

Susceptum Perfice Munus

OLD ROAN

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OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION

PRESIDENT

Graham Lawrance
17 Chalcroft Road
Lewisham
London SE13 5RE
Tel: (0181) 244 4639

VICE-PRESIDENTS

M.J.Barber
M.S.Chamberlain
B.A.Scott

L.J.Berry
M.Jeffery
A.G.Weir

V.E.Brooker
J.V.Lovell
P.Williams

HON.PRESIDENT

Christopher Deane
The John Roan School
141 Maze Hill
Blackheath
London SE3 7UD
Tel: (0181) 858 8981

SECRETARY

Tony Slaney
3 College Gardens
North Bradley
Trowbridge
Wiltshire BA14 0SL
Tel: (01225) 754976

CLUB CHAIRMAN

Mike Titheridge
31 The Chase
Bromley
Kent BR1 3DE

Tel: (0181) 460 1719

TREASURER

Neal Haslam
34 Heversham Road
Bexleyheath
Kent DA7 5BG
Tel: (0181) 304 3053

ASSISTANT TREASURER

Dave Andrews
143 Lyme Farm Road
Lee
London SE12 8JH
Tel: (0181) 852 4075

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Trevor Bell
96 Bellingham Road
Catford
London SE6 2PR
Tel: (0181) 698 3247

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Dave Wright
141 Wicklemarsh Road
Blackheath
London SE3 8DL
Tel: (0181) 856 0372

EDITOR

David Horsburgh
32 Merlin Grove
Beckenham
Kent BR3 3HU
Tel: (0181) 650 5112

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

K.Barron
C.C.Gear
R.Keeling
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Graham Lawrance – Old Roan Association President 1995-96



Teresa Wilkins and Graham Johnson in "Why Me"



Chris Deane (Head) with Old Roans in the Memorial Garden on 9 May 1995



From the President

If you had told me in September 1976, when I first started teaching at the Roan School, that 19 years later I would be President of the Old Roan Association I would have feared for your sanity. It was both an honour and a surprise, therefore, when I was approached by the committee in February asking if I would accept this position.

During the past 19 years, the club has been like a second home for me. Hilary, my wife, has jokingly suggested on many occasions that I should turn one of the changing rooms into a bedroom as I seem to be down the club so often.

Being a member of the three main teams in the club - cricket, football and drinking - I have at first hand seen the ups and downs within the club both on the sports field and socially during the past two decades. In 1976 the club teams were very strong and the bar used by many members. On a Thursday night you would have had a problem finding a seat in either bar. We were getting many new members from the school. In the mid-80's the club went through troublesome times. It became difficult fielding sports teams. On many Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights only half a dozen people would use the bar facilities. Above all, it was not at all a welcoming place for women.

Thankfully over the past three years things have begun to improve on many fronts. Many more pupils and ex-pupils meet here socially on a regular basis. Recently, over 70 people were using the bar on a Friday night and this without any function taking place. More women regularly use the club as a place to meet socially. The bar has been tastefully decorated and the hard work of the bar management committee has meant it is always open when advertised as being so. There is now a much friendlier and welcoming atmosphere at the club. The league cricket teams and top football teams seem to be getting stronger again. Last month the 1st X1 football team won the Spartan League Cup.

The one area still causing concern is the lack of pupils and recent ex-pupils playing in the sports teams. In my presidential year I hope to be able to encourage present pupils to practise and play cricket and football with us.

This year is the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Roan Cricket Club. On Friday 28th July I will be fielding a President's X1 to play the Club. After the match there will be a bar-b-que and hopefully some live entertainment. If there are any past players who would like to take part in these celebrations please write or give me a call.

What a good start I have had to my presidential year! Playing for the 3rd X1 in a cup quarter-final, just two days after taking up office, I managed to break my leg. I am hoping for better luck for the rest of the year.

Graham Lawrance
May 1995

Secretary's Report

The membership figures for the previous two years are:

	1994	1993
Life Members	567	584
1st Instalment Life Member		1
2nd Instalment Life Member	1	
Fully Paid Ordinary Members	349	346
Junior Members	39	32
Honorary Members	2	2
Associate Members	29	30
Honorary Members (Old Roan Club)	2	2
Fully paid Affiliated Club Members	63	47
	<hr/> 1,052	<hr/> 1,044

It is worth noting that the number of ordinary members has shown a slight increase over the previous year. Some new members have joined several years after leaving Roan. These are normally from names passed on to me by their friends or enquiries received by the School. In the past year new members include Terry Hall (staff '68-'74), who is now teaching in Trowbridge. This year, Alan Huntley ('44-'51) has joined, and through our records he had a long conversation with a contemporary of his who now lives in Australia. This illustrates the advantages of keeping your subscriptions up to date and not becoming one of those "out of touch" ex Roans.

As has become all too frequent, school leavers join for one or two years but then drift away. The percentage of those who stay members for more than five years is less than 5%. This is not a new problem, but has become more noticeable with the larger number of youngsters using the Old Roan Club.

Linda and Steve Nelson recently organised a reunion of those who joined the School in 1982. A good turnout of more than forty was achieved and they will be sent a copy of this Chronicle together with an application form to join. Other Old Roans have been in contact to organise reunions for their years. They are Anne Bristow ('56-'62), whose reunion took place on 12th May, and Lena Koh ('84-'91). Again, I can only provide names and addresses of current members, so it pays to keep in touch by renewing memberships and advising changes of address.

The President, Graham Lawrance, was elected at the annual general meeting in March. He is well known to all at the Old Roan Club and is one of the few who when he sees a job needing to be done - does it! The formal dinner/dance held towards the end of the presidential year is currently the subject of debate (again)! An event of some kind is due on 16th March 1996. Graham plans to have several smaller get-togethers during his year and the annual dinner is scheduled for 13th October. To celebrate the Old Roan Cricket Club's 75th anniversary he is organising a President's XI cricket match on Friday 28th July, 1995 - for which his leg should be fully mended.

Another fine quality Chronicle was produced in 1994. Thanks are due to David Horsburgh for the tremendous amount of work he puts in to produce it. We are fortunate that he is prepared to carry on for this edition and hopefully many more. Neal Haslam was re-elected Treasurer and despite regular short spells overseas is still able to control the financial affairs of both the Association and Club effectively. Dave Andrews has been particularly helpful in stock taking at the Club and providing figures to Neal. Monty Smith decided to stand down from the General Committee at the A.G.M. and has been replaced by our first younger member for some years, Christine Gear ('88-'93). Monty will still carry on with his invaluable work for the Club.

On more general topics, members will be interested to learn that the School House in Eltham Road has been sold, and those who have passed it recently will have seen it has been demolished and new flats built on the site. The John Roan Foundation owned the main field (i.e. that outside the front of the pavilion) and the rest was leased from Greenwich Council. The Foundation has purchased the remaining freehold, thus owning the entire playing fields.

Of particular interest to the football and netball sections is news of the development of the tennis courts area. It is well known that the School intends to make the whole of the area into an all-weather surface and install flood lights. Planning permission has been received for the flood lights. This alone will cost around £16,000 and it is hoped that they will be working by the autumn. Application has been made to the National Lottery for £80,000 which, if successful, will leave approximately £20,000 to be spread between the Roan Foundation, the School and the Old Roans.

The Trustees of the Roan Foundation have invited the Association to nominate two trustees, as mentioned at our A.G.M., for which the Association is honoured and pleased. The two nominees, Viv Lawrence and Linda Nelson, have been fully involved with the Association for many years and attended their first trustees' meeting in May. They are not due to report back to the committee until after the Chronicle has been sent out. Linda's brother, Steve, is now the chair(man) of the premises committee of the Governors of the School.

Not all members may appreciate that in the garden in front of the School (Maze Hill) are 73 trees, planted as memorials to those Old Roans who were killed during the Second World War. The School mentioned that some of the trees were themselves dead or dying. The Association agreed to pay for replacement trees and Trevor Bell, a Deputy Head of the School as well as one of our assistant secretaries, arranged for the planting of four replacement trees on 9th May 1995. Postage costs prohibited me circulating all Old Roans but approximately 100 names of those Old Roans associated with that time were sent notification asking them to advise of anyone they knew who would be interested. About 50 attended and heard a few well chosen words from the Head, Christopher Deane, and Richard Jenkins ('33-'38) gave the Exhortation. A tour of the School followed a refreshment break. Several Old Roans expressed their appreciation and thanks to the School. I sincerely regret not being able to advise all Old Roans of this event and particularly those who would have been there if they had known. Members are advised that they are welcome to visit the School and take part in regular tours every Tuesday during term time at 11.20 a.m., starting at the Lower School, Westcombe Park Road.

Treasurer's Report

Subscription income showed a small increase again as did our trading surplus, but these were offset by lower interest on deposit accounts. The costs of running the Association have been around £3,000 for a few years now (1994: £3,048), a figure maintained in part by a number of officers bearing various expenses themselves.

Our two functions - the Reunion Dinner and the Dinner & Dance - showed a loss of £62. Little surprise as a deficit has been recorded in 11 of the last 12 years. The Revenue Account ended the year with a loss of £819. After a number of years in surplus, we have seen this sort of loss for the last 6 years. It is, of course, offset by investment interest and donations received, so the drain on the Accumulated Fund is lessened to a manageable level.

The Secretary and I consider the level of subscriptions each year prior to the Annual General Meeting. There are, perhaps, merits in increasing the amount and aiming to balance our Revenue Account. However, the administrative task involved would be considerable and it is inevitable that some members may not continue to subscribe. In our present circumstances, and assuming that our costs can be held at existing levels, we do not propose any increase on the current £5 annual sum, but suggest that when the rate must rise it should be a sizeable increase and then remain fixed again for as long as possible.

The Accumulated Fund stood at £11,342 at the end of the year, with strong liquidity in the Balance Sheet. Since that date, the 12% Treasury Stock has been repaid at par, part of the proceeds being due to the Old Roan Club. In view of the low yields in the gilt and equity markets at the moment, these funds will not be reinvested in the short term but held in a high interest deposit account. At the Annual General Meeting the audited accounts were presented and adopted. Copies are available on request.

Neal Haslam. May 1995

The John Roan Foundation

Anyone who has read the "History of the Roan Schools" by J.W. Kirby will know that the school was originally funded by a Trust which is now known as the John Roan Foundation. Within the last 8 years, after a period of being the dormant, the Foundation is once again active. Its constitution is in the process of being reformed. It is hoped that a future edition of the Chronicle will provide an account of the development of the Foundation from its earliest days to the present.

The Trustees recently invited the Old Roan Association to propose two representatives. Linda Nelson and Vivian Lawrence were duly proposed and accepted as the O.R.A. Trustees on the Foundation. The John Roan Foundation has a total value of approximately £1,600,000. A portion of the interest earned on this capital is used to benefit the John Roan School and associated institutions.

If anyone has any questions, or wishes to know what we do at the meetings of the Trustees, please contact Vivian Lawrence through the Old Roan Club.

Vivian Lawrence
June 1995

News from the John Roan School

The Autumn term in 1994 saw the fourth international music exchange in the last five years. Fifty pupils joined with their counterparts at the Vintage High School in Napa Valley, California. They participated in a programme of concerts and performances in the local area. The trip was a huge success with friendships being struck that will last for many years to come. We are hoping to organise the return visit in the Summer of 1995.

The partnership with Gesamtschule Horn in Hamburg has continued with an exchange group from Year 10 welcoming the German pupils to Greenwich. The exchange focussed more on participation in school work and John Roan can look forward to practising their German when they return to Hamburg this summer. In May 1994, Judy White took part in a national competition run by the Anglo-German Association to go to the former East Germany and, in August, with eight other students from across the country, visited Leipzig for three weeks. The purpose of the holiday was to improve language skills and experience a different culture. Her spoken German improved a little, she learned a lot, met many interesting people and had a lot of fun.

After many years of working in dark and old fashioned laboratories, the Science department's patience has been rewarded. Throughout the Summer holidays in 1994 the builders were hard at work removing all the old fixtures and fittings to make way for new and modern replacements. The rooms, once gloomy, are now brilliant white with light grey furniture. This improvement was jointly funded by Greenwich Local Education Authority and The John Roan Foundation.

Following the investment of over £200,000 in new computers and other related equipment, the two sites have finally been connected. A fibre optic cable now connects both buildings supplying telephone, fax and computer lines. It is a tremendous boost to the communications in the school and as soon as we can all learn how to do it, EMail will be an everyday message system. These new developments have enabled a new Sixth Form study area to be created with its own computer network and plenty of space for quiet work. The Sixth Form has also gained a new common room which has already become a focus for social life at lunchtimes.

During the Christmas term, Mrs. Lincoln and her theatre group visited "Return to the Forbidden Planet" in Dartford; Chekov's "The Seagull", Arthur Miller's excellent new play, "Broken Glass" and "Wind in the Willows" at the National Theatre; and "A Christmas Carol", by the RSC, at The Barbican.

Sixth form Science and Maths students, Laura Turner, Leah Bate, Nicola Veness, Judy White and Suereena Bhuee, reached the final of the Young Engineers Windmill Project with an innovative, energy efficient design based on an S turbine. They had to research windmill and turbine design, test alternative materials, decide on a final design and construct and test the windmill. The wind turbine was tested at school by a visiting team consisting of engineers, City University staff and the BBC Radio 4. The students enjoyed the project thoroughly.

Three new vocational courses started in the Sixth Form this year: BTEC GNVQ Intermediates in Art and Design and in Science, and BTEC GNVQ National in Performing Arts. The joint sixth form now has five vocational courses running and these complement a

full range of "A" levels plus English and Maths at GCSE 17 level. Our students have the widest possible selection to choose from and the courses are designed to meet all levels of ability. They relate to GCSEs by having an equivalent value of 4/5 GCSE A-C grades for the GNVQ Intermediate and 2 "A" levels for the National.

The school football team have a shirt sponsor. Mr.Bain, the premises manager, and his team decided to use money raised from overtime work to provide the school with desperately needed kits. These will be used for both boys and girls in team activities throughout the school.

Pupils from Years 11 and the Sixth Form joined with pupils at Blackheath High School for a half-day conference to discuss topics relating to the family, especially the role of parents and children. The Director of the United Kingdom UN Year of the Family project was present and had the opportunity to listen to the views of young people as represented by our pupils. The day gave our pupils an insight into the work of the United Nations on this important issue.

John Roan pupils have recently worked with a production company in the development of a CD Rom package for schools called "The Facts of Life". On the day the CD was released to the press the pupils were interviewed on radio 5 Live and Capitol about their contributions and their thoughts on the final product, especially the use of such new technology. Mr. Bell, who had worked with the pupils and liaised with the production company, was interviewed by The Daily Telegraph on the project. He was surprised to find that the interview was featured in the paper the next day with all the "facts" correct.

The John Roan Association raised over £2,500 throughout the year from fund raising events and the lottery. This money has been donated to the school for a variety of uses, most especially reference books for the library, display boards for the art department and a contribution to the Year 7 book boxes for use at tutor time. Proposed educational topics for discussion in the Spring Term included bullying, home work and sex education.

John Roan Girls have excelled in cross-country this year. Congratulations to the Year 8 squad (Carly Hunt, Gemma Hunt, Anetta Justice, Margaret Briggs, Rebecca Maile, Nicola Dennis and Joanne Archard) who won the Greenwich Schools Cross Country Championship in 1994 at the Avery Hill Park Meeting in October. Individual runners in Year 7 and Year 9 also achieved good results. Many of the girls have now joined the Cambridge Harriers and have been a credit to the school with their results. The Year 8 squad represented Greenwich at the London Schools Cross County Championship at Hampstead Heath in February and in bad conditions the two squads came 11th and 25th out of 41 squads. Carly Hunt was then chosen to represent London School in the English Schools Championship later in the year with her sister, Gemma, just missing out on selection. In the Inter-Borough Championships at Brockwell Park in March the Year 8 Girls, representing Greenwich, came 1st and the Year 8 Boys Greenwich Squad came 3rd. Gemma and Carly Hunt were invited to represent London in the Inter-County Cross County in Reigate on March 25 and performed well.

The school was well represented at the London Marathon this year. Mr.Deane and Mr.Upton ran for the staff and Carly and Gemma Hunt participated in the mini-marathon. The months of training and hard work paid off with excellent results from all our runners. Mr. Deane and Mr. Upton were running to raise money for each of their favourite charities. Mr.Bell organised a massive back-up of pupils and friends of Roan to run refreshment stations on the route. It was a great day for London, Greenwich and the school with all our runner making it to the end. Mr. Upton did 4 hours 20 minutes and Mr. Deane came home in 5 hours 10 minutes.

"Brilliant!" and "When can we go again?". Those were the comments of two Year 10 students who went for a long weekend to the John Roan School Hope Memorial Camp in the Lake District at the end of March. 18 students participated, accompanied by Mr.Gittos, Mrs.Melly, Mr.Sampson and Mr.Turner. The group spent their time climbing mountains, rock climbing, abseiling and visiting Cockermouth, Keswick and Windermere. The camp was set up in 1923 by the Headteacher of the Boys' School, Arthur Hope, and was completely rebuilt in 1989 with help from The Roan Foundation Trust. It provides a marvellous environment for young and old alike to experience the beauty of the Lakes at a low cost, and places responsibility on students for the entire organisation of the centre.

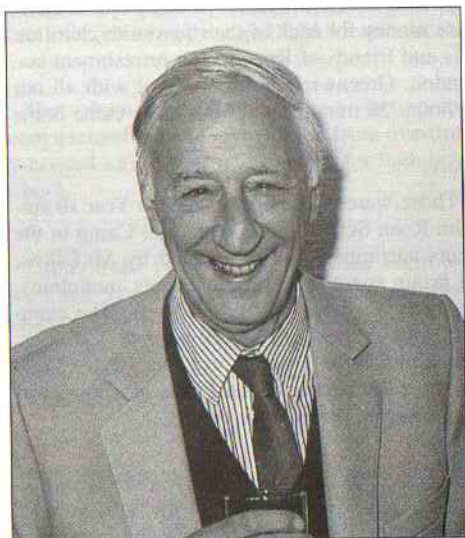
Start the day on a bacon sandwich or anything else that takes your fancy at the breakfast bar. Thanks to the initiative of a group of Year 10 pupils and the support of Mr.Bell, we now have a full breakfast service available at Westcombe Park. Many pupils and staff take advantage of this great way to start the day by munching their way through masses of beans on toast. The pupils are delighted by this extra service and have given it massive support.

In a season affected by poor weather the boys' football teams have enjoyed great success in the Blackheath Cup. Of the four teams entered, three have managed to reach the quarter-finals. Year 7 face St. Joseph's while Years 9 and 10 face difficult ties against the powerful Sedgell School teams. Another successful series of results were provided by the girls who competed against Blackheath Bluecoat School in a Years 7/8/9 5-a-side fixture. A comprehensive victory was recorded.

The school was pleased to be asked to take part in a pilot quiz game for BBC Radio 4 called "Beat the Teacher". The game involved former pupils from two schools paired with a teacher in a round of quiz questions based on school subjects. "Arthur" Smith paired with Linda Karlsen from John Roan just beat wine writer "Oz" Clark and a teacher from his old school. "Arthur" Smith secured victory by knowing where to look for "log tables" in the school. Where do you think? In the playground of course! We await news on whether the BBC will run this programme.

Mr. Sampson's band "The Feelgood Factor" is mainly made up of Sixth Form students, including Natasha Young, who used to attend John Roan. The other students attend Thomas Tallis School. After playing several concerts in the south-east area and a few television shows, they are now busy preparing for the annual "Big Break" band competition sponsored by the major record label, EMI. The band managed to beat off over 2,000 entrants to secure an elusive place. The prizes include a recording with a top record producer and a record contract with the EMI label.

Geoff Thomas (1924 - 1995)



Geoff Thomas on his 70th birthday in November 1994

Flying Officer. Rejoining Hindwoods he remained with them as a Chartered Surveyor, and eventually a Partner, for the whole of his professional life.

Though Geoff had represented the School at both soccer and cricket it was in the latter that he was most active. He played sixty times for the O.R.C.C. 1st XI between 1950 and 1960, averaging 14 with the bat. But it is as a reliable and prolific run scorer for the 2nd XI that he will be remembered. Sound and unruffled in defence he was able to keep his wicket when all about were losing theirs, and he could drive ferociously in the arc between the bowler and midwicket. He continued to play until well past his 60th birthday; indeed in 1980, when aged 56, he is recorded as being "one of the 2nd XI's most prolific scorers." When not playing cricket he was a keen supporter and Life Member of Charlton Athletic Football Club and was proud to wear the red and white hat and scarf. More quietly, but equally competitively, he loved his snooker.

He was Master of the John Roan School Lodge in 1977 and made a significant contribution to its affairs over many years. Indeed, his contributions to, and comments at, any meeting or discussion he attended were invariably to the point and were distinguished by down-to-earth commonsense; it was undoubtedly this attribute that helped him to progress from humble beginnings to become a leading member of his profession.

His care and concern for his wife, Dawn, in her tragic illness was testimony to his many good qualities. He was a thoroughly nice man and it is a privilege to have known him.

Alan Weir & Brian Thomas. June 1995

Ivor Hughes (1938-1994)

Ivor Hughes died of a heart attack last November leaving a wife, two children, four grandchildren, and a host of friends who still cannot come to terms with it. It was standing room only at the funeral service at Eltham Crematorium - a fitting tribute to Ivor's popularity.

Ivor attended Roan from 1949-54. His first form master was the much feared "Henry" Hall, but luckily for Ivor they both happened to be in the same Drake house - and Ivor turned out to be a first class cross-country runner. While the rest of us struggled with our homework and were threatened in class when we were unable to grasp the finer points of physics, Ivor remained unscathed. He was successful at athletics throughout his time at Roan and represented the school at the annual games at the White City stadium.

When he left school, he joined Barclays Bank, and remained there until he took early retirement in 1992. He also joined Blackheath Harriers and was one of their best half-milers until national service called in 1957. Ivor did his two years in the RAF and spent the second year in Hong Kong.

While he was still at school he started courting his future wife, Kathleen, herself a pupil at the Roan Girls' School. When national service was over, it was back to the bank and, a year later, a wedding.

Ivor's links with the school were resumed when he joined the Old Roan Dramatic Society, with which he had a long and successful career. He played the lead in "Night Must Fall", Alfred Doolittle in "Pygmalion", and showed his versatility in straight plays, comedies, farces, revues, pantomimes and old time music hall. His strong tenor voice, which he attributed to his Welsh blood, was the mainstay of any production that involved songs. Ivor served as a committee member and treasurer for the Society and also played leading roles in numerous Barclays Bank productions.

His love of sport continued as he took up golf, and as a football fan he always managed to see his beloved Wrexham when they played in the south-east.

Ivor was a "life and soul of the party" type; he was naturally sociable and his gregarious nature gained him many friends. He was also unfailingly honest, kind, generous, and never afraid to speak his mind. It was a matter of concern to all when he found he needed open-heart surgery in 1988. The operation was a success and he resumed work, golf, and treading the boards.

A cruel blow came when he lost one of his two younger sisters (Jean, another ex-Roan girl) from arthritis in 1993. A year later he found that he needed further surgery and he entered hospital in November 1994. Tragically he never came home, leaving a great void in his family and in the lives of so many people who were proud and glad to be his friends.



Richard Rickson. March 1995



Professor Paul Turner (1933-1994)

Paul Turner, CBE, Professor of Clinical Pharmacology, University of London, 1972-93, died of a heart attack while attending church on Christmas Day, 1994, aged 61. He was born on April 16, 1933.

A leading clinical pharmacologist and an influential figure in medical circles, Paul Turner was regularly called on to contribute his specialist knowledge to official advisory bodies and committees in his chosen field, many of which he chaired expertly.

Educated at the Roan School for Boys, Blackheath, and at the University of London, he started his career with appointments at the Middlesex Hospital as house physician to Sir John

Nabarro; at the Royal Free Hospital where he was senior house officer to Professor (later Dame) Sheila Sherlock; and at the Edgeware General Hospital.

In 1963 he moved to St. Bartholomew's Hospital Medical College to take up the position of lecturer in pharmacology and he spent the remainder of his professional career there, holding the Chair of Clinical Pharmacology from 1972 until his retirement in 1993. At the Royal School of Medicine, he held several key positions - as vice-president, as honorary editor, as a member of council and as president of the Section of Medicine, Experimental Medicine and Therapeutics during his 16 years' fellowship, culminating in his election as the society's first academic dean with responsibility for overseeing the programme of continuing medical education.

He chaired the British Pharmaceutical Codex Revision Committee, the DHSS Committee on Toxicity of Chemicals in Food, Consumer Products and the Environment, the expert working group on Sudden Infant Death Syndrome, the advisory board on Homeopathic Registration, the committee of Directors of the National Poisons Information Service and the UK advisory board of the "Prix Galien". He served as a vice-chairman of the British Pharmacopoeia Commission, and as a member of several academic committees of the University of London and of a number of advisory boards concerned with foods and food poisons.

He published more than 600 papers in his field, and co-edited a number of influential textbooks and conference proceedings, including those of the first World Conference on Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics held in London in August 1980. He held a number of visiting professorships both in the United States and Australia.

A deeply religious man, he had completed 18 months of the three-year St. Albans and Oxford ministry course with a view to becoming ordained as a non-stipendiary minister. He was part-time organist for several local churches in Berkshire and had occupied the pulpit on many occasions. Had he been spared a few moments longer, he would have preached the sermon at his local Parish Mass on Christmas morning.

Turner enjoyed international travel both in the company of his family and in a professional capacity, and his breadth of interests encompassed good food and wine, as well as piano and organ music. He was a convivial companion and colleague, and a devoted family man.

Paul Turner is survived by his wife Katie, and by two daughters.

© Full text taken from the "Times" of 9.1.95

Thomas Hope Findlay (1910-1994)

Thomas Hope Findlay, who has died aged 84, was one of the most accomplished and esteemed professional gardeners of the century.

During his 32 years in charge of the gardens at Windsor Great Park, Findlay was as closely involved in the development of both the Savill Garden and the Valley Gardens as was Sir Eric Savill, the Park's deputy ranger, after whom the woodland garden was named by order of George VI.

Findlay's work as cultivator and landscapist helped to give the Savill Garden its reputation. He gathered a vast collection of shade-tolerant, acid soil-loving plants and wove them into an idyllic landscape within an oak wood. An archetypal late 20th century English garden, it established a style which Findlay introduced to a wider public at the Chelsea Flower Show with three-tier gardens of trees overhanging shrubs, which in turn sheltered a variety of woodland floor plants. His exhibits never failed to win a gold medal, and set a standard by which later examples are judged.

Thomas Hope Findlay was born on April 21 1910. His father was a notable head gardener in the great Scottish tradition, who had charge of the gardens at Logan and Castle Kennedy and later travelled south to become first superintendent of Greenwich Park and then Wisley. Young Thomas was educated at the Roan School, Blackheath, and then went to work in Lord Iveagh's celebrated garden at Fyrford Court, Surrey.

He continued his training at Bodnant under F.C. Puddle (one of the greatest gardeners of his day), and later worked in the gardens of Luton Hoo and of Oaklands, near Bristol. Findlay's first headship came at the early age of 21, at the Heywood Garden, Cobham. He went on to take charge of Hatchford Park and then of Little Paddocks at Sunninghill, then owned by Col. J. N. Horlick, one of horticulture's most enthusiastic patrons.

Findlay joined the Windsor Gardens staff in 1943 and remained there for the rest of his career, progressing from superintendent to keeper. The plans he and Savill had for the woodland garden and the Valley Gardens were encouraged by George VI and Queen Elizabeth, and as the gardens matured the reputations of the two men soared.

The plants Findlay introduced ranged from magnolias that became mighty trees to low-growing woodland plants like the defiant epigaeas, notorious as one of the most difficult to grow. Completely dedicated to his craft and to the discovery of new woodland plants, Findlay ensured that the Windsor gardens were frequent prizewinners in the Horticultural Halls at Westminster. The variety and quality of the Windsor entries stimulated competition and brought to the notice of a London audience plants they would rarely see.

The many lilies which in summer succeeded the rhododendrons at the Savill brought Findlay the Society's Lyttel Lily Cup in 1957, and in 1979 he was awarded the Loder Cup for his work on rhododendrons. The Society made him one of its Associates of Honour in 1957 and in 1961 conferred on him its highest accolade, the Victoria Medal of Honour.



During his Windsor years one of his greatest achievements was to organise the transplants of 2,000 rhododendron species from Tower Court, near Ascot. Some of the plants were 15 feet across, and the task involved working out techniques for moving them. It took five years to complete a new landscape in the Park with them. On his retirement in 1975 he was appointed LVO. In 1935 Findlay married Margaret Howse; they had three daughters.

© Full text taken from the Daily Telegraph of 20.10.94

Keith McKenzie - "The Toy Shop Man of Blackheath Village"

News of the death of Keith McKenzie came as a great shock and much sadness for countless Blackheath people who knew him for many years as the toy shop man. His distinctive presence will be long remembered: always rudely healthy, by his personal demonstration that the Yul Brynner look could be attractive long before the young shaved their heads, and full of knowledge about his trade and the traders of Blackheath Village. He was the last of the old-established Blackheath shopkeepers, a survival from those days before supermarkets and out-of-town shopping centres took away most of the local retail business.

He served three generations of Blackheathans from his shops: the first Raggy Ann's was at No.41 Montpelier Vale, which he and his wife, Barbara, opened at the end of 1945 when Keith was demobilised from war service in the RAF. The success of the first shop led to a move in 1950 to No. 26 Tranquil Vale where, until he retired in 1990, Keith and his tireless and faithful staff aided the process of making children happy. There are grandparents today who remember buying toys themselves, then for their children and even for grandchildren, until Keith retired. There was nothing about toys he did not know: Hornby, Meccano, Dinky, Britain's toy army and farm animals, dollies and Action Man, tricycles and skipping ropes, plasticine and playdough, face paint, balloons and rag books. He saw the change from hollow-cast lead soldiers and metal cars to plastic - which he reckoned were none the worse for it.

His shop was an Aladdin's Cave for children and parents: stretching onwards and upwards - even the staircases were lined with model plane kits, sports' shoes, and everything conceivable which would fit a Christmas stocking or a birthday box. His stock cost anything from pennies to pounds so that no child left his shop with nothing, however small the pocket money.

Meanwhile, Barbara had developed the more serious needs of clothing and footwear for the tots, and hundreds (if not thousands) of Blackheath infants were well-fitted and well-shod by the big Raggy Ann's, now Stitches and Daughters, opposite the toyshop. Keith McKenzie was also the serious sportsgoods man and, in bright summer days, could be found in the sunshine on his roof, restringing tennis rackets.

When Keith retired, the Blackheath Society presented the McKenzies with its rarely-given Special Award. It was for an outstanding service to Blackheath and for making many generations of children (and their parents) extremely happy. It was the least that Blackheath could do. Blackheath and its neighbourhood have lost a good friend and we are all very sorry to see him go. Our heartfelt sympathies go to Barbara and all their family.

Keith McKenzie ('33-'39) died on the 10th October 1994. The above article is taken from "The Guide" which covers the Blackheath area.

Canon R. C. Howard (1902-1995)

Defiantly a representative of the *ancien régime*, when clerics still ran public schools, Canon Howard was a headmaster of calm dignity and lofty mien. Austere even forbidding in demeanour, he saw into every crevice of school life and made it his business to know each boy in the school.

On public occasions he was superb - reserved, polished, supremely in control: every gesture was planned and no detail left to chance. Yet, as with all the best headmasters, it was in a sense a performance - for in private he was a shy and diffident man. A bachelor, he gave up much of the headmaster's house to the school sanatorium. A bridge player and avid reader, his one luxury was a remarkable collection of early 19th-century watercolours and his only indulgence driving his Railton or his Rolls at high speed.

Ronald Claude Howard was the second son of Henry and Florence Howard of Sevenoaks, Kent. After a private education (Roan 1916-18), he entered Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge in 1921, where he took a third in the English Tripos, and subsequently trained for the ministry at Westcott House, Cambridge. He served as a curate in Eastbourne from 1926 to 1928.

From 1928 to 1930 he was chaplain of Bradfield College, and he was then as assistant master first at Tonbridge School from 1930 to 1937, and then at Marlborough College, of which he became chaplain in 1938. *The Marlburian* of March 1943 speaks of him as an humane, generous and friendly chaplain who "knows just how boys' minds work". In 1943 he went to Radley College as chaplain and from there in 1945 moved to Hurstpierpoint, where he was headmaster for 19 years.

He inherited a school which had been raised to a high point in academic and sporting success as well as in numbers by his predecessor, Walter Dingwall. But the war years and Dingwall's sudden departure had been unsettling and, because of financial restrictions and wartime shortages, the college lacked many basic facilities.

Howard was the ideal choice to succeed Dingwall. His calm approach and capacity for intelligent hard work soon built on his predecessor's achievements. His principal memorial was the creation of a fine, academic school which attracted such numbers that he was constantly able to raise the quality of entry to both senior and junior schools.

In earlier times a distinguished and experienced headmaster, especially one from a Woodard school like Hurstpierpoint, could have expected to be made a bishop or at least a dean. But by the mid-1960s the era of muscular christianity had effectively come to an end.

In any event, Howard was already 62 when he gave up the headmastership and the school that for almost two decades had been his life. He went to live in Chichester, where he was appointed communitar (a kind of bursar) to the cathedral. He had been made an honorary canon of Chichester by Bishop Bell in 1957 and he spent the three years from 1964 to 1967 living there in apparent contentment. But then his sister died and he moved back to Sevenoaks in order to look after his mother. On her death, he bought a flat in Hove, in which town he spent the long twilight years of his retirement.

He is survived by a nephew and a niece.

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Memories of Calais – July 1926

When visiting Elizabeth Nicholson (née Sinclair) in late Autumn last year, I read the interesting article by Vera Perkins (née Walton, '19-'25) in her copy of the Old Roan Chronicle. Elizabeth entered Roan in September 1918, two months before the end of the Great War, and left some 7-8 years later. Although Vera and I started at Roan in 1919, we were never in the same form: at 85 years old I am somewhat younger.

Arising from Vera's article I felt stirred to write about the three-week visit to Calais following the end of Summer term 1926; in early May that year the country had been almost paralysed by the General Strike. The cost borne by our parents was considered very reasonable; the rate of exchange at 240 francs to the old £ was against the French and re-valued later.

We numbered fourteen from the senior forms of the Upper School, accompanied by Miss Richardson and Miss Knight and probably a "Ma'mzelle" gaining teaching experience at Roan. The crossing was, of course, by the sea route Dover/Calais. The party stayed at a boarding school from which pupils had gone home for the holidays. On arrival we were, by degrees, joined by others, both boys and girls, from English schools.

We dined in a very large room on the ground floor; each school with its own staff occupied separate long tables and I considered the meals were good. For continental-style breakfast there were large cups of coffee, made from the ground variety, crusty rolls and butter. Hard-boiled eggs cut in halves and served with an assortment of sauces were often part of mid-day and evening meals; certainly none was ever left over uneaten.

Sleeping arrangements were on the Spartan side. In our dormitory at the very top of the building under the roof we found floor-boards without any covering, iron bedsteads that creaked and very small bedside lockers rather like those then used in hospitals. I recall that the loose-fitting windows rattled or groaned in windy weather. With no apparent heating, the dormitory must have been extremely cold in winter and it was so large that our party occupied a small area near the door.

As might be expected, attendance at classes conducted in French was obligatory, but in the mornings only: the afternoons were free for us to explore the immediate neighbourhood in company with our staff. We must have thoroughly scoured the district about which I can remember little. I do recollect seeing such food items as egg-shells and tomato-skins with lots of water in some of the gutters; it would make one wonder about the plumbing linked to the kitchens at that time. A strange sight was the occasional appearance of various types of dogs pulling along small "contraptions" on two large wheels. It is hard to describe these; they were not barrows but of a box-like structure and the contents were probably goods for sale of the local tradesmen.

Sometimes we went in late afternoon on picnics to nearby Marske; this could hardly be described as a seaside resort. It was unattractive; the tide was always out so far for the sea to be hardly visible and there were no golden sands, only mud. I do remember that the fruit we took on these occasions, such as pears and grapes, were inclined to be unripe. On one of these jaunts we were joined by two boys from another school. They came at the invitation of our staff and had been noticed chatting up two of our number. Fancy this happening back home! The invitation I mean.

Once, when visiting local shops on our own, cigarettes were bought, which we smoked, accompanied by much puffing and spluttering, in the dormitory. No doubt we felt really grown-up and afterwards took care to remove all traces. At least that is what we thought. However, on the next occasion, when the staff joined us there for a customary discussion of future events and other matters, we were given a "dressing down" by Miss Richardson at what had happened. And the clue? Well, probably an open window which we had been unable to close once the smell had been removed.

One week-end our crowd left Calais, possibly on Friday, and travelled to Paris, where we were split up and stayed in private houses. I know I was pleased to find my bedroom carpeted. I expect the arrangements were made for bed and breakfast, but for other meals we went as a party to restaurants. In particular, I recall an enjoyable meal of rabbit cooked in wine and this received universal approval. Whilst in Paris we went to a theatre matinee and saw a Moliere play and although we visited the Palace of Versailles I cannot recall whether we toured the building or the grounds. A coach took us around the city on a very hot afternoon and we stopped to inspect various famous places of interest. As I often stayed in the coach (called "charabanc" then) I have only the haziest recollection and remained there because a blister on my foot turned septic was painful.

Before we returned to England we were photographed with our French staff:



Back row: Ivy Morris, Phyllis Holmes, Olwen Williams, Edith Smart, Grace Whitaker, Frances Turpin, Rosalind Fone. 3rd. row: Gwen Thomas, Winnie Morris, Lizzie Doswell, Elsie Allen, Muriel Turner, ? 2nd. row: Miss Knight, 2 French teachers, Miss Richardson, ? Front row: ? (good at games), Phyllis Elliott, ?, ?

The young dark-haired girl in the front row was not from Roan. Olwen was the sister of the chemistry mistress, Miss Williams. Ivy and Winnie were the middle two of four Morris sisters, the others being Doris and Hilda. Elsie Allen was the contact for Roan girls with the editor of the former magazine and predecessor of Mrs. Kay Wilkins. The woman seated next to Miss Richardson could have been the "Ma'mzelle" and the other two queried could have been French.

Nowadays, trips abroad for schools involving much longer distances than France are very common, but I am sure that in 1926 Roan girls were making history for the school by going to Calais and staying there as a group. No doubt, the main hope was that we would return with a greater knowledge of French combined with more facility in speaking it. Maybe in some instances this happened, but for myself I am not at all sure. The trip was an exciting experience and I am very glad to have been part of that original group.

Grace Whitaker ('19-'28)
London S.E.18. March 1995

Reunion of the Class of '56

Anyone arriving at the Clubhouse after 7.30 p.m. on Friday 12th May, 1995 could be forgiven for wondering what they had got into. The air was full of cries of "No! Its not you! Is it?". "I'd never have known you", and "You haven't changed a bit".

The occasion was the first ever reunion of "girls" who started at the Roan School in September 1956. Those of you with a keen mathematical mind will have already worked out that this meant that during the school year 1994/95 we would all attain our 50th birthday - surely an occasion worth celebrating.

Out of a year's intake of 98 pupils, 50 were contacted, together with 9 staff, of which 35 and 4 respectively attended the reunion. It was the first time many of us had met since leaving school and judging by the laughter and continuous conversation the reunion was a great success.

A buffet had been provided (with an appropriately decorated cake) and together with the liquid refreshment served by the Bar Stewards we were assured of enough supplies to keep us going all evening. The festivities finally finished at midnight. We did after all have more than 30 years of news to catch up on.

Small groups of the same girls were to be found on Saturday looking around the old Roan School for Girls building which has now been converted into a number of flats, and which had opened for public viewing only the week before.



From left: Anne Bristow, Mary Jeffery, Ann Fahey and Jacky Franklin

Former pupils attending the reunion were:

Norma Alston	Joan Ayers	Brenda Bayliss	Vivienne Beresford
Deirdre Bew	Jacky Bunce	Brenda Cavender	Joan Everett
Linda Farley	Bronwen Griffiths	Jean Hardy	Angela Hazell
Margaret Hemment	Linda Hibberd	Linda Hodgson	Linda Kyte
Brenda Marchant	Brenda Marshall	Carolyn O'Connor	Glenys Page
Pamela Parker	Pauline Randell	Janet Reid	Carmen Roiz de Sa
Janet Short	Sandra Spurin	Christine Stephens	Jennifer Stephens
Christine Stenning	Pamela Still	Heather Stuart	Olive Varley
Anne Warren	Sandra Welton	Susanna Wilson	

Ex-staff who attended the reunion were:

Miss Barnett	Mrs. Broodbank	Mrs. Jeffery	Miss Nash
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As it is hoped to hold another reunion in the not too distant future, we are trying to contact other girls who started at the school in September 1956. So if anyone has any information in this connection perhaps they would contact: Anne Bristow (née Warren) Tel: (0181) 311 4958

Anne Bristow ('56-'62)
June 1995



Farewell to Roan - Summer of '71

The Class of '64

Marilyn Campbell (née Cross '64-'71) has provided the photograph of the Upper Sixth taken, probably, on the last day of the summer term in 1971. She still regularly sees Lesley Scott (née Holland), fourth from left, top row, and Glynis Rawlins (née Burt), second from left, middle row. They have spent several happy hours reminiscing and putting names to the girls in the photograph. They are able to identify all but one and will not say which one in case she was a close friend during those school days.

They all agree that too much time has passed without hearing news of old friends and ask that the photograph should be included in the magazine to prompt contemporaries to renew contact and possibly support a reunion. A special message to Maxine Davis (née James): Why weren't you in the photo?

All replies to: Marilyn Campbell: "Taralee", Wrotham Road, Meopham, Kent DA13 0HP.
Tel: (01474) 814141

Where are they now?

The Association has lost touch with the following. If anyone knows a current address would they please let the secretary know:

Chris Bunton ('69-'76)

Bob Burton ('59-'66)

Joan Gardner ('29-'36)

Mary Godley (née Midgeley '35-'42)

R.J.S.Green ('21-'26)

Peter Hill (- '63)

Phil Lancelotte ('65-'72)

P.J.Leman ('62-'68)

A.R.Linley ('26-'31)

Stephen Trice ('64-'71)

Andy Wren ('77-'83)

Eezalarfinee.....?????

It seems traditional in this august publication to start every article with an obscure quote in Latin, Greek or French and as I don't know any I thought it best to invent one and there it is. Translations are available from The Editor.

In our year it was Steve Dixon ('73-'78) who would amble up each year to receive the Victor Ludorum prize. Whilst we were aware that Steve entered lots of events on sports day and won most of them we assumed that Victor Ludorum was some great Victorian philanthropist who had donated the trophy to assuage his guilt for sending small boys up chimneys. However, now I am aware of the true meaning of the words I propose a new award: The Victor Cluborum (Latin scholars will probably wince at this and all letters on the matter would be gratefully received by the editor). The Victor Cluborum would be awarded to someone who is a "good egg", works exceptionally hard for the club, plays various sports and shows an inordinate enthusiasm for life. If such an award were to be instigated your president would probably win it outright after the mandatory three defences.

To list entirely Graham's achievements for the club to date would require more space than I have here. Suffice it to say that he has scored over 10,000 runs and taken 500 wickets for the cricket club and played for every team and in every position for the football section. On a note of tragedy, as I write this I learn that Graham has broken his leg playing for the thirds and may in future have to limit his appearances to the Sunday-side-he-runs.

Well, I hear my imaginary reader ask, does this sporting giant have time for anything else? He certainly does. He drinks. He serves behind the bar. He Hoovers the club. He collects glasses. He helps out at club functions. He attends club functions. He organises club functions. He opens up. He closes up. Unfortunately he rarely shuts up. He has starred in club pantos. He has spoken after dinners and sung at Karaoke and that's not the half of it but it is the only half you're going to get here. Graham is happily married to Hilary and lives in Lee Green with his family. He works as a Junior School class teacher in Grove Park.

Mark Squire. May 1995

Willingly to School

Each day my bus stopped at the Blackheath Standard,
I wore a pea-green, baratheia blazer
and lugged a pigskin briefcase stuffed with dog-eared
latin vocab lists. Look at my modular

descriptive system! *Legoland!* I choose, I read.
My school was on Maze Hill. They guided me
through labyrinths of doubt, a tiny Flamstead -
his phantom strode the domed Observatory

we orbited on our cross-country runs.
Syd Bishop was demolishing a church.
Watch it come down! I said *Goodbye, St.John's*

each day I walked towards the royal park.
Here are some words that helped me. *Fax* (a torch).
In tenebris splendet (shines in the dark).

Paul Angus

The Road to Parnassus - Paul Angus ('66-'72)

A If Knott is to blame, bless him, for pointing the way to Parnassus. He put me on the stage in my first term with Peter Chamberlain. We were two poor boys from Greenwich stealing lead from a church roof and scarpering when the police arrived. Then followed barber shop quartets, review and musical. Phil Snaith and John Dennis will recall an incident in *Beards, beards men with a beard* in 1066 *And All That* around 1970. I was Drake, and they were Raleigh and another bearded Admiral. In a six line strophe-song I managed to sing two lines of my own verse, followed by two of Phil's and two of John's. Phil was slightly phased to hear his words coming from another person's mouth but he and John both reacted with aplomb and I don't think anyone noticed. Strophe songs still give me problems and fortunately *Papageno* is the only role in my repertoire which uses them. If it's any consolation to the other *men with a beard* (John had a fine growth of Victorian-style side whiskers), the experience confirmed me in the decision to sing, wherever possible, in a language the audience doesn't understand. That way you can really go to town.

It was David Lever, then music master, who regularly took parties to schools opera matinees at the London Colosseum. Peter Chamberlain, who played trumpet and viola, was a Mozart fanatic and Friend of Covent Garden and was often bleary-eyed in class after a night at the opera. He first took me to see *Sonnambula*, Renata Scotto in the title role. Peter, who was centre-forward in Mr. Hoare's under-13's, regularly netted hat tricks in scorelines which brought the house down when Alfie, who had straddled onto the stage, announced the football results of a Monday morning.

I wonder what happened to Peter. I often check the list of orchestral players in opera and concert programmes, looking for his and Michael Penny's name. Both played with the Lewisham Philharmonic (Michael was a fine clarinettist) and represented the classical side of Roan music-making which was eclipsed by the success of the school band.

For those of us who live a long way from Greenwich the receipt of the Chronicle is an event of major importance. With this in mind, I enclose three poems which talk about the relationship that binds me, like every Old Roan, to Greenwich Park and Kidbrooke. I hope they stir happy memories for others.

Handing On

You ran the first leg, startled from your marks
by silence. A plume of smoke hung above

his panama. Then the explicative bang.
Tilting left, you shouldered a wide arc,

compassed on Bill's unseen radius,
your spikes scuffing up puffs of lime.

You veered your unerring swerve
towards our changeover, hitting my mark,

gasping "go" and slapping the fat baton
in my upturned palm. I run my leg,

the alluminium fluting in the wind
which tongues my unwound stagger.

I'm plighted. And like the silver cups we left
our names on, conscience calls us back.

Quaggy, Kidbrooke. Here in the cloudless South,
between the Po and Rubicon, I track

new tangents, tonguing borrowed accents.
For "baton" we say "witness", which sitting

by the Roman Road, the same palm bent
round a glass of Pimm's, I now bear back

with these lines, traced in silence,
like unheard pistols, unseen markings.

Meridian

One day my father took me to the park
and had me stand astride the line. I was

a schoolboy colossus in a skinny home-knit,
playing split the kipper like a compass,

one foot east of zero, one foot west.
He called me *Dreamy Daniel*, but this time

he was the one having visions, talking of
imaginary lines running round the globe

and coming back to Greenwich. Later, at school,
we followed our masters' markings:

sightlines onstage governed our gauche movements;
the Quaggy pitch in winter with its frosted geometry;

the running track in summer with its tangle of takeovers
and the lonely bend leading back to the pavilion.

Here by the Roman Road, I'm stuck in a translation.
My keyboard's pucker-pucker stops. My cursor

marks time getting churlish. A sixteenth century
astrolabe from Padova had found me out. The author

talks of grids and longitudes, and here among
the illustrative plates I see *Sala Meridiana*,

and a brass strip on a Florentine museum floor
leads me back to the park. My father is demented

now. He shuffles along strange corridors which lead
to rooms he doesn't recognize, and games he doesn't

really understand. An absence lacking all co-ordinates.
He asks *Who is it?* turning to the nurse.

And I say *Dreamy Daniel, your son Paul*.
He offers an uncomprehending hand.

"Meridian" was a prize winner in the 1994 National Poetry Competition. Acknowledgements are due to *The Poetry Society* and *BBC Radio 4*. Paul Angus lives in Modena in Italy.

The Roan Theatre Company

"Why Me?" – A Comedy by Stanley Price July 14-16, 1994

The Theatre at Eltham Green School on a hot evening in mid-July was an agreeable venue for this lightweight comedy with Graham Johnson as the central character playing a modern day Job. Life is miserable and is destined to worsen. The play is set in a Britain in recession. The recession before our current recession when the difference was that you had a chance to sell your home before it was repossessed. Alf Knott, as director, ensured that the pace never slackened and the cast combined well. The three performances were well attended and this new venue was considered a great success.

What made the evening such a success were the two pivotal scenes played between Graham Johnson and his son, played by Steve Hunt, and later with his neighbour, Len Quaife. Anger is a very difficult emotion to act and convey effectively and in their different ways both Graham and Len achieved it with great skill and conviction.

Steve Hunt, in his first appearance for the company, gave a memorable performance as the son. Simply unforgettable! A failing musician, he returns late from a dubious gig, dressed outrageously in drag, and casually interrupts a liaison between Graham and Theresa Wilkins, as the neighbour who provides comfort. Angry at being denied an anticipated pleasure in a life of unrelenting tragedy, Graham launches into a wonderful tirade of anger, mixed with bewilderment, caused by the apparent total collapse of his life and family. His wife has left him for another woman and his son returns home in drag - "if this is happening to a family of our size what on earth is happening in the rest of the world?"

Len is the neighbour. A struggling builder. Loud, aggressive, bigoted and with strong moral views except when relating to V.A.T. By the time he confronts Graham his own anger is explosive but Graham now recognises his pre-destined role as Job - "when the only civil engineering job on offer was in Zambia he knew the boils had arrived" - and counters with detached objectivity. This was an excellent scene.

Glynis Watson as Graham's wife, pursuing the illusion of a successful career, provided a calm and controlled performance that effectively balanced Graham's. Her "power-dressing" contrasted markedly with the "little feminine numbers" preferred by the neighbour. Teresa Wilkins was suitably seductive as the neighbour who offers favours after morning coffee. She effused the sadness of a lonely and unfulfilled life with an uncaring husband and a mother needing attention in Leicester, and dazzled Graham, and the audience, with an astonishing number of well chosen outfits. Beryl Knott was delightful as Graham's mother-in-law living in the "granny flat" and, not for the first time, showed that she has the timing and delivery to handle comedy most effectively. She clearly enjoyed her role as the difficult and unwanted mother with an obsession for radio "phone-ins", a refusal to be ignored and a reluctance to stay in her own part of the house.

The play suffers from an inappropriate happy ending and is a little too long but some of the earlier writing and the individual performances made the evening very worthwhile - unless you happened to be out of work, suffering a mid-life crisis or anxious about ageing relatives. Unfortunately my own choice of guests shared all three and complained for days afterwards - but that is hardly the fault of the Roan Theatre Company and it was unanimously agreed that Graham Johnson was, again, outstanding.

"An Ideal Husband" by Oscar Wilde January 25-28, 1995

The Roan Theatre Company's latest production, "An Ideal Husband" by Oscar Wilde, played to good and appreciative audiences for four nights in January at the Eltham Green School Theatre. It marked the centenary of the play's first performance on the 3rd January 1895 at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. The main themes of hypocrisy, political blackmail, human relationships, and sleaze made the play oddly topical; and the sexist philosophy, so outrageously politically incorrect as to raise incredulous gasps from the many "aware" ladies in the audience, all combined to make an evening of rare entertainment.



Trevor Talbot as Viscount Goring in "An Ideal Husband"

The set was cleverly designed by Carol Lee and built by Len Quaife, Peter Laurie, Freda Goldberg and others. The atmosphere and character created of upper-class, Victorian London provided an excellent background against which the actors could show their skills.

The director, Graham Johnson, gave them every chance to do so. The opening ball-room scene was a superb exhibition of ensemble acting with all the ingredients of a fine show on view: the set, the costumes, the pace, the individual performances were all of the best the company has ever delivered. The interplay of characters was cleverly managed, and the supporting cast subtly registered without overshadowing the principals.

Rod Stanbridge and Steve Hunt were suitably grave and discreet as footmen, and on her debut for the company, Debby Vyse was a vivacious and chatty Mrs. Marchmont in fine contrast to Beryl Knott's lorgnetted and languidly superior Lady Basildon. Len Quaife showed his versatility in the roles of the debonair Mr. Monford and the lugubriously comic butler, Phipps. Joan Stanbridge earned a well-deserved round of applause after her big scene - practically a monologue - as Lady Markby; a scene in which Steve Hunt and David Lane, another first-timer for the company, managed the serving of tea with professional unobtrusiveness, always very tricky on stage. David Lane had earlier played the Frenchman, Vicomte de Nanjac, with great panache and no little charm.

As the Earl of Caversham, Alf Knott was type-cast as the grouchy father expecting too much of his son and enjoying the pretty faces surrounding him. Glynis Watson was one of them, a real charmer as Mabel Chiltern; she is developing into one of the new generation of talented female leads in the company. Teresa Wilkins and Mandy Brown are the other two

graces. Teresa Wilkins goes from strength to strength. As Lady Chiltern, her most demanding role to date, she displayed abilities only promised till now. This was particularly so in the emotionally charged scene with her husband who denounces her idealism as a threat to their love. As Sir Robert Chiltern, Peter Laurie gave the excellent performance we have come to expect of him. He has a fine voice, an impressive presence, and an ease on stage that hides the considerable art he uses in creating a character. Mandy Brown, as Mrs. Cheveley, looked superb, was subtly both seductive and menacing at once, and had a dryness of delivery which got across the dessication of the milk of human kindness in her wonderfully well. As with Teresa Wilkins, this was her most impressive performance to date.

As always, Trevor Talbot's was a most professional performance. He dieted off a stone or more to prepare for the part of Viscount Goring, had his hair coloured and curled to suit the dandy, spoke with the merest suspicion of a lisp, was as elegant of gesture as in costume, and displayed a variation of personality from loving through affection and resigned irritation to severity with his co-actors which showed off his skills as a performer to excellent advantage.

All five of the major roles were acted at a very high standard, and the players did their director, Graham Johnson, proud. He, with the enormous help of his back-stage crew, Barbara Roe, Freda Goldberg, Geraldine Day and Tim Hawes, exhibited as great a talent for direction as he has done for acting. He dispelled any doubts there may have been about the company's ability to put on a play of this kind. He and his players and support group are to be congratulated.



Mandy Brown and Trevor Talbot in "An Ideal Husband"

A Night out in Romford

On a cold and wet night in mid-December 1994 a small group from the Roan Theatre Company rendezvoused in Bexley, admired Trevor Talbot's new windows and braved the Dartford Tunnel for a booking in Romford. Glynis Watson, Teresa Wilkins and Mandy Brown settled into the back seat and discussed life, men, passion, love and divorce without hesitation or distraction from Bexley to Romford. Glynis admitted to knowing Romford and starting life as an Essex Girl. The venue was the Commercial Union Building and the occasion was the annual Christmas Party for retired employees. Armed with a portable keyboard and stunning costumes our commitment was to provide an hour of Music Hall and seasonal offerings. Arriving slightly late we were joined by Graham Johnson and Freda Goldberg and viewed our victims enjoying their meal and drinks. We were received kindly and even enthusiastically and afterwards enjoyed excellent hospitality. A repeat booking was mentioned. During the return journey from Romford to Bexley the occupants of the back seat engaged in a discussion on life, men, passion, love and divorce without hesitation or distraction.

The A.G.M. of the Roan Theatre Company held on 27 February 1995 reported on a very busy and enjoyable year. The company was in its best health for years and looked forward to the future with anticipation. The use of the Theatre at Eltham Green School was considered a good development and other venues are being checked. The "Iva Award" was won this year by Len Quaife. The company are entering three separate plays in the "Duncan Rand One Act Festival" held at the Medway Little Theatre in July 1995.

Ivor Hughes

The meeting in February also noted the very sad loss of Ivor Hughes who died in December. Ivor had been a popular and well loved member of the company for many years and will be greatly missed. Many members attended Ivor's funeral where the chapel was packed to capacity and beyond. None will forget the emotion at the end of the service when the silence was broken by the recorded sounds of a full Welsh male voice choir singing "Land of my Fathers". For all those who were there the anthem will forever remind us of Ivor and his huge generosity of spirit.

Whatever Happened to Douglas Castle ('53-'60)?

Douglas Castle wrote to the Secretary in January from Bedford to share memories of Wiltshire and his work in the area some thirty years ago. He took early retirement in May 1994 from ADAS, the Executive Agency of the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food which provided consultancy to land-based industries and undertook research in all aspects of agriculture.

He joined MAFF in 1967, after 3 years as a feeding stuffs rep, as a Drainage and Water Supplies Officer working on the Romney Marshes, Kent, promoting field drainage to benefit from the improved pumped drainage schemes installed throughout the area by the, then, Kent Rivers Authority. He later studied at the National College of Agricultural Engineering

(now Silsoe College, Cranfield University) and with the College of Estate Management, University of Reading. His career progressed to the MAFF/ADAS Drainage Training Centre, which relocated from Lincoln to Silsoe College, training new staff, in-service staff and land agents/consultants, contractors etc. During the period 1978-82, seconded to Silsoe College academic staff, he also had inputs to teaching postgraduate students of the college and was senior Editor/Author of a textbook on field drainage based upon these experiences.

After a short period in London HQ he transferred to become Head of the ADAS Field Drainage Experimental Unit at Cambridge in 1984. The FDEU had concentrated on the hydrology of field drainage to better understand drainage benefits and design procedures, and was responsible for the development of the BS 4962 for Plastic Drainage Pipes, which by the mid-1970s had mainly replaced the old clay pipes made at the brickworks. The FDEU was renowned throughout the world for its practical approach to experimental work and application of knowledge to consultancy. With the demise in capital investment in new drainage works and reduced grant aid to farmers, research moved towards the water quality (nitrate and pesticides from land!) and environmental aspects of field drainage with several collaborative research projects with other UK research organisations.

His own research looked at the passage of the mole plough through the pipe drain trench, and also the effect of possible climate change on drainage design and performance. The FDEU linked with ADAS Eastern Region Soil Science in 1992 to become the ADAS Soil & Water Research Centre with 48 staff when ADAS became an Executive Agency of MAFF/WOAD, with Doug as Manager. When ADAS underwent yet another restructuring exercise in April 1994, with many Centres amalgamated and an offer of a job in Leeds as Business Development Manager, he decided to take early retirement. At the age of 51 he looks forward to many years of retirement playing badminton and bowls.

He is happy to recall a career where he achieved many things that he never expected or ever dreamed of doing. He had produced a textbook; lectured in a University; chaired sessions and presented papers at international scientific conferences; met academic and research people from all over the world, including the U.S.S.R. and China; undertaken his own research and contributed to new knowledge, had several papers published in international journals; and worked with a great group of scientists. Prior to spending a wonderful year on a large farm in East Kent straight from leaving Roan, in order to satisfy pre-College experience requirements, he had only ever spent a few hours on a farm at the age of 10 and lived in suburban Bexleyheath. He wonders how many other Roan students left school to pursue a career in the countryside.

He is pleased to note that A.H.Hopwood is still with us, living in retirement in Melton in Suffolk. He recalls with affection the benefits of learning maths with "Hoppy" through 5 years to "O" Level with daily quick mental arithmetic tests around the class. Yes! he can add up in the shop and give the right money to the till lady/girl and get a look of astonishment when they see it is correct. Good old "Hoppy".

Douglas A.Castle
BSc(Hons) NDA MRAC DipAgrEng IEng MIAgrE

The Memorial Garden

The Memorial Tablet commemorating the names of the sixty-seven old boys of the Roan School who died in the Second World War was unveiled on Sunday 25th April 1948. The names are representative of all the Services, the Merchant Navy, the Fire Service and the French Army; it commemorates those who died on the high seas, in the air, in prison camps, and in all the notable theatres of war -Dunkirk, Norway, Tobruk, Italy, Arnhem, Normandy, Germany and the Far East.

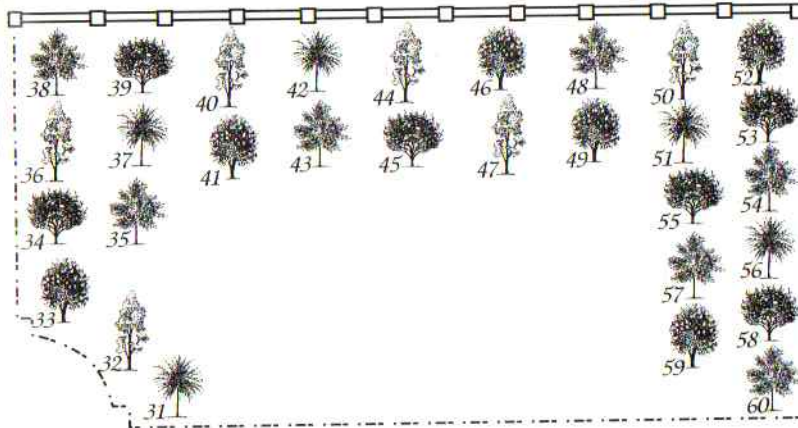
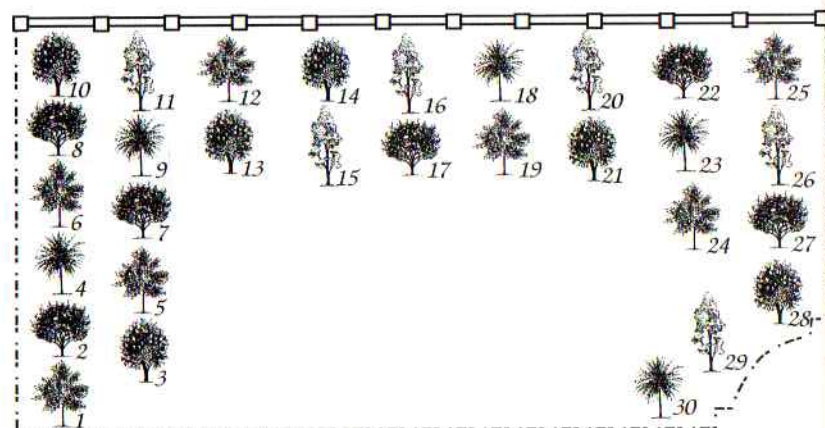
The Roan Magazine for July 1948 also reports on the memorial tree-planting. "An important and effective part of the Memorial is the planting of flowering trees, one for each of the fallen, along the front of the School. These were all planted and labelled in preparation for the ceremony, and relatives and friends were able to visit these living monuments after the ceremony. The weather was bright and warm. Trees associated with friends have, as far as possible, been planted together, and those commemorating the 23 Scouts are in one group". Six trees were added later.

The inscription on the memorial reads:

In Grateful Memory of Old Boys of the Roan School who laid down their lives in the Second World War 1939-45

Andrews P.E.	Coveney W.R.	Hounsell J.T.	Shortman D.J.L.
Attenborough N.G.	Curry J.H.	Houston T.G.S.	Smith F.J.
Banks R.J.	Davis G.R.	Humphreys E.T.	Smith R.A.
Beardsley B.	Diss K.E.	Jackson L.G.	Smith R.B.
Benton G.E.	Ducker F.E.R.	Jennings H.R.	Steel S.J.
Berry H.	Duncan C.S.	Keeble E.J.	Storey P.R.
Brooks R.E.	Emerton P.J.	Lane J.J.	Strutt C.W.
Cables J.P.M.	Field P.H.	Lowe W.J.	Townsend E.J.
Calder R.B.	Fisher L.R.	MacKenzie R.W.M.	Trew B.F.
Caton E.B.	Francis E.T.	McHugh S.	Turner H.E.
Chalklin E.A.	Fullagar T.J.	Miller A.W.	Walker R.E.
Chapman M.A.	Gardiner T.W.	Moorcock D.E.	Ward H.J.
Chapman R.B.W.	Giles G.V.W.	Nock D.H.	Wiessner C.F.H.
Chapman R.J.	Hardee M.D.C.	Parker L.G.	Woollett C.A.
Cockerell L.H.	Hartweg J.M.	Phillips A.B.	Wright C.G.
Cotton E.R.	Hills D.H.	Ramsay K.A.W.	Erwin J.F.
Courtney I.H.	Hood W.F.	Rickwood G.A.	

To You From Failing Hands We Throw
The Torch Be Yours To Hold It High



Memorial Garden at the John Roan School in Maze Hill

Andrews. P.E	38	Chapman. R.B	48	Feehally. J.T.	73	Jackson. L.G	66	Smith. F.J	33
Attenborough. N	36	Chapman. R.J	22	Field. P.H	45	Jennings. H.R	51	Smith. R.A	32
Banks. R.J	55	Cockerell. L.H	8	Fisher. L.R	62	Keeble. E.J	14	Smith. R.B	34
Beardsley. B	4	Cotton. E.R	21	Francis. E.T	6	Lane. J.J	29	Steele. S.J	56
Benton. G.E	5	Congden. N.C.E	70	Frentice. M.A	72	Lowe. W.J	47	Storey. P.R	58
Berry. H	31	Courtney. I.H	15	Fullagar. T.J	13	Mackensie. R	44	Strutt. C.W	11
Brooks. R.E	24	Coveny. W.R	19	Gardiner. T.W	57	McHugh. S	20	Townsend. E.J	28
Cables. J.P.M	2	Curry. J.H	16	Giles. G.V.W	23	Miller. A.W	37	Trew. B.F	53
Calder. R.B	30	Davis. G.R	59	Hardee. M.D.C	63	Moorcock. D.E	12	Turner. H.E	61
Caton. E.B	26	Diss. K.E	67	Hartweg. J.M	1	Nock. D.H	42	Walker. R.E	17
Chalklin. E.A	3	Ducker. F.E.R	39	Hills. D.H	64	Parker. L.G	25	Ward. H.J	41
Charlesworth. A.E.	69	Duncan. C.S.	40	Hood. W.F	50	Phillips. A.B	54	Wiessner. C.F.H	52
Charlesworth. A.E	71	East. W.A	68	Hounsell. J.T	27	Ramsay. K.A	9	Woollett. C.G	43
Chapman. M.A	46	Emerton. P.J	10	Houston. T.G.S	49	Rickwood. G	60	Wright. C.G	65
		Erwin. J.F	7	Humphreys. E.T	35	Shortman. D	18		

Members of the Old Roan Association attending the Tree Replacement Ceremony at the John Roan School in Maze Hill on Tuesday 9th May 1995:

Don Ashfield	'35-'42	Cecil Layson	'28-'34
William Bennet	'35-'40	Victor Layson	'40-'45
Stan Berry	'33-'39	Norman Leach	'58-'65
Humphrey Bishop	'38-'45	John Long	'32-'37
Nick Bradgate	'34-'39	George Marshgreen	'33-'38
Vic Brooker	'30-'35	Charles Maynard	'36-'40
Frank Brooks	'36-'41	Linda Nelson	'63-'70
Harry Bulpitt	'25-'31	Stephen Nelson	'61-'67
Geoff Chapman	'31-'39	George Partridge	'35-'40
Fred Clifton	'26-'30	Herbert Phillips	'28-'33
Harold Dilling	'34-'38	Ron Seal	'34-'39
Tom Flack	'26-'30	Tony Slaney	'59-'66
Fred Ford	'29-'34	Victor Slaney	'24-'30
Henry Gibbons	'24-'31	Stan Syrett	'38-'42
Douglas Goddard	'33-'37	Brian Thomas	'33-'39
"Race" Hooper	'37-'42	Bill Wedge	'32-'38
David Horsburgh	'62-'69	Alan Weir	'36-'42
Jim Hulford	'28-'35	Peter White	'33-'38
Richard Jenkyns	'33-'38	Dave Wright	'71-'78
Trevor Bell	Deputy Head	Christopher Deane	Head

Susceptum Perfe Munus

On more than one occasion whilst perusing the menu at an Old Roan Dinner, or meditating on some other ticket or notepaper from one of the O.R.Societies, people have asked, "What is the meaning of the Latin tag below the School Crest that has been adopted as the Old Roan motto?" I therefore decided to make some enquiries.

I understand it was at one time the motto of the Girls' School but somewhere in the "twenties" the girls dropped it and adopted the same crest and motto as the boys - "Honore et Labore". I have been unable to ascertain whether it was at this time that the "Susceptum Perfe Munus" was adopted by the Old Boys, but perhaps some of our older readers may be able to help with further information.

However, the original words come from the Roman poet, Virgil (70-19 b.c.), and translated mean "Complete the work that has been begun". It seems to me that whoever chose such a motto for an old scholars' association had great understanding of education. It seems most fitting to be exhorted to finish the work and training and pursue the ideals implanted in earlier years whilst at school.

Gordon Smith. From the Roan Magazine. July 1965.

G.C.Smith was, in 1965, the Old Roan magazine correspondent. He was President of the O.R.A. in 1961/2 and attended the School from 1926-31. He died in January 1992.

Happy Returns

During the past ten years or so there have been two enjoyable reunions each year of quite a number of O.R.s of the pre-war era (approximately of the 1930-40 period). These welcome gatherings have been sponsored by Bill Wedge, a very keen and loyal O.R. historian. He always has stag lists and newspaper cuttings in his hand! Every year I look forward to the June meeting of the "young" retirement group held at Abinger in recent years. The Christmas season meeting is usually at Chislehurst.

It was, therefore, very glad news about three years ago when a similar reunion was arranged for a later generation (about 1948-50 plus), this time at Uxbridge. Thanks were due mainly to Bill Cramp and Roy Pound. Although it was too far for me to go in my advanced years I understand that the excellent buffet gathering was attended by some 30 O.R.s and wives. It was so successful that a future repeat gathering was mooted and last October it came about.

This time, Ken Paris suggested as the venue his favourite haunt at Chartwell which was a brilliant idea. Again, about 30 O.R.s and wives turned up and enjoyed a really excellent buffet lunch arranged by Ken and his wife, Vera. I was most grateful to be invited, also to be fetched and carried all the way from and back to Cranleigh by the generous Peter Collins. The lunch was most tasty, the company most congenial and the Chartwell situation with fine weather absolutely ideal. Peter Kay and Brian Stocking and their wives travelling from Norfolk managed to break down and arrived two hours late but we saved some food for them - just!

Two ex-Vice-Masters were there, but despite this the atmosphere was quite relaxed! My period of office (1948-63) covered the chap's school days - as some no doubt had good cause to remember! John Thorp actually left Roan soon after he returned from the war and joined the staff of Portsmouth Grammar School where he ultimately became Vice-Master. He was remembered at Roan as an outstanding cricketer but since retirement has been more interested in golf (one of the main topics of discussion at Chartwell). I won't disclose his golf handicap but it's thought to be below 25! Recently John and his wife, Kathleen, jointly celebrated their 80th birthdays and at their party Kathleen said she doesn't see much of him these days!

Those old boys present were: John Barratt, George Baker, Peter Collins, Bill Cramp, Derek Dawes, Peter Kay, Tom Moss, Ron Jeffkins, Ken Paris, Keith Pound, Roy Pound, Terry Russell, John Smart, Brian Stocking and Jack Wheeler. We also heard from Brian Endersby, George Johnson, George Startup, Gerald Breach and Doug Inman - all unable to come for one reason or another.....! Anyone attending John Roan between these dates whom we have not managed to trace please contact the Secretary of the O.R.A.

It was a very cheerful gathering not only amongst the O.R.s. The ladies obviously enjoyed themselves as well although some had probably not met before. My wife, Maud, used to say she was sorry for the wives when O.R.s met because the conversation was always monopolised by O.R. topics (not surprisingly!). However, on this happy occasion everyone had plenty to talk about and a thoroughly good time was had by all. Here's to the next time.

Lionel Berry

The Old Roan Football Club. Season 1994-95

1st XI

The 1st XI enjoyed a successful season finishing 4th in the London Spartan League Division 1 and winning the Spartan League Cup.

On April 8th at the Croydon Athletic Sports Ground in Norbury the Old Roan 1st XI won their first trophy for 11 years. The Final was played on a hard and dusty pitch against Woolwich Town on a hot afternoon. The Club provided enthusiastic support and saw Roan win a tight game through a single goal scored by Paul Barber early in the game. Woolwich Town held control of the game for long periods but missed a few opportunities either side of half-time and became increasingly frustrated as Roan slowed down the game in the second half and held on for an unlikely win. The defence played with great commitment with Liam Mullholland outstanding. Micky Lingwood in goal brought off fine saves in a hectic last 5 minutes. The photographs printed on page 59 show the relief at the final whistle.

At one point in the season the runners-up position seemed attainable in the league but a series of defeats after the cup-final saw the team finish in 4th position. The squad for the Final comprised:

		Micky Lingwood	
Simon Riley	Paul Witchalls	Vince Mullholland	Liam Mullholland
Paul Barber	Sam Morgan	Jeremy Fisher	Matthew Podger
	Erwin West	Tony Nuttall	

Subs: Andy Davies, Peter Deasey, Rob Tait, Paul McLean



Spartan League Cup Winners against Woolwich Town on April 8, 1995

Old Roan Veterans

P	W	D	L	F	A
24	14	6	4	87	54

The results reflect a very successful season with many enjoyable matches played on some excellent facilities. Once again, poor weather after New Year caused a number of matches to be cancelled at a time when our form was good. Good wins were recorded against Ex-Blues, Catford Wanderers, Charter Diamond, Bearsted and Croydon Athletic - all strong sides. Comprehensive victories were enjoyed against Blackheath Wanderers, Colfes, Maidstone Old Boys, Red Barrel and Farnborough Old Boys. Equally, our defeats against Avery Hill, Ex-Blues, Metrogas and Graham Lawrance's XI were emphatic.

This season saw the introduction of several younger players who now qualify for the vets. Ray Mills had "guested" in recent years and now played throughout the season. These new players, with proven qualities, included David Hutley, Mickey Smith, Len Sales, Peter Osborne and Guy Wilkins. Suddenly, the average age of the side reduced dramatically, and we had players with ability and stamina that could match most of our opponents.

The older players benefitted with Rod Pepper, Bob Grimwood, Keith Mexter, Keith Hedges and John Hardy enjoying a good season. John Stanford performed well in goal - solid, consistent and difficult to beat. Paul Davis and David Horsburgh filled the full-back positions for most of the season and were prepared to stand down when necessary. "Mitch" appeared regularly when not travelling overseas and offered his usual positive encouragement. Jim Hardy is captain and team manager, takes the penalties with cool efficiency and his efforts during the season are greatly appreciated.

We scored many goals and the majority were picked up by Ray Mills. When he was unavailable we struggled. Good, important, and often spectacular goals were also scored by Rod Pepper, David Hutley, Len Sales, Guy Wilkins, John Hardy and Keith Mexter. Peter Osborne likened himself to Tommy Smith, once headed the ball and occasionally scored. We enjoyed the company and maturing skills of Doug Weaver and Cyril Davies for a couple of games. Keith Tebbett (visiting from Germany) and Keith Bradbrook filled in on a number of occasions.

One omission from this report in 1994, noted by "Mitch", was that John Bresnahan ("Brez") travelled from New Zealand, played one game for the vets over New Year, and scored. "Spot" Hughes has now retired from Old Roan Football and Graham Briscoe has "disappeared".

We have an excellent fixture list, thanks to Keith Mexter, and look forward to the new season starting in September.

No reports were received from the 2nds, 3rds, 4ths and 5ths.

The Old Roan Cricket Club

History has been made! For the first time in living memory, all articles for publication in the cricket section of this magazine were submitted, with days to spare, to the safe-keeping of the Honorary Secretary of the Cricket Club, "D.A.P." Andrews. This was an achievement calling for unrestrained rejoicing and the uncorking of the Bollinger - apart from one small, seemingly insignificant problem. He lost them!

In desperation, the chair person of the literary sub-committee (cricket), Viv Lawrence (C.S.E. grade 5 English Oral), asked me to pen a few lines about the Cricket Club and granted me full licence to include any highlights of my own cricketing career that I should deem worthy of a wider audience. A quick dip through my cuttings albums reveal deeds that I had half forgotten. Reverse-sweeping Holding for consecutive sixes during an epic 277 n.o. against the '76 West Indians; 8-13 playing for Mike Callaghan's 3rds against Gary Sobers's Rothman's Cavaliers; and, perhaps most satisfying of all, stumping all ten whilst standing-up on a "flier" to Alan Donald and Wasim Akram in a charity match at Arundel. Happy memories!

However it would be most unfair to team-mates over the years to write only about personal cricketing glory and I will try to give a flavour of the highs and lows of various players I have performed with over the years.

Fred Spinks's despair as a village blacksmith heaved him over cow shot corner for one of the biggest sixes in club cricket.

"Spot" Hughes carefully moving long off two feet wider before being hit over square leg for the second biggest six in club cricket.

John Stickings bowling six consecutive long-hops (24 runs) at CUACO to the eager chorus of "pitch it up Sticko" from his team.

Dave Bryden sportingly asking if it was fair to bowl short at Andy Caswell in an "All-Stars" v Colfes game. Dave's concern came from the playing conditions which stated that all participants had to bat left-handed. Caswell, managing to stay awake during Dave's marathon run-up, promptly smacked him for six over mid-wicket.

Dan Calnan bravely hooking the Aussie quickie off his nose against Ashford and then losing his teeth next ball attempting to repeat the shot.

Chris Rodwell falling off the mat at Arreton and the Isle of Wight ambulance service moving smoothly into action with a wheelbarrow to get him to the pavilion.

Len Sales dropping like a sack of cement after a particularly gently off-spinner had hit him in the foot. "It was his quicker ball" wailed Len.

And a final memory, the chair of the literary sub-committee (cricket) majestically waddling a "quickie" single and looking, in the words of Jimmy Russon, "like a man running through heavy surf".

Mark Squire
June 1995

Seasons 1993 & 1994 & 1995 - The Saturday 1st X1

Keith Barron now brings us up to date on the exploits of the Saturday 1st X1 since the summer of 1993.

The summers of the early '90s were not successful campaigns with the team finishing 15/16 (1990), 13/16 (1991), 16/17 in 1992. In an attempt to recreate the success of the 1985 season (champions), Nazir Khan was persuaded back from semi-retirement to join Keith Barron in a continuation of the management team that had just won their league in the winter indoor 6-a-side.

An improvement was achieved with the team finishing 8/16. Keith Barron enjoyed his first season as captain and succeeded in persuading Nazir Khan to play throughout the season. Highlights for Nazir included a superb 141 (caught on the boundary) away to Downham & Bellingham in the match that saw Mike Baxter suffer a compressed fracture of the cheek, and an unbeaten 135 in the victory over Thames Poly. We also benefitted from the "Khan factory of cricket" with Farid Abbasi retiring "hurt" two batsmen from Private Banks and the following week sharing a 146 run partnership with Nazir before taking 5-32 against the City of London. Another notable performance in the match against Private Banks was by Mark Smee, our 2nd "tourist" from our Australian link with the Woolongong University Cricket Club. He produced figures of 5-26 in 11 overs. In an exciting match against Old Wilsonians (they ended on 200-9 chasing our 211) Kevin Noble made an excellent 75.

For the 1994 season Keith enlisted the support of Derek Moore and Paul Montgomery. The season ended with 5 victories and 2 draws in 14 matches (1 abandoned) and a league position of 9th. A good opening to the season ended with 3 disappointing defeats and a lower position than we expected. Our first match saw success against Old Elthamians with Chris Stanbridge taking 5-29 and was followed the next week with a 9 wicket victory over Bowring. We drew against the City of London despite reducing them to 29-5 and a fine 66 from Graham Lawrance but victory by 3 wickets over Westerham the next week saw us top of the league. The turning point was the match against West Wickham where despite solid batting (Nazir 36, Farid 48, Noble 37, Podger 41) and a total of 235-9 we suffered our first defeat of the season, Derek Moore took a "hat-trick" in his 5-73. Further matches were won - against Bromley Town and Belvedere - and there were good contributions from Graham Lawrance, Paul Montgomery, Kevin Noble, Farid, Derek Moore, Jamille and Dan Calnan.

The current 1995 season has started badly with both Saturday X1s bottom of their leagues. The 1st X1 performed poorly in the cup competition and 2 of our 4 matches to date have been abandoned due to weather. Keith Barron ("Mad Max") continues as captain and Nazir plays when available.

Keith wishes to thank all the umpires and scorers for their help over these seasons together with Joyce, the Tea Lady! Thanks are also due to Linda for the home-made cakes provided for every home match. There has been a significant improvement in the cricket facilities at the Field with a new hut for the equipment, new scoreboard and renovated sight screens. Thanks are due mainly to Derek Moore.

The John Roan School Lodge

What do you know about Freemasonry?

Recently there has been much publicity about Freemasonry. Some has been complimentary to the Craft but most has been critical. Have you based your opinions on what you have read or heard from the Media? Detailed below are some questions about Freemasonry together with answers which I, as a Mason, believe to be true.

"Who can become a Freemason?"

Any male over the age of 21 who does not have a criminal record. He can be of any race, colour, background or religion!

"Do I have to be a Christian to become a Freemason?"

No! All you have to believe in is that there is a GOD, a superior being who has the power to influence our daily lives.

"Why are freemasons so secretive about their ceremonies?"

Freemasonry is not a secret society. It is like a club which belongs to an overall association of clubs and is both National and International. Like all clubs we have meetings that only members can attend.

"Does the John Roan School have access to a Masonic Lodge?"

Yes! The School has its very own Lodge - the John Roan Lodge - which has existed for over 60 years.

"Who makes up the present membership? Are they all old boys from the School?"

Most of the members of the Lodge are either Old Boys or ex-school staff members. However, in recent years the Lodge has gone OPEN and now the brethren have been able to invite friends and relatives to become members.

"How many members of the Lodge are there?"

There are currently 44 members whose ages range from 30 to 90. Recently, two of our members celebrated 50 years as members of the Lodge. They were Tom Wallis and Albert Robinson.

"How can I find out more about Freemasonry in general and the John Roan School Lodge in particular?"

Why not ring the Secretary, Alan Penney (01474 814715), or Assistant Secretary, Brian McKay (01322 864356) who will be pleased to answer any questions and have two very informative videos that you can borrow?

"Will I know anyone in the Lodge?"

Who knows! Here are a few names covering a span of years: Neal Haslam, Peter Berry, Ian Hanstead, Brian McKay, Alan Weir, John Long, Brian Thomas, Phil Winter, Albert Robinson and Tom Flack.

The present Master of the Lodge is Alan Hills whose sons and daughters all attended the school.

Why not find out more about us!!!!

Come along to our Open Evening at the Old Roan Clubhouse on Tuesday November 7th, 1995 at 8.00 pm when we will be showing an introductory video.

Alan Penney (Secretary)
June 1995

The Roan School for Girls - Devonshire Drive

An article in the Daily Telegraph on April 14 by Chris Partridge dealt with several conversions of Victorian schools into luxury flats - "The buildings where the children of Imperial Britain were educated are being turned into luxury flats for their descendants".

He argues that many of these Gothic buildings embodied the Victorian virtues of self-reliance, toughness, thrift, industry, purity and militant Christianity. These "awkward talents" were virtually abandoned in the sixties together with the buildings that supported them. They have remained empty as listed buildings and now developers are starting to find ways of rejuvenating them as houses and flats. These schools are generally well-built, with an impressive bulk and much carved stone. Most have enough land to provide generous gardens and parking space. They are also usually in good residential areas. On the negative side they also have very high ceilings and are laid out in such a way that sensible subdivisions are difficult.

The Roan School for Girls in Greenwich was built in 1877 by a south London architect, Thomas Dinwiddy, - a red brick building in the Tudorbethan style. The school was one of the first to be built on the so-called Prussian system, with an assembly hall and separate classrooms, instead of one room for everything. It was closed in 1984 by the London Borough of Greenwich and remained empty since then except for a brief period when it was used as artists' studios. Eventually the building became derelict and only a sustained campaign by local conservationists prevented its demolition. At that point a developer, Westcombe Holmes, stepped in and has converted it into flats, now known as Roan Courtyard.

The 38 one and two-bedroom flats, all different and all with parking spaces (a rarity in Greenwich), have just been released on the market at prices ranging from £60,000 through Hamilton Kershaw (0181 297 2922). The large Roan crest on the outside has been retained.

Forty Years On . . . A.S.(Stan) Berry ('33-'39)

After so long as a committee member it now occurs to me that forty years ago many of the present committee hadn't even started at Roan - indeed, some weren't even born!

It all started in about 1950 with a phone call from my old school mate, Ron Seal, who was then Secretary of the O.R.A. He had heard from Lionel Berry (no relation, incidentally) that the Old Roan Dramatic Society were looking for a few more male members. As I was already dabbling in amateur dramatics I saw this as a good opportunity to get back into the Old Roan fold. My first play with Lionel was "The Middle Watch" where I met Lionel's "Young Ladies" including a long-legged, slim, dark-haired girl called Margery Smart. A couple of years (and a couple of dalliances) later she became Margery Berry - and still is, I'm glad to say.

This was the time, about 1954, that I took over the Secretaryship of the O.R.D.S. from Norman Spence and then found to my surprise (almost horror!) that this made me, as O.R.D.S. representative, a member of the General Committee. I still remember my first committee meeting, Eddie Hounsell was President. In those pre-club days, committee meetings were held in the staff room at the School and very formal affairs they were. There I was, a very new boy, knowing very few people at the time. I doubt if I opened my mouth for the first half a dozen meetings. Some would say I have made up for it since.

The next major event in my career on the committee was the Great Fete - or Gala, as it was reported at the time. For some considerable time the Association had been trying to persuade the School Governors to allow us to have our own licensed War Memorial Club Room as an annexe to the existing Pavilion (which was, and still is, a memorial to those Old Roans who fell in the 1914-18 War).

Eventually the Governors gave their blessing and the building was started. Then, of course, funds had to be raised. It was an all out effort by all the sports clubs and the O.R.D.S. that achieved much of our aim, but the really big effort (probably the first in which I was actively involved) was the Gala. A sub-committee was formed with Doug Humphreys at the head. Space prevents mention of all the many others involved, but I remember numerous meetings with Bernard Collins and Horace Abbott (another old school mate) while our wives consoled themselves with our assurances that it was all in a good cause. The Grand Fete took place on 21st July 1956. I can still remember the day before when a whole army of us were trying to convert the School Field into a fairground (no Big Dippers or Helter Skelters - but plenty of other attractions) and it poured with rain. We had just erected a Roll-a-Penny stall at the far side of the field and we (Ernie Townsend, Horace and I plus several others) had to shelter under it until the rain eased off. Obviously we were concerned about the weather for the following day, but we were lucky - it was a fine day - we attracted a multitude and a net profit of £161-12s-10d (£163.63p) was made, according to the accounts for that year. Not a lot by today's standards, but at that time it went a long way towards the £3,000+ of the cost of our present War Memorial Room (we were helped considerably by a generous interest-free loan from the Governors, and in the provision of bar equipment by Messrs. Whitbread). Apart from the eulogies recorded in the magazine of December 1956 one personal memory stands out - that of Margery, who was then 6 months pregnant, walking around selling home-made toffee-apples from a tray suspended from her shoulders but resting on an embryonic Old Roan - now known as Peter.

Here I confess to being slightly out of chronological order about the events leading up to the opening of the Club Room. We actually, legally but not officially, opened and began operating before the official opening on 15th July 1956. By that time the floor of the War Memorial Room (bare pine boards then) had become slightly tatty, so three of us (Ernie Townsend, Frank Barnes and myself) volunteered to scrub it clean on the Saturday for the official opening the following day. It turned out to be a very hot day and the three of us were scrubbing away, literally by the sweat of our brows, when the then skipper of the O.R.C.C. 1st XI, who were arriving for a home match, announced "Isn't it nice to see some people doing some hard work!" That was the nearest I ever came to witnessing fratricide!

This is the point at which I must pay tribute to people like Ken Binnie - quiet but ever effective - who was the first Club Secretary and licensee - and Val Lovell (Hi, Val!) whose expertise got the bar on its feet. Val and I put the first wallpaper on the bar after the builders left. From then on, Val, Alan Pile, Len Groves, Frank Barnes, myself and several others managed to draw on our wartime experiences of officers' and sergeants' messes to get the bar organised. Those were the days! Wooden casks to be manhandled on to stillions behind the bar and then tapped and spiled, and then the cascade of beer dodged (it was a long time before the beer stains were removed from the ceiling). But we survived and with time achieved some sort of expertise. Our successors are obviously doing very nicely.

Some time later we were able to add the second room and extend the bar, thanks largely to the dedication and energy of Frank Barnes - which is why his photograph now hangs above his favourite seat.

The next major event in this forty year saga was my election as President in 1979. This coincided with the amalgamation of the Old Boys' and Old Girls' Associations (a consummation devoutly to be wished!). Much ground work had already been undertaken by my predecessor (and very good friend), Alan Weir, and I was happy to join Kay Wilkins and her committee to formulate a joint constitution which still stands. I am disappointed that after all Kay's hard work to achieve equality with the Old Boys (there never was any problem anyway) we now have only a tiny minority of girls at the Annual General Meetings. Come on Ladies - we enjoy seeing you at the Annual Dinner - why not at the A.G.M.?

Since my Presidency I have tended to ease off to allow younger committee members to have their say in Old Roan affairs. This, of course, is why after forty years, as "sometime cricketer, thespian, toastmaster and Father Christmas" (as Mike Callaghan so nicely put it), I felt that my active usefulness was at an end.

I cannot end this monograph without mentioning the people who matter to the O.R.A. I refer to those willing and tireless workers - General Secretaries. I have worked with 39 Presidents, but in that time there have been only 6 Secretaries, from Ron Seal to Tony Slaney. I must also mention Wally Buller, who was Secretary during the War and the only link between Old Boys who were away in the Forces. I am glad we were able to honour his efforts by electing him President (for the second time) in 1956. We owe our Secretaries all praise and gratitude.

And so I now end my song. No doubt I have omitted mention of the many people who have become my friends during more than half a lifetime. My apologies to them all, and my salutations to all those from school days whom I have not seen since 1939. I'm still around.

"Floreat Roana"

A.S. (Stan) Berry. May 1995

Once in a Lifetime - Memories of a Stag of '61

John Mills was a Roan Exhibitioner in 1967 and writes from Catford with a short summary of his career to dates and memories of the 1960's at Roan:

- 1968 - 71 B.Sc. (Mathematics) at Imperial College, University of London
- 1971 - 73 Post-graduate studies in General Relativity leading to Masters degree, Imperial College
- 1973 - 75 Systems Engineer, Marconi Space and Defence Systems, Stanmore
- 1975 - 77 Ballistician, Ordnance Board, Charles House, Kensington
- 1977 - Transferred to RARDE (Royal Armament Research and Development Establishment), near Sevenoaks

He has also had the opportunity to work for a while at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland, at the U.S. Army's "model" installation, RARDE and three other defence R&D establishments now form the DRA (Defence Research Agency). They made the national news in 1992 regarding the number of redundancies that would be occurring throughout the DRA. He concludes that the future has never been more uncertain even in what used to be thought of as a secure job!

Looking back in relative calm on that time of high emotion, I would say that starting my secondary education at the Roan School was probably the highlight of my life. When I had my interview, with Mr. Garstang, I knew then *this* was the secondary school I would like to go to. There was the school itself, the closeness to Greenwich Park and the bus ride across Blackheath. Then after being fortunate enough to be accepted, when I arrived I was not disappointed. The Roan was all I expected it to be, and more. Something that impressed me immediately was, at the end of morning assembly, the numerous announcements relating to various clubs and activities. I started in Mr. Hoare's form 3H. (The first year classes were somewhat incongruously called "third" forms then, a hang-over from prep-school times. While I was at school the names were revised so that first years became first forms.) Even to this day I can remember the form register. It went in pairs: Alcock, Atkinson - Barefoot, Barnes - Bennet, Benwell - Clark, Coote - Dandridge, Daniel - French, Gooch Surnames were always used then! Mr. Hoare took us for French, and this studying of a foreign language marked the first significant departure of my education from that of my parents.

In the early days, after taking lunch quickly, I would often go to the playground in Greenwich Park, at that time close by the Naval College and other historic buildings. I can't help but recall here Thomas Hood's poem, "I Remember", that verse which begins: "I remember, I remember, Where I used to swing, And thought the air must rush as fresh To swallows on the wing." Anyway, going on the swings immediately after school dinner I discovered could lead to indigestion, and I soon discontinued this habit! Mr. Witten, the teacher with the battered blue case, took us for Spoken English and he began by giving us all a different piece of poetry to learn for recitation. Mine was an extract from *As You Like It* known as *The Seven Ages of Man* ("All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players: ..."). I soon learnt this by setting myself a few lines every evening.

The teachers seemed different then. You knew where you were. You didn't give them the run around. They kept discipline effortlessly. They even had the right names and nicknames. For example: Mr. White - "Chalky" (inevitably), Mr. Jones - "Jonah", and

Mr. Hopwood - "Old Hoppy". Oh yes, they were *real* teachers. In fact, towards the end of my school career, when I was quietly doing some Further Maths exercises in the old Maths Sixth Room 17, it was "Old Hoppy's" voice I fancied I heard quite regularly. Elevated and showing signs of strain, it came faintly from some far distant reaches of the school. I imagined he was attempting to introduce the delights of Pythagoras' Theorem or the Sine Rule to a somewhat unresponsive lower school class and was encountering a certain amount of resistance. A thought that occurs to me here is that if teachers are not what they were then neither are lifestyles. What appeared to be the norm then of living with both one's parents and father having a steady job now seems to be the exception. It might also be said that those of today's young people who enjoy this "exceptional" lifestyle are almost guaranteed to become achievers.

One of the "hobbies of the year" in my first year was collecting bus numbers. And it was about this time that the Routemaster bus was beginning to be introduced on some routes. To travel on the "bus of the future" was something of an event. Another change of lifestyle occurred in the early sixties when television watching started to become something between a compulsion and an addiction. When I was in the first year *Z Cars* started and the science fiction serial *A for Andromeda* was shown. I saw the first episode of *Z Cars* again fairly recently at the National Film Theatre, and very quaint it appears now. There were a number of plays that broke new ground too. Mainly by northern writers, many were made into films. Of these I particularly remember *A Taste of Honey*, the writer, Shelagh Delaney, still only nineteen when it was first performed at the Theatre Royal, Stratford. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, But to be young was very heaven!"

In my second year the end of term exams before Christmas were disrupted because of a spell of thick fog. This was the winter of 1962-63 and was I think the last of the "pea-soupers" in London. At the start of the new year there were some heavy falls of snow, which seemed to hang around for weeks before melting away. The second year was also the first time I was introduced to the text of a Shakespearean play, *Richard III*, by Mr. Witten again. I can vaguely remember looking at an edition of one of Shakespeare's plays in which the explanatory notes and "helpful hints" were longer than the text of the play itself! However, in my opinion, for sheer impenetrability, the Bard's blank verse pales into insignificance in comparison to the works of Dylan Thomas. Mr. Ballantyne took us for English in the third year, and one period a week was given over to poetry and its appreciation. One of the first poems we looked at was *Fern Hill*. The last verse of this begins: "Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand, In the moon that is always rising," Is this what is called a "tone-poem"? The third year was the last year we did woodwork (as it was called then). The stool that I made then is still in use after re-stringing.

In 1965 the Rolling Stones were the most successful pop group outperforming the Beatles (based on chart position, not record sales). And I took my "O-Levels" and started in the Sixth Form. Soon after the beginning of the Autumn term there was a small group of us gathered round at the end of the week talking about what to do at the weekend, and the teacher remarked, "You know, you ought to watch this new *Thunderbirds* thing". *Thunderbirds* was one of the big new TV shows of the season. If this trivial incident sticks in the memory, it is because here was one of my teachers recommending to me what I knew in an instant I had already outgrown. And, to be honest, at this stage it was just possible that I was beginning to outgrow school itself. "To every thing there is a season".

Reminiscences of this kind tend to concentrate on the later school years, the First Team, the Sixth Form Societies, etc. But my own recollections here, and there could be many others, are mainly of the lower school. Knowledge and sophistication are one thing, the lessons of life are another. Its down there, in the lower school, that it really happens - where habits and disciplines are set for the game of life. One could go further. That long journey which starts with the building blocks and comes to an end with the slow realisation that you have reached your ceiling, is for most people already more than half done by the time they start secondary school. And often it seemed as though the limit was not so much given as self-imposed.

When I was in the assembly hall during the early secondary school years and I looked up at the gallery where the sixth form were, the thoughts that occurred to me from time to time were that it felt like one's schooldays were endless and, consequentially, it would be an eternity before I reached the sixth form. And in a sense "I" never did get that far, in that you become a different person by the end of secondary school (when you are all grown up) compared to when you began. Although perhaps not directly related, the enjoyment I took from my early years at Roan undoubtedly had something to do with my being fortunate enough later to put Roan Exhibition "on the record". So to make use of Wordsworth again regarding that first year when limitations were all unknown: There was a boy - Greenwich Park, paving stones of Maze Hill - you knew him, Well!

John Mills ('61-'67)

Roan School Football Team - Spring 1943



(Photograph taken outside Amman Valley County School). Back Row: Mr. C.H.Milne, John B. Hill, Alan F.M.K. Macgregor, Clifford J. Stimpson, Richard E.D. Bishop, Sidney J.Pearce, Derek Sadler, Mr. Hankinson. Front Row: Dennis A.G. Gerhold, Maurice "Taffy" Evans, Peter Williams, Patrick Perry, Arthur ?

Geoff Chapman ('33-'39) - Memories of the School and Evacuation

I was evacuated to Ticehurst and, with two other boys, dumped out in a farm labourer's cottage some miles from the village. An elderly farming couple who were far from the souls of kindness. Apart from bread and dripping, we were fed strictly from the rations we carried for the first week-end and half the next week. Our tins of corned beef were made to go a long way and the half pound blocks of Cadbury milk chocolate we were all given helped considerably.

The school staff did not know where we were, I later discovered, and the three of us were completely incommunicado. We were taken to the hop fields every day in the following week so there was no one around to own to us at the cottage. My own parents had evacuated my father's Chelsea school and by luck my sister received the card we all had to send home and I received a letter from her telling me where my parents were based. Probably very homesick, I had had enough by the second Sunday. I climbed out of the cottage with my gear and walked into Ticehurst. The village shop-cum-post office opened around 9.00 to sell papers. With the help of the Postmaster and several phone calls he somehow got through to Woking in Surrey and enabled me to speak with my parents. They drove to Ticehurst while I sat on the village green and, after tracing some school staff that morning, took me off very relieved to spend the rest of my school career in Woking at the local Grammar School.

There were some very caring schoolmasters at Roan but they had a share of those in the Grammar school mould of those days whose interest was their subject and less the pupils they taught. Not all aspects of school were the happiest of my days. Greenwich Park was, however, a welcome relief in the summer lunch hours. A friendly attendant used to allow a group of us free use of the canoes and paddle boats on the pond at the bottom end of the park. This was fine for several weeks until one boy fell in and appeared dripping for afternoon school. End of lunchtime boating!

I remember a leg-pull in the days of Ashworth for one of the open-day gym displays in the early 1930's when, as one of the youngest form groups, the rumour was spread that we would be required to perform in the nude. In those days of innocence and prudery the consternation was considerable and was only relieved when we found shorts were to be worn. When I started teaching, my early experiences dealing with both sexes, and memories of the naive attitudes of fellow young aircrew from single-sex schools resolved my decision to always work in mixed secondary schools and avoid the artificially imposed barriers.

Before losing contact with Roan, I recall many happy summer days at Kidbrooke, working the scoreboard on Saturdays for alternate 1st and 2nd X1 home cricket matches. After the war, living near the school field I was one of the team who rolled pitches and marked out on Friday evenings ready for the first season of Old Roan fixtures with the one team that started up. The next season there were two teams and I played with that group for several years until gravitating to the 3rd X1 with Frank Barnes and John Long. Those were the days when Alan Weir, Harry and Peter Townsend and Peter Williams were very involved in the teams. On occasional visits to my former family home near Lee I have called into the pavilion but so far have never seen any faces I recall.

Geoff Chapman
July 1994

News of Old Roans

Clarence NEARNE ('14-'18) has now given up driving and contacted the Association to pass on his O.R.A. car badge to Neal Haslam. He recalls a touring holiday some years ago when, whilst in Tongue on the north coast of Scotland, the badge was recognised by the sister of an Old Roan. A pupil at Eastney Street, Clarence has memories of Croft and Hope and remembers many of the Masters shown in the '38-'39 photograph in the last Chronicle.

Alan PENNEY ('48-'51) recently had a chance meeting with Anthony WILLIAMS who is now at the White Friars Hotel near Herstmonceux, East Sussex, and would be pleased to see any other members visiting the area. A cricketer for many years, Alan has taken up bowls which he has also introduced to his contemporary, Brian McKAY ('47-'52).

Dorothy STILLWELL ('28-'38) contacted the Association to say she looks forward to receiving the Chronicle and reading of the school in Devonshire Drive. She had heard of its conversion into luxury apartments, but living in Teddington may not be able to get along to see one before they are all sold.

Following the appreciation of Prof. John LAVERS ('46-'53) in the '94 Chronicle, Phil MOORE ('58-'65), listened to a programme on Radio 4, following "The Archers", entitled "New Women of Africa". One of those interviewed was John's widow, Ba Ba Lavers. Phil also contacted our archivist to enquire if we had record cards from the Roan School for Girls for Dora DAVIS ('14-'18), Frances WATTS ('59-'63) and Christine HARRISON ('58-'61). Although records pre-1920 are few and we couldn't find a card for Dora, those for Frances and Christine were available and were sent to Phil.

Having spent his career to date in the international offices of Barclays, including a "tour of duty" with their European Audit Team, our Treasurer Neal HASLAM ('67-'74) has now left the parent bank and been appointed an auditor in their Private Banking division. A global audit responsibility has already taken him to New York, Singapore (no connection with the Barings episode!), Jersey, Cayman and Switzerland, with visits planned to many other tax havens of the rich and famous. In between working overseas he hopes to be able to continue looking after our accounts, and those of the Club, although he will necessarily be less active than hitherto, particularly in respect of the Club Management Committee.

Anne BRISTOW ('56-'63) also enquired what records were available when planning a reunion of her year, held at the Club in May. No less than 82 record cards of '56-starters were sent to her to distribute to those attending and pass on to those unable to attend on the day. Anne lives in Abbey Wood.

Our archivist, Hilary HASLAM ('71-'78) still has a large number of record cards from the Girls School. If any members would like her to check if we have their card, or that of a friend, relative etc., please send Hilary (address inside front cover) details of full name and years at school together with a stamped, self-addressed envelop and we will have a look - but obviously cannot guarantee success every time! Nevertheless we can let you know. Information for inclusion in "News of Old Roans" is also welcomed.

Peter HENDERSON ('29-'37) writes from Rye in East Sussex with news of the death of F.J. RAINE at Gorleston in Norfolk in August 1994 at the age of 71. He recalls that one of John Raine's friends at Roan was "Ginger" WALPOLE.

The Rev. D.E. ("Jonah") PHIPPS-JONES ('24-'31) wrote to the Secretary last year with news of his change of address and returned a number of past magazine for the records. He knew at the time that he had a short time to live and died from Parkinson's Disease on 4th October 1994. "Jonah" had always kept in contact with the Association during a varied and interesting life that had taken him to Sierra Leone for many years. He taught in Reading before being ordained as a Minister in the Congregational Church when over 40. He valued his time at Roan, attending both Eastney Street and Maze Hill, and always held a debt of gratitude to the masters and the school Scout Troop - in particular to Hope, Binnie and Mills.

Richard CROWE ('69-'76) contributes news of two births for the magazine. A comparable entry to the 1994 edition. Both Richard and his brother, Nick ('75-'81), attended Roan and he notes that their uncle, Peter BOON, was also a former pupil and still lives half-way down Maze Hill. He was a contemporary of Alfie KNOTT - another resident of Maze Hill.

Gordon BROOME ('36-'41) advises the Secretary of his new address in Whitstable. He enjoyed spotting the staff members in the photograph of the 1932 Annual Dinner and found the article on the Evacuation very evocative having been both at Bexhill and Ammanford.

Grace WHITAKER ('19-'28) has rejoined the Association after resigning as a life member in 1986. She had been passed copies of the Chronicle by Elizabeth NICHOLSON, they started school together in 1919. She was interested in the article by Vera PERKINS (née WALTON '19-'25) and we are pleased to receive her own article, together with an excellent photograph, of the three week visit to Calais in 1926. Grace discussed the photograph of "Miss Massingham's Class of 1921" with two other Old Roan Girls and confirms that the form-mistress was in fact Miss Kendal and has written to Vera Perkins. Vera PERKINS has also joined the Association and lives now in Poole in Dorset.

The Rev. D.A. HIDER ('57-'64) has been appointed both Priest-in-Charge at Peacehaven and also Priest-in-Charge of Telscombe with Piddinghoe and Southease. He moved to Worthing in West Sussex in July 1994. Peter HALL ('54-'59) advises his new address in Claygate, Surrey and is pleased to see that "some of the old timers are still playing football". He intends to make the effort to visit the Club to view their efforts. Brian STRONG ('48-'53) made contact following his inclusion in the "where are they now" section. He has moved three times in the last five years and is now in Scaford in East Sussex and plans to stay there until his retirement. He is pleased to hear news of former classmates Alan DAWE and John CRAMP and stays in contact with David BUCKLEY who put him back in contact with the Secretary.

Brian CHAMBERLAIN ('32-'38) suffered two heart attacks last August and spent time in the Brook Hospital. He lives on Shooters Hill. Professor Christopher CLARE ('63-'70) is the Director of Planning and Information at South Bank University and requested a new Old Roan Tie "to replace the one that I just wore out".

Valerie DULIGAL (née Priest '52-'58) asks to be removed from the mailing list and admits to "finding very little to interest me in the Chronicle now". Vic HARRIS ('54-'61) is a new member of the Association living now in Cambridge. He thanks the Secretary for sending recent Chronicles - "many names leaped out at me from the old boys list".

Another resident of Claygate in Surrey is Alan HUNTLEY ('44-'51) who thanks the Secretary for sending a list of members who were contemporaries at the school. He telephoned one old friend in Australia and spoke to him for the first time in 35 years. He recalls Tom CARTER (groundsman '46-'51) who became groundsman at a time when the old pavilion was a bomb-damaged mess and facilities for the preparation of wickets and pitches were very limited. Nevertheless he always did a splendid job and always with a smile! The Secretary notes that Tom always sends a Christmas card with best wishes to all those who remember him. The two groundsmen, Mr. Bradley and Mr. Carter, were responsible for the planting of the memorial trees in 1948. Alan's brother, John HUNTLEY ('51-'56) was spotted at the National Westminster Sports Club last summer playing for the opposition. He is now retired and appears to find this circumstance most enjoyable.

Dick CODY ('40-'47) writes from Amherst in Massachusetts with praise for the Chronicle and, in particular, the photograph of the 1932 Reunion Dinner. "Isn't that old Nark glowering from the far corner while Tommy Holt smirks at downstage right? And could the rawboned rusty haired youth of severe aspect opposite young Binnie be Milne?" He visited London last autumn and reunited with Alfie KNOTT - "my contemporary and boon companion all through the years from the time of McIntosh's Ginger Beer to the time of Chivas Regal". His work, as an academic in Amherst, now involves his life-long interest in film studies. Dick has long-promised an article on his 1943 generation and we await his contribution with interest.

Guy WILKINS ('71-'78) has been selected for a record 4th time to represent Britain in the Mirror World Dinghy Sailing Championship to be held in Pembroke during August 1995. Whether this dedication excuses his unavailability for the Old Roan Vets for most of the winter is another issue. Guy is also the author of the definitive textbook on Mirror Dinghy sailing.

Paul DYKE (ex-Staff '39-'40 & '45-'47) joined the staff in January 1939 on the retirement of W. Ashworth and went to Bexhill when the school was evacuated that year. He joined H.M. Forces in January 1940, returning to Roan and November 1945 and leaving in April 1947 to take an appointment as an Adviser to the Nottinghamshire L.E.A. He moved in April 1950 to St. Paul's College, Cheltenham where he stayed as a lecturer until retirement in August 1975. Earlier this year Paul contacted Lionel Berry who was a great friend at the school together with Ken Binnie, John Mitchell, Peddie, Thorp, Holt and others. He recalls his time at Roan, though brief, as some of the happiest years of his career. A wonderful, caring community, with a great sense of tradition and the highest standards academically and personally. He feels fortunate to have had the opportunity to share it. After living 43 years in Cheltenham he moved last year to Worthing in West Sussex and is now a member of the Association.

Caroline Hazlewood advised the death of her husband Geoffrey David HAZLEWOOD ('59-'66) in July 1994, aged 46, following a stroke. His father, K.J. HAZLEWOOD ('32-'38) was also at Roan. Geoffrey enjoyed receiving information on the Association and spoke fondly of his time at Roan.

Jo LING (née Hay '60-'65) has remarried and lives in Leigh-on-Sea in Essex. She loves to hear news of the O.R.A. but is disappointed that there is so little from the Old Girls. Her theory is that the girls marry, move away and become involved with children whilst the men

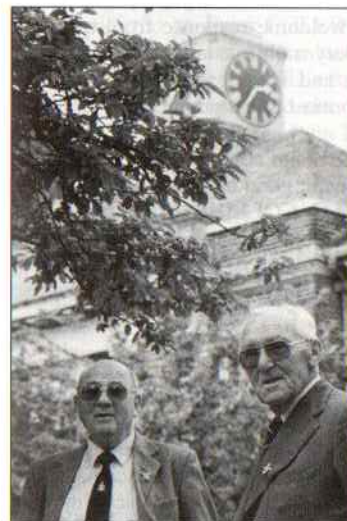
stay local, work from home and stay attached. She acknowledges that this is a glorious generalisation but sees no other explanation. Saddened to tears over the years by the deterioration of Devonshire Drive she is very pleased to see news of the new development -despite its "Docklands-type expense".

Mr. M. McMENAMIN ('35-'39) has bought an Old Roan tie and expresses his appreciation of the Chronicle. His comments are well received by the Editor. His closest contemporaries at Roan were Jack HILL and Eric DIBBLIN and he wishes to renew contact with Eric. He retired to Exeter in Devon six years ago and stays in contact with Lionel GILBERT who was two years his senior at school.

Val LOVELL ('27-'30) remains in contact with the Secretary from Chichester in West Sussex. His wife, Wendy, has been unwell for some time and is grateful for the support of the N.H.S. Between daily commitments he manages to call in at his local each day to "re-charge the batteries a bit and straighten out the world's affairs". Thursdays are good days with selected ales at £1 per pint. Sadly, details of the "local" were not included.

Bill CRAMP ('43-'50) submitted a short postscript to Lionel Berry's report on the Reunion at Chartwell in October of those who attended Roan between 1943-1950. Thirty people attended including the ladies and also three old friends, John Thorpe (the golfer) and his wife Katy, and Lionel Berry (the dramatist). John and Lionel insisted that they had taught maths and chemistry respectively many years ago, but, only Peter Collins and Bill Cramp of those attending vouched for them and evidence accrued on the day from conversations between golfers and actors that was heavily against the teaching idea! Despite his best efforts a photograph was not forthcoming though many were taken.

Harry BULPITT ('25-'31) expresses his appreciation of the Memorial Tree-Replacement gathering at the school in May. He speaks for all those who attended this wonderfully planned event with thanks due in particular to Chris Deane (Head) and Trevor Bell (Deputy Head). The present school was seen to be a thriving, happy and successful establishment.



Cecil Layson and Harry Bulpitt on 9 May 1995

Several letters were received by the Secretary thanking him for the invitation to the replacing of the memorial trees from those unable to attend. Betty BINNIE recalls that she was influential in the decision to plant the original trees nearly 50 years ago and sends her best wishes to any Old Roans who remember her. "Everyone will remember Kenneth". Ann TONKIN (ex-Headteacher '85-'90) is now the Headteacher at Steyning Grammar School and had a commitment that day at County Hall. Ernest TOWNSEND ('26-'34) lives in North Walsham in Norfolk and was on holiday in the Scilly Isles at that time. Val LOVELL's hopes that there would be a good turn-out to express gratitude for those who fell were fully rewarded. N.F. DANIEL ('22-'29) felt the

distance from Bridport in Dorset was too great though he was keen to see the school again after more than 40 years. He recalls being taught by Lionel BERRY and sends best wishes to Lionel. His brother, C.W.DANIEL ('14-'20) is now 91 and has suffered ill-health in recent months. John THORP (ex-staff '37-'50) has recently re-visited the school with his wife and had family celebrations for the four-score years at the time of the re-planting. John remembers many of those who died and what their lives might have offered had they lived. He sees Lionel BERRY quite often and stays in touch with Peter COLLINS and Bill CRAMP. They left Roan in 1950 as he departed to Portsmouth Grammar School. He enjoyed the reunion at Chartwell. Len CLIFTON ('29-'33) was unable to make the journey from Malton in North Yorkshire and expresses his thanks for being invited. Derek PUT-WAIN ('34-'39) often recalls his friend John Curry who is one of those remembered. Kenneth BROOKS ('34-'39) now lives in Ashurst in Hampshire and sent a donation from the three sisters of R.J. Chapman whose tree was replaced.

Geoff CHAPMAN ('31-'39) attended the re-planting from his home in Waldringfield in Suffolk. Noting the Secretary's address in Trowbridge he recalls serving as Deputy Head at the Ralph Allen Secondary School on Combe Down in Wiltshire from 1958-1961 before taking up his Headship in Suffolk. He lived at Upper Westwood during those three years and well remembers the magnificent magnolia tree near the bridge in Bradford-upon-Avon. During this time he met with Les DOWNS who was teaching at Bradfield-on-Avon G.S. Len was a mainstay, with several brothers, just pre-war, of the School Cricket and Football 1st XIs. The vintage of Leo and Peter TRAFFORD and the TOWNSENDS. Geoff corrects information on the photograph of the Science VIths - his brother, A.B. CHAPMAN is the end boy on the left of the middle row. After a career in the Civil Service he is well retired and living in Bideford. Further reminiscences from Geoff Chapman are included elsewhere.

Geoff Chapman lives close to Arthur HOPWOOD (ex-Staff '47-'74) and his wife and visits him regularly in Melton. The Editor passed a copy of the letter from Douglas CASTLE ('53-'60) to Arthur Hopwood which prompted a welcome response from a fondly remembered teacher. Arthur is now 85 and though not very mobile continues to drive. He remembers with much pleasure teaching Maths at Roan and is happy to hear that others appreciate his knack of spreading his love of his subject to most of his pupils.

Dan DAVIS ('24-'28) is a contemporary of V.G.SLANEY and contacted the Secretary in the school. He is pleased to hear that his old friend remains in good health. He now lives in Kendall in Cumbria and has found another Old Roan, H.C. COLLINS, in the town. The Secretary took this as a challenge to search his records and finds that Edward DAY ('18-'24) lives in Keswick, not far from the Hope Memorial Camp, and Antony DALE ('35-'40) moved to Cockermouth a couple of years ago. Dan is suffering from Parkinson's Disease which curtails many of his activities.

John ROBSON ('56-'63) was very surprised and delighted to read in the last issue the piece about the first Roan Band in which he shared piano duties with Chris MARTYN. After leaving Roan he qualified as a dentist at Guy's Hospital and moved to Glastonbury in Somerset soon after his marriage. He now specialises in orthodontics (straightening teeth), forensic dentistry and is a local magistrate. He still plays the piano in a local dance band and his other interests include flying a light aircraft and tennis. He remained in contact with Ron THEW who qualified in medicine at Bart's, London and is a G.P. in Melton Mowbray in Leicestershire. John continues to live near Glastonbury though for years the magazine has been received via Eltham.

Phyllis WILLMOTT (née NOBLE '33-'38) acknowledged with appreciation receipt of recent magazines. These allow her to fill in some gaps in her study of the school buildings. Her letter also raised the subject of the John Roan Foundation ("...the history of the Trust - what it has done in the past, what it will do in the future.") and prompted the short article in this issue. Further information on the John Roan Foundation should follow in future issues.

Ewen WHITAKER ('33-'40) received a call last July from an Old Roan living in Florida saying how much he had enjoyed the short piece on Greenwich Park, yet by late September his own copy of the magazine had yet to arrive in Tucson, Arizona. We have heard nothing since and trust communication has been renewed.

Many readers enjoyed the photograph of the old Science V1 of 1937-38. Dennis MOOR-COCK was killed at Arnhem as a glider pilot. E.T. ("Fanny") FRANCIS died in May 1944 in a Japanese P.O.W. camp and was awarded a posthumous Mention in Despatches for keeping up the morale of fellow P.O.W.s - "typical of the chap!". Faces noted in the 1932 Reunion Dinner photograph included R.W. LEMMY, J.W. KIRBY, G.R. PARKER, K.S. BINNIE, S.R. MILLS, T. HOLT and R.A. ROGERS. We are advised that H.A. STRUTT, mentioned in the last issue for his First at Oxford, later became Sir Austin Strutt and that there were at least three Old Roan Knights extant in the 1930's. Another Old Roan in "Who's Who" is Donald KEATING who is/was a Recorder.

Lionel BERRY (ex-Staff '23-'63) sent details on Thomas Hope FINDLAY but cannot recall him at the school in the 1920s. He enjoyed the reunion at Chartwell in October and was chauffeured by Peter COLLINS who lives in Banstead. Several of the Old Roans at Chartwell were in Lionel's production of "Toad of Toad Hall" in 1950 and most were "principals": Canon Keith POUND - Badger; Ron JEFFKINS - Mole; John SMART - Ratty; Bill CRAMP - Chief Weasel; and also Tom (Jo) MOSS who was school captain in 1950. Lionel was also very pleased to see John THORP.

Canon Keith POUND ('43-'51) wrote to Lionel last August following mention of "Toad of Toad Hall" in the Chronicle. The seeds of enthusiasm for the theatre which were planned in those days at school developed into a continuing interest. At Cambridge he was involved in amateur dramatics in the college with the Footlights Club, and ever since that time this interest has gone on in various ways - writing, producing and participating. When in Southwark he used to produce the revues at the clergy conferences and on one occasion they put on a show at the Young Vic for the 75th Jubilee celebrations for the Diocese. For ten years he was the chaplain of the Wyndhams and Albery Theatres for the Actors' Church Union. For a long time it was not possible to do much in the way of putting things on stage when he had a job looking after prison chaplains throughout the country, but now that he is again attached to one place it is possible to pick up the threads once again and in March 1994 he produced "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat" at Grendon prison. "It must be pleasant for a school teacher to look back and reflect on the influence he has exercised, known and unknown. I promise you have a lot to answer for!"

Dr. Peter TRAFFORD ('28-'38) sent a copy of the obituary of Paul TURNER from the British Medical Journal (11.2.95). Peter and his wife remain in good health and maintain a number of interests. The sales of "Love and War" received an unexpected boost in November when it gained some publicity in the national press as well as on BBC Radio and T.V. A reprint became necessary and the Royal Star and Garter Home has benefitted well. He can still supply autographed copies on receipt of a cheque for £11.50 to: "Timsway", off Portway, Wells, Somerset, BA5 2BB. The book deals with the experiences in the Great War of his father, Ted Trafford, and the 20th. Battalion, The County of London Regiment (Blackheath and Woolwich) T.F. He continues to receive letters from relatives of those who served in that Battalion who enjoyed the book.

The obituary on Paul TURNER, CBE, MD, FRCP, FFPM RCP, in the British Medical Journal adds to the appreciation elsewhere in this issue and lists his career:

Born 16 April 1933. Died 25 December 1994.
Educated Roan School for Boys and Middlesex Hospital Medical School
Graduated with a BSc (Anatomy) 1955; MB,BS 1958
Medical registrar at Edgeware General Hospital
St.Bartholomew's Hospital:
1963-64 Lecturer in Pharmacology & Clinical Pharmacology
1965-66 Senior Lecturer
1967-72 Reader in Clinical Pharmacology & Honorary Consultant Physician
1976-91 Chairman of Department of Health's Committee of Toxicology
Vice Chairman of British Pharmacopoeia Commission from 1980

He was a member of the court of the Worshipful Company of Apothecaries, of which he would have been master in 1999-2000. The article emphasises that Paul managed to combine this enormous workload with an active social life. He was a gifted musician on the piano and organ, which he demonstrated as far apart as Indianapolis and Manila, much to the delight of his academic colleagues. A Thanksgiving Service for his life and work was held in the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great on Monday 27 February, 1995.

A.J. BERRY ('45-'50) sends greetings in March from Ferndale in Western Australia with news of a very long, hot, dry summer. It is now 50 years since he attended his interview at Roan with H.W. Gilbert and, like the end of the Second World War, it seems a long time ago. He tries to find the time these days to enjoy his retirement.

Audrey Hamilton telephoned the Editor to advise that her uncle, Walter Harold Jennings JEFFRIES ('07-) has spent a short time in hospital but is now looking forward to his 102nd birthday and continues to live in his own home. He enjoyed seeing news of his inclusion in the Chronicle and his memory remains very sharp. He belongs to a long-lived family with both parents reaching 90 and a grandmother living until 102. His brothers-in-law by his first wife, Jim ADAMS and Richard ADAMS were also at Roan and joined the Air Force.

Nick BRADGATE ('34-'39) lives in Crowborough in East Sussex and enjoyed visiting the Club for the Reunion Dinner last October. He has been recovering from a heart attack suffered in December 1993. We are pleased to receive several photographs of the Hope Memorial Camp taken in 1935. He still remembers washing in the cold waters of the river Beck.

J.F.N. (Bill) WEDGE ('32-'38) visited his brother "Pip" ('38-'45) last July in Toronto. Pip WEDGE'S retirement last year from the CTV was marked by a seven-page spread in the Canadian broadcast and production journal "Playback", including a very detailed biography harking back to his times with Steve Race, Hughie Green, Michael Miles etc. and his membership of the Showbiz soccer team with Sean Connery, Tommy Steele and others.

Arthur Donald HEWLETT ('14-'21) invited representatives of the School and Association to join the Celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the Ernest George White Association on 15th October 1994 in Bloomsbury. Ernest George WHITE (1863-1940) attended the Roan School for Boys in Eastney Street and was an early President of the O.R.A. The Society exists as a memorial to the life and work of E.G.White, and to continue his technique of voice-production which he taught and called Sinus Tone Production. The Editor enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon of music, acting, poetry and good company. Excerpts from an article by A.D. Hewlett on his years teaching at Tiffin School, Kingston-upon-Thames from 1925-32, written for the Old Tiffinians Newsletter, may be included in future issues.

P.J.BARNWELL ('23-'31) compares the translation by B.C. LEE of the Sonnet by DuBellay in the Roan Magazine of 1929 with the later version in 1944 by Sir Edward Marsh, friend of Rupert Brooke. He recalls that J.W. KIRBY argued for the virtues of this home grown version. Other acclaimed translations were made by G.K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc. B.C. Lee enjoyed a model career - son of the Roan master, matriculated when 14, Roan Exhibitioner, First at London and finally a professorship in New Zealand. He married an Old Roan Girl and his death was recorded in the 1990 Chronicle. P.J. Barnwell enjoyed the photograph of the 1932 Reunion Dinner and the news of our centenarian who used to cycle from Eltham. Another who cycled from further out, G.Marcus Boyes, was the son of a sculptor, who in 1915 exhibited at the Royal Academy a bust of his son. "One doubts if any other Old Roan has been so distinguished years before entering the school". News of the death of T.H. Findlay took him back to magazines of the 1920's finding Bill FINDLAY who was at the school from 1917-24 and won the senior Victor Ludorum in 1924. At a mock election at the school in 1924 the Liberals found it difficult to raise a candidate. The Conservative was OPPER, who he later knew in Mauritius and the Labour candidate was LAIDLAW with whom he taught at Godalming before going to Mauritius. P.J. Barnwell was unable to attend the tree-replanting in May and sends best wishes to all contemporaries.

Brian "Arthur" SMITH ('66-'72) continues his successful career as writer, presenter, comedian and media personality. His new comedy, "Live Bed Show" opened at the Garrick Theatre earlier this year starring Paul Merton and Caroline Quentin. "A man, a woman and a double bed - the eternal triangle. A man, a woman and two single beds - the eternal rectangle". John REGIS M.B.E. ('84-'85) has enjoyed an successful but injury-affected athletics season. The "Guardian" in August 1994 reports that he is restricting his efforts to the 200m and sprint relay. "At 27 the adrenalin still flows and, with a comfortable income from the grand prix circuit and the British programme, Regis can concentrate on championship medals".

Log – A Short Story by Alfie Knott

"Lift your end, Porky," panted Prof Batty, academically the most differently advantaged boy in the Vth form.

"I am, I am," protested Charles Piping, fat as a stick insect.

"Well, lift it higher, then," growled Gnasher Sledge, so grinding his teeth that the words were incomprehensible to all but his friends.

"Shut up all of you. Just look where you're going and mind you don't hit the wall," snapped Toff Perkin-Warberton, trying to shatter his cut-glass accent, and failing.

He was first in line of the four boys trying to manoeuvre an invisible log round the bend in the stone stairs leading from the Art room down to the lower corridor and exit to the playground at Wren's School in Greenwich. Since the first week of their examination year, they had carried the log on their shoulders everywhere with them, marching in step except up or down stairs. They stood it against the wall of the Hall while they ate their lunch or sat their mock exams. During lessons in classroom, lab., or workshop it was laid in front of the teacher's desk. At the end of school it was hidden under the stage until the next morning when they held it across their laps up in the gallery during assembly. At weekends they had persuaded the school-keeper to lock it in the Head's garage next to the gymnasium. Neither man could be surprised by requests from Wren's boys, having been at the school for over forty years between them. The boys had discovered the log in the park when Toff had tripped over it, and pointed out to anyone who was silly enough to ask what they were doing that on it could be seen, carved into the wood, two intertwined hearts pierced by an arrow underlined with the initials E.R. and E. of E. What other proof was needed of the log's historical interest, not to say impor-

tance? Despite the irrefutable, because invisible, evidence presented to him by the Gang of Four, Thug Jameson, head of the history department, and in appearance, demeanour and speech the most gentlemanly of all the staff, could not bring himself to add his not inconsiderable weight to the scales of their credibility.

"I do regret," he apologised, slightly lengthening the oo of "do" and replacing the dazzling white handkerchief with which he had just touched his upper lip inside the immaculate, gold-linked cuff of his equally dazzling shirt, "that I cannot further your ambition to present the, ah, 'Elizabeth and Essex log' to the British Museum. I'm afraid that age and its attendant infirmities have blinded me to its undoubted, ah, importance; and without the 'ocular proof' - as a simple historian, you understand - I could not recommend it to the museum. Perhaps if you took it up to town yourselves you could get a second opinion from someone at the museum itself, someone far more qualified than I to judge its, ah, value. It could be a project for you; when the exams are over, of course."

"Wodja fink ven?" asked Toff. They were sitting cross-legged under a spreading chestnut tree in the park, over-looking the boating pool.

"I dont know what he was talking about," replied Prof.

"Nor did he, I reckon," growled Gnasher.

"I think he was trying to be funny," opined Porky.

"Narr," said Toff, "Fug's naiver farrrny."

"I cant understand what you're saying when you talk like that," complained Prof.

"Oh, all right, then. I said that old Thug's never funny."

"I didn't say he was funny; I said he was

trying to be."

"But what do you think of his idea - about going up to town after the exams.?"

"Be a day out, I suppose," Gnasher's voice was waves on a beach of shingle.

"I've got a better idea," offered Prof.

"You? Now you're trying to be funny," snarled Gnasher, his voice rising a semitone to denote astonishment, and then sinking a tone to denote scorn.

"No I'm not."

"What is it, then?"

"Yes, come on, then; let's hear what Brain of Britain has grown in his cabbage patch."

"Do shut up, Gnasher," admonished Toff.

"Yes; I notice you dont come up with anything," added Porky.

"All right, get on with it."

"Well," said Prof, taking a deep breath, "why dont we tell Esther Ransome about the log, and then we can take it on T.V. and show everyone the carvings and all that?" He looked eagerly into the three faces before him, his eyes bright with excitement and triumph. "Well, what do you think? It's a good idea, eh?"

If he had had some matches, he could have struck one on each of the faces before him, so stony were the expressions. Toff was the first to recover. He cleared his throat.

"Prof, er look, er, it's a great idea, really, but..." his voice dried in prof's sunny smile.

"I think it could be very hard to do," offered Porky, and then had to turn his face away from the innocent gaze of Prof's eyes.

"Are you a raving loony or what?"

snarled Gnasher, his amazement turning to rage through indignation.

"What do you mean?" asked Prof. "What's loony about my idea if you're so clever?"

"Prof," Toff broke in before Gnasher could answer, "I reckon Porky's right; it will be much harder to do than you may think."

"I mean," Porky carried on, "old Thug said something like seeing's believing, and he couldn't sort of see the log, could he?"

"No, but he said it was because he was old and all that, and Esther Ransome's not all that old."

"But lots of people that watch her programme are old, aren't they?"

"Have you all gone barmy?" grated Gnasher, his eyebrows almost touching his hair-line as evidence of his incredulity. "You'll be starting on about Father Christmas next."

"What about Father Christmas?" asked Prof.

"Well, he's like the log; he..." began Porky.

"You mean old people cant see him," Prof interrupted in the tone of voice used by Einstein when he first worked out that E equalled MC squared.

"Nobody can see him, you dolt," Gnasher ground out, his molars almost producing sparks.

"Now who's talking rubbish?" sneered Prof, pointing a derisory finger at Gnasher.

"Give me strength," the latter slavered like a bull-dog, slapping his hand violently to his forehead and casting his eyes dramatically to the heavens. "Listen, you half-wit, nobody can see Father Christmas because he doesn't exist!"

"I've seen him," said Prof simply.

"I don't mean those people dressed up in Father Christmas suits and beards who hang out in the fairy grotto in the big stores."

"No, nor do I. I know they're just men dressed up. I mean I saw him in my bedroom. I don't know how he got in - you know, down the chimney or what - because when I woke up he was already in the room putting presents by the bed."

"I don't mean your dad either, you idiot. I mean the real Father Christmas is like the log - just in the imagination - . That's why you can't see them with your actual eyes."

"You said 'real'," accused Prof.

"What are you talking about now?"

"He's right, you know," put in Porky, pushing his knees further up around his ears.

"You said 'the real Father Christmas', that's what you said; like the wind's real and you can't see that either, can you?" Prof had spent some of his years before seven at a Catholic preparatory school while his parents were living and working abroad, and found that some of the arguments put forward to verify the existence of the Christian God worked equally well in the case of Father Christmas, the Easter Bunny, and his erstwhile little friend, Hugo, who had kept him cosy company during the lonely times at boarding school.

"He may have an interesting point there," mused Toff, lowering the curved perfection of his eyebrows to the chiselled perfection of his long, aristocratic nose.

Gnasher flung his entire face up in despairing appeal to the heavens. "But it's not there!" - only his clenched teeth prevented the force of his vehemence blowing his companions flat.

"Oh?" asked Prof quietly. "Then why do we have such trouble getting it up and down stairs? And why do you shout at us to lift it higher and all that?"

"Because it's a game, and I take games seriously, that's why."

"What is the point of the game, then?"

Into the silence that followed, a blackbird hidden in the branches above them dropped a throatful of notes far more melodious than the nightingale's "Jug, jug, jug, tereu."

"The point is..." began Porky and stopped; then looked at Toff to solve the puzzle.

"It's just a bit of fun, that's all," said Gnasher, adopting the tone of voice of a teacher trying to explain the i before e rule to recently arrived boat children. "It's just a game we play for fun."

"How can we play for fun seriously, then? That's what you said - you take games seriously."

Gnasher, having tried and failed to glare Prof down, rose suddenly to his feet and stamped away about five yards looking like Fred Flintstone who had just come off worse in an argument with Barney Rubble. His short, burly body radiated rage and frustration and stopped the blackbird's singing dead.

"No need to get narky," offered Porky.

"Not!" - Gnasher's denial was the firing of a .357 Magnum.

Toff rose to his elegant six foot tall and put out a hand to help Porky open out like an expanding ruler. Prof looked up at them. After the slightest of pauses, Toff put out his hand again, and Prof took it, relieved that he was not to be cast off and abandoned.

"Shall we go for a bit of a stroll and clear our heads?" suggested Toff in the manner of a ship's captain requesting the presence of one of his junior officers on the bridge.

"Shall we take the log with us," asked

Prof looking at it leaning against the tree," or come back for it?"

The "Ha!" from Gnasher was the slap on the ear delivered by the explosion of a stun grenade.

"Let's come back for it," said Porky.

Gnasher's "Hoo!" was the passage overhead of a heavy artillery shell.

"Okay," replied Prof, his frank, open face glowing with good-nature. He ran his hand back and forth over his hair which was as short as a mole's and lay flat which ever way it was brushed.

They pulled Gnasher into their company like a shark in a net of mackerel, and jollied him out of his fury of frustration into the bad temper he usually enjoyed.

"You cannot be serious," he snarled, sounding nothing like John McEnroe appealing to an umpire. Compared to Gnasher, McEnroe was the soul and sound of reasonableness.

"Nobody wants to be serious, Gnasher; not even Prof," wheedled Porky, pouring oil on the flaming wrath that reddened Gnasher's cheeks and dilated his nostrils until to look at him was to look down the barrels of a shotgun and hope it wasn't loaded.

"Grr!" grated Gnasher, bunching his fists and lifting his lip in a mad-dog grin.

"Du calme, mon vieux, du calme," urged Toff who knew very little French but could make the right noises. "There is a question to which we must address our minds: the question put by Prof when he asked what the point was." Toff had, in fact, fallen over his own feet, and had "discovered" the log to hide the embarrassment he had caused himself by his clumsiness, a fault he found ridiculous in others and shameful in himself. His three companions always followed his lead, and the attention the log had attracted to them had been a pleasure. To

be at least thought eccentric had a certain chic, and for someone as urbane - if not sophisticated - as Toff, that made it a prerequisite of his personal wholeness. That Prof was now exhibiting signs of genuine eccentricity was a little disturbing, and Toff was trying to see how he could use Prof's behaviour to his own advantage.

"As I see it," stated Porky in a way which suggested that those who did not share his view-point were either blind to the truth or so dense that no understanding could pierce their minds, that is if they had minds at all, "it's like the revue sketch where an actor sits fishing off the front of the stagewhich no rod, line or net; and when someone comes in and smirks and says 'Caught anything yet?' answers, 'You're the fifth so far', and makes them look silly."

"Old Jaws (Mr. Trydent-Fisch, Vice-master, a man below whom Attila the Hun and Mole from 'The Wind in the Willows' seemed to stand on the same level) said we were silly when he saw us with the log in the corridor," Gnasher ground out, furious at the memory which also reddened Toff's cheeks.

"Yes, but he's old, isn't he?" argued Prof. "Anyway, he thinks everyone except him is silly, including the teachers, specially the young ones."

They had reached the main school gates and stood looking up at the Coat of Arms of helmet, stags and anchors suggesting the park and maritime Greenwich.

"Do you think the log will be safe where we left it?" asked Prof worriedly.

"Nobody would dare touch it," soothed Porky before Gnasher could pull the pin on his temper.

"You boys by the gate!"; a voice as piercing if not as tuneful as R.S.M. Brittan's hit them with the force of a Frankish charge. Jaws, on whose physical

characteristics the cartoonist, Giles, had based his cadaverously skull-faced pedagogue, was leaning out of a staff-room window. "You're late! Get to your classroom at once!"

Even Toff's dignity was flung off as the four boys scuttled into school and up the stairs leading to the fifth-form classrooms.

"Good job we haven't got the log with us," panted Prof.

Gnasher was running too hard to respond.

Walking beside the park wall towards the bus stops on the heath after school, the boys were again discussing the log.

"We have two alternatives," pronounced Toff: "either we persuade more people to see the log, or we dispose of it in some way, as spectacularly as possible."

"I think the second choice will prove the more practicable," stated Porky, absolutely "certain of certain certainties".

"Do you really think so?" asked Prof.

"I'm sure so, Prof. What do you think, Gnasher?"

"I know there's no chance of the first," sneered Gnasher.

"But..." began Prof.

"That's settled then," Toff got in quickly. "How do we set about it, with dignity but élan?"

"I was going to say," said Prof, "that I would look after the log on my own. Save burning it or something."

"How do you mean, 'look after it'?" growled Gnasher.

"What I said. Look after it the way we've been doing."

The three "buts" sounded like a motorbike that would not start, and the silence

that followed more complete than that of outer space without the music of the spheres.

"I won't try to make you see it anymore, nor any of the other boys or teachers. I'll just take it around with me for company."

Toff's mind walked around the notion and examined it from every angle to see how it could be used to his advantage.

"Good riddance," thought Gnasher.

Porky sniffed and tried to look wise; but "Hm" was all he could say.

Some time later, to the great astonishment of all who knew him, Prof appeared on the News on B.B.C. television. The item concerned the latest exhibition of contemporary art at the Tate Gallery.

"Clearly," the commentator was saying, "as with all new techniques and material used in the production, or I should rather say creation of works of art today - from piles of bricks to heaps of rice -, a great leap of the imagination is needed if the viewer is to be moved by the work on show. This particular exhibit, "The Elizabethan Log", requires a truly sensitive exercise of the imagination if one is to appreciate the extraordinarily life-like appearance, the downright woodiness of the log and the delicate tracery of twigs and leaves surrounding the carved heart and initials so subtly intertwined. We in the art world are very grateful that this young man has been so generous as to share his masterpiece with us."

Prof stood, looking earnestly at the space above the title board occupied by the log. A thoughtful smile lifted the corners of his mouth.

"Damn!" thought Toff.

"Hm," thought Porky.

"Grr!"



Jeremy Fisher (Midfield) celebrates the 1st XI winning the Spartan League Cup.



The whistle blows for full time: Old Roan 1 v Woolwich Town 0.



Chris Deane (Headteacher) addresses members of the Old Roan Association in the Memorial Garden on 9 May 1995.



Fay Jones (Year 8) meets with Old Roans during the tree-replacement ceremony.

Births:

CROWE to Debbie, wife of Nicholas ('75-'81), a son, Matthias Adam on 24th January 1995, a brother for James

CROWE to Susan, wife of Richard ('69-'76), a daughter, Katie Rosaleen on 9th May 1995, a sister for Alex

Marriages:

SEWARD - CASTLEDEN on 20th May 1995 at St.Patrick's Church, Soho Square, London, Christopher SEWARD ('74-'81) to Emily Castleden

Deaths:

ASTILL, R.J.W. ('30-'35)

BARRY, J.W. ('21-'27) in April 1995

BECKWITH, J.A.C. ('22-'27) on 24.8.94

BRUCE G.H., JP. (Hon. member, a past chairman of the Governors) on 6.2.94

FINDLAY, T.H. in October 1994 aged 84

HAZLEWOOD, G.D. ('59-'66) on 3.7.94

HOWARD, Canon R.C. ('16-'18) on 15.6.95

HUGHES, I. ('49-'54) in November 1994

JACKSON, D.M. ('34-'39) in 1994

McKENZIE, K. ('33-'39) on 10.10.94

PANTHER, H.W. ('22-'27) in 1993

PARISH, M.W. (formerly Brown, née Johnson, '21-'29)

PERRY, J.W. ('21-'28) in September 1994

PHIPPS-JONES, Rev'd D.E. ("Jonah", '24-'29) on 4.9.94

PORTER, H.A. ('17-'23 & staff '27-'29) on 18.1.94

RAINE, F.J. ('33-'38) in August 1994 aged 71

THOMAS, G.E. ('35-'40) on 16.5.95. Former Secretary of the O.R.A.

TURNER, Prof. Paul, CBE ('44-'52) on 25.12.94 aged 61

WILLSON, W.A. ("Tug" '23-'28) on 29.11.94

Translation by B.C. Lee in 1928 of the Sonnet by Du Bellay:

Sonnet

Thrice happy he, whose golden fleece is won.
Who, like Ulysses, wander-worn and wise,
Returning home, his life's work nobly done,
Awaits old age beneath his native skies.
Alas! when shall I see the curling smoke
Up-rising from the home of my delight?
I spurn a province and a regal cloak,
If of my garden I'm denied the sight.
Fain would I have the home of my forbears!
Better its grey slates than marbles walls
Of Latin palaces. What Roman dares
His Tiber praise whilst me my Loire enthalls!
Better my Lire than the Palatinate.
Thy sweet air calls me still, O! Anjou mine!

B.C.Lee was the Roan Exhibitioner in 1928

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

28th July 1995	President's XI cricket match in celebration of the 75th anniversary of the Old Roan Cricket Club at the School Field
30th September 1995 to 6th October	Old Roan Hope Memorial Camp (Braithwaite) Contact Steve Nelson (0181 318 0685)
13th October 1995	Annual Reunion Dinner at the Pavilion
25th November 1995	President's Buffet
14th January 1996	Childrens' Christmas Party
16th March 1996	End of Presidential Year "Event"
21st March 1996	Annual General Meeting at the Pavilion