Hunt** slept in the same room—does that ease the minds of their ladies or not? **Don Boon** was driven round Sarrebourg by a young lady in the early hours, and **Mike Callaghan** was driven 50 miles to Strasbourg for a 'gin and tonic' at dawn. Only the whereabouts of **Monty Smith** could be guaranteed—spending 24 hours in hospital.

Sunday morning the car party had to leave at 8.00 a.m. with a rather unwell **Will Easterling** not fit to drive, whilst those remaining settled in for a "lunchtime session" in preparation for the farewell to the German coach party. **Monty Smith** was collected from hospital to display an outrageous plaster-cast which did not however hamper his drinking or prowess at 'International Bunnies'. The goodbye to the Germans and with them **Dave Bryden** and **Trevor Lee** was an event never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. For those seven left—it was champagne galore during the Sunday afternoon—and an evening touring the bars of Strasbourg awaiting our train at 2.00 a.m. Monday. There was an emotional send-off from Strasbourg Station leaving **Terry Barry** to catch a plane later in the afternoon. The train journey enabled most to catch up on their sleep, but **Fred Fuhr** wished to view the landscape from the window even though it was pitch dark. A London bus journey from Victoria in the rush-hour was not the best of endings to the weekend, and we were left to re-group on Thursday and Saturday to reminisce and fill the various blank spots in people's lives, and learn that fortunately **Monty's** shoulder was not too badly damaged.

The next instalment is at Langenfeld on 4/6th October.

For the second year in succession the 3rd XI have won promotion, on this occasion to the 1st Division of the South London Alliance; they completed the season 6 points clear of their nearest rivals. In defence of their A.F.A. Minor Cup the 3rd XI reached the semi-finals only to be defeated by Townley after a replay.

As in the previous year the success of this side was due to a brilliant team effort, led by the wily Peter Edwards whose skill at perming eleven players into a playing formation was the revelation of the season. Whilst it is difficult to single out individual performances, for sheer consistency Roger Dale's immaculate weekly performance at left back must rate as probably the best in the Club.

The fourth XI led by Barry Thomas had a moderately successful season constantly supplying players to higher XI's meant the side

was never settled, although for one period of six weeks with a consistent side, Jim Bird arriving at kick-off time and three recognised forwards, maximum points were obtained. The side finished in fifth position in the South East London Amateur League Division Three.

The fifth XI with Keith Berry at the helm had a successful season due in part to a fairly settled team. They enjoyed some very convincing victories and an excellent Cup run.

The sixth XI skipped, watered and fed by one Monty Smith enjoyed themselves as usual, football being incidental to the main purpose of Saturday afternoon a brief intermission between lunch-time closing and the evening session.

A special vote of thanks must be rendered to Monty Smith, Vic Brookes, Ian Clatworthy and Bernie Hampton for all their efforts and organisation.

1st and last—Notice of this Year's Old Roan Dinner— November 1st 1974 at the School

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