



SUSCEPTUM PERFICE MUNUS

THE OLD ROAN CHRONICLE

No 3

July 1983

OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION

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FROM THE EDITOR

When Brian Thomas laid aside his editorial pencil for the last time, he was entitled to reflect on a task well done. Hopefully he gained some pleasure from the many contacts that an editor inevitably has with Old Roans both near and far.

What can the reader expect from the new incumbent of the editor's chair? Certainly I hope nostalgia, information, humour and pleasure. But the Association is a much broader church than hitherto. All members, whether young or old, Maze Hill or Devonshire Drive, active or non-active, should be able to find something in the Chronicle to interest them.

The Chronicle also forms part of the continuing history of the School and the Association, and the contents should reflect this. Members are reminded that we now have an Archivist - Hilary Haslam - who is already building up an impressive array of Roan memorabilia. Further contributions are always welcome. From time to time the Chronicle will be dipping into the archives and displays will be mounted at the Club.

Whilst preparing this edition the diversity, good humour and comradeship that exists within the Roan fraternity has been apparent, and I hope these are reflected in the following pages. I am obliged to the many people who have contributed and to those who have given freely of their time to lead a novice through the strange world of publishing.

Above all the Chronicle is your magazine, a means whereby Old Roans can communicate with each other. Please keep writing, other members are interested in reading about you.

Floreat Roana!

FROM THE PRESIDENT

It was with a little persuasion from Frank Barnes that I became involved, first with the Club, and then as Membership Secretary of the Association. Keeping members' records has given me immense pleasure and been enhanced by the many letters received from Old Roans who are unable to visit the Club, but appreciate receiving the Chronicle.

I am, of course, delighted to be honoured by being elected your President for the year, and I shall do the job to the best of my ability. In particular I hope to represent the Association at many School functions, as well as our own. After all, we are a former pupils Association and our roots lie in the School. The staff set the course on which I now travel and I am grateful to them.

Then there are our own functions, the highlights of which are the Reunion Dinner and the Dinner/Dance. The Dinner will be held on Friday 28th October 1983. The venue for the Dinner/Dance, expected to be in February 1984, has not been fixed at the time of writing, but details should be in the Winter Newsletter. The Dinner is always a superb event. The Dinner/Dance gives members an opportunity to bring their guests to a most enjoyable evening. Hopefully as many Old Roans as possible will attend both functions, together with their guests to the latter.

Although I am often at the Club, an excellent focal point for the Association where the variety of characters keeps each evening refreshingly different, this Office gives me an excuse to be at the field more frequently to watch football and cricket. Drama, too, is on the agenda and I look forward to seeing some of the O.R.D.S. productions. It is true that sport has not been one of my main interests (about the only exercise I get is holidaying with the Old Roans at the Hope Memorial Camp, Braithwaite), but no doubt Len Groves will teach me some of the finer aspects of cricket. I wish all our teams at every level success in their matches and hope that our footballers reach a cup final or two so that I can go along and support them. There is a possibility of a ladies' hockey team being formed. This new venture still has some way to go before the first match, but is being earnestly pursued.

It is with respect I look at the names of the Past Presidents and am mindful of the honour you have bestowed upon me. Thank you indeed.

My best wishes to all Old Roans.

Tony Slaney



TONY SLANEY
President, Old Roan Association
1983 - 84

FROM THE SECRETARY

It is not the easiest thing in the world to look back and report objectively on progress made during one's own Presidential year but I can assure you the Committee has been busier than ever and my brief report below only skims the surface.

First, for those who like facts and figures, it is my duty to report that the membership numbers have remained fairly constant over the last year and at 31st December, 1982 were as follows:-

Life Members	739
Ordinary Members	397
Junior Members	15
Honorary Members	3
Associate Members	11
Total	1165

Gordon Brooks has taken firmly in hand the question of attracting both Fifth and Sixth Form leavers to join the Association and various new ventures to this end are to be tried out during the year.

One of the most exciting projects this year was the launch of the Newsletter, with the aim of supplementing editions of the Chronicle and thereby providing more regular contact with those of our members who are unable to visit the Club.

As well as looking forward, the Committee has been involved in preserving the past. We have appointed our first Archivist, Hilary Haslam, and Freddy White has been hard at work planning and putting together an updated version of the "History of the Roan". To commemorate the passing of two distinguished Old Roans, Kenneth Binnie and Wally Bullers, we are hoping to hang photographs of them at the Club.

As usual, we held our breaths in October in case we were over-subscribed for the Reunion Dinner and then again in February in case we could not reach the minimum number for the Dinner/Dance. (Irony isn't it!) As it turned out, our concern was unwarranted and both events were a resounding success. However there would be fewer grey hairs if we could rely on members to give us their full support when events such as this take place.

I have little doubt that under our new President's guidance the Association will continue to move forward and flourish. Spare a thought, however, for the Committee members for whom this will inevitably mean having to work even harder!

THE OLD ROAN CLUB

Once again we can report that the Old Roan Club has had a successful year both from the social and financial points of view. We have continued our policy of keeping bar price increases to a minimum and hope that all members will have derived some benefit from this policy. Indeed, there has been no general increase in prices since October 1981 despite the higher costs that have resulted from suppliers' increases and from two budgets. Despite, or perhaps because of, this policy the bar sales for 1982 exceeded £23,000 compared with an equivalent figure of £19,000 in 1981. The percentage profit on sales has, of course, decreased to just below 16% but the actual amount of profit shows an increase on the 1981 level.

The profit on bar sales is enhanced by increased receipts from the "fruit machine" and the pool table and this latter amenity has proved very popular. Just after Christmas the "fruit machine" was broken and vandalised beyond repair and we estimate that the sum of £150 was stolen. We have purchased a new machine but this, in turn, has raised further problems in that it seems to be inordinately greedy. Action is being taken to improve this situation and we are negotiating the purchase of a new model. Despite this setback the overall profit will enable us to undertake the general maintenance work required at the club and, hopefully, carry out some modest improvements to the existing amenities.

During the period under review the club has continued to organise winter tournaments in cribbage (pairs and individual), darts and pool. Len Groves retained his cribbage title with Roy Hunt, again, as his partner. The pool tournament was won by Steve Asplen and Dave Barnes was the darts champion. Our thanks are due to Dave Andrews who, in addition to his work as Club Secretary and Chief Steward, has found time to organise these tournaments and you will be pleased to learn that they will continue in the Autumn of 1983 with, hopefully, the addition of table tennis tournaments. Those members who are interested in participating should keep their eyes on the notice boards and contact Dave Andrews once the preliminary arrangements are under way.

Our thanks are also due to our Treasurer, Neal Haslam and to the four or five members who do their best to organise the bar rotas. It is fair to say that the availability of sufficient volunteers to "do a bar turn" is our major problem at the present time and I make no apology for reiterating the need for more of our younger members to accept a little responsibility and assist the Club by volunteering to do a regular stint behind the bar. Nobody has any right to avail themselves of the club amenities, including bar prices that are cheaper than most other pubs and clubs, unless they are prepared to contribute towards the provision of those amenities by giving a small portion of their time in service. If this comment causes a little stirring within your conscience please contact any member of the Club Committee and "enlist today".

Don't forget, it is your Club - but it will only continue and prosper with your help.

FINANCIAL MATTERS

Association Accounts: 1982 had been the first year of the increased annual subscription (£2.50) which had helped considerably. On the whole, expenditure had remained steady apart from Magazine costs which were up due to the production of the Newsletter in December. Ways of lessening the burdensome cost of the Chronicle are being investigated.

Although expenditure again exceeded income, the Balance Sheet showed a healthy position with a good spread of assets and investments.

Club Accounts: Yet another successful trading year with sales increasing by 21% to £23,196 net of VAT. Gross profit had been maintained as have the bar prices - we still charge the same as we did in November 1981! And intend doing so for the foreseeable future. A boast few other licensees can make!

Here too, expenditure had been contained and a surplus of £2,884 had been achieved. The Balance Sheet reveals an ever successful position.

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OLD ROAN PERSONALITIES:

TONY SLANEY

Tony Slaney's election as President of the Association was a very popular choice particularly among those members who use the Club facilities regularly. He is one of our younger Presidents and attended the School from 1959-1966 following in the footsteps of his father Vic and his uncle Tom.

Though his own sporting activities were limited to a number of appearances for the cross-country team, Tony is a keen and regular supporter of the Old Roan sporting scene. During the 1970's he followed the School up and down the country in their pursuit of the ESFA Individual Cup being present at the final in 1971, 1977 and 1978.

Since joining the Association, almost 17 years ago, he claims never to have missed a Thursday evening unless he was either on holiday over 100 miles away or in hospital. His fellow committee members still recall with some amazement his attendance at a meeting when he travelled down from Braithwaite and returned north the same evening!

Tony joined the Association committee in 1975 as Membership Secretary. He became General Secretary in 1978, a post he has held ever since. It is claimed that he can sense an Old Roan who has not paid his membership fee within a radius of 400 yards. Tony has served on the Club committee since 1974 and has served as Club Steward on a number of occasions.

In pursuit of his interest in public transport Tony was on the last night ferry from London to Paris and the last Brighton Belle which ran in 1972. The 1½ hours that this latter trip lasted was in sharp contrast to the 16 hours that Tony and others took when the School decided to take President Kennedy's advice and 'take a brisk walk'. Should he not be offered a senior post with the British Railway Board Tony will continue his career with Barclays Bank where he has been since leaving school.

Tony is one of the few people to have gained a nick-name after leaving school. He is now commonly known as 'Jacques' (after the French marine explorer) following a flamboyant, albeit unintentional, entry into the Grand Union Canal.

An approachable man who easily communicates with Old Roans of all ages, the Association can look forward to a successful year under Tony's good natured leadership. He has already proved that he will be very active during his year of office. Illness apart it can be confidently predicted that Tony will be present at every Old Roan function throughout the year.

NELSON'S EYE VIEW

(A personal account of the year through the slightly blurred eyes of an Old Roan)

The first thing I would like to point out to more delicate and sober O.R.s shocked by the inordinate amount of the following diary that revolves around Booze, Women and Song is that I don't smoke or take drugs and I am kind to children and animals, therefore perhaps not totally evil.

Secondly, there are obviously many events which deserve a mention in these pages which I have omitted, the reason for this being I was not there! With luck someone will have recorded details of these elsewhere in the magazine.

It would seem to me reasonable to align this year with the presidential year i.e. April to April and it is back in the early days of President Kay's reign that we start page starts to blur and wobble

Probably the highlight of the year for nearly 30 Old Roans was the weekend trip to North Somerset during which we were bedded in Ye Ancient Bardon Manor, no not a pub, (although it smelt like one by the time we left) but a Genuine 14th Century Manor House in which we were the only guests, waited on by the owner and a few friends.

The weekend started at 12.00 a.m. at a certain hostelry in Lee Green which we left at 3.30 and proceeded the drive of about 3 hours to our destination.

We discovered the Manor to be an absolute maze with bedrooms positioned higgledy piggledy and realized that finding our way to them that evening would be an adventure in itself.

The evening was spent wining (on Ushers finest ales) and dining and continued back at base, where our host had thoughtfully provided a barrel of local brew, a jukebox and pool table and we partied until gone 3 a.m.

Wonders abound at 9 a.m. everyone was up and ready for breakfast and then a trip to Exmoor for horseriding, I had never been before and yet within minutes was at full gallop across the moor.....I had not meant to be and had I less bulk surely my horse, Danny, and I would have parted company. After this experience a trip to the local was enjoyed followed by Football and Rounders on the beach, matches fiercely contested between the Vannies (those who travelled down in a mini-bus) and Non-Vannies (own transport).

The evening was spent back at the pub but in the separate skittles alley where again the rival teams fought for supremacy, the non-vannies have a secret weapon in the form of Dave Andrews (Bar Steward 1908 till present) the Ten Pin Bowl Wizard of S.E. London. However, unfortunately DAP did not realize his full potential until his last throw when he actually hit a pin, sadly too late to save the non-vannies from a humiliating defeat.

The more active (stupid?) among us submitted ourselves to the ultimate torture, a proposed 5 mile walk led by Ray 'Pathfinder' Westwood.

Following contours and landmarks barely visible to the naked eye, Ray led us mile after mile after mile, after mile, after mile through fields containing enough manure to supply Rhubarb to the whole of the third world, past duck ponds whose occupants quacked with laughter, through acres of nettles thirty feet high, finally breaking into a frenzied sprint as we spotted the pub at which we were meeting those lacking in the pioneer spirit. The morning had been tropical and we ran into the pub soaked through with beads of sweat running down our faces to the extent that the landlady saw us and dashed out the back to get her washing in.

Another high spot in the O.R. Calendar this year was the Guy Fawkes Party at a venue deep in the Kent countryside.

We met at a little pub at the top of Charing Hill called the Wagon and Horses (selling Fremlins, Youngs and Shepherd Neame, this information for you, Mike Callaghan in deepest Nigeria and you Nigel Potter in Chicago) and car by car nearly forty O.R.s including offspring turned up much to the joy of the landlord.

It was decided that we should take a walk, (somewhat shorter and better plotted than Rays Somerset Safari) and so set off over the Downs.

Now, I don't know if any reader already knows this but it would appear that our now illustrious President, Tony Slaney, is unbelievably and fatally attractive to female goats in season, for one adopted him (Tony swears that in no way did he chat it up) about two miles from home and refused to leave his side, or to be more explicit, his rear.

I discovered this fact when we arrived back at base for the bonfire, soup and barbeque only to find the goat still running loose and stinking to high heaven.

After having attempted twice to tie the creature up, it having once broken free and the second time bleated so pitifully we were forced to untie it, three options were open to us

- 1) Barbeque the goat.
- 2) Take it back home.
- 3) Let it have its evil way with Tony.

Despite a large majority in favour of option three it was decided to return the goat, the problem now being how, it was pitch black (the night not the goat) and the country lanes narrow and unlit.

Simon Perry, having the vehicle most resembling a land rover, volunteered to drive along with headlights full on behind the goat as I ran in front holding its lead.

This arrangement was fine for two hundred yards until your correspondent realised that this run could jeopardise his chances in the London Marathon 6 months later, (pull the other one. Ed.) so it was decided to try either towing the goat or tying the goat to the front bumper and letting it lead us home. It was felt that of the two the former was the more risky in case Simon should out-accelerate the goat thereby beheading the creature. So using all my skills from boy scout days I secured the animal to Simons car, leapt inside and off we went, two large gentlemen in a Japanese Jeep being towed by a goat.

For about a quarter of a mile this petrol saving device worked a treat but then the goat decided enough was enough and the only way to get her going again was for me, (wearing "Eau de Slaney") to run along in front luring her for the remaining mile or so.

The lucky recipient farmer thanked us for returning his prize beast and added in a Kentish man type accent "Ois bets yous smells something rotten of ee now!" He was right!!

Back then to the stunning pyrotechnic display and back to the "Wagon and Horses" to drink the publican dry on two pumps.

Christmas Eve at the Club, is as I am sure even the most furthest flung O.R. (yes I'm talking about you P.H. and W.C. Davies in Timaru, New Zealand) the most entertaining, exciting star studded night of the year That's right, the O.R. Pantomime (XX, 18+, - do not take granny) is performed.

This is when 11½ months of rehearsal come to fruition and is reflected in the number of people packed into the Old Bar, people standing on the tables, chairs, hanging from lightshades, anything to avoid the panto in the New Bar.

No, seriously folks, the whole night was epitomised by the performance of Chris Rodwell (did he even go to Roan?) as Goldilocks (the panto being Goldilocks and the Three Teds) who stumbled onto the stage (sic?) and had to be prompted for his and the panto's opening word - "Hello".

The highlight of the evening however, was the in depth "This is Your Life" of our new President Tony Slaney, some disclosures were surprisingly sleezy for such an eminent Old Roan.

Christmas for Old Roans lasts a little longer than for most other folk, in fact through till the second Sunday of January when traditionally the childrens party takes place.

This occasion is also somewhat strangely a great draw to older members of the Club, doubtless attracted by the lashings of pop and gooey party fare.

The entrance requirements are at least one child and not only are more kidnappings reported to Her Majesty's Constabulary on this afternoon than any other, but any shorter than average Old Roan is forced into a nappy and used by his larger accomplice as an entrance ticket.

Your correspondent is oblivious to what goes on in darker corners of the bars as he is buried under something in the region of forty O.R. offspring until Santa (looking remarkably like an O.R. ex President noted throughout the Club for his soft and comforting voice) rescues him with the lure of the last presents of Christmas.

If you have children of any age under 112 please bring them along next year, you'll have fun even if they don't.

Came mid February and a select band of Old Roan sporting stars set out on a what should have been perilous journey to the frozen extremes of E. Anglia i.e. Cromer to indelibly stamp O.R. football superiority on that particular corner of nowhere.

I say should have been perilous because the previous day your correspondent and his lady had ventured as far north as, wait for it Saffron Walden!! And had driven back late that evening through driving blizzards and snow at least 6" deep.

These dangers were related to attentive ears that very eve at the Club but it was decided to press on with the journey in the true spirit of Scott, Oakes and RRRandolph FFFynnnnes.

Needless to say ne'er a flake was seen and the weather verged on the tropical. Also obvious was the fact that your hand picked representatives upheld OR honour and soundly thrashed the Canterbury Casuals and Cromer Crawlers to lift the magnificent trophy, despite the home sides sabotage attempt of feeding everyone colossal amounts of quick setting spagbol (Spaghetti Bolognese) only hours before the match.

Highlight of the tour:- The Nicky Green (Jan 82 - Feb 82) One Handed Push Up Method. Nicky demonstrated this amazing new way of altering the most prominent part of ones face without undergoing unnecessary and expensive plastic surgery:

- Step One -Drink 30-40 pints of strong ale
- Step Two -Boast of amazing fitness
- Step Three -When bluff called lay at slight angle to ground supported only by two feet and one hand
- Step Four -Collapse repeatedly onto quarry tile floor until nose smashed to pulp
- Step Five -Remodel nose to taste

The year has also been peppered with other events too numerous to mention in any detail - people bemoaning the arrival of their 30th birthday (wot they worried about?) with bumper gatherings, Sunday afternoon parties celebrating new house moves that continued into the wee small hours, O.R. Allstar matches against the Old Colfeians, Cricket Suppers with behaviour and speeches much above average, the Reunion Dinner with a healthy smattering of O.R. Girls as well as boys and weddings for those lucky enough to receive the much sought after "Blue Card". (Sorry private Joke).

Memo to George Witten "The above paragraph is all one sentence please is it

- a) Grammatically correct?
- b) A Record?"

There have been two other very important happenings in the last year one being the more or less permanent introduction of Real Ale to the bar, a move which makes one feel warm all over, and secondly the advent of the Squire Nelson Combo, your very own musical super twosome who you can hear any Friday at the Bitter Sui.....(If you think we're paying for your ads think again. Ed.)

So here we are back at the beginning of a Presidential year, thanks Kay, welcome Tony, here's to another busy year.

Steve Nelson.

SCHOOL NEWS

The John Roan School is now three years old, which means that the Lower School, the new building in Westcombe Park Road, is full - three years of boys and girls, 180 in each year. In this we see the shape of things to come and it looks promising!

The Upper School is not so fortunate. The amalgamation, as far as these pupils are concerned, was largely an administrative one and they are still divided between the Devonshire Drive and Maze Hill Buildings. At the time of writing (May 1983), the fourth and fifth year girls are at Devonshire Drive, while the fourth and fifth year boys and all the Sixth Form are at Maze Hill.

The Maze Hill building is under going extensive alterations which will make it almost unrecognisable inside to old boys - even the younger old boys. The inconveniences and discomforts of sharing a building with workmen has to be experienced to be understood. 'Builders dust' pervades everything, it showers from above when all the wiring and light fittings are renewed, it advances in clouds along the corridors when walls are demolished or windows knocked out and it is distributed over all floors by about 400 pairs of feet in addition to those of electricians, builders, carpenters, plumbers, heating engineers, et alia.

The main changes when all this is over (optimistic estimate November 1983) will be:- a completely new building created by roofing in most of the South Quad in which senior pupils of both sexes may pursue such arts as housecraft; needlecraft and textile studies, a second art room adjacent to the existing one, and a library about 30% bigger than it was before. In addition, the south-west corner of the top floor has been turned into an administrative area comprising a school office, Head's office, and three new offices for the Heads of 4th, 5th and 6th years, respectively. One other long overdue change is the roofing over of the former outside lavatories, converting them into indoor toilets with access from the inside of the school.

Next September (1983) the present third year, the senior pupils in the Lower School, will transfer to the Maze Hill building to become the first mixed fourth year on that site. By then, the greater part of the building work should be over. In September 1984 they will become the fifth year, another fourth year will move in from the Lower School, and the long process of re-organisation will be complete. The sad corollary will be that in August 1984 the Devonshire Drive building will be closed after 107 years' service as a school for girls.

The words of Tennyson give us food for thought,

"The old order changeth yielding place to new and God fulfils himself in many ways lest one good custom should corrupt the world".

A.J.T.

"GOINGS ON"

As usual these days too much seems to happen too quickly - there is much to report. The building work continues apace. We have been forced to move the external examinations off-site due to the encroachment of noise and dust. The Fifth and Sixth Formers will sit exams close by Carrington House in a disused school!

The Heads of Year at Maze Hill now have their offices in the corner room - 17 - and very smart they are, too. The quad next to the Staff Room is very shortly to be completed; the Home Economics suite will add a new dimension, I'm sure.

One school minibs has been delivered in pale blue and in pristine condition. The Parents' Association can be justly proud in having reached their target so soon - due, of course, to help from many quarters, including the Old Roan. Let us hope it is fully utilised and brings enjoyment to many pupils.

As reported earlier, the Sixth Form offers many new courses - some of which demand **work experience**, the theory being that, the more one knows about work and what it involves, the more likely one is to choose

the right job. Now for the request. Is it possible that any local O.R.s could offer help in this direction? The pressure to find firms willing to provide a base for any kind of work experience is great. If there are any Old Boys or Girls with contacts, we would be very grateful indeed. Telephone 858 8981 and ask for Mr. Brooks or Mr. Hayes.

The Sixth Form Drama Group produced a splendid 'O' level play this term - "Il Campiello" - an 18th Century piece by Goldoni. Drama continues to reach new heights at Roan, as does Music.

I could go on - but space is limited. Don't forget about the WORK EXPERIENCE.

G. Brooks.

THE JOHN ROAN SCHOOL PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Parents' Association brought its two year 'Wheels for Roan' campaign to a successful conclusion in May, when a new mini-bus was handed over to the School at the Spring Fair held in the Lower School grounds. This happy outcome was the result of a great deal of hard work by pupils, parents, teachers and many friends of the School. The Association would wish to express its gratitude to many individual Old Roans who made donations and supported its fund raising activities. We are also grateful to the Old Roan Club for a kind donation of £250. The original target of £8,000 was exceeded and more than £9,000 was raised. What is perhaps more important is that a great diversity of folk were motivated to work together for the benefit of the School. As well as helping to enlarge the horizons of many youngsters, their efforts demonstrate that a sound basis exists for work in support of John Roan School in future years.

The drive for the mini-bus, if you'll excuse the pun, has inevitably meant that more modest gifts, such as sports equipment, musical instruments, etc., that the Association has traditionally made to the School, have not been provided in the last year or so. We would not wish to become solely a fund raising organisation, but we shall hope to maintain something of our success in this area, albeit at a more modest level, so that we can continue to do something to enrich the educational environment of Roan pupils. To this end our monthly lottery produces a steady income and the regulations now permit friends and old scholars of the Roan Schools to participate. Old Roans who would like to help, and also stand a chance of winning some worthwhile prizes, should contact: Roy Hardy, 123 Wricklemarsh Road, SE3. 'Phone 856 4614.

THE HOPE MEMORIAL TRUST GOLDEN JUBILEE

Quite when 'The Antient' first took a party of Roan Boys to camp at Braithwaite I am not sure. No doubt there are many senior members who can easily remember. What is certain is the date of the formation of the Trust - The Hope Memorial Trust - which commemorates his name. The Deed was signed on 13th December 1932 and the first accounts were drawn up in 1933. So this year the Trust celebrates its Golden Jubilee.

A few comparisons do not come amiss. The land and huts were purchased for a mere £250. They are now insured for one hundred times that amount. In 1933 the total electricity bill was £3.18.9, (I refuse to decimalise). In 1982 the figure was £640. A stove in 1933 cost £4. The installation of the two new cookers in 1982 cost £1,350. Tithes (Historians please note) were paid up to the War. In 1934 Kenneth Binnie records the payment of a Tithe of £1.19.9.

The Trust Deed tells us that the Trustees shall include the Headmaster, two elected Staff members, one parent, one Old Roan and up to two co-opted members. In practice this has meant that for most of the 50 years the work of the Trust has been in the hands of Masters at the School.

The names of Binnie and Lee appear on the original Deed. More recently the work has been in the redoubtable hands of Messrs. Evans, James and Taylor. If new tables are needed or the kitchen needs painting and decorating one or other of them will see that the job gets done.

One must not forget the contribution of Old Boys and Parents. Apart from an ORA loan of £200 in 1935 to help in the purchase of the camp a number of Old Roans and parents have been prominent amongst the Trustees. Mr. Trafford, father of Leo and Peter, was Treasurer from 1950 to 1963. His place was taken by Norman Spence who served until 1972. Tug Wilson was secretary for many years.

The camp thrives - but it does so only because of the continued efforts of the Staff, the Parents and the Old Roans. It has thrived for half a century - who is to say that it will not continue to do so for the next half century!

This year's Old Roan camp - the Golden Jubilee Camp - will take place from the 3rd September to the 17th September. Full details from the President or from Alan Palmer.

Alan Weir.

LADIES HOCKEY

Moves are afoot to start a Ladies Hockey team. If you are interested, Linda Nelson would welcome hearing from you. She can be contacted on 856 3201 or at the Club.

THE BEATING OF THE BOUNDS

Hopefully now re-established as an annual event in the Old Roan Calendar, a perambulation of the bounds of the parish was made on 21st April. Those present were Christine Forrester, Len Groves, Geoff Sawyer, Tony Slaney (Pres.), Terry Tipler, Mike Walpole, Eileen Weatherhead, Alan Weir, Kay and Norman Wilkins.

We would like to see more Old Roans join us next year, the date for your diary is Thursday 19th April 1984.



UPPER Vith FORM, 1962

Back Row, left to right: PAMELA BARTON, JENNIFER GUPPY, SUSAN DENBY, MAUREEN SAKER, SHELAGH CAGNEY, CELIA HOOKER, SUSAN AUGER.

Third Row: EILEEN WOOD, EILEEN GREEN, DOREEN KEEBLE, JEAN BURNS, LOIS HOUGH, JOAN MILLS, MARY PALMER, DOREEN CLIFFE, BERNADETTE HAISMAN.

Second Row: DAWN COWLING, DOROTHY HENNING, MISS MARSH, MISS BARNSDALE, MISS WILSON, JANET BINES, ANNE SECKER.

Front Row: MARGARET JEAL, DAWNE BROWN, KATHLEEN BARNETT.

“.... days of passion days of pride”

THE 46,000 STEPS

I must make the effort to run the last 200 of those steps over Westminster Bridge. The previous 26 miles had taken its toll and my right knee was protesting about having made 23,000 of those jolting, jarring, joyous (?) steps but the crowd were willing me to, Nay! Insisting that I break into some sort of shuffling motion and, besides, if I made the pain look bad enough, I might be treated favourably by the T.V. director and, hence, receive instant sympathy from within thousands of British homes. I could even gaze at my own performance on the video

So how did I manage to be amongst the 18,000 men and women competing in the third London Marathon on Sunday 17th April from Greenwich to Westminster? Someone at the office had the idea of entering a team and was looking for volunteers; I could not resist the temptation and neither could 16 other hardy souls. We were soon organising ourselves into a rota system in order to queue outside the Croydon Post Office, which was one of the designated 100 throughout Britain. Naturally, I drew the 02.00 - 07.00 slot on Saturday morning (07.00 6th November being the time for posting the applications). It was a bitter night and it took me most of the winter to recover. It was worthwhile, however, because, after an initial refusal (a disagreement over whether or not we were affiliated to the AAA), all 17 were accepted.

I will not bore you with the dreadful details of attempts to train in the icy blows and ankle-deep snows of winter but leap ahead to the day itself.

Following the almost summer warmth of Saturday, Sunday was cool with heavy rain. Ideal marathon weather everyone kept saying but I was not looking forward to leaving our coach an hour before the off. (Before stepping out, we were treated to the sight of 5 extremely attractive young ladies, attired solely in pink baby-doll nighties, scampering for shelter. If only they had started at the head of the field, such incentive would surely have carried me to some sort of record!) As it turned out, the big, black dustbin liners we brought with us were very effective and, being of small stature, only my lower legs were exposed to the elements. The idea of wearing such a peculiar item has certainly caught on because the vast majority of entrants were similarly dressed,. Somebody, somewhere is making unexpected money out of this!

The walk through Greenwich Park from the registration point below the Observatory up to the collection point near Wolfes' statue crossed the School cross-country course and memories from 15 years ago came flooding back. If my memory serves well, the senior run was 3.6 miles I used to struggle to do that. Oh well! Too late now.

We reached the start at 08.30 and there was barely time to have the recommended free cup of Nescafe (I had also followed the recommended plan of eating pasta for the last four days in order to build up the carbohydrates, which, apparently, the body converts to energy when necessary), relieve the nervous urge and deposit any kit needed at

the finish on the buses provided. 45 minutes to go and we were asked to line up at the board signifying our estimated finishing time (what was I doing at the 3 hour 30 minute mark?). Just in front, Desmond Lynham was interviewing John Conteh, the Boxer. At least he should be used to road running at such an early hour.

The 45 minutes passed exceedingly quickly and with 5 minutes to go we were shuffled forward until I came to rest immediately outside the park gates on Charlton Way, only 50 yards from the start. I must stress that there are two separate starting points, my one was for all the ladies and first-time men, the other, which was on the heath in Shooters Hill Road, was for the experienced men. The courses join four miles later in Woolwich Church Street.

The last 5 minutes were spent looking fixedly at the watch. 09.30 came and went - was my watch really that fast? The cannon crashes, the thousands thunder breasts breathless, hearts heavy, legs leaden, knees knocking, necks craning to see the clock as the line is crossed, the click of the digital watches drowns the buzz from the crowd.

1 minute 11 seconds to walk to the start line, then the run commences, a very slow jog to begin with but moving fairly freely after a mile. The early part of the course takes us down Charlton Road and into the village then on towards Woolwich, where the two processions join. It is soon after that I surge past Jimmy Saville, O.B.E., Disc Jockey, Fund-Raiser, general T.V. Personality, whose, now familiar, gold lame suit stands out from the tight little group that is his entourage. His gentle pace is more than a little deceptive because it is exactly the same after 19 miles, when I see him for the second and last time! Meanwhile, the crowd is clapping and cheering us along Trafalgar Road, past the Maritime Museum and Naval College, across Eastney Street, round the Cutty Sark and on through Deptford.

Tower Bridge marks the halfway stage at 13.1 miles and makes a welcome, and a surprise, appearance with the twin towers thrusting towards the sullen sky. The difference is immediate. The watchers thin out, the streets are narrower and more pot-holed as the route goes away from the final target in a long loop round the Isle of Dogs. This is the hardest part where the mile-markers seem never to arrive, the dark, forbidding buildings look about to crumble as quickly as ones inner resolve and the only relief (?) is a skirmish with an over-enthusiastic marshall, who tries to propel me faster than my legs can manage.

Once again, Tower Bridge asserts itself and, once the cobbles outside the Tower of London are negotiated, the going eases dramatically. Although the knee refuses to allow me to jog, I am managing a brisk walk past Blackfriars, Cleopatra's Needle, into Trafalgar Square and along the Mall. I cannot believe it when a fireman dressed in full uniform trots by - he deserves to finish! From Buckingham Palace the end is nearly in sight. At Parliament Square I make the last effort and cross the finish line on Westminster Bridge in 4 hours 6 minutes or about 11,000th place. The reward is a superb bronze medal and a kiss from one of a bevy of young ladies. Is it ample reward? Not half!

Roger Dale.

ANDREW GIBB MEMORIAL SHELTER - BLACKHEATH

Andrew Gibb (1850-1908) was a local engineer and Alderman. In his Will he left £1,250 for the erection of a drinking fountain and 'accessories'. This money did not become available until the death of his widow in 1926. At that time the sum of money was in excess of that required for the erection of a drinking fountain and it was considered that the term 'accessories' could be interpreted to include a shelter over the fountain.

The design was the subject of a competition which was won by a Mr. Ernest Theakston and the shelter and fountain were built in 1931. The shelter is of classical design with open colonnade in Doric style, octagonal in shape and constructed in Portland Stone. It has a slated roof with a small clock tower. The clocks have subsequently been removed and replaced by four painted panels depicting local landmarks. These were executed in 1979 by the then school captain - Roger Lade - with the benefit of a grant from Greenwich Council.



EASTNEY STREET DAYS

Between 1877 and 1928 the Boy's School was located in Eastney Street, Greenwich. The building is still there but its use (now occupied as part of the National Maritime Museum) has changed since the days when Mr. Ridger or Mr. Crofts strode through the front door. Below we print two accounts of life at Eastney Street and from these we can get some of the flavour of what being a schoolboy some 60 years ago was like. The reader is left to decide whether things have really changed.

E.C. King writes:-

I was at School from 1909 to 1916. Eastney Street was a rambling building of three stories in red brick with the main building comprising assembly hall and form rooms on one side of the road and the gymnasium, laboratories and woodwork rooms on the other side. Adjoining the school buildings was a coopers yard where we used to watch the barrels being made.

The gym was half open with a 'giant-stride' in the open half. This was a tall, strongly made kind of maypole with many ropes strung from a revolving top. Each rope had a wooden bar at the end and when this was placed between the legs to make a seat one could push with ones feet to swing round. With 20 or so boys all swinging, going higher and higher the effect was thrilling.

The other half of the gym was an iron-roofed shed fitted with equipment and open on one side. The floor was covered with peat to a depth of about 1 foot. We had a drill-sergeant who used to march us around and help with practice on the jumping-horse and bars. He was a retired R. M. sergeant who was called up at the beginning of the 1914 war and subsequently killed at Gallipoli.

I was not much of a scholar, about average I suppose, although I still have a school report dated 1915, no doubt kept by a fond mother, because it shows that that term I was top. An achievement somewhat reduced in merit by the fact that it shows there were only 7 of us in the form. I was an enthusiastic member of the rambling club and I still have fond memories of excursions to places such as Keston Common, Sidcup and Eltham. One good walk was from Lee across the Seven Fields to Bromley which was then an isolated market town. Rushey Green, Catford, was at the beginning of the Bromley Road which was another way to reach Bromley. At the Catford end was a pond and an old mill with sails. The pond was covered with bullrushes, hence its name. Later the trams came and ran from Lewisham Obelisk to Rushey Green.

When it was raining too hard to walk across the heath to school we used to be given 2 pence to go by tram along the Lee High Road to Lewisham Obelisk where we changed trams to go up Blackheath Hill. At first the trams were horse-drawn and at the Obelisk there was a straw-covered shed which housed two horses which were used in turn to help the pair get up the steep Blackheath Hill to Greenwich.

At school we gathered in the assembly hall for prayers before going to our form rooms. At one end, facing the platform on which the headmaster and masters were gathered, there was a glass-fronted balcony. If one was late and did not wish to be discovered you went up the stairs then crawled on hands and knees along the balcony so as not to be seen by the masters on the platform. You then hid behind the door until you could safely mingle with the boys as they came in.

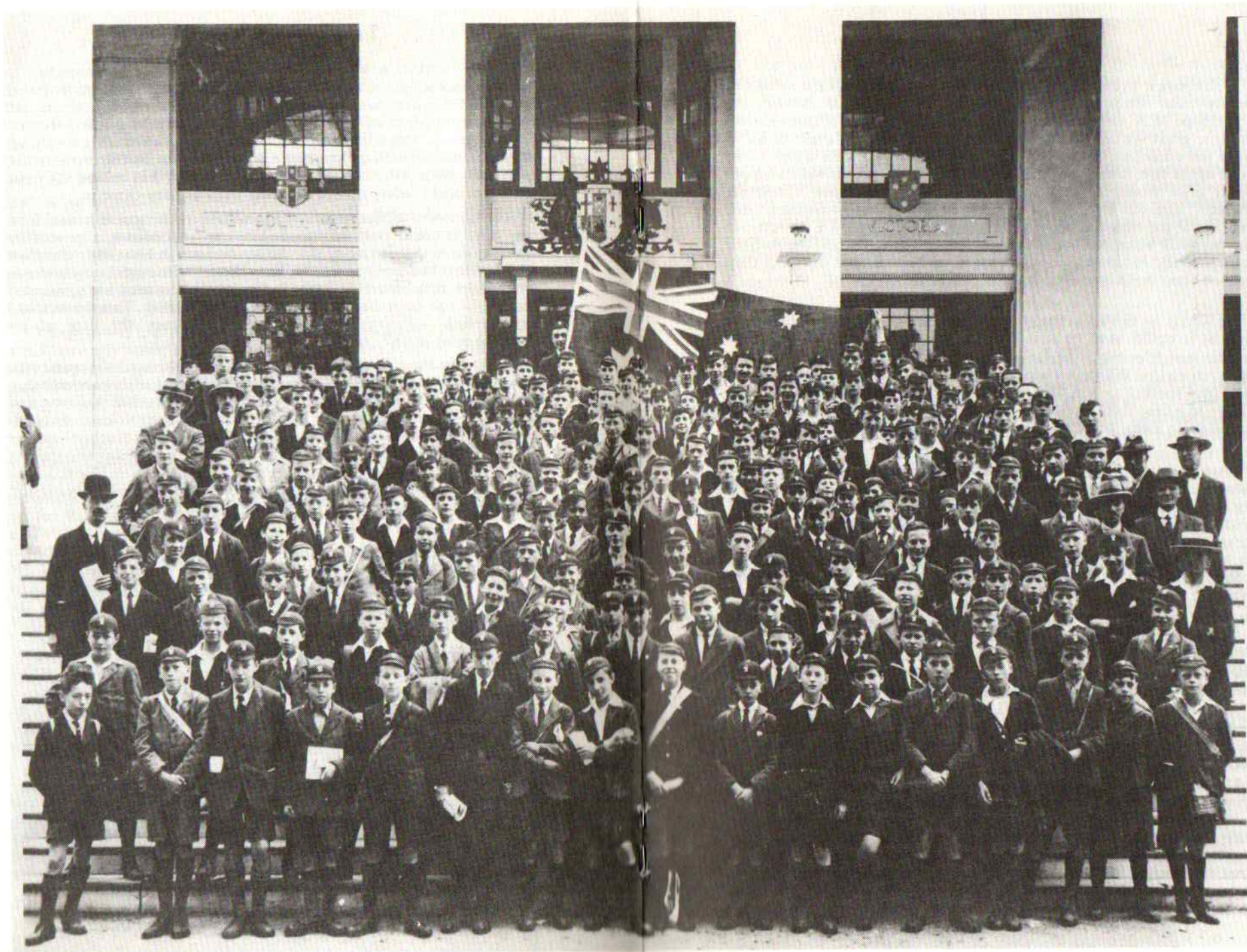
The obtaining of a school cap badge was something of an ordeal for a new boy. It could only be supplied by the headmaster, a procedure which ensured that each boy met the headmaster in his study on his first day. My first headmaster was William Ridger, although I only had one term under him before he retired. He certainly earned his retirement because he had been there for 33 years (i.e. since 1877). This means that I have a link, although somewhat tenuous, from the date of re-establishment in 1877 to the present time.

I recall in the summer of 1914 parading on the school ground (the same one where the Pavilion now stands) complete with wooden rifles. The masters were our officers, in particular Messrs. Binns, Kirby and Horthy. I also remember Kurt Bac and was interested to learn that he is now an 84 year old Herr Doktor of Düsseldorf. He was at school with us because at the outbreak of the war in 1914 he was on holiday and staying with our french master 'Froggy' Llewellyn. The authorities allowed Kurt to stay at school until he was 16 when he was interned. I felt sorry for him being caught away from his home and unable to return.

J.W. Perry writes:-

The last issue of The Chronicle sadly reminds me that Kenneth Binnie was the School Captain when I went to Roan in 1921. He disappeared for three or four years, and came back as a master. The Roan School was fortunate in its history teachers. I can honestly say that if it hadn't been for Captain Harris I wouldn't have taken History at University. He had been in the Artillery in the first World War. I remember one occasion when we didn't feel too much like history, so we deliberately extracted a book from the library and pretended to be absolutely engrossed in a woodcut of mediaeval cannon shooting at a hidden target behind a hill. Not a soul moved when Harris came in; he peered over our shoulders and success! success!! We had a lesson on ballistics and artillery observation long enough to last the whole of two periods.

In Eastney Street the Modern Sixth was directly above the chemistry laboratory which was the form room of the Science Sixth. When life was boring we would lean out of the window, remove the caps from the fume cupboard outlets and stuff them up with dusters. I don't think we poisoned anybody, but we did our best. One of the bright lads in the Science Sixth in those days was Arthur Hopwood, for so long a member of staff and a mainstay of the Old Boys' slow bowling.



THE SCHOOL OUTSIDE THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION - WEMBLEY EXHIBITION 1924

I suppose it would be difficult to speak for long about the School in the twenties without referring to the 'Antient', the headmaster A.H. Hope M.A. Despite his manifold inadequacies as a headmaster, he had one great virtue; he despised conventionality and taught us all to think for ourselves. In the Sixth he took us for Latin. He would sit in front of the fire, his feet on the mantelpiece, smoking his old clay pipe. Never once would he turn and look at us. It was just "Construe, Ducker!" and out Cyril would come with his crib, and I would go hot and cold at the elegance of the translation, straight from Dr. Jowett. On one occasion when our copies of Agricola had dotted lines, the Antient got up, found his master copy, and told us, "The bit left out said 'they cleaned their teeth in their own piss', carry on Gibbons!"

It would be fair to say that mathematics was not always taught as well as it could have been in the mid twenties. It was only Potters' magnificent 'Geometry' series that got me through Matric. Looking back I think that Bill Potter was the finest of my teachers. I certainly owe my Latin success to him, although why he made us learn the doggerel 'Down in a deep dark ditch sat an old cow chewing a cabbage stump' as a model for a Latin hexameter I still don't understand.

For a short time we ran a rugger team. Why it ever faded I don't know as it was extremely successful. One forward played for Kent. If he had carried another stone he would have played for England. I don't think I have seen a better scrum half than N.A.G. Burbridge - but perhaps time gilds the lily. I shall never forget playing on the magnificent pitch in Greenwich Park. We played the Naval College, and they probably thought a school side was a pushover, but we beat them 30 odd to nil.

The handicraft department at Eastney Street was in the hands of Arthur C. Horth, author of at least two books which are still to be found - '100 Things for a Boy to Make', and '100 Things for a Girl to Make'. (The Sex Discrimination Act was clearly a long way off! - Ed.).

Art in the twenties was rather dreary with interminable light and shade drawings of globes, cones, pyramids, cubes and triangles. My great complaint of the woodwork teaching was that I was left-handed, and I wanted a left-handed vice for sawing and a block on the right hand for planing. Alas in those days the ten per cent of us who were left handed were written off. That included at least two of the Townsends, Harry, who was President of the ORA in 1955, and Ted, who was my most reliable left-back in that marvellous soccer team of the mid-twenties. I visited the Handicraft Centre quite recently - it is now being used as an annexe to Park Vista A.T.C. and I had the usual experience - it seemed much smaller than I remember.

There is a photograph of Roan School staff in the Pavilion, taken probably about 1910. Every time I look at it the title of a composition Mr. Mills once set me comes to mind: 'Eheu, fugaces! Anni labuntur'. I recognise, and was taught by all the masters in the photograph, bar about three. I have always felt that fine schools were destroyed by the introduction in the early fifties of graded posts. If you knew that if you did not become a headmaster, you would have the same salary no matter where you taught, there was an incentive to stay in the same school as you started in. Very clearly most of the men in that photograph thought that way, for they were there for the next twenty years. Few though travelled to the 'new' school in Maze Hill as I did - on the back of a lorry with a load of desks!

OLD ROAN CRICKET CLUB

(Hon. Sec.: H. Henning, 129 Kempton Walk, Shirley, Surrey.)

Since the last Chronicle another summer's cricket has become history and has already been recorded in the first edition of the O.R. NEWSLETTER. The report therein was a comprehensive one and will not be repeated here. Suffice to say that the customary two Saturday and three Sunday elevens were fielded - at times not without some difficulty - and the overall results bordered upon respectability. The Saturday league sides at no time challenged the front-runners and finished in mid-table. The three Sunday elevens enjoyed some success, more or less in direct proportion to their standing.

The memorable feature of the summer was the magnificent form shown with the bat by Nasir Khan, at twenty-four perhaps the youngest ever 1st XI skipper. He first played for the club in 1975 whilst still at school, and his talent was at once apparent. In his very first game with the senior XI he scored 55 v Catford, and repeated a half-century in each of his initial innings in both '76 and '77 - producing also in the latter year his first century, a superb 104* on the county ground at Gravesend. His batsmanship continued to flower 800 runs in '79 with six fifties; another 800 the following summer and a second hundred (117 v Broomhills); and his record in 1981 was

28 innings, twice not out, 964 runs (with 5 fifties), averaging 37 rightly installing him as the premier batsman in the club.

In the early months of 1982 Nas was married, and also took from Chris Rodwell the reins of the Sunday XI. (I trust I have reported these two important events in the appropriate order?). Committed to Sunday cricket he declared himself available for relatively few Saturday games, and did indeed play fewer innings than in any of the preceding three years but if quantity was perhaps lacking there was quality in abundance.

By the end of May, seven innings had yielded two hundreds and an average of 83 Four unproductive June games followed, and then his four visits to the crease in July produced 361 runs, three centuries and an average of 180! August had to be an anti-climax, with only one further hundred, but he reached a thousand runs in his 21st innings. His full season reads:-

25 innings, 4 not out, 1,154 runs, averaging 54.9.

These figures can only have been bettered (?) by those of Ken Farrer in his 1971 swan-song.

22 innings, 5 not out, 1,083 runs, averaging 63.7.

and we are here assuredly not contemplating an Indian Summer.

In scoring SIX HUNDREDS Nas stands alone. Ken scored two in a season on three occasions (as did John Williams). The previous record holder was Graham Townsend, with three in 1976. I make no apology for listing:-

16 May	v	Wilmington	110
29 May	v	Thames Poly	106
10 July	v	O. Dunstonians	104*
11 July	v	Warlingham	114
25 July	v	Midland Bank	100*
29 Aug.	v	Catford Wand.	107

After eight seasons with the club, his career record stands at:
186 innings. 19 not out, 5,410 runs, averaging 32.3.

Lest you think this is all, it would be remiss of me not to applaud his fielding - anywhere - and to commend his enthusiasm to try keeping wicket, with no little aplomb, when the need arose. And (like all batsmen) he loves to bowl.

I write on the (watery) threshold of 1983 We are two weekends into the season and, as yet, not a stump has been pitched - let alone a ball bowled.

The traditional supper in February will be remembered for the presence of Kent's Graham Johnson (whose benefit year this is) and the contribution of our own Graham Johnson - a speech which defies superlatives.

And now, weather permitting, on with the cricket

P.W.

OLD ROAN FOOTBALL CLUB

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

As any member will tell you, an Association of people is a strange animal. A club within a club is doubly so. Thus after some years looking once more at the O.R.F.C. towards the end of the season, it is a pleasure to note that this body does not resemble the malaise, gloom and despondency exhibited by the game at the highest level or indeed the country at large. Rumours abound that there is a multi-national race on to patent Brooker's Bromide Tea Bags.

The shrewd observer will note however, that the real reasons lie in playing strength and depth, a healthy social post-match atmosphere and a sense of corporate responsibility among the players. Some 10 years ago there was a feeling of two separate sections; 1st, 2nd and 3rd XI's and the remainder with only a remote possibility of bridging the gulf. Today there is a distinction between each XI whose competence grades as it should from 1st to 6th XI.

Across the club, which has never been stronger, several prodigals have returned, and replaced players have found at least as much satisfaction moving to a lower XI. Some who were once "possibly available" have become "definites" in the interest of retaining their places. The captains' reports demonstrate that every side holds at least a respectable league position. Furthermore the 1st XI reached the semi-final of the Spartan League Cup, the 2nd XI fell one Round earlier in their Cup, the 3rd XI had a long run in the Kent Junior Cup, the 4th XI gained a place in the Joe Gould Cup Final played at Bromley F.C. ground at the beginning of May, while the 6th XI reached the 2nd round of their League Cup.

It must be recorded that while success on the field generates a spirit of wellbeing, a good deal of background preparation is undertaken by the likes of Messrs. Sawyer, Stanford, Clatworthy and Titheridge who organise fixtures and pitches. Many find it hard to accept that Vic Brooker has retired from work or that he ever had time to hold down a job when they appreciate the effort put into providing kit, footballs, tea and detailed financial accounts. Testimony to the spirit within is the cash raised from Dances arranged through the year by John Hardy and Geoff Sawyer's £5 flutter. Subs of £1 per match come at remarkably good value. The more able performers will wish to put on record their thanks to Cyril Davis and Pat for the pitches and their straight lines and all members a hearty 'thank you' to Bryan Coshell for his Bar service and the style in which he manages to fill a jug to the brim.

The team captains' reports reflect their personalities and each captain the nature of his team:

John Hardy runs the 1st XI. It helps, to be a member of this team, to be durable, hardworking, skilful and deaf! He writes: "The 1st XI have ended a good season but due to points given away we have finished third. Regular availability of players has been the reason for the success,

plus the welcomed introduction of Neil Campbell and Keith Bradbrook has strengthened the squad making selection for positions highly competitive. It has been so competitive this season that players have arranged business and holiday trips around fixtures. One sad loss to the side was Peter Grindley who has gone to foreign parts for two years on business. He would have probably been a contender for the Player of the Year award the way he was playing but John Hutley had a fine season, stayed the course and has taken the trophy this year".

The 2nd XI managed by Doug Weaver is still as competitive as ever. He accounts for the season, unflappable and phlegmatic as ever thus: "After just surviving relegation last year, early results for the 2nd XI indicated another poor season. Eleven goals conceded in two games gave indications of problems afoot. Undaunted, we set to with a will (and Mark and Harry in midfield!) and since that early demise have conceded about the same number of goals in the following 16 matches. Our goalscoring expertise has again been limited and it is unlikely that the leading scorer will attain double figures this season. However, our results have established us in the top half of the division. In an enjoyable season, remembered more for dressing room and bar room banter than for footballing exploits, thanks are extended to all who contributed both on and off the field. Player of the Year: Keith Hedges".

Observing their performance after the game the 2nd XI team spirit is no less than that of the 1st. Both sides have benefitted on the field from the weekly training sessions conducted by Cyril Davis - thanks Cyril, it's greatly appreciated.

John Stanford has again marshalled the 3rd XI players in his enigmatic way, with considerable success. He plays his cards, together with his team report, close to his chest. Player of the Year: Mick Smith.

Paul Davis, mentor of the 4th XI, reflects on a fine season: "The 4ths after gaining promotion last season are at the time of writing once again in the promotion race after a very good season. The qualities are a combination of trickery, cunningness and skullduggery in management; consistency of last years back four - Malcolm Brown, The Whale, Diego Barber, Stuart ("the thirds should pick me this week") Clay; the advent of youth with Paul Murphy, Graham Ellis and latterly Paul Dexter; the refusal of Pete Edwards and PD to hang their legs up; the timely assistance of "registered ringers" Graham Lawrance, Guy Wilkins and Phil Savage; Fingers Fuhr's unwillingness to complete his wardrobes; the birth of a young midfield starlet in Roy Hunt; and most significantly over fifty goals between "Backo" and Andy ("Oh no! not another ten changes this week") Page. It is worthy to mention that despite the endeavours of the 3rd XI to reduce the 4ths to ten men each week, we managed to field a full side until the last 'friendly' of the season". This slightly caustic closing comment is the fault of neither Paul nor John Stanford. The truth of the matter is that when you want one of them Player of the Year: Stuart Clay.

Having played for and against the 5th XI this season, it is likely that this is the most improved team in the club over the last two years. Keith Banks the captain sees it like this: "By normal 5th XI standards, the 1982/3 season has been a very successful one. A comparison with 81/2 shows the following:

1981/2 Played 23 Won 1 Drew 2 Lost 19 For 21 Against 113 Points 4
1982/3 Played 21 Won 9 Drew 2 Lost 10 For 32 Against 48 Points 20
Our complete success this season can be put down to the continued interest of the younger players in the side; Andy Griffin (who unfortunately sustained a broken leg in the last friendly game of the season - get well soon), Paul Webster, Colin Gaunt and Chris Hatter plus acquisitions Spot Hughes and Gary Barwell from the 4th XI. Special mention should also be made of the mainstays of our defence. Tim Farnham and Robin Faithorn who have played superbly all season and have also inspired and encouraged the rest of the team on the odd occasion when things haven't been going too well. Finally a 5th XI report would not be complete without a few words of praise for Steve "clean sheet" Nelson. To concede a mere 48 goals in one season must be an event as rare as Jim Bird refusing a drink!" Player of the Year: Robin Faithorn.

Qualification to play for the 6th XI is by age or ineptitude. Oddly, as a team, they possibly discuss their game at greater length than the other sides after the match. Does captain and manager Mike Titheridge mention all his players by name to lure them into the brotherhood next season? "Starting the season with a slightly re-vamped formation we yet again looked forward to an enjoyable and possibly successful season. Having lost Messrs. Matthews and Stanbridge due to injuries (or old age) replacements in the form of Barry Thomas and Graham Townsend were gratefully received. As ever TRB, Simon Perry and Dave Bryden exuded enthusiasm, and not a little skill, and the team were fortunate to have the slightly younger legs of Stuart Williams and Gary Baxter to call upon to do some of the more persistent running. Ted Hadrill, Mike Titheridge and Jim Bird endeavoured to keep their ageing limbs moving whilst Brian Hamer battled up front to let the opposition's defence know that they were in a game. Again, fortunately, we were able to utilise the services of Keith Barron as "super-sub" whenever he was home from University and "Wattsey" after gaining commercial promotion, was able to turn out on a regular basis towards the end of the season, as too did John King and Colin Barnes. Ray Hatter started playing for us having been elevated to the rank of local councillor, found the added pressure of 'vets' football too much and had to make a temporary withdrawal. Despite all this, the team should finish the season around mid-table having achieved the admirable total of 15 points; very successful by any standards and everybody threatens to keep playing next season. Lets hope we all can". Player of the Year: Barry Thomas.

My last report on the Football Club closed on the sad note of the likelihood at the time of a reduction in the number of teams from 6 to 5. Two positive points spring to mind now. The behaviour on the field of all our sides is noticeably better than the collective conduct of our opponents, and for the 1983/4 season it is intended to launch an extra side, making 6 teams and a Veterans XI.

The O.R.F.C. can congratulate itself on its performance in 1982/83.

From our SportsStaff:

STOP PRESS!

.....7th May '83....4th XI win Joe Gould Cup 2-0.... Congratulations Paul Davis and his team Celebrated in usual manner!

Inter Club 5-a-side for Football Challenge Cup fierce competition winning team, Cyril Davis, Bob Grimwood, Keith Tebbutt, Paul Webster and Brian Hamer.

BT

5th XI TOUR TO HOLLAND 1983



'IN SEARCH OF THE CLOG & GOUDA'

The Fifth XI visit to the Netherlands, April 1983.

Inspired by a relatively successful season the Fifth Team planned a tour to Rotterdam seeking Cultural Enlightenment, physical fulfilment and a result. The cultural exchange aspects were handled by the ambassador designate on loan from the Veterans XI, James Bird, Esq. - ".... you are looking at the man who tried to twin Greenhithe with Gomorrah". The party comprised of 19 assorted aspirants and Ted the driver.

The team was seen off in traditional Old Roan fashion on the Thursday evening. Steve Nelson waved fond farewells. We helped Graham Dennis celebrate his and the Queen's birthday and two days later helped him from his bed to the match. Tim Farnham provided a selection of educational films and on a coach that had tables, a loo, video, coffee and even seats we studied the Real Ale guide for Sheerness and Vlissingen. The comfort of the tour was planned to anticipate the civilised expecorations of the members and the private facilities in the cabins spared other passengers on the Olau Line. J. Bird, in absolute dismay at finding the bar closed, immediately fell asleep in front of a select private champagne party until opening time.

The highlight of the crossing was a bizarre dance from J. Bird to that favourite of Spanish Bar-b-ques, 'the Birdie Song'. Hunched more grotesquely than the Elephant Man he cavorted maniacally amongst a bewildered couple. The disco did not have the school song - not even the Steven Nelson version, and neither had the D.J. heard of Eddie Cochrane.

The Friday was a gentle day as we visited Amsterdam for breakfast and desserts. Our first match had been called off as a result of extreme weather in the previous weeks. J. Bird spent the whole day seeking the mythical 'Clog & Gouda' tantalisingly advised by Simon Perry and came perilously close to entering the Van Gogh Museum totally unconvinced that others were visiting the exhibition and not a secret ale house.

Rotterdam appeared as a cross between Lewisham and Luton on a bad Monday. The hotel was located and J. Bird was accommodated in the annexe of another hotel. Nick Green, on being approached by a hovering 'Sally Army' woman, gave a gut reaction response of "Je ne regrette rien" - well is your Dutch any better from the Roan?

Intellectual heights were realised that evening in clubs, pubs, MacDonalds restaurants and discos. Nick showed the true value of his stature when in the club the topless hostesses were passing in a crowded area - something he never did.

The day of the match arrived and to settle the tension until the evening kick-off a breakaway faction rejected the offer of the tulip fields

and spurned our host city for the warmly remembered delights of Amsterdam. The remainder visited Delft, trained on cream cakes, studied the philosophy of Hugo Grotius and Stella Artois, and persuaded Ted to provide a panoramic tour of the tulip fields ignorant of the fact that all of North Western Europe and its dog and a cycle race had carefully planned to combine in a near-successful plot to save the opposition. Nevertheless, saved from panic by a Japanese 'art film' of gripping awfulness that will live in our memories, and other parts, for ever we returned to the hotel with minutes to spare.

By now the true nature of our crimes against decent society became apparent as the skies, previously clear, opened with torrential rain and did not cease until the match ended - with the exception of the exact duration of the interval.

Fortunately the match was scheduled at a club with excellent facilities on an astroturf pitch. With our squad of 14 players a competitive match was won in difficult conditions. After coasting to an apparently embarrassing result at 6-2, J. Bird came on to show skills, footwear and odd socks of long forgotten age and the final result was 7-5 which reflected the problems faced by defenders. A Roan School plaque now lives in the club house of Unicum C.S. and an Old Roan tradition - and that of every other club - was continued in the bar afterwards and continued. Reciprocal offers were given and accepted.

The tour was short of the usual stories of missed boats, lost person, and disastrous facilities, which makes for dull telling. The consensus philosophy of life was agreed at women, drink, food and football but J. Bird only had time for drink and football and after all the football isn't that important. His finale was the impersonation of Capt. Bligh circa the Charles Laughton of his early middle age on the sun filled deck on the return crossing.

Despite a low strategy by customs to accuse 'Chopper' of the illegal importation of a cheese - they could have 'done him' on cigarettes - we arrived at the club at the point of the bar being opened.

The next tour - 'the search for eternal values' - is being planned for the same time in 1984 with 'Spot' Hughes as guru. There are thoughts on the possibility of a tour to the U.S.A. for which we welcome guidance from higher beings in other teams - and some skill - and wives, girlfriends, boyfriends will be invited. See us if you are interested.

For everyone the tour was among the 'best of times'.

Thanks are due to Keith Banks for making the tour possible, Vic for the kit, Ron for the oranges and Geoff for his support.

Judging from the size of the post-bag it is evident that The Chronicle continues to play an important role in the affairs of the Association. Regrettably, however, the number of letters received does mean that space cannot be found for the many and varied points raised. As this is likely to be only a passing phase please rest assured that your letters are most welcome!

One cannot help but be moved by letters such as that received from BILL WEDGE (32-38). Bill has recently returned from a trip to Thailand where he visited the Kanchanaburi War Cemetery in the neighbourhood of the River Kwai Bridge. There he found the grave of an old friend, ERNEST T.B. FRANCIS (32-37), who died there as a P.O.W. on May 19th 1945. Ernest had been Mentioned in Despatches for his morale boosting efforts in the prison camp. Bill has taken photographs of the grave and of the cemetery and these could be made available on request.

Nearer to home there is news of a number of Old Roans who have distinguished themselves in the academic field. PROFESSOR R.E.D. BISHOP (36-43), C.B.E., is Vice-Chancellor and Principal of Brunel University. DR. DONALD WHITE (28-36) has recently retired from his full time appointment at University College, London. He is currently co-authoring a book on the 'Structure of Wood', an area in which he specialised. His work included 10 years as moderator in Botany and Biology for 'O' and 'A' levels.

JOHN MITCHELL (former staff) has also retired from active university life. His former college, Christ's College, Cambridge, has made him an Honorary Fellow which amongst other things entitles him to as many free dinners as he cares to take. John has found plenty to keep himself occupied with. He has been cataloguing and caring for the College's portraits, writing the history of his old school, the Perse School, and editing his Old Boy's Chronicle. John concludes by remarking that he has 'knocked about' with a number of schools but none compare with the Roan as he knew it.

Another former member of staff who is nearing retirement is NORMAN HAGGETT. His departure as a Squadron Leader with the R.A.F was delayed until 1984, long enough for him to enjoy the 'bubbly end' of the Falklands War during the many homecomings of the troops.

It is always pleasant to have news of MRS. ICOUGH. She writes from Tavistock to say that she has recently returned from a trip to South Africa. She enjoys reading The Chronicle as many of the names were familiar to both her and Harry.

PAT MEEHAN also lives in Tavistock. Pat, who was W.L. Garstang's secretary, and later moved to the Girl's School, sends her greetings to all who remember her.

H. LISTER (16-23) was one of several Old Roans who wrote following Kenneth Binnie's obituary in the last Chronicle. He mentioned that a contemporary of Kenneth's, S.R. Mills, had also died, as had his namesake, (though no relation) S.T. Lister. D.E. PHIPPS-JONES (24-31) writes to say that he still remembers Kenneth's first day back at the Roan as a master. They became friends, largely through scouting. I am sure that many will agree with 'Jonah' when he wrote:-
"Kenneth reflected all that was best in the Roan tradition and he helped to preserve and foster that tradition. The world is a better place because he lived in it".

Whilst it can be assumed that a number of Old Roans have been present at Wembley on Cup Final day none, it is understood, have actually taken part in this great event. That is until GARY MICKLEWHITE (72-77) played in both games for QPR against Tottenham Hotspur in 1982. History tells us that Spurs won the replay, but then cup finals are all about taking part!

R.G. POLE (67-74) has qualified as an osteopath and chiropractor and works in the mental health sector. He is a C.B. enthusiast and met his wife to be, Eileen McHale, through this hobby. He informs us that STEVE HAMMOND (67-74) is now a senior P.T. instructor with the Parachute Regiment. Steve was painfully disappointed to miss the entire South Atlantic campaign having sustained an unfortunate firearm wound during a training exercise. However, he did have the consolation of spending 14 weeks in the Arctic manning the base camp for the British Trans-Global Expedition.

GORDON REID (67-74) teaches R.I. and is hoping to do missionary work in Uganda. He wishes to apologise to all those he offended during his 'Moonie' phase.

MARY FORGAN (17-24), a former stalwart of the O.R.D.S., and sister of Charlie Forgan (School Captain in 1926), takes an Evening Institute Musical Appreciation class in the new School.

KEN WHEELER (35-40) is another who is about to join the official ranks of the retired. However, any idea that he is going to put his feet up can be dispelled. He is buying a tea and coffee shop in the Malvern Hills. Thirsty Old Roans will find a special welcome in the village of Upper Colwale. Also living in the West Country is STAN TURNER (28-35) who is General Manager of the Port of Bristol Authority.

JOHN SHAER (staff) now lives in Redhill. John, who is in his late 80's, taught at Eastney Street. He qualified as a barrister and gave up teaching for a while to 'try his luck' at the bar. J.P. VINAY lives in Canada. His recent retirement was honoured with a large linguistic volume presented by his pupils entitled 'Hommage'.

W.R. DALZELL (staff), who succeeded Mr. Horth as Art Master, was the author of a recently published large illustrated volume 'A Shell Guide to London'. A most impressive piece of work.

BILL JORDAN (staff), for many years the assistant to Tom Carter until he took over the role of Head Groundsman himself, lives in contented retirement in Charlton. He send his regards to all.

Many thanks to GORDON BROOME (36-41) for his fine history of Whitstable Boys School where he teaches. The history has been passed to the School library. Gordon tells us that when he moved into teaching, following a spell in advertising, his Deputy Head at Whitstable was TOM HIME (32-37). Tom subsequently moved to a Headship in Hertfordshire.

From South Africa comes news of W.E. SHAW (11-13). Together with his brother C.E. Shaw, now regrettably deceased, he ran a business which at one time had some 1,000 employees. Though now retired he is still a director of some 20 companies. He is a former Mayor of Durban and was Chairman of a number of local boards. He recalls another Old Roan by the name of Medway who was the Local Government Receiver and Revenue Officer.

South Africa also features in a letter from HARRY HARMAN (22-25). Whilst touring there last winter a member of the same party was LEN TOWERS (23-28). The fact that they had been at school together only came out during a conversation in the Congo Caves, Cape Province! As Harry remarks, "It's a small world".

MIKE TOMKINS (69-76), who has recently been married, is teaching at Chailey Comprehensive School. G.M. CHANDLER (57-63) has turned his boyhood hobby of photography into a thriving business in Norwich.

R.H. ELLIS (32-37) sends his regards from the Canary Islands where he has set up home.

VIOLET E. SMITH (11-18) continues to enjoy receiving news of Roan. She is in contact with VERA BOWDEN, one of her contemporaries in Miss Brown's first year form. A.J. SMITH (27-32) has settled in New South Wales and asks about Mr. H.D. Titley, a member of the English Department before the war. His collection of magazines, which stretches back to 1927, contains no record of Mr. Titley's retirement.

TERRY SHEPHERD (64-71) is another who has moved to the Malvern area. There he met JOHN WARNER (64-69) and KEN JARRETT (60-67). The latter is a G.P. with a practice in Malvern Link.

ANN FOREMAN (nee SKEGGS) (64-71) has qualified as an occupational therapist. She now works in Greenwich District Hospital and is involved in voluntary work at local churches in the Deptford area.

PAUL TURNER (44-52) is Professor in Clinical Pharmacology, St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He is also an Honorary consultant physician at Bart's and the author of a number of books. He is a frequent broadcaster and has a particular interest in drug development for Third World countries.

DOUGLAS GODDARD (33-37) was commissioned in the Royal Artillery and reached the rank of Major. He served much of his time abroad until the end of the 1950's when he began a new career as deputy chief lecturer at the Chartered Institute of Building. He maintains a deep interest in sport having played cricket and hockey, and as Chairman of the Wokingham District Council's Recreation and Amenity Committee. Douglas asks whether anyone knows of FREDDIE WHITTLE (33-37)?

GILL BROOME (nee PUTTOCK) has recently moved to Great Staughton, Cambridgeshire. There she has met an old friend CHERYL DRAYTON (nee PARR). GLENIS GOODWIN (nee HEARD) (49-54) after 3 years full time study at Kent University is to be congratulated on being awarded an Honours Degree in History and Social and Economic History. DON HENNING (63-70) has joined the Yorkshire Post following a spell as deputy editor of the S.E. London Mercury.

GEOFF CHAPMAN (31-39) has retired as Headmaster of Cloyden High School, near Ipswich. He recalls playing cricket for the school teams before the war and after joining the reformed Old Boys club with Frank Barnes and Alan Pile. C.W. DANIEL (14-20) has retired to Tiverton, Devon after 43 years of service with Lloyds Bank. He recalls the 1920 1st XI cricket team mentioned in the last Chronicle. He was a member of that team as was T.E. Dingle, the wicket keeper.

JOSEPH GOODWIN (07-10) has sent a staff photograph circa 1909 for the Associations archives. Mr. Goodwin, who is now 87 and a life member, lives close by in Blackheath. H.A. PORTER (17-23 and staff) retired in 1969 as Second Master (i.e. Deputy Head) of Bolton School. He has retained his interest in scouting as the Secretary of the Bolton Scouts Association and was awarded the Silver Wolf by the Chief Scout. He invites the School Scouts to sample the delights of camping in Lancashire. His brother Leonard Porter (22-27) was unfortunately killed in a motoring accident in Swaziland.

RICHARD ALDRICH (47-55) is a Senior Lecturer in History at the London University Institute of Education and Secretary of the History of Education Society of England and Wales. We are pleased to pass on his latest publication 'An introduction to the History of Education' to the School Library.

KRISTA PARTRIDGE (58-65) has recently returned to live in the area. She divides her time between teaching at 3 schools and the ILEA music centre. Contemporaries who were obliged to sit through renderings inflicted on them by the Recorder Club might be interested to know that she still hasn't worked it out of her system. She helps to organise the ILEA's recorder section and tutors (tooter tutor!) at the London Schools Recorder Ensemble.

FRANCIS STEADY (58-65) spent 8 years in Africa with the Salvation Army. She now lives in Essex near her sister Shiela (60-66) who is married with 4 children.

IVY SUMNER (16-23) recalls that Roan has always been very much a family concern. On her father's side, four generations attended the School. She was so anxious to get to Roan that she prayed nightly that she may pass the entrance exam. Passing the exam meant being accepted at half fee, i.e. £1.1.0 a term. She recalls that the girls did not wear official uniform until after the '14-'18 war. Ivy, who can be reassured that the School Song is still sung lustily, is regularly in touch with Mary Forgan, Sadie Ledger and Doris and Olive Lushmore. MRS. CHAMBERLAIN one of our Vice-Presidents and a former Headmistress of the Girls' School, is now enjoying life in the Midlands following her retirement from Rugby High School.

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JOHN ROAN SCHOOL CHAPTER No. 5085

The Chapter was Consecrated in 1948 and still has 3 founder members, namely E. Comp. W.L. Dodson, E. Comp. G.T. Scudamore and E. Comp. T.D. Wallis. Over the years we have been able to maintain a steady number of exaltees and it gives great pleasure to the Founders and Past Principals to see the Chapter growing each year.

Any Old Roan interested in the Chapter is urged to contact the Secretary A.J. Jarrett, 90 Chislehurst Road, Orpington, Kent, BR6 0DN. (Tel: Orpington 26557).

The September Convocation will be devoted to Installing the Principals who include D.A. Baxter. The other Convocations are in March and June 1984.

JOHN ROAN SCHOOL LODGE No. 5085

Lodge Assistant Secretary and Secretary Lodge of Instruction W/Bro. R.L. Harmer, 6 Chesterfield Drive, Chipstead, Sevenoaks, Kent (tel: 0732-458880).

The last time we had space in the magazine was June 1982, since when W/Bro. Alan G. Weir the Master installed his successor W/Bro. B. (Bernie) J. Madden in October 1982. Bernie has proved himself a most worthy successor following in the true traditions of previous Masters. Incidentally there is no connection between him and Joan Collins the film actress, but he has something in common with Leonard Rossiter of Rising Damp fame. I leave it to you who advertises ALBERPEST Control and CINZANO.

Alan Penney (1948/51) will become our Master in October. He is a very keen cricketer, but alas does not play for any of the Old Roan Cricket teams. He lives at MEOPHAM and plays for the local side and he has recently completed and passed a cricket coaching course.

The Lodge has at present 68 members. The oldest is W/Bro. Len Dodson (the last surviving founder) who started at school in 1905, and the youngest is Neil Haslam who left school in 1974.

The ladies' festival will be held once again at the Forest Hill Banqueting Suite on Saturday 15th October 1983, and we are hoping to have a record attendance of over 150. The last time this figure was achieved was in 1966 when W/Bro. T.E. Flack (1926/30) was in the chair. He with our other Tom, T.D. Wallis (1926/31) and V.J. Penfold (1927/33) were recently honoured with Provincial Rank and the lodge is very conscious and proud that these honours have been bestowed on these three stalwarts who have given sterling service over many years.

The Lodge of Instruction will start their new year from the beginning of September and the Old Roan Masons are invited to join the Tuesday meetings at the school pavilion. If you are interested please contact the Secretary (above).

R.L.H.

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BIRTHS

ARNOLD	—	to Bridget, wife of Ulrich Arnold (68-75) on 16th December 1982, a son, Nicholas Jahn.
BROOME	—	to Gill Broome (nee Puttock) on 28th July 1981, a daughter, Sasha.
DANIELS	—	to Linda, wife of Ken Daniels (59-66) on 8th May 1981, a daughter, Emily, a sister for Victoria and Anna.
EDWORTHY	—	to Mandy, wife of Ron Edworthy (66-73) on 27th January 1983, a son, Christopher Ronald John.
GREEN	—	to Margaret, wife of Norman Green (59-66) on 14th October 1982, a son, James Michael George, a brother for Patricia.
STARK	—	to Jo Stark (nee Hay) (60-65) on 6th April 1982, a daughter, Rachel Elizabeth.
SHEARWOOD	—	to Catherine Shearwood (nee Honour) (65-72) on 5th August 1982, a son, Andrew John.
TALBOT	—	to Annette (nee Chuter) (65-72), wife of Trevor Talbot (65-72) on 4th September 1982, a daughter, Claire Louise.

MARRIAGES

BARRIE-THOMAS	on 4th September 1982 at St. Michaels and All Angels, Abbey Wood, Denise Barrie to Colin Thomas.
CARTER-SALMONS	on 3rd December 1982 at Woolwich Town Hall, Dave Carter (69-76) to Lesley Salmons.
FUHR-WARD	on 26th June 1982 at St. Alphege's Church, Greenwich, Clive Fuhr (62-69) to Rosemary Ward.
GILLMAN-O'REILLY	on 29th April 1983 at St. Mocha's Church, Co. Dublin, Steve Gillman (65-72) to Angela O'Reilly.
MICKLEWHITE-O'DONNELL	on 26th June 1982 at All Saints Church, Blackheath, Gary Micklewhite (72-77) to Kate O'Donnell.
MILLS-McCAIN	on 3rd July 1982 at St. Michaels and All Angels Church, Blackheath, Ray Mills (71-78) to Anne McCain.
PHILLIPS-FEWINS	on 28th February 1983 at Lewisham Registry Office, Gillian Phillips (75-82) to John Fewins.

TITLOW-LOBECK	on 26th June 1982 at St. Paul's Church, Swanley, Colin Titlow (70-77) to Karen Lobeck.
TOMKINS-BIBB	on 23rd October 1982 at Dover Castle, Mike Tomkins (69-76) to Jessica Bibb.

IN MEMORIAM

LADY AUDREY CHESTERMAN (nee HORLICK)

January 1982. Miss Audrey Horlick was a member of staff between 1933-1938. She taught history and was much concerned with the Girl Guides and with school music, for she was an excellent violinist. Upon her marriage she was required by the rules of the day to relinquish her position. She married Ross Chesterman (later Sir Ross) who was Warden of Goldsmiths College (53-74).

FRANCES WAKE KING

1981. Frances King attended the Girls School c. 1915. She was a Roan Exhibitioner who obtained an Honours Degree from London University. She subsequently became Headmistress at Farnham Girls Grammar School, a post she held for 10 years.

STANLEY MILLS

June 1982. Those of us who remember the happy days of Eastney Street mourn the loss of yet another stalwart of those times. Stanley Mills died, after a thankfully short illness, within a few weeks of his 78th birthday. He, too, was at the School as a boy under 'the Antient' and returned as a member of staff. He became, ultimately, Senior Modern Language Master. He co-operated actively for a long time with Kenneth Binnie in running the Scout Troop. He was evacuated with the School to Ammonford, but left in the summer of 1943 to become Senior French Master at Hele's School, Exeter, where he continued his scouting activities, and finally received a Scout's award for services rendered. Those of us who knew him retain a very pleasant memory of a quiet and unassuming gentleman, and an outstanding schoolmaster.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Betsy Mills and to his son and daughter.

L.J.B.

W.H.M. BROWN

June 1982. Bill Brown was at School from 1915 to 1922. He was a keen footballer and cricketer, though he, an inveterate talker, would admit cheerfully that he was not in the highest echelon of performers. Cricket-wise, he helped to organise tours in Sussex shortly after the war.

During it he served in the Royal Navy and had the doubtful pleasure of being on convoys to Russia. His son Colin; a regular Naval Officer, & daughter, Wendy, both attended the Roan school. Bill was a character indeed and will be missed by all his many friends.

L.W.G.

P.G. CHAMBERLAIN

March 1983. P.G. Chamberlain was at school from 1930 to 1938. He qualified as a physicist and worked at Fort Halstead near Sevenoaks. As Badge Secretary he was actively involved in the Eltham District Scouts Association. His father G.H. Chamberlain was President of the Association in 1937. His brother B.S. Chamberlain (32-38) is still a regular visitor to Old Roan functions.

H.N. WINTER

September 1982. Henry Winter was a member of staff both at the Roan School and at the evening department of Goldsmith's College. Many of his former pupils at both establishments will remember with pleasure the summer trips he led to Germany. Mr. Winter - who celebrated his 51st wedding anniversary only days before he died - leaves a widow and two sons.

WINIFRED MARTIN (nee CAMBRIDGE)

July 1981. Winifred Martin J.P. was at school from 1919-1925. She led a very active life. Until her retirement in 1969 she was secretary to the Civil Engineer, London Transport. She was for many years a Councillor on Mitcham Borough Council and held the office of Mayor in 1955/56.

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

ALLEN, E.D.	(12-15)	May 1982
CAMPBELL, A.A.	(17-24)	November 1981
EVANS, C.K.	(35-40)	December 1982
FORGAN, C.B.	(16-26)	April 1980
HALL, R.A.	(38-43)	May 1982
HANSEN, L.	(21-28)	March 1983
PORTER, L.F.	(22-27)	
SHAW, C.E.	(11-13)	
STONE, S.A.	(19-25)	October 1982
STRATTON, J.W.	(20-25)	December 1982
THWAITES, A.J.	(06-08)	October 1980

LOST AND (MAYBE) FOUND !

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

M.K. Allum 1957-1964
 Mrs. J. Askew (nee Shilling) 1963-1968
 H. Baker 1924-1932
 T.F.C. Bell 1914-1918
 Miss O. Bird
 Miss J. Bournier
 Mrs. M. Bowyer-Jones (nee Beer) 1963-1970
 K.A. Brewer 1963-1968
 D.J. Byford 1962-1969
 A. Clark 1958-1962
 R.W. Curtis 1956-1964
 J.W. Hayward 1929-1933
 E.H. Higgins 1918-1923
 Mrs. E. Horgan (nee Pallais)
 Mrs. K. Jackson
 D.J. Jenner 1933-1937
 R.C. Keable 1967-1974
 Mrs. C. Mackay (nee Morris) 1963-1968
 T.D. Marshgreen 1959-1965
 Miss A. Mayo
 S. McCue 1976-1981
 R.H. Mercer 1943-1950
 H.T. Phillips 1923-1927
 F.T. Rogers Hon. Member
 Miss M. Smith
 R.L. Smith 1917-1922
 D.T. Southby
 M.J. Walker 1951-1958
 I.K. Whitelock 1965-1970

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

If YOU move house, remember to let us have your new address.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

3rd - 17th September 1983	Old Roan Braithwaite Camp (50th Anniversary of Hope Memorial Trust)
28th October 1983	Annual Reunion Dinner at the Pavilion
3rd March 1984	Dinner Dance, Harrogate Rooms, Yorkshire Grey, SE9
30th March 1984	Annual General Meeting
19th April 1984	Beating of the Bounds

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