



OLD ROAN

Chronicle

Vol. 10

August, 1990

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No. 10

August, 1990

FROM THE EDITOR

An immediate declaration of policy is necessary. The current Chronicle features almost exclusively the Roan School for Boys. This is not due to the interests of the Editor but reflects the balance of contributions received. We hope that in future publications this imbalance will be redressed.

This issue deals with the sad loss of a number of much loved and well respected Old Roans. Several appreciations, written by friends and contemporaries, have been included.

A number of excellent archive photographs have been collected and will be used over future issues. These photographs offer general interest and an historical record but equally bring to life once again names and faces of Old Roans from the recent and distant past. The article on the Rhineland visit of 1930 and the reproduction of the 1912 photograph of the school masters taken at Eastney Street allow these events and personalities to live again through the pages of this magazine. It is one of the pleasures of editing the Chronicle and Newsletter that I am able to communicate with Association members who can recall vividly these times and are contemporary to the events and records.

More importantly we are pleased to include articles from Ann Tonkin and Alfie Knott confirming the energy and spirit of the present School. Links between the Association and the School are carefully preserved and continued for mutual benefit and in the knowledge that the future of the Club and Association resides in these current students, of both sexes, finding us relevant to their interests.

We are grateful for the varied contributions included in this issue and welcome your comments, letters and thoughts — particularly from the former Girls' School — for future publications.

D.H.
July 1990

FROM THE PRESIDENT

The weather was foul late one Friday evening in February and Steve Nelson, after quaffing large quantities of mineral water, offered me a lift home from the Club. It had been a hard week and I was feeling a little tired and emotional so I gladly accepted. At the end of the journey Steve made another offer — the Presidency of the Old Roan Association! For reasons which still escape me I accepted, with some provisos, this second offer of the evening. There would thus appear to be some truth with regard to accepting lifts from strange men — anything can happen!

As the titular head of the Association, what am I expected to do and to achieve during my year in office? There do not appear to be any guidelines and it would seem that it is very much a matter for individual choice. I decided to look at the Club and Association constitutions to see if they could give me any assistance. The Association's aims are to maintain and develop links between its members and the School and the Staff of the School, and to foster and facilitate the continuance of associations formed at the School. The Club's objects, which seem to follow on naturally from those of the Association, are that it is established for providing social facilities for its members and generally furthering the interests of Old Roans.

In recent years the dividing lines between the Club and the Association have very largely been swept away and the new combined committee, and more specifically the School Liaison Officers and the Bar Management Committee, have been very successful in maintaining and expanding the framework within which these aims and objectives can be achieved. I certainly feel that, following a period of relative stagnation, the Club is on an upswing which is reflected in increasingly diverse social and sporting activities and our recent successes in attracting and holding new members, particularly relative youngsters. This is an impetus we need to maintain and expand in the coming years — success breeds success! I am sure that other contributors will be able to give specific indications of the progress we have made and of our immediate future targets.

In many respects the progress of the Club would appear to have followed and reflected that made by the School. Apart from the obvious benefit of receiving a first-class education my abiding memories of the School are of the highly civilised standards, behavioural and otherwise, which were set and always encouraged. I am pleased to be able to say that under the positive and extremely capable leadership of Ann Tonkin the school looks set fair to continue in this vein.

I now realise that I have not answered my original question on the presidential role. Perhaps my working environment can help — what are the fashionable phrases or Buzz words? Target setting is really in these days — I'll set myself some targets! The Association holds two primary social functions each year, the Reunion Dinner in October and the Dinner Dance in March.



Monty Smith. President 1990-91

Both functions are very successful but a higher turn-out would do no harm in either case. So here are my targets: one hundred and twenty Old Roans at the Dinner and over one hundred and fifty Old Roans and their guests at the Dinner Dance.

Regular users of the Club know what to expect from me as functions approach and this will be extended to all those school-friends and Club colleagues with whom I have lost touch, particularly ex-lower X1 footballers. Of course I can usually be contacted at the Club so don't be shy — you can always approach me before I get to you! The dates are given elsewhere in the magazine so why not make a note of them now and commit yourselves to at least one of these highly enjoyable nights out?

Some of you may be wondering about the provisos I mentioned much earlier. In common with many other people, including a very high percentage of the most obvious potential future (ORA) presidents, I dislike formal speech-making and I will accordingly be keeping my utterances to a minimum. I have, however, already recruited some stars in this field to offset my brevity and this tactic could set a useful precedent. What a pity it was that such great Old Roans as Len Groves continually refused the honour of the presidency precisely because of the fear of public speaking.

Finally, may I extend best wishes to all Old Roans and I look forward to meeting as many of you as possible during my year in office and, hopefully, thereafter.

Monty Smith
June 1990

CLASS OF '65

Did you start school in 1965?

Were you at either Roan school from '65-'72?

If so, we're having a Reunion at the Old Roan Club on

SATURDAY 15 SEPTEMBER 1990 at 7.30pm

Interested in meeting old friends?

Contact any of the following people for details:-

Daryle Bradbrook	047 47 2587
Laurence Hughes	071 582 6655
Alistair Mitchell	081 318 0907
Steve & Cheryl Swann	034 271 7211
Alan Willson	081 870 8449

SECRETARY'S REPORT

When compiling this report, my first source of information are the minutes, ably written up by Kay Wilkins, of the committee meetings held since the previous AGM. These meetings were held about eight times a year with much work carried out in full committee meetings. As a result of certain changes, more responsibility has been delegated to smaller working parties who report their progress to the main committee. This has led to a reduction in main committee meetings. Over the past year there were only six and the probability is for even fewer meetings during the next twelve months. This does not mean individual members of the committee are less busy. Indeed the reverse seems to be true. There are those who felt restricted by constantly reporting to large committees and were not able to complete tasks within a short time. They are now more willing to undertake tasks, albeit ultimate responsibility remains with the Old Roan Association Committee.

On 30th April 1989, there was the unveiling ceremony of the new Hope Memorial Camp in Braithwaite which I was fortunate to attend. The Camp is a far cry from the spartan conditions of the huts it replaced and is available for groups of Old Roans and friends to rent. Further details are available from the School. The School had offered a free weekend at the end of the summer, but unfortunately it had proved too short a notice to arrange.

The year has been overshadowed by the sudden death on 2nd November 1989 of Frank Barnes, a vice President and past President of the Association and long time Chairman of the Old Roan Club. Brian Thomas aptly described Frank as a man who attracted responsibility. Apart from chairing meetings and willingly, almost insistently, acting as Club Secretary, it was usually he who would attend to the many unseen but necessary little jobs around the Club. An emergency meeting of the committee was called and Mike Titheridge was elected Club Chairman for the remainder of the year. It was discovered that although it was commonly thought Frank was the licensee this was not actually the case. Unlike public houses, the Club is a registered club within the licensing act and does not have to have, and indeed there is no provision for, a licensee. However, the names of those concerned with the day to day running of the Club are advised to the licensing authority. The necessary formalities have been completed and the ten year license which had been applied for remains in force until its expiry on 5th September 1999. This does lead to an anomaly in the Association's Constitution and Club Rules where provision is made for a licensee. However, there is no immediate need for amendment but they should be altered at some future date.

I also have to record the death, on 28th April 1990, of Ron Harmer, my immediate predecessor as Secretary of the Old Roan (Boys) Association. Both he and his wife, Betty, put in a great deal of work during his Secretaryship. A separate appreciation appears in this Chronicle written by another Association Secretary and contemporary of Ron's, Geoff Thomas.

The Club remains the focal point of activities of the Association and a separate report will follow, but it is worth reporting that another successful dinner was held last October and Dinner/Dance at the Yorkshire Grey in March. Mike Walpole puts in a lot of work and is helped by Monty Smith in obtaining numbers for the two principal Association functions and it is a pity that we cannot attract more to the latter function. Each year serious consideration is given to its continuance, though I understand it will be given another chance next year — even if it is the day following the AGM and the Presidency will have changed. It has happened at least once before. At least the redecoration of the venue should have been completed. This year, these events will be under the control of a new Social Secretary, Debbie Wallis.

Discos for the School leavers have been held and reunions of two years, one for the boys and one for the girls, organised by themselves, have taken place. The Editor received several responses to his note in the Newsletter concerning the summer camp to the Rhineland in 1930. One result was David Horsburgh organising a reunion of those concerned at the Cutty Sark Restaurant & Tavern on 1st June this year. I understand from reliable sources the event was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. Thanks are entirely due to David who made all the arrangements. Without wishing to steal from the the Club Report I can tell you that the Bar Management Committee wishes to encourage the use of the bar facilities for such functions and for members' celebrations such as birthdays. However, notice to any member of the Bar Management Committee, chaired by Mike Titheridge, would be appreciated in order to provide necessary bar staff. In the planning stage are reunion evenings for those who joined the School in 1979 and 1980.

At last years' AGM I reported that Steve Nelson and I were attending the John Roan Association Committee Meetings as part of our duties as School Liaison. Alfie Knott took over from me on becoming President but I understand they are no longer informed of meetings. Possibly of more use have been the regular visits to the School by Steve Nelson to meet the kids and I am pleased to report that he is now on the Board of Governors.

Football and cricket continue to be popular and a cricket scorers course has been held over recent Wednesdays at the Club. Netball has just started up for the girls; and, of course, there is the Dramatic Society for both sexes. At the time of writing the thespians are organising an Old Time Music Hall production at the Club in June. Twice a year there has been a golf tournament and there have been moves to adopt this as a recognised club within the Association. At present it has not submitted aims and rules for approval of the general committee.

David Horsburgh took over editorship of the Chronicle and Newsletter the previous year but his first Chronicle was published last summer. The quality and content reflected the effort put in by him. However, as is always the case, the content is largely dependent on receiving news. Contributions are always welcome. They do not need to be pages, but just a few lines of news which might be of interest to one's contemporaries. Many thanks to those who have written, especially those who did not receive an individual reply.

Membership of the Association has increased partly as a result of the reunions, school leavers' evenings previously mentioned, and a small number of Affiliated members. Time will tell if many fall by the wayside after renewing their memberships, for the first time in several years in some cases.

Figures as at 31st December 1989 were as follows:-

	1989	(1988)
Life Members	661	(682 + 1 partial)
Fully Paid Annual Members	373	(321)
Junior Members	30	(15)
Honory Members	2	(2)
Associate Members (Staff)	25	(22)
Honorary Club Members	2	(2)
Fully Paid Affiliated Club Member	10	(—)
Total:	1103	(1045)

New ties were purchased during the year and are available at a cost of £4 each.

The Association is healthy in respect of membership and Club activities. The Bar Management Committee has taken over from the partly moribund Old Roan Club Committee. Results are being seen and will continue to be seen over the coming months. We have an enthusiastic magazine editor who has produced a fine Chronicle. In order to keep interested in the Association those not able to visit the Club regularly it is essential that news of Old Roans is passed on to David Horsburgh.

I conclude on a personal note. Barclays Bank have required me to relocate to Trowbridge, Wiltshire. This will take place during August and inevitably will entail less appearances at the Club. I expect to visit the Club several weekends throughout the year and offered to continue as Secretary for the current Association year. Letters and subscriptions may continue to be sent to my current address at least until the next annual general meeting, when the situation will be reviewed.

THE OLD ROAN CLUB REPORT 1989-90

The improvement in our financial position effected during 1988 has been maintained and looks quite encouraging at present. However, we must bear in mind that yet again, although sales for the year were up (£29,630 as against £28,425 for 1988) the throughput is down — less pints are being sold, but at a higher price. This resulted in a gross trading profit of £6,861 which equates to 23.2%. Happily, receipts from the pool table and fruit machine are still being maintained. As already stressed in past reports, we must strive to achieve a better turnover, hopefully around the £36,000 mark for 1990. To this end, further schemes and plans have been implemented or are in hand to improve the image and atmosphere of the Club and to encourage even better use of the facility. To date, additional electric fan-heaters have been installed which can be used independently of the other system; the fan-heater over the entry door has been re-fitted; new curtains are on order together with tables for the new bar. The question of the type and level of lighting supplied is being reviewed.

Also, the Committee are attempting to achieve the target of having at least one major function per month at the Club, either by way of an organised event or use of the Club for, say, birthdays, or reunions by former school contemporaries. We have already approached two members of Old Roan who run Sunday football teams and written to them reminding them that the facility is there for their use after their games, and this has met with a positive response.

The Committee have been well supported by members doing Bar Duty although Friday nights do seem to present problems from time to time.

The paid bar staff system after Saturday football is still working well and we have extended this arrangement now for the cricket matches at the Club.

The Excise Licence held by the Club has been renewed for 10 years as usual and, in view of the harder attitude currently being adopted by the Magistrates, perhaps this indicates our good standing as a Club.

The question of our application to the Governors of the Roan School Foundation for an Agreement of Tenure has still to be resolved although it would appear that the matter is reaching some sort of conclusion now that the I.L.E.A. has ended and the Schools come under the control of Greenwich Borough Council. We shall continue to press for a satisfactory answer to this question whilst continuing to make our payment to the Governors to meet part of the cost of leasing the Paddock etc. from Greenwich Borough Council.

Finally, we thank everyone who supports the Club and ask that those members who were, perhaps, a little sparing with their support last year will help us to achieve our target.

Mike Titheridge. June 1990

THE TREASURER'S REPORT

THE OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION

Our income from subscriptions slowly increases — as more members are persuaded by the Secretary to pay the current rate preferably by Bankers Order — although those taking up Life Membership has slowed down to a mere trickle. We do, of course, gain in times of high interest rates and our net interest received is up nearly 50%.

Expenditure has been slightly distorted as the Christmas '88 Newsletter arrived early in 1989, and the colour edition of the Chronicle obviously cost more. Otherwise our outgoings have been stable, with only a small loss being incurred on the Dinner Dance and Reunion Dinner.

I do not feel that the overall loss of £693 is a cause for concern. Viewing the last two years together, the total shortfall is only £152, more than accounted for by the additional costs of producing the Chronicle in colour. The Accumulated Fund, our 'net worth', only suffered a little in consequence, and a balance of £11,767 is carried forward.

The balance sheet shows little change and we continue to maintain a satisfactory position. The accounts were audited without query and presented at the Annual General Meeting and adopted.

The Trustees of the Icough Memorial Fund had agreed to make available half of the interest in the fund towards fittings for the new building at the Hope Memorial Camp in the Lake District. Accordingly, a cheque for £423 has been sent, and in due course the Association also hopes to be able to donate towards a suitable item.

THE OLD ROAN CLUB

The increase in turnover and gross profit, whilst encouraging, hide the fact that our throughput — the actual volume of sales — has continued to decline since 1986. We are, in simple terms, selling fewer pints at a higher price. The tide does seem to be turning and we are cautiously optimistic that things are looking up in 1990.

Following the essential repairs and renewals after storm damage which were incurred in early 1988, our expenditure has been contained. Receipts from the Fruit Machine were lower than anticipated, but improved later in the year when a new machine was installed. We hope to be able to change the machine on a more frequent basis in future. The Pool Table continues in popularity and provides a steady income. The Profit and Loss Account surplus of £4360 is a big improvement on previous years, and the Club Management Committee has already committed expenditure to improve the atmosphere at the Club and, hopefully, encourage a higher throughput and turnover.

It's your Club. Please use it, and if you have suggestions for ways we might use the funds generated to improve the facilities then let us know.

A sound balance sheet with healthy net current assets was presented to the Annual General Meeting. The audited accounts were adopted, no matter being raised.

Copies of the accounts are available to anyone unable to attend the A.G.M. Please contact the Treasurer.

Neal S. Haslam
June 1990

NEWS FROM THE JOHN ROAN SCHOOL

This year has seen the transfer of education services from the I.L.E.A. to the Greenwich Education Service. Despite difficulties of administration (nothing changes) pupils and teachers have noticed relatively little difference. The charge capping legislation means that we still don't know our budget for next September but I am sure that a school which has seen centuries of change will continue to provide education for children in Greenwich, whoever is in power. Rather like the Vicar of Bray we go on despite external changes, although I hope we do not compromise our educational principles in order to do so!

The school is thriving. The National Curriculum continues to be implemented — all pupils in the incoming first year (now level 7) will study Maths, English, Science and Technology courses which meet National Curriculum attainment targets. There is choice at 14+ (now level 10) within broad categories of subject but everyone studies two Science subjects, Maths, English, an Arts subject, a Humanity and eventually a Technology and Modern Language. We are still oversubscribed for each of the 180 places available each year.

The Greenwich Education Service is conducting a secondary review and will invite the Governors to join the proposed reorganisation whereby the school sixth form will transfer to a Tertiary College. Although consultation is not complete until 31 July 1990, first responses from parents seem to indicate that they prefer to keep a joint sixth form with Blackheath Bluecoat School, although any pupil who wished to transfer elsewhere would be free to do so as has always been the case. Contact between the Old Roan and the school, which has strengthened of late, could be affected and any Old Roan who wishes to express a view should write to the Chair of Governors at the school.

Despite staffing shortages in London, we anticipate being fully staffed in September. There have been no retirements or resignations from long-serving members of staff, although Sheila Manning will cease to be a deputy head from September and will teach English part time. I should like to pay tribute to her calm and able administration, especially during the teachers' action, and to thank her for all her work for the school.

Our next major change (from 1992) will be the introduction of the Local Management of Schools. The arrangements which are in place for the rest of the country were postponed in London, but the Governors will soon have full financial responsibility apart from capital costs. Unfortunately we cannot control the size of the budget given to us in the first place! For those ex-pupils who remember the school as voluntary aided, there will be little difference, although those who have known the voluntary controlled school over the last ten years will see considerable changes.

The School Governors now comprise:-

- 5 elected parents
- 2 elected teachers
- 4 Foundation Governors
- 5 Political Nominees (to include minority party)
- 1 Headteacher
- 2 co-optees

Steve Nelson has been co-opted for the next four years and we much appreciate his contact and work with the pupils.

Those who leave this summer take with them for the first time, a London Record of Achievement; a portfolio of their work, achievements and assessments which future employers or Further and Higher education can use as a better description of the pupil than the old-style report. School reports are increasingly full, including a description of the course a pupil is following and detailed statements about the skills and concepts they have acquired in each area. We await the format for testing and the National Curriculum and the publication of those results.

So, change is continuous; but for young people the school still offers learning, companionship and opportunities to succeed whatever one's abilities and talents may be. Any Old Roan who is in the area — please come to see the school as it is now. You will be welcomed!

Ann Tonkin, Headteacher. June 1990

HOPE MEMORIAL CAMP, BRAITHWAITE

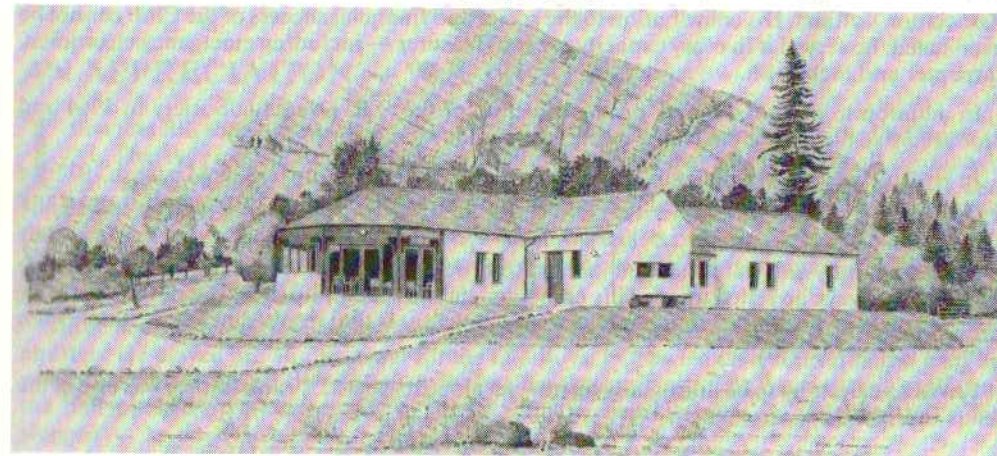
Alan Weir has submitted the following information:

I can report that the Camp at Braithwaite is up and working. Ray Trickey is very busy ironing out teething troubles — the sort of thing you always get with a new building. It is most useful to have him on the spot. Most users report favourably on the facilities — the only complaint being that the drying room doesn't dry! More powerful heaters are needed it seems.

Jim Upton, the booking secretary, tells me that the Camp is booked for nearly ninety nights this year. However, that leaves a few blank dates, so I should think that if a few Old Roans want to use it, a booking would be possible. Remember that the Camp is now quite suitable for family groups as well as for the usual school parties. Interested people should write to Jim Upton at the School — he will give details:

Jim Upton, The John Roan School, 141 Maze Hill, Blackheath, SE3 7UD.

Tel: (081) 858 8981



*Hope Memorial Camp, Braithwaite.
Founded in 1923 in memory of Arthur Herbert Hope. Rebuilt in 1989
Drawing by Rowan Tree Gallery, Salta, Cumbria*

AN APPRECIATION — FRANK PETER BARNES (1920-1989)

The sudden and untimely death of Frank Barnes on 2nd November 1989 left a gap in the life and affairs of the Old Roan Association which will be difficult if not impossible to fill for he was a rather special sort of man.

He attended the Roan School from 1933 to 1937 where, like most of us, he was an average scholar. A congenital heart defect, which he refused to allow to limit his activities and which would have persuaded lesser men to become semi-invalids, kept him out of the Forces in 1939 but he was an active and enthusiastic member of the Home Guard throughout the war.

In 1947 he began his long and active participation in the affairs, first of the O.R. Cricket Club (which is chronicled elsewhere in this issue) and then as a member of the Committee of the O.R. Association on which he served in various important capacities until the day of his death. He was elected President of the Association in 1967 and became a vice-President in 1980, but perhaps his greatest contribution to the Association was his long and hugely influential services as Secretary and then Chairman of the O.R. Club. With others, he was instrumental in its formation and, perhaps more than any other individual, played a crucial part in maintaining its pivotal role in the Association's affairs. His contribution to the social and financial success of the Club cannot be over-stated; he served it in every capacity except Treasurer — including emergency electrician, carpenter and locksmith.

In addition to all that, he took on the direction of the O.R. Dramatic Society in 1964 and produced five plays — a job whose demands are not widely appreciated.

In 1960 he became a member of the John Roan School Lodge and was its Master in 1972; he was an active and widely respected Freemason and he was appointed to Provincial Grand Rank in 1986.

He was a kindly and warm-hearted man who attracted and relished responsibility. Someone who could always be relied upon. This characteristic was exemplified by the devoted care he lavished on his wife, Pick, throughout her distressing illness that resulted in her death only ten months before his own.

Few of us can claim to be universally liked — let alone respected; Frank Barnes was one of the few.

Brian Thomas
April 1990



FRANK BARNES — CRICKETER

Without doubt one of Frank's great loves was cricket and, in particular, Old Roan Cricket.

Others in this issue will, I feel sure, see fit to chronicle his many other interests; I am privileged to record, albeit briefly, his selfless devotion over a period of more than thirty years to the Old Roan Cricket Club.

Frank, to all of us — but Pete to Pick, whom he survived by less than twelve months — was, I suggest, the engine-room of the Cricket Club from its post-war re-constitution. Harry Townsend for many years may have been the figurehead, star performers are not difficult to name, but unobtrusively, year in and year out, Frank kept the wheels (and probably the bats) oiled.

My earliest fixture-card tells me that in 1948 he was both General Secretary and Match Secretary. The former position he held continuously for twenty-one years whereupon he became Assistant Secretary and was elected a Vice-President of the Club. We managed to find a volunteer to relieve him of the fixture secretaryship in 1953, so Frank offered to organise the inaugural Kent Tour — a week which flourished annually in the Folkestone area before breaking fresh ground in the Isle of Wight the following decade. In addition he either led or was vice-Captain of the 3rd XI for eighteen years between the early fifties and 1974. He served on the committee until 1980, a span of 33 years.

As a player Frank had no great pretensions as a batter, but regularly purveyed a most effective brand of slow bowling, the ball appearing to emerge from the umpire's pocket. His captaincy was a happy blend of the enthusiastic and the sympathetic — much appreciated by those he led.

Speaking as one who has experienced the changing face of cricket during the post-war years, I fear we shall not see his like again.

Peter Williams
May 1990

AN APPRECIATION — W.S. GOSLING

I first met Bill soon after I left school in 1930 and started playing soccer for the Old Roan 1st XI. Thereafter we shared the rough and tumble of Old Boy League football for many a Saturday up to the mid-to-late 'thirties but during those years of playing what, at times, were somewhat scrappy games I can never recall this genial man ever losing his temper. He was, in those days, a big chap and played right back (as it was called then) and was a difficult man to pass; but he was forever fair although I have known times when, if opponents cut up a bit rough, he would lean on them. Quite effective.

Those of us with long memories, however, will remember him best, perhaps, for his cricketing abilities. He played pre and post-war for the Old Boys; he bowled off a short run and used his powerful shoulders to good and often (to the batsman) surprising effect. When the eye was in and the ball pitched up he was a joy to watch with the bat. He hit long and hard but never slogged.

These thoughts are not intended to include statistics but they are fleeting memories of a personality whom I had the pleasure of knowing over many years and, in due course, proposed as President of the Association.

Some weeks before that particular Committee meeting I had been speaking to somebody at the London County Council (as it was then) and asked him, in passing, if he had known a Mr. Gosling who had worked there. His reply I recall to this day — "Oh yes! I remember him very well — dear old Bill."

Ever since, I have always thought of him in this affectionate manner and I am quite sure that there are many Old Roans who feel the same. He was a grand chap was dear old Bill.

J.V. Lovell
February 1990

AN APPRECIATION — RONALD LEONARD HARMER (1924-1990)

Ron won a scholarship from Blackheath & Kidbrooke Junior School and he admitted that he was not an academic, enjoying cricket and soccer rather than lessons. This love of cricket and soccer continued into adult life with Ron keenly supporting Kent and Charlton Athletic. He was a member of the M.C.C. and Kent Cricket Club.

Ron never mentioned his war service to the writer, but I have been able to ascertain that he volunteered at the age of 17 and became a Royal Marine commando, and in fact took part in raids on the French coast before the invasion.

After the war he joined the Old Roan Association and did a great deal of work to increase membership when he was Secretary from 1963 — 1969, and again from 1975 — 1978. He was President of the O.R.A. in the year 1974/75.

He was always grateful for the education he received at the school, although the outbreak of war meant that he did not complete his education nor obtain any scholarships. However, this did not stop him making his name in the business world as he soon found his niche in stockbroking and spent all of his career in that profession. He soon progressed in business and became a partner with his firm, and a member of the stock exchange. Over the years his business advice was helpful to many Old Roans and he also found work opportunities for others.

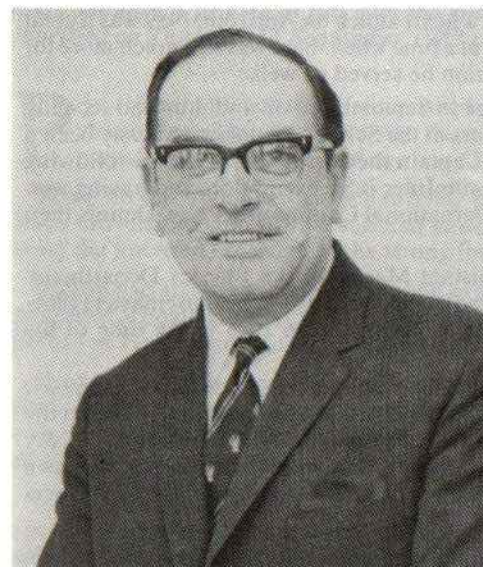
Ron retired last September on his 65th birthday, but sadly did not have the opportunity to enjoy his leisure years.

Ron Harmer became a member of the John Roan School Lodge in 1961 and was Master of the Lodge in 1974. He was Secretary of the Lodge for many years up until his death.

The Association and numerous individual Old Roans have lost a very good friend.

G. Thomas
May 1990

AN APPRECIATION — D.A. HUMPHREYS



More mature Old Roans will remember Doug Humphreys whose passing was reported in our July 1989 issue.

Doug joined the school in 1925 and immediately took an enthusiastic part in the more energetic pursuits of scholastic life, ultimately gaining first eleven colours in both cricket and football. He would not have claimed academic brilliance, but, nevertheless, gained a creditable matriculation.

During the 1939-45 war, he was a flying instructor in the R.A.F.

Business exigencies forbade his joining the Association until 1947, when he continued his cricketing and footballing roles with the same enthusiasm he had evinced as a schoolboy, gaining the unusual distinction of skippering the 3rd XI at both cricket and football; not at the same time!

Doug had always been a keen scout and was closely involved in the Hope Memorial Camp at Braithwaite. He, it was, who hit on the happy notion of organising parties of Old Roans to visit the camp for a week, each year.

He also joined the Old Roan Dramatic Society and, indeed, threw himself wholeheartedly into all the Association's affairs which brought the deserved reward of his becoming President, in 1969.

In 1939, he married an Old Roan girl, Elsa Lancaster, who, sadly, died in 1971. Their daughter, Ann, also went to Roan, giving as the reason for her choice that she wanted to be an Old Roan, herself.

Doug, later, remarried and enjoyed many happy years with Marjorie who survives him. This second marriage brought Doug a stepson, Richard and step-daughter, Margaret, both, also, Old Roans.

He joined the John Roan School Masonic Lodge in 1953, becoming its Master in 1973. He brought to the Lodge the same dedication and responsibility that marked every field he entered.

We have lost a great Old Roan.

May 1990

AN APPRECIATION — DENNIS BROOKLAND

The sudden death of Dennis Brookland from a heart attack on April 6th, 1989 was a great shock to his many Askean friends and came at a time when there was still much more for him to do and to achieve amongst those whom he served so well.

Dennis came to Aske's from Goldsmith's College in September, 1958 and thus had recently celebrated with colleagues the completion of 30 years at the School. He had previously been a pupil at The Roan School (1942-50) and was Vice-Captain there in 1949. He left the following year having passed the London University H.S.C. with Inter B.Sc. exemption, and having won the School's Special Merit Prize and the Rotary International Community Prize. Dennis then did National Service with the REME.

His first appointment at Aske's was as an Assistant Master in the Physics Department. Thereafter the many posts held by him included Head of Physics (1963-82), Housemaster (1966-83), Head of Science (1982-87) and Consortium Co-ordinator from 1983 to the time of his death.

This last appointment found Dennis without a teaching timetable and devoting himself exclusively to the task of co-ordinating sixth form studies in the five schools that make up the North Lewisham Consortium. In this grouping, as well as the two Aske's Schools, were Addey and Stanhope, Hatcham Wood and Deptford Green. The Consortium had been created as a response to going comprehensive with the consequent need to reinforce the declining numbers in each sixth form.

The North Lewisham Consortium has been unquestionably one of the most successful. This was largely due to his painstaking efforts to hold the very different schools together and gain for five small schools the advantages of being big. It is no small measure of his success that his Consortium has been offering a wider range of 'A' level subjects than almost any other in London.

It was well known that Dennis was a master at administration. It can so often be said that the Chairman makes or breaks a Committee, but Dennis' extraordinary command of detail, his meticulous efficiency, and his understanding of people were all harnessed into making things work. He was utterly reliable, conscientious and completely loyal to his colleagues.

Whilst Dennis won the admiration of everyone involved in the Consortium, this work had an aspect for him that was regrettable — he no longer did what he had been trained to do, which was to teach. His many physics students over the years will testify to his abilities as a teacher. He greatly missed the daily classroom contact with pupils and so compensated for this by seizing every opportunity for informal talks and meetings with the boys.

Dennis was a man of strong religious faith: Christianity was not just a hobby with him. He had a strong attachment with the United Reformed Church in Lewisham High Street and, during the time of Leslie Weatherhead, he would often be found at the City Temple listening to the sermons for which Weatherhead was so well known. Thus Dennis was a teacher with a strong sense of pastoral care and concern with that rare capacity to listen.

Everyone who knew Dennis will truly miss him — his pupils and colleagues in particular, but also those Old Askeans who were beginning to know him and to appreciate his contributions to the Association following his election to our Committee just two years before his death. Dennis never married but to all his relatives we extend our deepest sympathy.

(This article has been re-printed in full with the kind permission of the Old Askean Association from the Old Askean — November 1989.)

OBITUARY — PROFESSOR RICHARD BISHOP

(This obituary is printed in full with the kind permission of the Daily Telegraph. The article appeared on Thursday 14 September 1989.)

Prof. Richard Bishop, the distinguished maritime engineer who has died aged 64, was vice-chancellor of Brunel University, the technological university in west London, and vice-president of the Royal Society.

When he was appointed vice-chancellor in 1981, severe government cuts were imposed on many universities, and Brunel suffered more than most. Only by fairly ruthless action did he bring the university through to the strong financial position it is in today.

Bishop had an international reputation as a scientist, particularly in the effect of waves on the structures of boats. He was called on as an expert in several shipping controversies, including the Herald of Free Enterprise ferry disaster.

His research embraced many aspects of mechanical engineering as applied to vessels. He studied vibration in structures, rotor dynamics and the dynamics of ships and submarines. In related work he made significant advances in studying the instability of high-speed rolling stock, aircraft resonance testing, and the measurement of forces acting on the human knee.

In the late 1960s, Bishop set himself the enormous task of producing a comprehensive, scientific replacement for the semi-empirical techniques of naval architecture. He pioneered the theory of ship hydro-elasticity, the importance of which is now well established, and which is almost wholly due to Bishop and his colleague, William Price. It has shed a revealing light on ship losses in rough seas, showing why, after centuries of seafaring, ships still break up when heavy seas batter them at a particular frequency.

A clergyman's son, Richard Evelyn Donohue Bishop was born in London on January 1, 1925 and educated at the Roan School, Greenwich. He served with the RNVR in the later stages of the 1939-45 War before studying mechanical engineering at University College, London. He then spent two years as a postgraduate research student at Stanford University, California, on a Commonwealth Fund Fellowship and gained his doctorate. After a year as a senior scientific officer at the Ministry of Supply, he was appointed a demonstrator at Cambridge University in 1952. He became a Fellow of Pembroke College in 1954, and obtained a post as university lecturer in engineering the following year. In 1957 he left Cambridge to become the Kennedy Professor of Mechanical Engineering at University College, London.

Through his interest in ships he developed close ties with the Navy and the Ministry of Defence. In 1968 he invited the Royal Corps of Naval Constructors to make its home in University College, and he was also a member of the defence Ministry's Defence Scientific Advisory council for 20 years.

In 1981 Bishop was appointed vice-chancellor and principal of Brunel University: soon afterwards its funding was cut by a quarter. With the strong support of his senior staff, he took some unpopular decisions, including cutting some courses after their students had been recruited. There were many howls of protest, but he succeeded in ensuring the survival of Brunel and managed to increase its already high reputation as a centre of technological teaching and research. He also caused a controversy during the university teachers' exam boycott this year, by warning staff taking part that they could find their pay rises blocked and promotion prospects suffering, and that they could be refused funds for study leave.

Bishop was a superb communicator and teacher, with the rare ability to convey difficult ideas in an easily understandable way. He published some 240 scientific papers and wrote several books about vibration, and the dynamics of hydro-elasticity of ships. He was elected a Fellow of the Fellowship of Engineering in 1977 and appointed CBE in 1979. In 1980 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; as its vice-president from 1986 to 1988 he worked hard to improve the image of engineers within the scientific community. Bishop's numerous other honours and appointments included the presidency of the British Acoustical Society and membership of the council of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers.

He enjoyed sailing, and was fond of opera, but above all he enjoyed applying a powerful mind to a real problem. He is survived by his wife, the former Jean (Liz) Paterson, and their son and daughter.

Daily Telegraph
14.9.89

THE PRESIDENTIAL YEAR — ALFIE KNOTT

Gentle (in the Shakesperian sense) Old Roans.

What a relief for the hard-working committees that Monty Smith has assumed the mantle of presidency! I can only express my gratitude to them all for seeing me through my term of office with such tolerance and skill. All the events that took place you can read about in these pages. For myself, three deaths were very significant. First, Dennis Brookland, a contemporary of mine at school as a boy; then Red Bishop, a truly distinguished academic; and finally Frank Barnes who, as chairman of the Club committee, represented for me the society of Old Roans who were still local, yet had a broader vision of the Association with members scattered all over this country and, indeed, the world.

Having taught at the School has been an enormous advantage in that although I cannot always put names to familiar faces, I can usually put faces in a desk, on the stage, or on the field, which conjures up memories of some very happy times and boys and girls, now men and women, whom I greatly admire. The last time I played Old Roan soccer or (and I hesitate to extend the verb play here) cricket was in 1956 or '57; but I still feel part of the Association. Even out in Africa, acting with the Kwe Kwe Reps, I still felt part of the O.R.D.S. As president I was more keenly aware of the Association as an institution which transcends years and places and almost succeeds in doing what Virginia Woolf in *To the Lighthouse* wanted to do:- make time stand still here. Our common experience gives us a steady platform from which we can launch ourselves into new experiences with some confidence.

Not as clearly put as I should have liked, but my appreciation of what the School and the Association have done for me is very real.

Best wishes to you all, and every success in the future.

Alfie Knott — Past President
May 1990

OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION — PRESIDENTS

1911-15	T.R.N. Crofts ✓	1958-59	J.N. Spence ✓ 59
1915-21	W.J. Potter	1959-60	F.E.M. Smith
1921-22	J.W. Berry	1960-61	W.S. Gosling
1922-23	A.P. Corderey	1961-62	*G.C. Smith
1923-24	E.G. White	1962-63	S.B. Martin
1924-25	R.W. Farrell	1963-64	S.H. Hammond
1925-26	G.R. Parker	1964-65	*W.L. Garstang
1926-27	H. Berry ✓ WM 29	1965-66	*G.C. Carter
1927-28	W.W. Poyser	1966-67	*J.V. Lovell
1928-29	A.D. Reid	1967-68	F.P. Barnes ✓ 72
1929-30	J.W. Kirby	1968-69	*T.E. Flack ✓ 65
1930-31	W.J. Bullers ✓ 38	1969-70	D.A. Humphreys ✓ 73
1931-32	+ W.J. Potter	1970-71	H.W.H. Icough
1932-33	J. H. Hendley	1971-72	*P. Williams
1933-34	J. Jackson	1972-73	*B.R. Thomas ✓ 79
1934-35	R. Lemmy	1973-74	*J. Williams
1935-37	J. Amesbury	1974-75	R.L. Harmer ✓ 74
1937-38	G.H. Chamberlain ✓ 33	1975-76	*D.A. Baxter ✓ 75
1938-39	W.A. Allen	1976-77	*K.M. Graf
1939-44	C.H. Lyon ✓ 41	1977-78	*G.J. Sawyer
1944-46	T. Holt	1978-79	*A.G. Weir ✓ 81
1946-47	G.E.J. Tomkins	1979-80	*A.S. Berry
1947-48	H.H. Pye	1980-81	*H. Henning
1948-49	L.W. Loryman	1981-82	*G. Brooks
1949-50	H.W. Gilbert	1982-83	*K.L. Wilkins (Mrs)
1950-51	G.H. Lee	1983-84	*A.J. Slaney ✓
1951-52	+ G.R. Parker	1984-85	*Dr. A.J. Taylor
1952-53	E.H. Hounsell ✓ 50	1985-86	*N.S. Haslam ✓ 89 + 92
1953-54	*L.J. Berry	1986-87	*J.A. Cramp
1954-55	H.J. Townsend	1987-88	*G.A. Johnson
1955-56	K.S. Binnie	1988-89	*S.C. Nelson
1956-57	+ W.J. Bullers	1989-90	*A.J. Knott
1957-58	*G.C. Witten	1990-91	*M. Smith

+ Second time

* Still living 91-92 S. Berry
92-93 L. Nelson
93-94 M. Colloghan

THE NEW PRESIDENT

When the "open secret" was leaked as to the nominee for this year's presidency, as recommended by the past Presidents (or was it just Steve Nelson) I have to admit being disappointed at not being asked to propose this honour at the AGM.

Having known and imbibed with Monty for longer than most O.R.'s I am delighted to have this opportunity of writing a few words.

Leaving school in 1965, Monty embarked on a banking career encompassing the Australia & New Zealand Bank and from 1972 continuously with Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corporation. Through his jobs he established many long-standing friendships with a variety of disparate characters both male and female and these still hold firm today. Many of these have been regular supporters of Club functions and have occasionally graced the sports field — long may this continue! During his spell with ANZ, he was offered the chance of working in Australia and we shall never know how his decision not to travel has affected his life and undoubtedly the Old Roan Club. I say Club, because it is that "practical" arm of the Association with which Monty is most closely connected.

Early memories of Thursday nights will recall Monty esconced at O.R.D.S. "settle" with his contemporaries Ian "Chopper" Clatworthy, Mike West, Fred Cook, Bernard Hampton, Roger Hedges and Chris McCarthy. I was then assistant-Secretary to the O.R.A. (Secretary — Ron Harmer) and our aim was to reach the magic figure of 1000 membership. My task was to recruit "young innocents" at the Club and Monty and Co. were easy prey.

At that time the Football Club was expanding and three elevens became four and then five. Under Glen Pullen's hard work and enthusiasm it became obvious that a 6th X1 was required and Monty's year were natural recruits. Monty was to become a back-bone of the side for many seasons forming with Mike Callaghan a most infamous full-back combination, rivalling Cohen and Wilson. Before this dynamic partnership few will remember Monty as a skilful right-half with close control and ability to operate in a minimum of space! Thereafter he wore the number eleven shirt with some effect providing an extra defender (and how our side needed that!). This was before loss of pace at the ripe age of 21 forced Monty into a purely defensive role.

Monty would also wish to have recorded his membership of the first 7th X1 losing 2-7 to Muirhead (0-5 at half-time) before achieving the first 7th X1 victory next match v RACS courtesy of two goals by Don Bourne. Although not blessed with any great skills we both recall with disbelief a later game with the worst forward line in O.R. history, namely Neil McQuarrie, Viv Lawrence and Dick Hitchin. Sorry lads!

It soon became obvious to Monty that for all its good points the Football Club, in common with most Old Roan organisations, was desperately short of willing and competent administration. He became team secretary for the lower four elevens during a period when the Football Club made rapid advances and probably had its most successful years. Many a Saturday morning was spent on the phone using diplomatic skills to entice people into playing at very short notice, usually following late withdrawals from the higher three elevens. He also successfully ran the "200" club a number of times providing funds for much needed new kit.

Cricket is an important part of the club scene and Monty's interest (one cannot say "love" of) in the game has grown steadily over the years. His playing was limited to "one" match when I was team secretary and conned him into turning out for the Saturday 3rd X1 under Frank Barnes. He remembers fielding — having to collect the ball from the boundary (bad news) and the bar being open (good news) but nevertheless did successfully face one delivery securing a draw. Subsequently he opted for a "watching" role and regularly supported the Old Roan Cricket Tour of the Isle of Wight. It cannot be said that he saw much of the matches before 3.00pm.

More recently he has occasionally joined me in supporting Kent County Cricket and we both remember a famous evening in Folkestone — a "menage-a-trois" with the dearly missed Len Groves.

Monty's favourite County Ground is Cardiff. Such favour is bestowed less for a remembered match but more for his first visit being greeted by three rain days — thus prolonged visits of the BRAINS pubs and an excellent steak after closing time. Return visits have proved less satisfactory with hot sunny weather two years ago bringing out the "knotted handkerchief" to cover his head. Nearer to home Monty picks his fixtures carefully, not in conjunction with Wisden but "Whats Brewing", the newspaper of the Campaign for Real Ale (CAMRA); scanning for information at which ground/dates they will have a beer tent.

If much that follows concentrates on the pleasures of enjoying a few beers I make no apology — for the many trips away (particularly week-end breaks) have been high on my list of the best times ever spent. Monty has never been a fan of the sun, sea and beach holiday and has instead travelled extensively in Great Britain and Northern Europe setting a gladly followed example in the sampling of local brews. He always shows an interest in the areas visited, insisting on seeing the castles, museums, cathedrals etc. and these cultural tendencies have occasionally had a disconcerting effect on his travelling companions! Week-long canal trips have been particularly memorable — although not for the quality of Monty's late morning breakfasts.

In the early seventies the Club embarked on a series of tripartite football trips with Langenfeld (West Germany) and Sarrebourg (France) where our results were surprisingly good considering the hectic social round we had been engaged in during the previous twenty four hours! It was during the latter trip that the name-tag of "international banker" was first used to describe Monty's profession and this has subsequently been used for teams skippered by Monty in social functions ranging from general knowledge quizzes through darts matches to "Hare and Hounds" style paper chases.

Monty claims that I was instrumental in teaching him the pleasures of beer drinking. If there is a grain of truth in such a notion, I can only state that I could not have asked for a more dedicated pupil.

No article about Monty would be complete without reference to time-keeping. As regular Sunday morning drinkers at the Club can testify, you can set your watch by Monty — if you can wait for him to arrive. He was originally pencilled in for the John Cleese role in "Clockwise" but missed the audition. The introduction of "flexi-time" at the bank has proved advantageous to Monty, although it is rumoured that the bank was merely formalising a "fait-accomplit".

I count myself fortunate to have Monty as a dear and close friend; he never takes umbrage even at our ongoing discourses over Thatcherism and of course there is no-one more generous, as a Club user can testify.

Well, Monty! Is that good enough to earn me another pint?

In conclusion, it hardly needs to be recorded the enormous work Monty puts in at the Club... particularly organising bar staff... and it seems forever locking up! He has already made his presence felt since becoming President and will surely continue to do so, and I trust all Old Roans will give him deserved support at the functions this year. Even I may have to make the effort!

Have a wonderful year Monty — you have deserved it!

Mike Callaghan
May 1990

A ROAN EXHIBITIONER'S STORY — H.A. BULPITT

The award of the Roan Exhibition in 1931 enabled me to take the B.A. Honours Course in French and Spanish at East London (now Queen Mary) College. As far as a career was concerned, my thoughts had always inclined towards teaching; opportunities in other sectors, for people with Arts degrees, were an unknown quantity at that time. But, even in teaching, things were pretty grim. This was a period of economic slump and cuts in government spending on education. So, towards the end of my course at ELC, having failed to get a place at a Teachers' Training College, I jumped at the offer of appointment as Lecteur d'Anglais at the University of Besancon in Eastern France. The Roan Governors were good enough to extend my Exhibition for a fourth year. (The few sous I received from the French University for my six hour lectures a week were no minimum vital). In those days Besancon was a small, unimportant town, and the Faculte did not rate very high. I lived in the Cite Universitaire on the banks of the river Doubs, enjoying the comradeship of the students, and the academic year that I spent there ranks, in retrospect, as one of the best of my life. The friendships I made then still continue. Besancon is set in the beautiful Jura country, which we explored to the limit of our feet and francs.

Looking ahead to employment prospects, I realised that I must have a second string to my bow, and decided to sit for the Civil Service exam from which graduates were recruited for the Tax Inspectorate and the Ministry of Labour. Subsequent experience of applying for teacher posts confirmed my fears, although I did eventually land a job in a small residential private Grammar School. Hence, when the C.S. Commission offered me an appointment in the Ministry of Labour, I opted for the Service. I have had no reason to regret this decision.

I was posted to the Midlands Division, and spent the pre-war years at offices in Birmingham, Nottingham, Chesterfield, Northampton and Wolverhampton. Having to work out of London had its advantages. There was no substantial daily travelling, and, especially, encountering a variety of work problems, colleagues, customers and accents was an education and pleasure in itself. I also acquired a wide knowledge of provincial football grounds and Repertory Theatre Companies. Training was rudimentary. We were thrown in at the deep end. I started on a cold January morning at the Nottingham Exchange, on the first day of a "frost rush", when building workers flooded in to claim unemployment benefit, and the walls of the Exchange, a former hosiery factory, bulged. They bulged even more a couple of weeks later when they came back to

pick up their benefit in the "late night Friday" pay. In comparison, working at Chesterfield in the summer, and driving out each day to a different mining village to pay benefit, through the pleasant Derbyshire countryside, was positively bucolic. Not exactly the common idea of monotonous, humdrum daily routine in the Service.

Came the War. I was called up in February 1942, and spent four years in the Navy, most of it ashore, including one and a half years at the School of Oriental Studies in London learning to speak Japanese, so that I might become an Interpreter. At the end of the course, a number of us were flown out in a hurry to India, only to find that the Navy had little call for interpreters, naval activity in that theatre being pretty restrained. So, with my colleagues, I spent most of 1944 in Colombo on radio intelligence work, with a spell of two months in Chittagong nearer the war.

The Ceylon billet was pleasant enough, but the work was pretty dull. Hence, when the British Pacific Fleet was established at the end of 1944, I was very pleased to find myself selected for one of the few two-man teams of radio Intelligence Officers for the new Fleet. I sailed in HMS "Howe", the designated BPF flagship, and we arrived in Sydney just before Christmas 1944. "Howe" was the first sizeable British ship the Aussies had seen since Singapore, and they made a great fuss of us. The hospitality was overwhelming.

There followed for me, at last, several months of continuous sea time. At first, a sort of apprenticeship of four months with the U.S. Navy in the U.S.S. Carrier "Bunker Hill", the flagship of the carrier fleet. Life was pretty lively, as the U.S. Fleet was covering the landings on Iwo Jima and Okinawa, and the carriers were targets for the Japanese bombers. One day in late May I waved goodbye to the "Bunker Hill" dangling from a bosun's chair over the ocean. The next day from the deck of a battleship I watched her burn as she was hit by two "kamikazes". I returned to the Limey Navy in June, and passed the last two months of the war in the cruiser H.M.S. "Newfoundland", ending up in Tokyo Bay. During a couple of hours ashore in Yokohama, I successfully tested my Japanese by buying stamps in the Post Office there.

Demobbed in January 1946, I returned to the Ministry of Labour in London for a few months, before being invited to go to the Embassy in Paris as Assistant Labour Attache. (After the war, where the work warranted it, labour and social affairs in the countries concerned were covered by Ministry of Labour officers on loan to the Foreign Office). In these immediate post-war years much was happening in this field in France to keep the Chief and myself busy. First of all was the wide interest the French were taking in the U.K. Britain was the kindly big brother, the blue-eyed boy as far as social innovation was concerned. Everybody had read the Beveridge Report and wanted to know more. There was a regular flow of official and unofficial visitors to and fro. Under a different head, a great deal of Trade Union activity, National and International, was centred in France, and the shape and policies of the different organisations were beginning to crystallise in response usually to political trends. The onset of the "Cold War", in particular, had direct repercussions in France, and led to bitter strikes in 1946-48. In all these matters we were expected, not only to study the "texts", but also to cultivate knowledgeable people in all walks of life in order to be able to give balanced judgements.

Incidentally, it was during this period that I met my wife to be, who arrived in the Embassy as a Cipher Officer. Paris in those days seemed to expedite courtships, and we were married in May 1948, after about six month's acquaintance.

Returning to the Ministry of Labour proper in 1949, I spent the next nineteen years at H.Q. in London, but never for more than four years in any one section. Most of the work had a marked topical or human interest, such as in the Industrial Relations Division, or in the training of Labour Officers from Commonwealth countries. This period was broken by a six months' stint in Ceylon as an International Labour Office "expert" which involved my travelling to parts of the island I had not visited during my time there with the Navy.

In 1968 I returned to Nottingham as Principal Regional Officer, East Midlands, my duties being to advise the lay Regional Economic Planning Council on matters within its purview.

Finally, in 1972, I was again appointed to the Embassy in Paris, this time as Labour Attache. The work was basically as in 1946-49, except that I operated at a higher level, and the labour and social scene was much calmer than previously. French leaders and administrators had now regained confidence in themselves, had substantial industrial achievements to their credit, and their basic assumption was that things were better done in France than elsewhere. My attributes included part-time, non-residential, accreditation to Spain, to which country I betook myself two or three times each year. The Franco regime was nearing its end, and the dominant question in people's minds was how far the unofficial trade union movement had developed, and which way politically it was likely to go. A touch of drama was added to our activities by (slightly pseudo) surreptitious meetings in back street cafes with leaders of the (not very) underground movement.

I retired in 1977. Looking back over the years which seem to have had more up's than down's, I cannot but recognise how much I owe to those good fairy godmothers, the Roan Governors, whose grant of the Exhibition launched me on this career, and, as the French say, I incline myself in gratitude to their memory:— *Gaudeamus igitur* — even if we are no longer juvenes.

H.A. Bulpitt
1925-31

FIFTY YEARS AGO. 1940-1990

The summer of 1940 saw the astonishing rescue of a defeated army, the Battle of Britain, the Blitz, Britain standing alone in the face of what appeared to be the irresistible force of the Nazi war machine — desperate days indeed.

In the July of that year, number 85 of the Roan Magazine was published by Berryman of Greenwich and the first numbered page was 2214. There is a frontespiece of J. Amesbury, Esq.B.A., L.C.P. who had retired in the April of that year, and the first item of the Occasional Notes reads as follows:

"In our second Term of Evacuation, we were subjected to the rigours of the severest winter within living memory, and have now seen the country at its best and its worst. Many boys have enjoyed the winter sports, and some have experienced the thrill of tobogganing for the first time. But on the other side, burst radiators at Rye Grammar School have caused us much discomfort and inconvenience and, with Influenza and German Measles, have handicapped us very considerably in our work."

Mention is made of Mr. W.E. Ashworth who came back to take charge of Physical Training, owing to the absence of Mr. P.M. Dyke, who answered the call of King and Country.

"The Prize Distribution, which should have taken place before Christmas, was held on Saturday, March 16th at Bexhill-on-Sea. History was made on this occasion in both the Boys' School and the Girls' for it was a joint affair."

"After the above notes were written, we have again migrated, this time to Ammanford and Landebie ... The difficulties are still many but not insuperable, and we are carrying on cheerfully."

Further on in the magazine there are reports on football (a certain P. Williams playing in the u/14s), swimming, athletics and cross country, cricket (P. Williams again) and an Inter-House drama competition.

There were special festivities laid on for those boys who did not return to their homes for Christmas 1939, the young master-organisers being a Mr. L.J. Berry and Mr. G.C. Witten. There was a special Christmas Show, the highlight of which was a song about Hitler and the Nazi leaders.

Sports Day had to be advanced from July to May, the senior and intermediate events being held at Bexhill and the junior at Rye.

"... members of the sixth forms were given instruction in First Aid and Fire Fighting."

The Aristotelian Society's activities continued as nearly normal as possible, there being two debates: "That an active dictatorship is preferable to a talking democracy" and "That the neutrals should enter the war immediately on the side of the Allies." One meeting was held on the train travelling from Bexhill to Ammanford.

The writer, P.E.A., of Nelson House notes complaints that, "This year of evacuation has been a source of constant bother in many ways and K.H.W. of Rodney appreciates the return of Mr. Ashworth, replacing Mr. Dyke who has temporarily left us for service in the Army."

There is a report by A.L. about Bexhill's full scale A.R.P. exercise, poignantly comic when one's memories of the real thing are still quite vivid. And a moving sonnet by, I imagine, a senior about to leave, who has his:

"... fond hopes, now shattered by war's cruel blast of a long final year of school, at the last."

In the Old Boys' section, there is a report on the 28th Annual Dinner held at the Constitutional Club, Northumberland Avenue on the "9th inst." "Major C.W. Clout, in proposing the toast of the Association ... was sure that the end of war would find the Association stronger than ever."

The Football Section "takes this opportunity for wishing all the Old Boys in H.M. Forces a swift and safe return." And in that summer of 1940, Dunkirk and the Blitz, the Cricket Secretary (I assume) writes: "... in spite of the initial difficulties which will have to be overcome, at least one eleven will be fielded each week, and every effort will be made to achieve this end"; while the Tennis Section more cautiously informs us that, "It is impossible at the moment to say whether we shall be able to resume our playing activities this summer or not."

There is a letter from Feurah Bay College, Sierra Leone, from Phipps-Jones ('24-'31) — "when I came out, I was told that the Secretary of the O.R.A. knew of O.R.'s on the Coast; but if the war sends anybody this way, in Navy or Mercantile Marine, and he can get ashore for an hour or two and just blow along he can be sure of a very warm welcome (in more ways than one!)." "Jonah", I think, will feature elsewhere in this issue.

So, fifty years ago, it seems, the Nazi threat was "a source of constant bother" as far as the School was concerned, and a most unwelcome, and somewhat vulgar, interruption of the peaceful and pleasant pursuits of former Roan scholars.

Today, the boys and girls of the John Roan School are reminded in "The John Roan School" issue 24 May 1990, that "It is important that children do not miss any time from school and that they arrive on time ready for work each day." Apart from the academic work work towards G.C.S.E. and 'A' level exams (for a Sixth drawn from various schools in the area), there is a very full programme of a variety of activities — some of which have become part of the academic curriculum. The different sports (and the diversity would astound the 1940 pupils) go on; but matches against other schools are usually held on Wednesdays, and there are not the block fixtures of yore. The school musicians — how proud Joe Amesbury would be of them — went to Denmark, a most successful trip which was echoed by a party of Danes coming to Roan. There was a ski trip, a group went to Italy, and there have been a number of working and pleasure — often coinciding — trips to the splendid new accommodation at Braithwaite (will these New Roans miss the roughing it? The memories and tall stories maybe!). There are "Festival Weeks", summer and winter, during which funds to the sum of £800 odd are raised on the part of the pupils. Prize Day for the seniors (Prize Distribution in 1940) is an Awards Evening which is held at the Pavilion. Prospective pupils are introduced to the School, and parents are on the Board of Governors and may attend SMILE MATHS evenings as well as the usual parents' evenings. Even the lowly 1st Years have their own Disco evening! Teachers and pupils have participated successfully in the London full and mini Marathons respectively (as has the illustrious Editor of this publication). The School has put on a regular play which runs for three nights, and a survey showed "that over 30 different clubs and activities are on offer to pupils."

Just as the School in 1940 shrugged off the War, Evacuation, the severest winter in living memory as a very considerable handicap in its work, so the 1990 School carries on its work through changes brought about by various Education Bills which must be a "constant bother in many ways" and which have increased the work load of teachers and pupils, necessitating sessions of In-Service Training, which has meant the School being closed to pupils. We should be thankful that there always seems to be a sufficiency of stalwarts on the staff — I think personally, of Nigel Ballantyne, John Bowerman, Jim Upton, Tony Edwards, Bernie Turner, Brian Burton, Doug Hayes and Val Pollock, Sheila Manning, Jill Taylor and others whose names escape a disintegrating memory — to take the place of giants like Parker, Poyser, Berry, and Witten, Collins, Jeffries and Leach; they form a secure base from which the School can launch out to new triumphs over great difficulties. The Roan spirit doesn't seem to change, although the outward appearances may seem different, even strange. We should not, as the senior boy about to leave in 1940 did not:-

"Mourn for past days, for us over flown;

The School still continues, so 'Here's to John Roan!"

"Floreat Roana" still rings in the hearts of many Old Roans, even in the hearts of those who may not know what it means, as it does in the hearts of the present Roans.

A. Knott
June 1990

OLD ROAN FOOTBALL VETERAN'S NORFOLK WEEKEND

The annual match this year took place on Sunday morning, 7th April, and it is sad to report that the Old Boys suffered their first defeat, and regrettably a somewhat humiliating one. Doubtless remembering our quality over previous years and wishing to both avenge past defeats and provide a more even game our hosts had strengthened their squad, particularly in defence.

All the same, the Roan contingent found itself depleted with the only "vets" regulars being Mike Titheridge, Doug Weaver, Brian Matthews, David Horsburgh and Steve Nelson. Despite the match being on the calendar for nearly six months it is a sad reflection on the "enthusiasm" of the players that on the eve of the match the team was down to eight players. Barry Thomas switched sides and supplied a local lad to "fill in" and . . . horror of horrors . . . Mike Callaghan emerged from retirement . . . it is about ten years since he refereed regularly, and thereabouts since he played his last "Fred Karno" game. Mike claims that our side was so bad that he did not look out of place!!!

So to the match. Our fragile line-up was not helped by the news that David Horsburgh had decided at breakfast that his training for the London Marathon should not be jeopardised by blistered feet on a hard pitch and had therefore to play in goal. He made half-a-dozen outstanding saves and could not be blamed for the result. Thus Steve Nelson had to play centre-forward . . . and you may think he is bad in goal . . .!! Mike Callaghan felt it was like the good old days with the ball never reaching their half. Further disaster struck after 15 minutes when Mike Titheridge turned sharply, felt a muscle pull and took no further part. All things considered 0-2 at half-term was not so bad. Obviously the opposition had a half-time pep-talk and correctly decided that we were rubbish and they could push forward, which they did to some effect . . . through our non-existent midfield. Doug Weaver had to move back to centre-half, and "Mitch" feigned injury. A further six goals ensued before Barry Thomas was given a consolation goal and thankfully the debacle was over.

The social side was somewhat more successful with a pleasant pre-match evening on Saturday, and a buffet-lunch with the opposition after the game. This coincided with the F.A. Cup semi-final on the television with Palace defeating Liverpool. The imbibing was swelled by the arrival of the new president's (Monty Smith) party, en route from the CAMRA AGM conveniently being held in Norwich. It has to be said that the President failed to make the match — perhaps a wise decision.

Sunday evening saw most of the team reassemble at the Club to attend an entertainment by "Hale & Pace", ironically two ingredients very much missing from the morning's match.

It only needs to be reiterated that the hard work and organisation put in by both Mike Titheridge and Barry Thomas deserves better support from the regular members of the vets side. So next year the date in your diary, don't be dissuaded by the missus, have a great weekend . . . and help Roan to a victory!

M. Callaghan
May 1990

FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO ... AND STILL PLAYING ...!

Bobby Robson's chosen WHO?? Another England managerial cock-up, that guy can't play to save his life, he should have picked — WHO??

How many times have you personally made such well educated remarks?

The veterans eleven after-match discussion regularly spoke around such issues; after all, there usually wasn't a great deal to talk over about the preceding match. There we all were, a few jugs to the good, feeling less and less pain from our aching limbs as time passed by, when one bright spark, or was it me? had the audacity to propose on paper his strongest veterans' eleven. I hasten to add a much heated debate ensued. Your editor, completely immersed in thoughts of years gone past and forgotten names, suggested that an eleven should be recorded for all to review and I happily take on the task.

Names such as Davies, Jacobs, Bonney, Broadfoot, Bryden, Hutchins, all spring to mind but I decided to select, with perhaps one notable exception, from the more recent regular players in the hope of making up today's most meaningful side.

I also must discard the silky skills of James "Oiseau" Bird whose unforgettable style, both on and off the pitch, lives in the memory. Who can forget his classic retort — "just cut off its horns and wipe its a..." when asked by an unsuspecting foreign waiter how he would like his steak prepared? Many, many other such prophetic remarks could, and indeed should, be recorded for posterity but this is not the time. Modesty, of course, prevents me from including myself for selection — not a bad judge am I? A further painful decision is to cross from my teamsheet the names Weaver, Titheridge (apologies skipper), Matthews, Spink, Davis, Ling, Nelson, Hughes and Horsburgh, all able substitutes but not, I regret, my main eleven contenders.



Old Roan Veterans — October 1989

Back Row: Brooker, Matthews, Titheridge, Townsend, Stanford, Grimwood, Pepper, Hardy.
Front Row: Davis, Hughes, Dale, Briscoe, Edwards, Horsburgh.

So here we go then:-

J. Stanford
G. Briscoe

R. Dale R. Grimwood G. Townsend J. Hardy
P. Edwards D. Boon R. Hunt
K. Mexter R. Pepper

I hope that you will agree an eleven showing solidity in defence, flair in midfield and goal-punch up front. My wild card inclusion of Don Boon is based on the premise that without injury he would still be an active member of the current squad.

I will be delighted to chat over alternatives to this eleven during apres-match next season. Any printable written comments to the editor. Cheers!

Brian (aggro) Hamer (Midfield supremo and friend to referees) June 1990

THE SCHOOLMASTERS OF THE ROAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS — EASTNEY STREET. 1912

*Dance on this ball-floor thin and wan,
Use him as though you love him;
Court him, elude him, reel and pass,
And let him hate you through the glass.*

(The Midnight Skaters — Edmund Blunden)

Filling the two central pages of this magazine is a photograph taken in 1912. Please take time to look at the photograph — and then to look again — to study in particular the eyes, the faces, the expressions, the postures and the many details ranging from the caretaker with his medal to the carefully waxed moustaches.

There is nothing within the skills of this writer that can add to the photograph so he prefers that the picture stands alone to tell the stories behind each expression. What melancholic thoughts lie behind the eyes of Poyser and White? All that he knows is that all of these faces are long gone and that H.D. Titley skated with great proficiency on the lake at Danson Park during the severe winter of 1929.

The historical perspective is easier and best found on the first page of A.J.P. Taylor's "History of England from 1914-45." These gentlemen were living at the end of almost one hundred years of peace and prosperity that had seen this country established in the eyes of its citizens as the most enlightened and pre-eminent nation in the world. They lived and worked with dignity in an historic section of the capital city of that country with direct links to an earlier golden age. One year later, in 1913, Joe Amesbury was to write the words of the school song. At the time of the photograph there were major upheavals involving the House of Lords, the suffragette movement, Ireland, industrial strikes but they were unlikely to upset the prevailing mood of Edwardian England and the confidence in country, empire and all things British. As far as the writer can determine, none of the masters named lost his life in the events of 1914-18, but the world that is captured in this photograph was changed irrecoverably by that conflict.



For the record, and with grateful thanks to C.W. Nearn ('14-'18) for the subjects taught and occasional nickname, their names are:

Back Row: H. Sharp (Caretaker), C.E. Binns (Nature Study), A. Woods, W.P. Gooding, W.E.M. Llewellyn (French), A.C. Horth (Drawing), J.W. Kirby (French), G.H. Bedloe, S.R. Ducker (History), Drill Sgt. Instructor.



Middle Row: W.W. Poyser (Maths), G.R. Parker (Physics), V.J. Potter, C.M. Ridger (Headmaster), H.D. Titley (English), W. (Billy) Mann (Physics), T.K. (Monkey) White (Chemistry), W. Buck (Secretary).

Front Row: J.H. Peckham (Woodwork), J. (Amo) Amesbury (Music & History), J. Jackson (Maths & English), W.A. (Tubby) Allen (Geography).

MEMORIES OF ROAN — PIP WEDGE ('38-'44)

I wonder how many Old Roans read the July 1989 edition of the Chronicle with as many jolts of nostalgia as I did, sitting here in Toronto, my home for the past 24 years? Alfie Knott's O.R.D.S. reminiscences . . . the piece on the Boys' School and Old Boys — 50 years ago . . . memories came passing in review, and finally prompted me to put finger to typewriter (at 60 I still haven't got the hang of these newfangled computer things!) and share some of my personal recollections of Roan people and things during my happy involvement with the school.

The editor's excellent precis of the magazine of 1939 rang so many bells. I was in Raleigh House — and yes, we were a little despondent, but we wore the green buttons on our caps with pride nevertheless. I wasn't in Ken Binnie's Scouts, but did go to Braithwaite at Whitsun 1939, and slid down the Howe on my tin plate, froze my buns off swimming in Sty Head Tarn, and drank "copious quantities of Dandelion and Creosote", as Mr. Pye indeed described it. It was in fact a local brew, correctly named Dandelion and Burdock, but its taste made Mr. Pye's appellation far from inappropriate.

I went with Tommy Holt's busload to the Boat race in 1939, and enjoyed muchly the aroma from Mortlake Brewery across the river (shades of things to come . . .). I also remember singing in the choir at the Founder's Day service at St. Alfege Church, with my mother shedding copious tears in the third row at the sight of her angelic son in red cassock and white surplice — and to this day I have remembered verbatim the first and third verses of Carmen Roanum (why verses?), and was glad to have my memory confirmed in the Chronicle.

Then, on September 2, 1939, after days of waiting for evacuation, and playing pick-up games of cricket at Kidbrooke, we were finally off to . . . where? The secrecy attending our departure from the school, which now appears to have been entirely due to the fact that no-one else really knew where we were going either, meant that parents only found out much later in the day that we had fetched up in Ticehurst (or Goudhurst, or Wadhurst, or Hawkhurst, or Flimwell). Perhaps it was because my name began with "W", but the Ticehurst Village Hall was just about empty by the time I was put into an Austin 10 with three other boys (plus one strapped on the luggage rack on the back!) to be distributed around the village. We spent one night at Pickforde, to which George Witten referred to in the July 1989 Chronicle extract. We slept on palliasses in a loft over the barn, and shared our emergency rations — Condensed Milk, Chocolate, Horlicks Tablets and a tin of Corned Beef. Next day, I was moved to Oakover, a lovely old country house, where several of us were assigned to sleep in the billiard room — and to move under the table in the event of an air raid. After contact with a scarlet fever victim, six of us were isolated in a large room to ourselves. Dubbed "the Contacts", we were watched closely for signs of the disease, obliged to gargle twice daily (the smell of Dettol still takes me back those fifty years), and each given two whacks of the cane by Tommy for being noisy after lights out one night.

Next it was off to Rye, where Spike Poyser handled an unruly bunch of Junior School boys with enormous tact and gentleness in the most difficult of circumstances. After a brief and not too happy time sharing our billet with Johnny Moore (Ms. Britt — 46 New Winchelsea Road — she was the one responsible for the unhappiness, not Johnny!), I ended up at Ockman House, East Street, in a room with, among others, William (Bill) Oliver, Don Hopkins and Len Lee; we shared Rye Grammar School with the locals, and spent our winter spare time sliding down local hills at breakneck speed on locally produced and potentially lethal toboggans.

I left Roan and Rye in May, 1940 and spent the rest of the war in London, returning to Roan in the Sixth, with Twiggy Moss and Alfie Knott. During the few short months before I left Roan again, this time to go to sea, the aforementioned Don Hopkins, Johnny Collins and I formed a



O.R.D.S. — The Middle Watch

Back Row: David Bonner, Peter Francis, Stan Berry, Margaret Webster, Jill Page, Pip Wedge. (?), C.J. (Tat) Tatarsky. Seated: (?), George Witten, Margery Berry

dance band (as the ad in the Lewisham Borough News and Sydenham, Forest Hill and Penge Gazette had it, "Johnny Collins' Melodians: for all modern dances"). I was the drummer, but fortunately for Don and Johnny, I left the school and the band before my limited abilities on the skins could be tested in a proper engagement . . . I often wondered how they fared. I know that I paid Johnny back for the money he lent me to buy the drums.

My friendship with Alfie continued after I left Roan, went in the Navy, and later joined the Old Roan Dramatic Society. In the 1989 Chronicle, Alfie suggested we acted together in "The Strange Case of Blondie White"; I'm sure the O.R. archives can prove the point, but as I recall it, we were together not in "Blondie" but in "The Middle Watch". But yes, Alfie did meet Beryl at my place at a party, though I'm not sure either Hughie Green or Shani Wallis would appreciate being categorized as part of a group of Honking Geese . . . I know Hughie might sue if he saw himself described only as a "minor celebrity". He does tend to sue a lot.

I left the O.R.D.S. after playing the lead in "It Pays to Advertise", but always told Lionel Berry I'd come back if he would put on a particular play (whose title now eludes me) which I thought had a great part for me but which Lionel felt might be a little risqué for the sensibilities of our audiences. I wonder if today's mores would make it seem tame now?

I have nothing but happy memories of my time at Roan; even the homesickness of evacuation fades behind the thoughts of the fun times and the good friends. Playing "canny" on the heath at lunch-time . . . coming 108th in the field of 115, in the Junior Cross-Country . . . as a prefect, reading the lesson ("and he saith among the trumpets, 'Ha! Ha!' . . .") and imposing ten cubes of four figure numbers on luckless small boys caught climbing the railings out of the Park, where the wall had been blown down by a bomb, instead



Pip Wedge with Lionel Berry

of going through the gate which meant walking an extra few yards... the pride when Art Master, W.R. Dalzell, was on the BBC (come to think of it, no television then: he must have been brilliant to be so interesting about art without being able to show any pictures.)... the patience of Mr. Peckham and Mr. Pye in woodwork class ("Wedge works well, but the work itself is badly carried out...")... the permanent icky smell of cooked cabbage in the school hall... and the musty but comforting smell of the books in the library...!

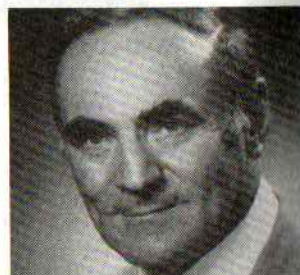
I can't believe that it's just the distance of time and miles that lends enchantment. Those were special days. Thanks Roan. And to any old friends (or enemies who would like to apologise before it's too late), I'd love to hear from you. My address is: 3, Brynhurst Court, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. M4P 2J9

Philip Pip Wedge. Toronto, Canada. August 1989

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO — PHILIP "PIP" WEDGE?

Following receipt of the article from Pip Wedge the editor requested a brief career update and feels that other readers would also be interested. This series of correspondence — mainly featuring libel and the celebrity status of Hughie Green — resulted in a most enjoyable meeting last October in Toronto.

"Pip" is married with one son, David. His wife, Elisabeth, was the hostess for Hughie Green's greatest rival, Michael Miles, whose "Take Your Pick" battled for so many years with "Double Your Money" for the Number One spot on British television.



Roan School	1938	Mr. Binnie's Ordinary Third. Mr. Lee's Latin Third
Alleyn's School	1940	South London Secondary School for Boys
Roan School	1944	Sixth Form
Royal Navy	1944	Small Craft Pool — joining his father
Advertising Agency	1945	Based in London
Royal Navy	1946	Qualifying as a telegraphist. HMS Battleaxe
Western Union T.C.	1948	
Business Manager	1950	For the musician Steve Race — broadcaster and journalist
New Musical Express	1952	Reporter / features writer
Philips records	1953	Publicity Manager
New Musical Express	1954	Assistant Editor
Assoc. Rediffusion	1955	Running the music department
		First commercial UK television station
		Became Asst. Head of Light Entertainment
		Producer of "Double Your Money"
Agent / Manager	1963	Working for John Heyman and acting for Hughie Green, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton
		Pilot version in Canada of Double Your Money
Canadian CTV Network	1965	Executive Producer in Montreal
	1967	Moved to Toronto as Executive Producer —
		Promotions Manager — Director of Development
	1973	Vice-President, Programming — to date.

ONE SMALL STEP ... ONE GIANT LEAP ... ?

"In the door! " GO!"

With these words of command I threw myself out of a perfectly-pilotable plane and plummeted earthwards. My mind was numb with fear. I tried, and how I tried, to yell out but the words stayed as a croak deep in my throat. Even if the words had got out, they would have been carried away on the whistling wind.

Was this one of those dreams where you are falling, falling through space only to wake up just before the fatal collision? I don't think so because, in a dream, you always seem so relaxed and I was anything but relaxed. Besides, I have been pulled upright while still such a long way above the ground. Directly above me I see a huge red and white mushroom. Ah yes! The canopy! And this is the culmination of my weekend parachute course.

It began at 08:30 on the Saturday with registration at the Headcorn Parachute Club near Maidstone. Forty-two Icarus-imitators, including ten of the fairer sex, pondering their wisdom and sanity. Looking round I quickly notice that youth is pre-eminent. In fact, I am the second eldest and can give all, bar one, a good 10 years. Fortunately, my 18 year old nephew is with me, helping me to redress the balance.

After a whirlwind tour of the airfield, the training begins with the chief instructor, the lovely Linda, showing us what a parachute looks like. This is quickly followed by the first exercise of the day — a simple matter of practising the stable-spread position, except that it entails lying face down on the ground, arms and legs spread wide, then arching your back, lifting the arms and legs as far as they will go. The jovial chatter is rapidly replaced by 42 simultaneous groans. And it goes on! Practice after practice. This is not what I signed for!

Eventually, we are led to the classroom which, I am sure, has spent most of its life as a hay loft. Here, Linda explains the theories behind canopy control and drift assessment. Canopy control seems pretty straightforward — there are toggles situated on the rear risers; pull the right-one to turn right and the left to turn left. Drift assessment seems slightly more complicated, at least to explain. The crux of it is that the parachute has a forward momentum of 5mph by virtue of vents in the back (the toggles adjust the vents, changing the air flow, thus providing the turn). If the wind speed is 10mph and you are facing the same direction as the wind, you will go forward at 15mph. However, if you face into the 10mph wind, you will go backwards at 5mph. Facing into the wind is vital when landing because your speed, forward or backward, will be much slower.

Right, back outside to practise the PLF (parachute landing fall). We form two lines and assume a kneeling position — most apt. Arms up grasping two imaginary risers, we are instructed to roll to the side, turning the shoulders and bringing the tightly-clamped legs over in a loop and to the side. Easy really, except that the long-legged lady in front of me could never quite keep her legs in a straight line. OUCH! My head!

"Sorry":

"No problem. I'll just move back a little."

Eventually, my column is so elongated that it resembles the remnants of 'la grande armée'.

Progress to the standing position. Legs together, bend knees, collapse to the side, turn the shoulders and loop the legs — time after time. On to the ramp with a four foot drop into gravel!

Strangely, this seems to sow confusion and cause co-ordination collapse. With muscles aching and boney parts sore, the weak are being weeded out.

Into the lecture room once more, this time to study malfunctions. Malfunction of the plane, malfunction of the canopy and, in my case at least, malfunction of the heart. My nerve is really being tested now, especially when we are told, in graphic detail, about holes in the canopy, lines-over, streamers and, perhaps worst of all, hang-ups. This is where the static line becomes tangled and does not fully pay out, thus leaving you dangling beneath the plane. Having signalled you are conscious by putting your hands on your head, the jump-master will cut the static line, whereupon you are supposed to have the presence of mind to pull the reserve parachute. GULP!

"One thousand, two thousand, three thousand, four thousand — check canopy."

I am standing in the middle of the group, in the stable-spread position, counting at the top of my voice. It is the umpteenth time I have jumped out of the mock plane. Because you only have one chance up there, this part of the day is crucial. The counting tells you when to look up and check the canopy — too soon and panic may set in if the canopy is not fully deployed.

After practice with dummy reserve 'chutes, we progress on to the most fearsome object yet — the Fan Tower! This involves climbing to a height of 20 feet, standing on rickety planking, grasping hold of straps and jumping. You do not come down very quickly — the idea is to provide you with the experience of landing whilst travelling forward — but, after 9 hours of hard work this grows into some sort of medieval torture. The strain is showing on the faces now, especially those who are sent up this tower again and again — I'm one. My bandy legs continually betray me on landing — try as I might I cannot keep them together.

"Your knees were apart — go back and do it again!"

"But I can't help it."

"Get back up there and do it again!"

Eventually, they get fed up with me and the other recalcitrants and let us go. At last, I thought, I could go home. I had reckoned without the written test. Thirty questions with a pass mark of twenty-five. The ten who failed were kept behind after class for extra training. Thank God I passed!

After a fitful Saturday night, Sunday dawned overcast and a little blustery. Could the jump be postponed? Would I be pleased? Relieved? No, it would have to be now or never.

At least when we are all mustered there is no waiting. We are ordered to kit ourselves out — boiler suit, high-sided boots, crash helmets. Together, we look like left-overs from the "1984" film set. Shepherded into groups of seven, the number of jumpers per plane, we are led away to don our main 'chutes. Having buckled the sundry straps, we are checked. It is amazing how much air can be compressed from the body when the straps are pulled extra tight.

Somehow, my group is persuaded to be the trail-blazers. A minor compensation is that our jump-master is the lovely Linda. However, my esteem for her dips alarmingly when she nominates me as number one. Apparently because number one has the least space in which to move and I am deemed the smallest. Without further ado we are led off to the plane in Indian file. Linda, followed by seven would-be-drop-outs. Perhaps it was the slur on my stature but I was suddenly reminded of Snow White and the seven Dwarfs. Which one was I? Bashful? Hmmmm? Dopey? Could well be! Happy? Definitely not! At the very least, I had better stick close to Doc!

I did not realise how small the plane would be. Being first out, I was last in and it certainly was cramped. Not only that, although I sat as far back as I could, my outstretched legs (they are not very long, remember) were outside the door — except that there was no door, just a hole in the fuselage. This was bad enough when the plane took off and gained height but when the plane was banked ... OH-MY-GOD! I knew I had to leave some time but I did not want to go prematurely.

Linda throws the wind drift indicator out of the plane to judge the right place for the jumpers to exit. I later learnt that, as I had not told my watching friends and relations that this would happen and, as they thought I would be the first object to come out, hysteria abounded. The next circuit brings Linda's words of command, which is where I came in and where I got out.

All the ground training in the world does not prepare you for this moment. The whack in the chest from the fast-flowing air and the sheer terror of falling free, albeit for a few seconds. Perhaps the strangest sensation of all was that, once the parachute had opened, there appeared to be no movement whatsoever. No feeling of dropping although I was descending at 16 feet per second. Yet, there was no chance to appreciate this frozen moment in time. The radio strapped to my chest burst into life with the command to waggle my legs if I could hear, followed by rapid toggle tuition. I concentrated on keeping myself lined-up with the guiding arrow in the centre of the landing zone and, before I knew it, I was told to prepare for landing.

Now is the chance to put to good effect all the PLF training. I'm in position ... I'm ready ... I'm ready ... Where's the ground? It's taking a long time to arrive. Where is it? OWWWWWW! Ah!, there it is. Remember the PLF! Whoops — I wasn't taught how to do it in the prone position. Still, I'm down and in one piece. All that's left is to run round the parachute to prevent it being dragged downwind, scoop it up, cradle it in the arms and walk back to base. It is while I am basking in the adulation of relatives, friends and fellow trainees that we are told that jumping has been postponed because the wind speed is too high. So, in the end, I was fortunate to be the first. To sit and wait would have been worse than awaiting the sword of Damocles.

So, was it worth it? It certainly was. Would I do it again? I certainly would not!

Roger P. Dale (61-'68)

Roger Dale completed the parachute jump on May 14, 1989 and raised over £950-00 for the Charity PRUPA — Phipps Respiratory United Patients Association.

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ROAN FOOTBALL CLUB — SEASON 1989-90

It has been doom and gloom in much of South London this season with relegation from the First Division for Charlton and Millwall but at the Old Roan Club ...

1ST X1 — Manager: Ray Mills

Eighth in the league and losers in a cup final. It does not appear to have been a good season.

However, up until early March everything seemed possible — fourth in the league and playing in the semi-final of the cup. We did the hard part by beating the eventual league champions in the semi-final. Time for panic! Not many Old Roan teams reach cup finals and it appeared all too much for us. Taking one point from the next four league games and losing in probably one of the least exciting finals ever spoilt all of the previous good results.

With the final out of the way performances picked up, and with new players being tried and signings in the close season all looks well for next season.

Player of the Year: Ian Daniels

TRAINING WILL START AT THE FIELD ON JULY 5 AT 7.00PM SHARP
ALL PLAYERS ARE WELCOME

2ND X1 — Manager: Gary Watson

The team started well and held a respectable top five position for most of the season. This was due largely to the introduction of new players into the side including Peter Donaldson, Chris Elliott, Jimmy Smith and Andy Harvey. They were backed up by team regulars Phil Savage, Keith Tebbutt, Mick Smith and Grant Pizzey.

The usual end of season scramble to field a full side each week led to a disappointing finish and mid-table position. We hope to retain the nucleus of this year's side for next season and look forward to some deserved success in the South London Alliance.

Thanks to Gary "Clubfoot" Watson for managing the side this season. His "shopping list" talks will be the envy of the club for years to come.

Player of the Year — with several hundred fine saves — Andy "Away" Daniels.

Report by Andy Daniels

3RD X1 — Manager: Nick Riley

Final position — eighth. After a disastrous start to the season, only two points from six matches, the final league position was no more than we could expect, indeed relegation at one stage was beckoning. Our best period was after Christmas which I can attribute to a settled side and some very heavy pitches which suited our slower, experienced (older) players.

Players who deserve special mention include Podger, who, when he is not crying, is a talented footballer; Jim Douglas for playing out of position all year and scoring 11 goals; Martin Muscat

who successfully moved up from the 4ths; John Leach who can still teach the youngsters a thing or two on and off the field; Mark Squire for being the best player over 45 minutes at the Club; Jerry Franklyn who played more games than anyone else; Keith Bradbrook — player of the year; Paul Smith for his map reading ability; John Hardy, at times an inspirational captain and at other times an intolerable moaner, especially at his goalkeeper; Paul Robinson when he wasn't at a party in Stoke and Charlie Hyam for his knack of always being in the right place at the wrong time.

My thanks to all those other players who helped me out when I was struggling with ten men on a Saturday morning, thankfully it didn't happen too often, and to Ray for the excellent condition of the pitches. Let's hope next year will bring a bit more success.

4TH X1 — Manager: Neville Gaunt

A disappointing season, the worst by far in recent years, crawled to an end in early May but at least the sun was shining!

The trophy cupboard is bare after three consecutive medal-winning seasons which are so easily forgotten in a season of mediocrity. However, having used 53 "players" (only 5 of whom played more than half the fixtures) of wide-ranging ability (?) finishing fourth in the league may be regarded as a success.

As predicted earlier, "Saying-of-the-Year" became more interesting than the game and was clearly won by G. (hardman) Barwell — "Ref! He stood on my leg". Second place went to N. (floundering) Gaunt for — "Keepers Ball", and third place to A. Multitude for "Sorry, I'm not available this week".

Having taken the opportunity of a foreign posting, this season has turned out to be my swansong for the club and I should like to thank the players for all their time spent on ingenious excuses, lack of punctuality, inability to return telephone calls ... etc. But seriously! The new man, Stuart (old man) Clay, has seen it all before and I wish him the best of British in the seasons ahead.

Player of the Year: A. (Ossie) Osborne

5TH X1 — Manager: Terry Chance

The 5TH X1 had a very successful year. Although there was a slow start to the season, by the finish we had climbed to third in the league and had we found our form earlier we would have gone one better. There was a deliberate decision to concentrate on the league, we didn't stay in any of the cups too long, living up to our nickname of the "teabags".

Sadly, we lose our Player of the Year (David Kelm) and "action man" (Tom Greaves) for next season — two very strong and regular players. Nigel "I had it covered" Boyce has developed into a solid goalkeeper. A cruel injury robbed us of the services of Phil Pearce just before the weather got cold. James Lubbock made a timely transition into a much needed full-back from midfield. Matt "He-man" Nelson was always a strong influence. Danny "Hey-man" Symmons and Guy Burgin got stronger and more confident as the season moved on. Graham Ellis made up for the absence of the big crowds with his marshalling. Chris Slattery, Adam Moseley and Steve Jackson all added that something extra when needed — always running and thinking in every game. Kevin Noble, as lethal from two yards as he is from two feet, top scored with a creditable 14 goals. Oh! I played at the back and there was occasionally Adam "Harry Lime" Collins.

The important thing for the whole year was that everybody enjoyed his football and played competitively in the right spirit. Many thanks to Brian Hamer who refereed a few times for us and we hope he is available next season. Special thanks to Ian "Chopper" Clatworthy who has retired at secretary after many invaluable years service to the lower XIs.

League Results:	P	W	D	L	Pts.
	18	8	6	4	22

6TH X1 — Manager: Richard Thomas

Results:	P	W	D	L	F	A
	18	6	4	8	50	50

The above results speak for themselves. I have used over sixty players this season which seems incredible but thanks are also due to my six or seven regulars. This works out at two to three players helping out each week that never played for me again. Some found the pace too hot and others I never telephoned again. Thank you Mark Squires and Jimmy Douglas.

Our most memorable game was our only visit to the John Roan Playing Fields when at half-time, while I was admonishing the midfield for not getting back to defend, the youngest member of the team (aged 16) happened to point out that we only had ten men on the park. I immediately decided to bring myself on. A decision, like that of Alex Ferguson dropping Jim Leighton to win the cup, which changed the game.

Adrian "Jacko" was most entertaining in goal throughout the season — especially if he had trained on light ale the night before. Guy Hawney (correct spelling please note!) never failed to frighten the opposition, while Jon Bain managed to find some equilibrium between his ability to play and the needs of 6th X1 football. Steve Baker again turned in a season of excellent football and cannot be ignored by managers of the higher teams. Frazer Lochtie, my utility player — useless upfront, hopeless in goal and a nightmare at his usual role at left-back — was player of the year. Congratulations!

Finally, my special thanks to young Johnny Laing, who did a remarkable job taking over as captain halfway through the season — though sometimes his motives for doing so could be questioned! Thanks to the other fifty or so individuals that helped me out this year. Looking forward to it all again next season ...!

OLD ROAN VETERANS — Manager: Mike Titheridge

When a veterans' team meets a series of poor results the words of A.E. Housman — "To an Athlete Dying Young" — seem cautionary:

*Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.*

It is not that the season was disastrous but that the post-Christmas period was relatively inglorious. We started the season with a front line of Pepper, Grimwood and Stanford; Mexter in goal; Briscoe and Townsend securing the defence; Jim Hardy in control of the midfield and Roger Dale running on overdrive. We won in style and all seemed possible. After Christmas we hardly won at all and such promise proved an illusion. The positive recollections this year include the pleasant awayday with Ray Hutchin's village side in Bearsted with both Hardy

brothers scoring fine goals and the two excellent goals scored by Graham Briscoe in the last match of the season at the Field against Wickham Park to level the game at 2-2.

In such circumstances this jaded correspondent turns again to other and better writers to sum up the efforts of a long season:

"... I felt that (he) would drift on for ever seeking, a little wistfully, for the dramatic turbulence of some irrecoverable football game ...

"... to-morrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther ... and one fine morning —
So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.
(Scott Fitzgerald — "The Great Gatsby")

Player of the year: Jim Hardy

Postscript: There was a strong rumour (unsubstantiated) at the Club over the July 1 weekend that Mike was in Naples checking whether Roger Milla of the Cameroons knew of Greenwich and enjoyed Weathereds!

OLD ROAN CRICKET CLUB — 1990 SEASON

So far the Saturday 1st X1 has not won a game but in five matches we have lost only once. The best result has been a "winning" draw against Croydon Gas with Mark Squire scoring 81*. A big plus for the season has been newcomer Tony Nuttall whose bowling has proved a great asset. It is good to see Dan Calnan bowling with so much penetration and accuracy and he has been our most consistent bowler. More depth in the batting is needed if we are to progress up the table.

Unfortunately, owing to enforced cancellation by both Old Roan and opposing teams, only three Sunday 1st X1 team fixtures have been completed. The results have been good with two wins and one defeat. The addition of Steve Sloman has strengthened both the batting and bowling, a century against Romford and Gidea Park and five wickets against Bexleyheath being his best performances. Ahmed Khan has also been in good form with a fifty against Brittan House and a useful 40 in the thirty-over win against Bexleyheath. If the Sunday 1st team are going to keep their reasonably strong fixture list which Mike Baxter has done well to get, a lot is going to depend on the continued support of the small squad of 1st team players. (Len Sales)

Continuing in the best tradition of cricket, Simon Perry, 3rd X1 captain and team selector, kept a similar team to the previous year's successful squad. Intent to be the best captain in the Old Roan C.C. and to maintain the high level of performance required he takes onto the field each week eleven of the best of a sixteen man squad with eyes glazed with enthusiasm, adrenaline pumping and raring to go! (Do I really have to print this? ... Ed!).

In the first eight games few showed the same skill and technique of last season and the first three matches were lost but successive home and away victories eased the frustration and tension among the players. In the next three games, Rajesh Prabhaker, Paul Strickland, Sam Summance and Sam Morgan provided a strong bowling line-up backed by some good batting by Tony Sproul, Mick Pace and Darrell Huggins. (R. Prabhaker)

THE SCHOOL TOUR TO THE RHINELAND — 1930

For four successive years from 1928-31 the Roan School summer camp went overseas: St Omer and the 1914-18 battlefield in 1928; the Irish camp in 1929; Germany in 1930 and the Vosges in 1931. The summer of 1930 saw a group of sixty Roan boys led by A.H. Hope (The Antient), Silas Mills and Herr. Schmidt visit a total of fourteen centres from Brussels to Worms between the dates of July 23 — August 18. The following article is a series of memories and reminiscences from Old Roans looking back on events of sixty years ago.

The outward journey was by Ostend and Brussels, reaching Cologne at noon. With fairly clear memories of our day in that city, we were up at 5 to leave the hostel by 8, to catch our first Rhine steamer. Bad Godesberg and Rudesheim were followed by a train journey to Wiesbaden, the first of several trips by train, before crossing to Honnef (of the apple orchards) and paddling upriver to Koblenz (birthplace of Metternich). Then to Mainz and to Worms ("Diets" and cause for general mirth) and on to Frankfurt where Goethe's birthplace and the Fingers of God were on the itinerary. Then by train to Heidelberg, Mannheim and Worms followed by a boat to Rudesheim and a room dubbed the chamber of horrors that housed Schmidt, Palmer, Slaney, Castell, Woollard, Allen, Barnwell and Husband. After Mainz there was Bacharach, Koblenz, the two Bad places (Honnef and Godesberg) before reaching Bonn and the opportunity for a return visit to Cologne, buying 4711, before the Brussels weekend.

Those Youth Hostels! The cleanliness and the cartoons on the door, now familiar but then new to us, indicating bed, bath, loo or kitchen for male or female. And the rubbery cheese that went with ryebread and tomatoes for lunch on the Rhine boats.



Kaiser-Wilhelm Denkmal — Koblenz-am-Rhein — August 1930

I well remember the youth hostel at Rudesheim. It was set high on the hill behind the town — the going was steepish and rough — many of us ploughed ahead of the Antient. He found the going difficult and was not best pleased at this and continually remonstrated with us for going so quickly. There was a memorial ("denkmal") on top of the hill commemorating the victories of 1871, about which the Antient gave us a detailed history lesson.

Another "high" that remains in my memory is an evening at Bacharach. The hostel was an old castle high on a crag in the Rhine Gorge. It was a lovely evening and we were having a sing-song



The Antient — taken the previous year (August 1929) on the river Blackwater in Youghal, County Cork.

We cannot forget the confluence at Koblenz — one black and one brown stream flowing side by side until the "Cat and Mouse" islands, not quite in midstream, mingled the water. Vineyards on the steeply sloping banks of Rhine and Mosel and the wonderfully flat plateau top; the Emperor's statue, greened by the weather (his boots were six feet high); Cologne Cathedral with its knobbly spires; Heidelberg University, and the Lorelei where everyone sang as we passed the rock.

in the dimly-lit courtyard. Soon we heard singing in the distance and a crowd of German youth — boys and girls — arrived walking into the courtyard in full throat. And so our camp fire became two choirs, one of German folk songs and the other of the English scout songs.

Just another memory — standing at the junction of the Mosel with the Rhine at Koblenz, being amazed how one could see very clearly the blue clear water of the Mosel flowing into the brown muddied waters of the Rhine and remaining separate for a considerable distance down the river.

Gordon Smith met a young German boy, Josef, who was on a cycling hostel tour, at the most southerly point of the trip in Worms. This friendship continued with reciprocated visits during the 1930s and thrives to this day. Josef survived the Eastern Front and wrote after the war to an address in South London that had not survived. The local knowledge of the postman allowed the friendship to continue and this first meeting has helped town links and cultural exchanges between Lindlar (Koln) and Childe Okeford.

Cologne — the very high spire of the cathedral, the great width of the river Rhine with the magnificent bridge and the red pickled cabbage served with our meals at the hostel situated at the other side of the river. Bonn — the youth hostel set on the hill above the town, the flower beds and the grass between the roads and houses, and how clean and quiet after Cologne. Heidelberg — pretty, but the old university buildings appeared to be like ruins. The youth hostels were so clean and well organised — how happy and friendly were the people using them.

The Rhine offered lovely scenery with green vineyard-cultivated hills rising up from the river, old castles and swimming enclosures on river banks with people sun bathing. The passenger steamships, with their little tables and chairs on deck, running to time schedules. A village wine festival complete with a marching band in traditional country dress.

My recollections of the marvellous river scenery have remained fresh after even sixty years. This was the Antient's last tour and he must have been weakening, the main load falling on S.R. Mills.



Sun bathing at Honnef am Rhein — summer 1930

The hostels varied in quality — Rudesheim was a palace but after it Honnef was a slum. One memory is of sitting outside a hostel in the evening watching German hikers arrive. They came singly or in groups in which they invariably marched in step chorusing jolly wanderers' songs. "Wandering" in Germany was a far more determined and organised affair than our term sounds. I imagine that there were some women but I don't recall any.

We got on quite well with the native hostellers — not that we could have any profound exchanges with them with conversations usually limited to who we were and where we came from. Where we were able to exchange ideas thanks to the providential arrival of an interpreter it was to agree that the problems of our respective countries were all due to the rotten French. There was no ill-feeling left over from the 1914 War. Where relations were soured it arose from exercising our inalienable right to behave abroad as we would at home, especially in the matter of playing football regardless of circumstances. I remember one evening sitting in the hostel

courtyard where a group of Germans were preparing their evening meal and our chaps, having no meal to prepare, were kicking a ball around. All at once, a nicely placed shot neatly removed a German egg inoffensively boiling on a primus stove. The owner of the egg jumped up furious — "Verammte!" — but our chap graciously apologised and things were smoothed over.

There was a certain reburgeoning of German nationalism at the time, though none of us boys saw it as such. The Allies had only recently withdrawn their troops from the Occupied Zones, of which the Rhineland was one, and the Germans were celebrating. There were posters around calling on Germans to rally to the Deutscher Eck, the angle of ground at Koblenz, where the Moselle flows into the Rhine, on which ground stands a very large statue of a German monarch who symbolised German unification.

A group of youngsters enlivened the evening with their singing and dancing at a number of the hostels — years later we realised that they were early members of the Hitler Youth.

Most of us, in 1930, were not very alive to German politics but one pupil was aware enough to practise his German with the slogan "Hitler ist ein Schweinhund" — it seemed a voice in the wilderness. Three years more and the Hitler regime took over.

The Braithwaite camp started on August 21 with Loveman, Guyatt and Crabtree helping the headmaster on this the last of his camps. He had two days' interval between these last two camps. His full score was around 150 camps, without one casualty. A proud record. One month after, early in October, the Antient looked into the school library to say he was going home early. That night he died suddenly, alone in his house, to be found next morning. Some will recall his Tacitus classes and the moving end to the life of Agricola: "Happy you, Agricola, in your glorious life, but no less happy in your timely death." Of the Antient also it might be said "felix opportunitate mortis." We schoolboys did not realise the stresses of his work and his efforts to stay teaching despite the increasing paperwork. "Those who do not spare themselves risk not being spared to live a full life-span." The Antient was sent on his interview journey to Greenwich by his High Master at Manchester (the famous J.L. Paton) in 1915 with Shakespeare's line — "The roan shall be thy throne, o esperance."

These miscellaneous comments are taken from contributions offered by P.J. Barnwell, H.A. Bulpitt, "Jonah" Phipps-Jones, Gordon Smith and Derek Allen.

On June 1, 1990 seven participants from that school trip met again informally for lunch at the Cutty Sark Restaurant and Tavern in Greenwich. A leisurely and enjoyable meal overlooking the Thames was followed by a visit to the Eastney Street building, now used as a conservation unit by the National Maritime Museum, and a brief stop outside the Maze Hill School. It was the first time that many of these Old Roans had met each other since school. They had all started their schooldays at Eastney Street and moved with the School to the new site at Maze Hill in 1928. It was a real pleasure and rare privilege for Alfie Knott and the editor to spend time in such a company.



A group of walkers



These Old Roans attended the Roan School for Boys at Maze Hill when the site opened in 1928. This photograph was taken on Friday 1 June, 1990. From left to right: H.A. Bulpitt ('25-'31), P.J. Barnwell ('23-'31), D.H. Allen ('24-'31), V.G. Slaney ('24-'30), Rev. D.E. Phipps-Jones (Jonah) ('24-'31), G.C. Smith ('26-'31), S.A. Palmer ('26-'30).

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Chronicles or Newsletters have been returned as the addressees listed below no longer live at the address in the Association's records. Can anyone supply the Secretary with the member's current whereabouts?

Brown, Alison ('73-'80)
 Crowe, Barrie (-'56)
 Dodd, K ('55-'62)
 Fordham, John ('64-'71)
 Golding, Michelle - nee Bulline ('66-'72)
 Gray, Susan - nee Carr ('58-'65)
 Hill, John ('76-'83)
 King, F ('09-'14)
 Kopp, Julie - nee Brooks ('60-'65)
 Plummer, M ('62-'69)
 Quirk, Alan ('61-'68)
 Richards, Fred ('78-'83)
 Shepherd, Terry ('64-'71)
 Smith, D ('58-'65)
 Sofronio, Peter ('63-'70)
 Willson, Alan ('65-'70)

BARDON '89

(A Somerset Tale of "Vannies" and "Non-Vannies")

Despite the title, this is not an article about an inexpensive bottle of wine nor a review of a little known arts festival. Rather its in the nature of a light-hearted travelogue concerning the merits of a certain West County 14th Century Manor House — reputedly haunted.

The annual trek down to North Somerset in early August to compete for the B.A.L.L.S. (Bardon Athletic Leisure Liquor and Skittles) Cup was a somewhat low-key affair this year with only nine Old Roans making the journey west. Still enough to have a "Vannies" and "Non-Vannies" contest though. (The terms refer to the first weekend in 1982 and the division in transport between private cars and the minibus.)

Your correspondent arrived at the "Notley Arms" after a journey that included Gatwick Airport, Taunton, Washford Cross and intense scrutiny of local bus timetables. I was greeted warmly, and with some surprise, by a select band of Old Roans comprising Steve Nelson, Shirley Nelson, Linda Nelson — almost a family outing this — George Coe, Dave Andrews, Pauline Clark and Keith Barron who had an even more bizarre journey courtesy of Graham and Diane Legg who chose not to remain for judicial medical excuses. The publican declared that only dessert remained.

After some quick refreshment to make up for lost time, and the lack of food, it was time to retire to Bardon where, in true Old Roan fashion, we continued to drink, sing, dance — to a free jukebox, well stocked with some "golden oldies" — and generally drift into a late and enjoyable night.

Bleary-eyed at breakfast on Saturday morning it was still obvious that our numbers had been swollen by the arrival of the Bristol Branch of the O.R.C. in the shape of a certain Ray Westwood, famed throughout the western world for his map reading abilities. Saturday also brings the first competition of the weekend, namely Clay Pigeon Shooting. Before that however, a shortish stroll around the rolling countryside of the Somerset / Devon border led by the intrepid Westwood, was required to kill time before the hostelry opened and we could sit down to a healthy lunch.

The day was warm and sunny, the ale was flowing, the lunch satisfying; but despite these attractions most of us still went shooting — such dedication. Our shooting host, a man of keen eyesight and considerable skill with a shotgun had made it more difficult than previous years (by setting the traps quicker and using heavier guns — my shoulder still hurts!) so our performances were a little disappointing. Even worse, the Vannies lost the first contest.

Saturday night at Bardon once again followed an established pattern. After dinner we took over the skittle alley of a nearby pub and proceeded to wreak havoc on defenceless pieces of wood. Highly enjoyable fun — unless you're an uncommitted spectator when it must appear a noisy exercise of doubtful virtue — was had by all. From the "Vannies" viewpoint however it was not a success as we lost the skittles as well (despite the secret weapon DAP guesting for us) to end the first day 2-0 down. Steve Nelson, as "Non-Vannie" captain was with good reason beside himself with glee as only once in the previous 7 years had the "Non-Vannies" successfully lifted the BALLS Cup. So once again Old Roans returned to Bardon to party into the small hours.

Sunday dawned with at least 2 more events to be contested before the fate of the Cup would be known. Due to there being just the 9 of us, and I seem to recall that the tide was in, beach rounders was declared not possible so we swiftly changed the game to French Cricket at Porlock

Recreation Ground. Should the "Vannies" lose this contest then the Cup would be Steve's — the pressure was on. Under a warming sun, the "Vannies" now found the form that had previously eluded them and scored a resounding victory. It's now 2-1 as we head for the pub for the Quiz. This particular contest was interrupted by a dispute between the landlord and assembled Old Roans over the food bill and the party adjourned back at Bardon where some refreshment still remained.

The "Vannies" emerged triumphant and the score was now 2-2 so a decider was called for. After much thought, Steve suggested Boules on the lawn — with the best of 3 legs contest (is there a joke here ...?). The "Vannies", despite being new to this sport, had hit form and quickly took the first leg. The vital second leg featured Steve and Shirley against Ray and Keith. For Steve it was a personal disaster as the "Non-Vannies" were whitewashed 11-00 to clinch the BALLS Cup. The despair on Steve's face as he exclaimed "Oh no! — not another 7 years" was a picture — why is there never a camera around when you need one?

All that remained was to make our way leisurely back to Kidbrooke to reconvene at the Club for the formal handing over of the BALLS Cup (on display now in the trophy cabinet), join other O.R.s at the bar and round off the the weekend in perfect fashion by going for a curry.

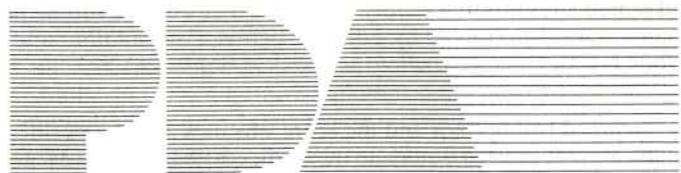
As in previous years the tourists had a great time, the weather as ever stayed dry and warm and no doubt we're all looking forward to this year — rumour has it that Archery has been added to the list of activities. So if anybody is interested in coming down to Bardon for a convivial weekend — its always on the first weekend in August — details can be obtained from Steve or Linda Nelson. Why not come and join us?

A. Mitchell. Captain — "Vannies"
June 1990

OLD ROAN DRAMATIC SOCIETY

On the evening of Friday 15th and Saturday 16th June the Company led packed houses in a plethora of familiar songs in a reproduction of an Old Tyme Music Hall held at the Pavilion. An enjoyable time was had by all.

After taking part again this year in the annual Medway Drama Festival at the Rochester Little Theatre in July, where the O.R.D.S. will be performing I Spy, a one-act play by John Mortimer, they will be presenting in November the celebrated play, Pack of Lies, at the Maze Hill School. The exact dates are to be fixed and information can be obtained from Graham Johnson on (081) 859 0621.



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NEWS OF OLD ROANS

The editor has been in contact with Bill ELLIS (Staff) who is currently enjoying working with the British Council in Selangor, close to Kuala Lumpur, in Malaysia. Bill left the Roan School at Christmas 1979 and moved to Sussex where he bought a small farm and enjoyed a happy nine years. He moved to Somerset in 1988 and took up teaching at Sherborne School on a part-time basis, later taking a course in Teaching English as Foreign Language. Bill had visited Malaysia on holiday, liked it very much and decided to live there for a couple of years. He has kept up his interest in music, playing in various bands including the Kuala Lumpur Symphony Orchestra. He has only met one Old Roan since retirement — Ullly ARNOLD was the vet that treated his dog in Somerset.

John STANFORD ('65-'70) reports meeting Brian CHATTAWAY ('63-'70) at Ayr and Cheltenham. No prizes for guessing the venues! Brian is working for Ladbrokes "on the rails". He wishes to be remembered to all who know him, in particular Brian Marsh and John Girdwood.

Colin ORFORD ('75-'82) passed his PhD in Bio-Chemistry from the Polytechnic of central London in May 1990. His current research is into the way the brain controls the flow of hormones in the human body.

Val LOVELL ('27-'30) has assisted with the articles on Frank Barnes, Doug Humphries and Bill Gosling. He emphasises the enormous contribution that Frank made to the Club and Association, in particular when the first part of the Old Roan room was allowed to proceed — "the 'office' work he carried out was often, in my opinion, underestimated". The original committee responsible for that first section of the Old Roan room is now sadly much depleted and Val sends kind regards to all his old friends and colleagues.

Alan WEIR ('36-'42) and his wife, Jean, are appreciative of the support and condolences from many Old Roans since the sad death of their son Andrew ('66 — '74). Andrew WEIR was a third generation Roan pupil following his father, Alan ('36-'42), and grandfather ('05-'10). Both Andrew and Alan were taught in their respective times by Kenneth Binnie and George Witten. He had coped well with his haemophilia, qualifying as a librarian. In recent years, however, other illnesses had worn him down and his resistance finally gave out a few days after his 35th birthday. Until last year, he had been a regular attender at the Old Roan A.G.M. and at Old Roan Dinners.

Bill MOORE ('38-'44) has kindly provided several old photographs of soccer and cricket teams which will be used for publication in the "Chronicle". Bill owns a number of pubs and lives in Broadstairs whilst also keeping a flat in Sidcup.

As well as making contact with Philip "Pip" WEDGE ('38-'44) in Toronto last year the editor has also heard from J.F.N. (Bill) WEDGE ('32-'38). The telephone number for Bill was incorrect and should be (081) 647 7317 — Old Roans of the 1930s continue to meet for a lunchtime drink and sandwich in a Surrey pub in June and a Chislehurst pub in November and anyone interested should contact Bill.

Tony HOWITT ('60-'65) telephoned from Skegness and sends best wishes to his contemporaries and in particular to Brian Hamer. Tony showed an interest in the Norfolk Weekend and perhaps this can work out next year? I have an update from the secretary that Tony has moved from Skegness to run a newsagents in Harrow, Middlesex.

P.J. BARNWELL ('23-'31) writes from Cambridge with news of the death of John Kinsella

who played cricket and football for the school and according to the Roan Magazine list of June 1927 was a pupil from 1921-1926. It is likely that he returned to the school in 1928 to re-take exams and is recorded by the Prizegiving List of 1928 as taking his matriculation. John Kinsella died in March 1988 having celebrated his golden wedding the year before. P.J. Barnwell also advises that Ethiopia has a Roan Antelope stamp at 50c — other countries have roan antelopes but this is, he thinks, the first time that they have been honoured with a stamp. He recalls that back in the 1930's one of several Old Roans based in Rhodesia gained headlines in the magazine for having shot a roan antelope. Another news item is the death of an O'Connell baronet which reminds P.J. Barnwell of the links that A.H. Hope had with the family both before and during his period at Roan. The school party under A.H. Hope camped in the family estate at Killarney in 1929 and members received their Higher School results before continuing to Youghal.

P.J. Barnwell was one of members of the Rhineland visit in 1930 that met in early June in Greenwich for an informal reunion. In recalling his links with those other members he notes that "Jonah" Phipps-Jones was a running rival when he held the Senior Cross and Senior mile for three years; V.G. Slaney and Sid Palmer were companions on scrumping expeditions in the orchards and they have met more recently at Braithwaite and the Pavilion; H.A. Bulpitt walked with him in France for a month in 1933 and has been a regular correspondent since.

R.W. STRUTT ('26-'33) writes from Reading asking for news of contemporaries and advising that he and his wife have just celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary. They have had seven children and have twenty-four grandchildren of whom ten are in Australia. He fondly remembers Frank Barnes and was a work colleague at Henleys North Woolwich for whom Frank used to organise "Henley" reunion dinners at the Shakespeare Hotel in Woolwich. He sends particular greetings to Ralph Trott, H.A. Bulpitt, Gordon Smith and Rev. Phipps-Jones. There is also an interesting comment on the masters of the period when after recalling the days of Pye, Peckham, Potter, Poyser and Parker with affection he tells of the "redoubtable Tim Titley" excelling at ice-skating on Danson Park Lake during the great freeze of 1929.

Ralph TROTT ('24-'31) writes from Gloucester requesting a copy of the 1956 "Story of the Roan School" by K.S. Binnie. The editor promises to forward his copy on a short term basis.

John DENNIS ('64-'71) sends a newspaper article on Tony RICKSON ('57-'64) from East Kent. Tony is seen presenting a cheque for £12,500 to the William Harvey Hospital in Folkestone for cancer treating equipment in his capacity as Editor of the Folkestone Herald.

Mr. George BRUCE, an ex-Mayor of Greenwich and former chairman of the Roan Foundation celebrated his diamond wedding anniversary in 1989. He lives with his wife, Lillian, in Tiverton. He is now 85 and received a telemessage from the Queen. During his first period of office he dined with Eleanor Roosevelt during her visit to England in October 1942.

Dick CODY ('43-'47) writes from Amherst, Massachusetts. He is provided with information on the Association by his contemporary, Alfie Knott. He regards his years at the School as representing "a lost generation" with the School returning to Maze Hill from Ammanford after four years of evacuation. Many of the Remove that year of 1943-44 were complete strangers having spent the previous three years at the South East London Emergency Secondary School in the Old Colfe's Grammar building in Granville Park, Lewisham which was shortly afterwards destroyed by a V2 rocket. Though returning as a minority to Roan the Ammanford boys held the "Roan tradition" knowing the "code... the lingo... and the lore... and we who had sat out the Blitz and the blackout in S.E.3... and left our achievements, our favourite masters, our teammates, and some of our best friends in Granville Park...", now had to learn to become Roan boys. K.S. Binnie refers to this issue in his Story of the Roan School but the disadvantages and

demoralization of that period deserve a lengthy report. Dick refers to the form-master, S.J. Mitchell, and colleagues such as John Basing ("... very strong in school spirit..."), Norman Coe, Kenneth Horn, Dennis Merrett, Bernard Allison and John Francis. But we were all in some measure disadvantaged by growing into our teens in wartime, and this is why I say we are a lost generation. So few, it now seems to me, of the two Fifties of 1944-45 stayed on in the Sixth. He recognises the importance to him of staying into the Sixth Form and becoming a prefect, with Alfie Knott as School Captain transmitting more than anyone the school tradition in that transition period and taking the Roan spirit that K.S. Binnie held so dear into a new generation ...!

Fred CUTBUSH ('17-'22) now lives in Cheshire and has donated recently to the Association. His memories of the Roan School are of Eastney Street and the wartime difficulties caused by air raids, food shortages and staff problems due to some teachers being away in the forces. However he still recalls with gratitude and pleasure the labours on the students' behalf of such as Potter, Parker, Mann, Kirby, Poyser, White, Allen, Amesbury and others. "Floreat Roana". (The editor hopes that Fred enjoys the photograph of the masters of that period in this issue.)

Mrs. Mary SHEPPARD ('26-'32) writes to advise of her move from Brighton to Rustington in West Sussex. Mary is also keen to find a copy of K.S. Binnie's "Story of the Roan School". She was at Devonshire Drive between 1926-32 and continued to Blackheath Art School for three years.

Ian SAUNDERS ('39-'48) writes at length from Queensland, Australia and also encloses a donation to the Association. Ian was pleased to see that Alfie Knott was President last year and recalls the contrast between Alfie's distinguished scholastic career and his own modest efforts of ... "the 'could do better' variety, as Stan Beale could attest. I hope that Stan's wounds have healed!" He still has a school report with an (unpaid) bill from Stan Beale for the excessive consumption of red ink required to do justice in reporting his "comprehensive incompetence". Ian clearly has strong memories of this particular master — "Stan once addressed the Aristotelian Society on the subject 'Why I am a Highbrow', with particular reference to his liking for Bartok. Despite the usual, persuasive logic of his argument, I still prefer the baroque period, or Miles Davis". Ian has some comfort to offer those that taught him — he took his Bsc (Econ) in 1964 and after arriving in Australia in 1965 became a senior tutor in Economics at the University of Queensland before joining James Cook University of North Queensland, at Townsville, in 1970 as a lecturer in the "dismal science" where he remains today. He last visited Britain in 1979 when he renewed some old acquaintances and plans to return next in 1995 after retirement. Ian was captain of the Saturday 2nd XI at cricket in 1961-62 and awaits Peter William's next contribution — two scorebooks are being sent to Derek Baxter for reference.

Lionel BERRY (Staff and Vice President) was also much saddened to learn of the death of Frank Barnes. Lionel and his wife, Maud, were close friends of Frank and Pick and he emphasises the great work that Frank did for the Association and the fond memories that they hold of the two of them.

Ethel GOSLING advised the secretary of the death of her husband, Bill ('17-'22, Vice President), on the 26th October 1989. She speaks of Bill's lifelong association with Roan through schooldays and the Old Roan. "He was a keen sportsman, an active member of the soccer club before the war, and of the cricket club from the 1920's through to the 1960's and beyond, when his playing days were over, in committee work." She would be pleased to hear from any friends or contemporaries of Bill — "Roan and Old Roan meant a great deal to him all his life and he was proud to be your vice-President." The address is: 8 Masons Paddock, Dorking, Surrey.

Pete WINCH ('70-'76) and Barbara KAMINSKI ('67-'73) have moved to the "Jolly Roger Restaurant" in Polperro, Cornwall. Whilst at the Seavista Hotel they enjoyed visits from a few Old Roans, namely: Malcolm WEIR; Sue MUSTAFA; Mary WALSH (nee Cook) and family; Shirley BROAD and family; and very nearly Brenda FERGUSON (nee Harding) who didn't quite make it. Old Roans are welcome now in Polperro and will receive a free bottle of wine with their meal if wearing an item of school uniform! Pete recalls affectionate memories of Alfie Knott and his efforts to make him read drum parts for the school band with Pete insisting that all drummers should be spontaneous. "Their news of Old Roans includes: Brenda FERGUSON (nee Harding, '67-'74) is expecting a second baby to join Peter; Susan MUSTAFA ('67-'74) is very successful in her legal career and is currently in Twickenham; Mal WEIR ('70-'77) is still in biochemistry when not holidaying all over the world!; Andy MEDHURST ('70-'?) is lecturing in film studies "somewhere important in London"; Martin SHARP ('70-'77) is now a proud father for the second time, living and working in laser research near Leicester. Pete and Barbara would love to hear news of Jerry PEAKIN ('70-'77); Graham HAY ('70-'77); Terry HALL (Staff) and Alan SPICER ('70-'77).

Mrs. Dorothy PENDERGAST advises that Reg CHAPMAN ('48-'56) is now a Professor at Bristol University and is leading a team, supported by the Bristol Heart Foundation and the Wellcome Trust, into the study of the lifecycle of heart cells resulting in a benefit to heart attack risk patients of injections by Taurine into the heart cells. Reg now lives in Bristol with his wife and three children.

Mrs. E. STUNDL ('40-'45) enjoyed the last Chronicle and in particular the words and music to "Here's to Old John Roan". She congratulates Peter Smith and Stuart HORSBURGH ('66-'71) on their efforts and notes that Stuart is a fellow resident in Westgate-on-Sea. Mrs. Stundl was saddened to read of the death of Miss Barnsdale who was her headmistress at Roan from 1943 until leaving in midsummer 1945. "To her, and to Miss G.M. Richardson, who was headmistress of the South East London Emergency Secondary School (the wartime name for the Roan School for Girls' in dear old Devonshire Drive), must go the credit for guiding me — and many others — through those formative years in unusually difficult circumstances. These valiant women, together with their staff, did not flinch in the face of the Blitz; V1 and V2 raids; visits by touring Thespians, or even school concerts!"

Phil SNAITH ('64-'71) has now returned from his posting with Shell Internation to Brunei and is currently relocating to the Leatherhead area. He plans to regain fitness in time for the football season.

Wayne BURNETT has recently been awarded the honour of an England Under-18 Football Cap and Dean GIDDINGS has followed his appearance in the 3rd X1 with a football career — currently at Bournemouth AFC. John REGIS continues to make headlines in the athletics world with a 20.1 seconds time for the 200m in Cyprus and a forthcoming confrontation with his main European rival, Linford Christie.

The editor ('62-'69) was recorded in 1986 as saying that if one thing was certain in life he would never again be so unwise as to run a marathon. After 20 miles and on schedule for a respectable sub 3-30 time in the 1990 London Marathon his ageing body disagreed with a more circumspect mind. Though generally disgruntled he did finish respectably and gained some satisfaction by raising £550 for the Special Care Baby Unit at Farnborough Hospital. He would like to thank many Old Roans for their support. A similar declaration was pronounced ...!

David ANDREWS ('64-'71) has now qualified as a full member of the Association of Cricket Umpires.

Dr. Ewen A. WHITAKER ('22-'40) called at the School last summer. He presented a copy of his book — "The University of Arizona's Lunar and Planetary Laboratory — Its Founding and Early Years". Dr. Whitaker now lives in Tucson, Arizona.

Finally, Mrs. Betty BINNIE, widow of Kenneth BINNIE (ex-Staff, vice-President and student '10-'21), thanks the secretary for the "Chronicle" and recalls many of the Old Roans mentioned. She advises that life is busy and spent the end of 1989 on the Canberra Christmas Cruise.

JOHN ROAN NEWS

— excerpts from a newsletter produced by the students

A GREAT DANISH SUCCESS (November 1989)

The John Road School Orchestra recently returned from a musical tour of Denmark. Thirty two pupils and four teachers made the trip to Aarhus, Denmark's second largest city. There, they were welcomed by students who acted as their hosts. The trip lasted for ten days and during that time large amounts of energy were spent in rehearsing with the school band. The combined orchestras then went on to play concerts together, one of which was staged in the city's main art centre, the Musikhuset. In addition, John Roan's street musicians and rock band took time to entertain the students and public.

The host school had taken great care over the programme of activities for Roan pupils when they were not involved in rehearsals. Visits and outings were arranged to keep them busy, the whole trip was a huge success and our pupils are looking forward to the return of their hosts at the end of next March.

CHARITY BEGINS AT ROAN (November 1989)

Last year John Roan staff and pupils responded magnificently to Charity appeals raising a total of £825.65:

Armenian Earthquake	£170.00
Hillsborough Disaster Fund	£230.00
Christchurch Centre	£207.50
Cancer Research	£ 14.19
RNLI (Lifeboats)	£ 13.95

Pupils and staff and from the host school in Aarhus returned to Greenwich for the period of March 28 – April 4, 1990. Their programme was full and carefully planned to include:

Guided tour of Greenwich with guide and introductory lecture
Evening theatre visit to "Cats" and a "London at Night" tour
Lessons at the School with host students
Visit to the House of Commons to meet with Rosie Barnes M.P.
Visits to Portobello Road, Speakers Corner, Covent Garden etc.
Visit to the Science Museum, Chelsea and the City of London
Riverboat trip from the Tower to Greenwich Pier
Farewell party at the Old Road Club

JOHN ROAN SCHOOL LODGE

Acting Secretary: Bernard Madden. Tel: (081) 850 5449

Since our last report, in July 1989, the Lodge has suffered some grievous losses. Frank Barnes and Ron Harmer have passed away. Both were very senior members, holding responsible offices and will be sorely missed. George Scudamore an Elder Statesman of the Lodge, so to speak, who had completed more than fifty years in Freemasonry and John Smith have also been taken from us. Denis Brookland, whose death was reported, briefly, in our last issue, was also a Past Master of the Lodge.

On a happier note, Neal Haslam is enjoying a successful year as Master, and looks forward to installing his successor in October. Circumstances have so ordained that he will be conferring this honour upon a Past Master, Del Baxter, who was installed in the Master's Chair in October 1975. We wish him another happy year in office.

On May 9th, our Charity Steward, Alan Weir, attended the 1990 Festival of the Province of West Kent, at Freemasons Hall, in London, when it was announced that the Lodge had raised some £10,000 for the Masonic Trust for Boys and Girls. It is gratifying to learn of this result of Alan's untiring efforts, over the past few years, in the cause of charity.

It is well to remember that Freemasonry subscribes to many non-masonic charities and worthy causes, apart from its own institutions.

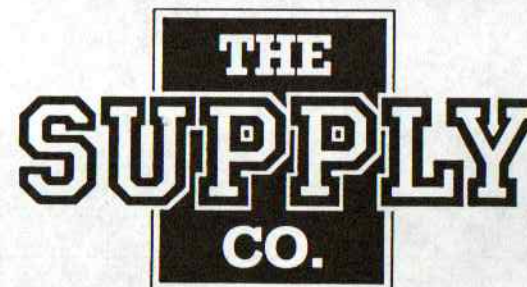
OLD ROAN TRIVIAL CHALLENGE 1990

This year's competition was held over three heats in early March with all teams receiving the same questions and marking each other's answer sheets. The top two teams from each heat progressed to the final a fortnight later. The demand was such that the original restriction of 18 teams was relaxed and eventually 21 teams participated in high scoring heats.

The final was also a close event with the lead changing a number of times during the eight rounds. The eventual winners were the team captained by Karen Amos, retaining the trophy won last year. (D.Andrews)

OLD ROAN TRIVIA QUIZ: NEWSLETTER No.8 (December '89) — ANSWERS:

1. September 1976
2. Mary Jeffery (Chronicle — July '88)
3. Monty Smith, Malcolm Waterton, Kevin Todd & Fred Cook
4. Peter Williams
5. Headteacher — Ann Tonkin
6. The trees planted in Greenwich Park to replace those lost in the storm of 1987
7. 15th July 1956
8. Chesterfield, Dartmouth, Queen's & Vanbrugh
9. T.R.N. Croft
10. Miss M. Barnsdale
11. Messrs. Binnie & Mills
12. Ms. Lorraine Hoey (vs Finland 25.10.87)
13. All Saints Church, Blackheath
14. The wearing of a helmet — by Naz Khan
15. 1928
16. Raleigh, Grenville, School & Collingwood
17. "... for insisting on puerile trivialities"
18. Roger Dale
19. The School moved to Roan Street — presumably because the Seaman's Hospital needed to enlarge
20. Manchester Grammar School



**WE HAVE BUT TWO WORDS
FOR ALL OUR FRIENDS & CUSTOMERS
~~UP YOURS!~~ Thank You!**

Trevor Puddifoot

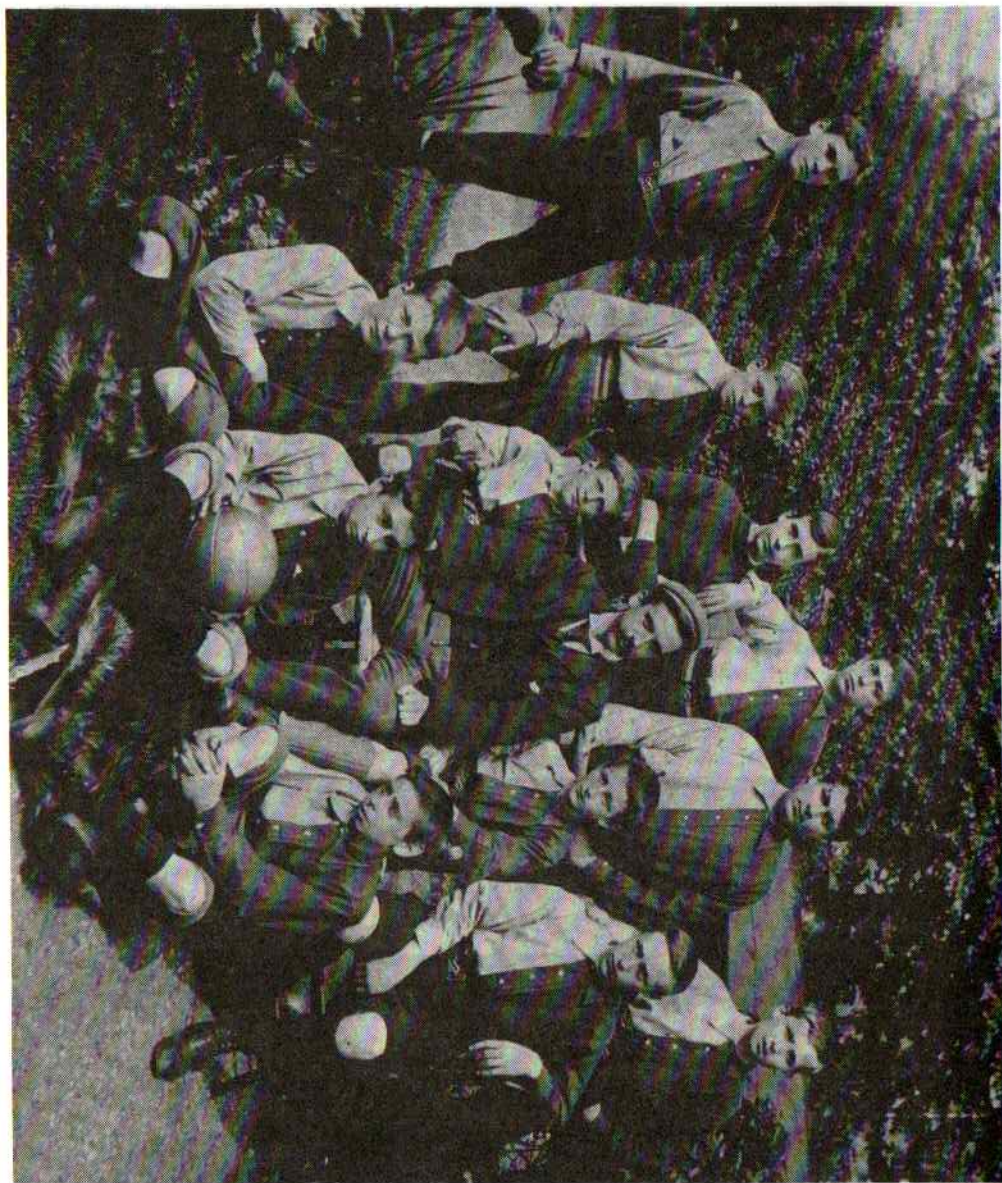
Stephen Nelson

Geoff Sawyer

Barry Thomas

AWOL

THE CREATIVE SIDE OF IMAGE DIRECTORS TAKE NO RESPONSIBILITY WHATSOEVER, FOR THE DESIGN OF THIS ADVERT



Photograph taken in Greenwich Park of a Roan School football team. The date appears to be spring 1894. The master in charge is Mr. S. Presley and names include: Horton, Miller, P.J.M., West, R. Jackson, Varcoe, Paxton (1), Paxton (11). My sources, including Mike Titheridge, were unable to be more precise.

COPIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS

Early interest in the outstanding photograph of the masters of the Roan School for Boys taken in 1912 at Eastney Street was initiated by Barry Thomas who, on taking over a headship in East London, requested a copy for his office. Interest was continued when Vic Brooker related anecdotes connected with many of the masters during his time at the School some twenty years later. This continuation of service to one school is one of the most interesting aspects of the photograph.

The Editor has had new negatives professionally taken of most photographs used in this issue and is able to offer hand-printed copies of a high quality to Old Roans wishing to purchase prints. The approximate sizes - varying in photographs according to the negative - will be 10" x 8". Larger sizes can be negotiated on request. Any profits will benefit the O.R.A. Details are:

Price: £5.00 including postage and packing

Cheque: Payable to "The Old Roan Association"

Address: 32 Merlin Grove, Beckenham, Kent, BR3 3HU

Please specify the print required and state clearly your name, address and telephone number. Application for a copy might also be used as an opportunity to contribute information to the magazines!

The Secretary advises that a new supply of O.R.A. ties has been received which are available at a price of £4.00.



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BIRTHS

DAVIS to Tuula, wife of Owen ('67 -'74), on 6th September 1989 a son, Michael John Alexander.

HORSBURGH to Rachel, wife of Stuart ('66 -'71), on 16th April 1990 a daughter, Rebecca Charlotte, a sister for Laura.

HUTLEY to Nicky, wife of David ('68 -'75), on 27th February 1990 a daughter, Louise Rebecca.

KING to Sharon, wife of Alan ('68 -'73), on 20th September 1989, a son, Benjamin Allan, a brother for Sophie Louise.

PUDDIFOOT to Tracey, wife of Trevor ('64 -'71), on 26th December 1989 a son, Joe.

RIDER to Jane, wife of Steve ('61 -'68), on 1st November 1989, a son, Jack.

WYTON to Linda, wife of Chris ('60 -'67), in February 1989, a daughter, Emma, a sister for Thomas.

MARRIAGES

CHANCE - HUDSON on 9th September 1989 at All Saints Church, Woodford Wells, Terry Chance ('71 -'78) and Janice Hudson.

ELLIS - DAVIS on 14th April 1990 at Stevenage Registry Office, Dave Ellis ('67 - '72) and Jane (Jenny) Davis.

ELLIS - AVIS on 15th July 1989 at St.Mary's Church, Bexley Village, Peter Ellis (Ex-Assistant Groundsman '84 -'85) and Lin Avis.

MANNERS - JONES on 2nd June 1990 at Christchurch, Bexleyheath, Peter Manners ('74-'79) and Samantha Jones.

MURPHY - BOYLE on 28th April 1990 at St. John the Baptist Church, Eltham, Paul Murphy ('75 -'82) and Sue Boyle.

DEATHS

BARNES, F.P ('33 -'37), President 1967/68 and Vice-President. 2nd November 1989.

BEVINGTON-SMITH, Mrs.F.E. (nee Thorn). Late 1989.

BISHOP, Prof.R.E.D., CBE, ('36 -'43). September 1989.

CABLES, C.H.T. ('31 -'38). April 1990.

COWDROY, C.H. ('22 -'27). 1989.

GOSLING, W.S. ('17 -'23), President 1960/61 and Vice-President. 26th October 1989.

HARMER, R.L. ('35 -'39), President 1974/75. 28th April 1990.

HILL, J.B.A. ('38 -'44). 26th September 1989.

KINSELLA, J. ('21 -'28). 5th March 1989.

LEE, B.C. ('19 - '29).

LYONS, E.R.H. ('29 -'35). 29th April 1989.

SCUDAMORE, G.T. ('16 -'19). 25th October 1989.

SMITH, J. ('33 -'38) 29th March 1990.

WEIR, A.G.S. ('66 -'74) 6th April 1990.

WRIGHT, R.L. ('05 -'07). 22nd December 1989.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

26th October 1990 — Reunion Dinner, Pavilion

13th January 1991 — Childrens' Party, Pavilion

29th March 1991 — Annual General Meeting, Pavilion

30th March 1991 — O.R.A. Dinner & Dance, Yorkshire Grey