

Roan

Magazine.



No. 86.

JANUARY, 1941.

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JANUARY, 1941.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

We were very pleased recently to be visited by Mr. Dyke, who is now stationed with an Army Unit in Wales, and was able to spend a week-end in Ammanford. He sends a warm greeting to those masters and boys whom he did not meet on this occasion, and hopes soon to have another opportunity of seeing us all.

* * *

P. A. Reed has been awarded a Bucknill Scholarship of £42 per annum for five years, on the L.C.S. and Higher Schools results.

* * *

K. H. Wheeler has been awarded a Herold Scholarship of £25 per annum tenable at King's College, University of London.

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P. A. Trafford passed Second M.B. last March and is now attached to a Sector Hospital in the Home Counties.

* * *

R. J. Kempton, who left in July with Higher Schools and Inter B.Sc. exemption, has joined the R.A.F.

* * *

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mr. Pemberton and his son, A. C. W. Pemberton of last year's Science VIth, in the terrible loss they have sustained by the deaths due to enemy action of Mrs. Pemberton and their 16 year old son. We have been glad to see Pemberton and his father who have been on a month's visit to Ammanford.

ROAN SCHOOL ON EVACUATION.

BY THE HEAD MASTER.

Twelve months ago we were just coming to the end of our first term of evacuation and had settled down to the routine of working in strange schools and living in other people's houses. We know we were successful in these dual roles because our hosts in the billets and in the schools were genuinely sorry to see us go. Both the Bexhill County School and the Rye Grammar School have now been evacuated and we hope they will meet with true hospitality in their new homes.

Our move from Bexhill and Rye was not without its difficulties. Once more we arrived quite unexpectedly although the authorities had been given our numbers and the composition of our party weeks before the actual move. Every obstacle was placed in our way when we tried to move our stores with us but by remarkable co-operation all our stores, books, apparatus and bicycles were packed in vans and arrived shortly after us. We arrived on Sunday, 23rd June, at 8.15 p.m., and thanks to the splendid efforts of the billeting officers and assistant billeting officers at Llandebie and Ammanford, we were all billeted before midnight. The General and Higher Schools Examinations were being held in the Miners' Welfare Hall the following Thursday, and we started work full time both at Llandebie and Ammanford on the following Tuesday. We have been faced with many difficulties in finding sufficient teaching accommodation for our needs. For the first part of the term we were spread over the following buildings—County School, Central School, Technical College and Gwynfryn Vestry, at Ammanford, and the Memorial Hall at Llandebie. Since 25th November, we have been allowed to have the exclusive use of the Amman Valley County School for our afternoon session, while in the mornings we use the County School for two Fifth Forms, and the Central School, Technical College and Ebenezer Vestry for the remainder of the School. We have also been able to relieve the congestion at the Memorial Hall, Llandebie, by bringing over two Forms to Ammanford. Our best thanks are due to the Governors of the County School for permission to use their premises and to the Director of Education, Mr. E. W. Mason, the L.C.C. Inspector for Wales, Mr. H. Hayden and Major Davies, the Board of Education Inspector, for their sympathetic help in connection with the problem of our accommodation. Mr. Roberts, Principal of the Technical College, and Mr. James, Head Master of the Central School, have given us every possible help, and we tender them our very sincere thanks.

The Roan School has surmounted many obstacles during fifteen months of evacuation and we can, as a result of our experiences, face the future calmly for we know that no matter what difficulties lie ahead of us, we shall be able to overcome them. It is well known that the British people are at their best in times of difficulty and danger. The Roan School is a small but representative section of the Nation and our duty is clear before us. We have to preserve the fabric of Secondary education in general and of the Roan School in particular throughout these troublous times. By that standard we shall be judged by those who come after us and we need not fear their judgment if we maintain our present standards. We live very close to the problems and difficulties of evacuation and sometimes we see only the disadvantages inherent in it. We are inclined to overlook the positive benefits which our present mode of existence confer upon us. One of these surely is the welding together of the whole so that in the words of one of our school prayers "We may labour not for our own advantage, but for the common good."

* * *

LLANDEBIE.

We have now been here some seven months and the passing of the weeks has only deepened the pleasing impressions of the early days. The boys here are very happy, the Welsh people are worthily upholding their national characteristic of kindly cheerfulness. There is but one complaint one might make and it is that perhaps some of the billetors are *too* kind and somewhat inclined to "spoil" the boys, but it is a forgivable fault, if fault at all it is. The work of the school at Llandebie has been kept going steadily, seriously and continuously, in spite of accommodation difficulties. It has been a pleasure to welcome so many parents visiting their boys and to hear them add their tribute of praise and thankfulness for the wonderful way in which the boys are looked after by their kindly hosts and hostesses.

Whenever we have needed help it has always been ungrudgingly given. To name any among so many kind friends may perhaps be invidious, but it is impossible to refrain from putting on record the tremendous amount of time and energy which Councillors W. Morris and H. Leigh and Mr. D. R. Lewis have given to the work of assigning billets. Mr. D. L. Thomas, the Chairman of the Memorial Hall Committee, has been unremitting in his endeavours to help us, and to the Post Office Staff and particularly the genial Postmaster, Mr. T. G. Rees, we owe a debt of gratitude, as we have added much to their work and they have accepted the burden with the greatest cheerfulness.

W. W. P.

Mrs. R. C. BISHOP.

It was with profound sorrow that we heard of the death of Mrs. Bishop, the mother of Robbie and Peter Bishop. She has been known to a very large number of boys during the last 10 years for her untiring work for the School Dramatic Society. When we first began to make our own costumes, Mrs. Bishop became leader of the ladies who did the work. She displayed untiring energy, much artistic taste and an uncanny knack for obtaining the right materials at the cheapest possible prices. Her cheerfulness and good humour, though often sorely tried by fidgety boys and sometimes mothers, never failed and her place in the out-of-school activities will be very hard to fill adequately.

I, as producer of the school plays, cannot express fully all that the Dramatic Society owed to her. On behalf of that Society particularly and of the school generally we tender to Mr. Bishop, Robbie and Peter, our heartfelt sympathy.

W. W. P.



THE ASHWORTH CUP.

The Ashworth Cup was presented to the school to mark the retirement of Mr. W. E. Ashworth from the post of Physical Training Instructor, in July, 1938. The donors were the members of the Old Roan P.T. Club, who thus chose a fitting way to show their appreciation of all that Mr. Ashworth has done to foster P.T. among Roan boys both past and present.

The School Sports Committee has agreed that the Cup shall be awarded each year to the boy who, in its judgment, shows the greatest all-round proficiency in games. In making the award, special regard will be paid to Gymnastics, Athletics and Swimming, and Public Spirit will also be taken into account.

For the last two years the Cup has been awarded as follows:—

1938-39.—P. R. G. Crane (School).

1939-40. A. C. W. Pemberton (Wolfe).

For the duration of the war, the Cup, in common with other School Trophies, will not be presented to the winner, but the names of those adjudged to be entitled to hold it will be inscribed on it in due course. The name of the winner's House will also appear on the Cup.

SPORTS SHIELDS, 1939-40.

Since they are not, as in normal times, to be seen on the walls of the School, we think it well to print here the names of the winners of those Shields which have been awarded for the year 1939-40. Other Shields, including those for Cricket, Hobbies, Physical Exercises and Junior Athletics, have not been awarded for this year..

ATHLETICS.—*Senior*: Wolfe. *Intermediate*: Grenville.

FOOTBALL.—*Senior*: Wolfe.

CROSS-COUNTRY.—*Senior*: Raleigh. *Junior*: Grenville.

FORM GAMES.—*Senior*: Mr. Kirby's V. *Junior*: Latin Fourth.

The detailed results of the Athletic Championships were:

Senior.—1. Wolfe, 99; 2. Rodney, 59; 3. Raleigh, 40; 4. Nelson, 38; 5. Grenville, 33.

Intermediate.—1. Grenville, 92; 2. School, 78; 3. Rodney, 44; 4. Wolfe, 43; 5. Raleigh, 32.



ATHLETICS.

Since we moved to Wales the pursuit of athletics has continued to occupy part of the leisure of a select band of sportsmen, and our performances have not been unworthy of the Roan traditions. Our greatest regret is that many of our best runners have now left, but we hope to find new talent in the School this year.

Soon after we reached Ammanford, we were invited to take part in a Sports Festival in aid of the local hospital. We accepted without quite knowing what we were "in for" and despite the difficulties caused by lack of equipment for training. The meeting was held on 27th July, and we found ourselves linked with the Roan girls, for scoring purposes, and competing against a number of other schools, local and evacuated—all, with one exception, mixed. This was, of course, quite a happy arrangement, though unexpected, and a pleasant afternoon's sport resulted. We were placed second to the Amman Valley County School, who fielded a very strong team—so that we were by no means disgraced.

Our best performances in this meeting were in two Relays, the two Hurdles races, the 100 yards under 16 and under 14, the Junior 440, and the Junior Jumps—in all of which we were first. The outstanding individual efforts were by J. Bishop (the 440), F. Eldridge (100 under 16), A. McGregor (the Jumps), and by J. Hales—who won the 100 under 14 and ran in both Relays,

providing a superb finish to the Junior Relay, in which he started last and finished first. P. Andrews ran an excellent mile against a phenomenal Amman Valley boy, whose running it was a joy to watch; P. Reed, K. Wheeler and J. Richards, upheld our honour in field events with the Discus and Shot. We did well to reach the final of the Tug-o'-War, an event which has not appeared in our own Sports for some years, and for which little training had been possible.

We should like to express our thanks to the organisers of this meeting, and we shall hope to compete in a similar meeting if we are still in these parts next year. We would also thank the Blackheath Harriers and South London Harriers, who continue to send us their journals, and so remind us of the worlds we have to conquer when we return to London. Meanwhile, we are beginning to make our plans for our second rural Sports Day.

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CROSS-COUNTRY.

An examination of the files of this Magazine shows that there is now material for a considerable volume on the history of Cross-Country Running in the Roan School. The first reference tells how, in 1913, the Headmaster himself led our first run, a paper-chase; the most recent reference, in the issue of last July, speaks of the joys of running as they have been revealed to one "Plodder"—a gentleman who will necessarily loom large in the story.

It appears that our sport has had no lack of variety in courses, particularly in recent years. We have already enjoyed four quite different courses, and we are now adding a new chapter by divising a fifth. It has been suggested that a series of maps should be prepared to adorn the walls of our Maze Hill home, when we return to it, to show "courses we have known."

The first course, which, with various modifications, did duty for sixteen years, led from Kidbrooke to Shooter's Hill, and through Jack Wood and Eltham. It was not far short of six miles; clearly, "there were giants in those days." In 1929, a new course, still starting and finishing at Kidbrooke, was introduced, and the distance was reduced to $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles. This distance has since been kept as a standard, and our newest course follows the rule. In 1936, the two enemies of traffic and building, which had caused the first change, made another necessary, and the lately familiar route through Greenwich Park was introduced.

Evacuation brought the Bexhill—Little Common course into being, and re-evacuation has given us number five, which leads from Llandebie to Glynhir and back. It is in some ways the most satisfactory course we have had, for it has obstacles galore, a stiffish hill, and a water-jump. There is no "plough," but meadows which are usually waterlogged seem to make this unnecessary. For the most part the route follows foot-paths, and returns by the same route, which will make marking easy.

We are looking forward to a close contest in the inter-house races, after Christmas. So far the weather has prevented all but the most hardy from doing much training, but we hear of one or two "dark horses" who are training "on the sly." All who are interested will be welcomed at the weekly runs, which leave the Llandebie Memorial Hall at 10.15 on Saturdays. Those who propose to take part in these runs should give their names to the Captain, E. J. Hooke, or to the Secretary, S. A. M. Thew.

If a strong enough team can be got together—as seems likely—we hope to arrange a fixture or two in the New Year. Cross-Country is not a popular sport in our region, but there are clubs in the bigger towns who might offer us a junior fixture.

We hear that P. Andrews, who left us last term, is already making a name for himself in the King's College team, and has finished second in a race. We wish him success in the future, and hope that some of the new generation will follow his lead when their turn comes.

★ ★ ★

S. J. D. M.

THE POTATO CAMP, 1940.

"What wondrous life is this I lead!
Raw potatoes drop about my head;
If I survive, this life to run,
Potatoes I will ever shun!"—With apologies to Marvell.
"And the first grey of morning fill'd the East,
And the fog rose out of the Amman stream."

At an unearthly hour in the morning of 29th July, a band of "packs" could be seen wending its way o'er hill and dale through the wilds of Wales. A closer examination would reveal to the incredulous gaze of the spectator that, "i'faith!" these are no "packs," but a series of perspiring schoolboys. Laden with impedimenta, with dust-begrimed brows, fast-glazing eyes, and tongues lolling out in a vain search for the life-giving fluid, this happy band of pilgrims is obeying the appeal of the Minister of

Agriculture and is bound for the Mystic East, to go "Back to the Land!" Each is mounted on a glistering steed, on which he has been wont to hurtle to and from school, and at the head there cycles a regal figure, sedately bestriding his latest "war-horse"; he entertains the party with many a quip, and encourages the less fortunate, who do not know the "Whizzard of the Broad Oak Lane" (shades of Bexhill!) and are thus compelled to transport their baggage personally.

The merry party, some twenty-five strong, wound along throughout the long day, passing through Llandovery, Brecon and Abergavenny, to Usk, where a prodigious quantity of "chips" was consumed, following the approved fashion of London, and the best traditions of the School. Finally, in the closing hours of the day, stained with travel, it reached the heights overlooking the Bristol Channel, and a few minutes later its members could be seen erecting tents and making preparations for a stay. The next morning, stepping lightly o'er the dew-soaked earth, we made our first acquaintance with the scene of many trials and tribulations, the not-so-affectionately-named "spud-field." We were soon initiated into the art of potato picking, and quickly learnt the ancient rites of "hauling" and "spinning." Our work consisted of first pulling the plant, *sine* "spuds," and later, when a mechanical digger or "spinner" had dug the potatoes up, gathering them in baskets and carrying them to the scales, where they were weighed and put into sacks.

The work was fairly hard and exacting, and the weather was for the most part boiling hot, but the mathematical brains evolved a system whereby each boy worked two and a half hours and then had a rest-period of half-an-hour. Moreover, no matter how dirty or tired the boys were, there was always plenty of humour, and even when tempers were frayed all would join in a joke, and tempers would miraculously become normal. At midday, we stayed our eager appetites with sandwiches and lemonade, which were transported to the field by the "fag group" for the day, and in the evening, after a cool and refreshing wash (if one was fortunate enough to be back among the first), a sumptuous steaming dish transformed all into an ecstasy of joy.

Our work brought us into contact with several delightful characters.

Sam, who drove the "spinner," was a constant source of amusement, and we were all imbued with laughter at the sound of the unintelligible exclamations he used to hurl at the heads of his horses; I am convinced that there is not another person on this

earth beyond himself who knows exactly what he said. His favourite horse, Jim, he would tell you, was "older than you are," and when he was displaying the horse's teeth, which were practically non-existent, he would, on being asked what the horse ate with, reply with emphasis, "Stoomps!" There was also another individual who rejoiced in the nick-name of "Grump," a perversion of his real name, who was wont to signify disapproval at all and sundry, and the clarion cry of "Don't sit on them baskets!" still rings in the ears of many.

Several entertainments were organised under the guidance of Messrs. Witten, Wheeler and Aggett, and the soulful rendering of Purcell's Trumpet Voluntary, by the latter gentleman, was so popular that it became a nightly institution. Their masterly imitation of the village band playing "The Bay of Biscay" and "The Toreador's Song" evoked much admiration, and the two classical ditties, "Ode on a Potato Camp" and "The Song of the Potato," were sung with great gusto. Mr. Witten, the author of the first piece, in giving the initial performance, strode buoyantly up and down with a cynical grin, while the prospective victims of his wit quailed in their gym-shoes. A nearby camp of German, Austrian and Belgian soldiers serving in the British Army, who had a fine orchestra, was also often visited in the evening, and we always received a cordial welcome; many of us had interesting conversations with the men.

There were many incidents in camp life which one recalls with pleasure. One day, on returning from work, we were astonished to see columns of dense black acrid smoke gushing forth from the midst of the camp. We feared an awful conflagration, involving perhaps the food, but investigation revealed a distinguished gentleman smoking a cigar—which was generally taken to be a free sample. Once, also, the peace of the night was disturbed by screams and yells, and it was found that a large toad had hopped down an unfortunate's neck; a free imagination has produced the rest of the story, to the effect that a huge snake was in attendance. A mock court-martial was held one night, with ludicrous results, and many campers visited the beauty spots of the surrounding country, including Tintern Abbey and the beautiful Wye Valley. A good deal of pleasure was also given by "Daisy," the cow that the farmer kindly lent us, which gave us our milk supply, Pemberton and Reed functioning as "milk-maids."

So the days passed, full and pleasant. Our sleep was not often disturbed by marauding aircraft, though we were treated to a fine view of a daylight raid on Newport, the camp site forming a natural grand-stand. The work progressed with increasing speed, and we finally decided, having completed our task to the full

satisfaction of the farmer, to strike camp on Sunday, 25th August. A field of some 20 acres had been cleared in four weeks, a crop of over 100 tons being harvested. Thus closed one of the most enjoyable camps we have held, and a new chapter of Roan history. Although this was not the first agricultural camp the School has organised—others were held during the last war—I am sure that the boys of 1940 upheld the example set by their predecessors. Our thanks are due to our employer, the farmer, and to Messrs. Mitchell, Witten and Daltry, for making the camp such a success. The memories will live in the hearts of us all.

J. H.

We should like publicly to congratulate the boys concerned on their splendid work and behaviour at this camp. A letter has recently come from the farmer, in which he says: "We were more than satisfied with the way your boys handled the potatoes If you wish to help with the harvest next year and would like to come with us, we certainly would not have anyone else. Please give my kind regards to all the boys." It should be mentioned that we owe the farmer a further debt because he subsidised our commissariat by allowing us free vegetables and milk.

We note with surprised pleasure that the writer of the above has not mentioned the trivial fact that the boys earned not inconsiderable sums of money by their work; but, after all, this was not the main purpose of the camp!

THE PROMOTERS.

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SEASONS.

I love to see, in early Spring,
The fresh green country side,
When birds sit on the boughs and sing,
And rabbits fail to hide;
When free at last from Winter's snow,
The grass and flowers begin to grow,
And kindly Sun, with golden glow,
Awakes the world that died.

Now, in the Summer, all is bright,
And streams, like crystal clear,
Go bubbling on, as in delight,
The country folk to cheer;
Out of the shade of graceful trees,
The flowers that bend unto the breeze,
Attract the ever busy bees,
Until the night is near.

And now the year is growing old,
But Autumn can bestow,
The richest colours, red and gold,
On leaves that downwards go;
Yet as they spiral down to earth,
To find their last damp rotting berth,
The winds cry out in endless mirth,
At leaves that downwards go.

And now that Autumn has gone by,
And dreadful cold set in,
The rain pours down from leaden sky,
And trees look black and thin;
The cattle shelter in the barn,
Lest they should suffer loss or harm,
When hail and sleet beat on the farm,
And winter snows begin.

The lakes and streams are stilled by frost,
The snow has drifted deep,
All creatures of the wood are lost,
In their deep Winter sleep;
All these things make Winter hard,
And many of our joys are marred,
Because one cannot walk a yard,
For snow and ice and mist.

D. W. WRIGHT, IV. A.

★ ★ ★

A FISHING STORY.

There was a boy named Jonathan,
Who gathered up his bait;
He took his bright new rod and line,
He bought for six and eight.

He reached the stream and cast about,
For here he had been told,
"One catches large and shining trout,
In colour, brown and gold."

And very soon he had a thrill,
His line was very taut,
He pulled it in with greatest skill,
To find a boot he'd caught.

Once again he tried his hand,
This time he cannot fail!
But when he pulled his catch to land,
He found it was a pail.

'Twas nine o'clock and growing dark,
But still he carried on,
Although by now all worthy fish,
Unto their homes had gone.

By morning's light he still was there,
Trying to catch that fish,
In his mind's eye he saw it, hot
And steaming on the dish.

The sun was high up in the sky,
When to his great delight,
He felt a tug upon the line,
And knew he'd got a bite.

For three long hours he played the fish,
And truly won the bout;
"By Gosh!" he thought "It was worth while,
At last I've caught a trout."

He pulled it up with rapturous look—
Alas! what can I say?
The fish slipped deftly off the hook,
And quickly swam away.

Slowly and sadly home he walked,
Our fisherman so bold,
The only thing that he had caught,
Was tooth-ache and a cold.

D. A. BENNETT, IV. A.

★ ★ ★

THE SPARROW.

The Sparrow is a ragged bird,
That cheeps in every yard,
Although we scarcely notice him,
Until the days are hard.

The Skylark and the Nightingale,
Come with the opening flowers;
The Sparrow with his cheerful chirp,
Stays through dark Winter hours.

So when the storms of Winter rave,
With icy wind that numbs,
The Sparrow comes to our back door,
To share the household crumbs.

R. PRETTY, IV. A.

★ ★ ★

A CRICKET MATCH.

Upon a lovely Summer's day,
The village worthies left the hay,
And went upon the green to play,
. . . . CRICKET.

The Squire's son six feet in height,
Blocked the wicket-keeper's sight,
And seeing the ball, with all his might,
. . . . HIT IT.

Old Farmer Brown so big and fat,
Went to the crease in his Sunday hat,
And lunging with his mighty bat,
. . . . SPLIT IT.

The result, on a card with a sticky back,
They wrote, to stick in their almanac,
If you want it in yours, you must, alack,
. . . . LICK IT.

P. J. LANE, IV. A.

★ ★ ★

A tribute to the weather in Wales as Joseph Conrad might have written it if he had ridden a bicycle and not sailed a boat.

NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY—

(HOW DID THIS GET INTO THE MAGAZINE, ANYWAY?)

This article, which is the product of forty days of rain, should be read with the feet in a mustard bath, the head in a towel topped with a block of ice, and to the accompaniment of a gramophone playing "It aint gonna rain no more, no more!"

The wind and the rain howled and screamed outside, the hail stormed and the sleet flung itself about the school like some mad devil. Inside, the furious wind raced up and down the corridors, banging doors and windows, playfully twirling up masters' gowns

and flipping books and papers round the rooms and onto the floor. The glistening globules of the torrential downpour beat ceaselessly against the panes and relentlessly smote the walls, seeming to challenge their very existence.

Already the darkening evening sky heralded the close of day, and the wretched pupil staggered wearily outside to buffet the elements.

He arose, lurched out, observed the weather with disgust, and grasped his machine from the mass of iron which littered the wall. He enveloped himself in his cape and dragged on his leggings. Then, throwing caution to the winds, he clutched the handlebars, pressed the pedals and lumbered forward. Now the rain and wind redoubled in their fury, rose to a maddened crescendo of violence and, whipping up his cape like a sail, wrapped it crazily round his head and tried to fling him from the saddle. He clung desperately to the handlebars and, as the swaying velocipede hurtled forward, he continued to disentangle himself from the folds of his cape. The machine shot round the corner and zig-zagged between the few pedestrians who dared to brave the storm.

Through the rivers of water which covered the roads he dashed, spray shooting in a graceful curve from his tyres, and water lashing his face and soaking his apparel. Now the town dropped behind him, the full violence of open country was to be faced. His cape tossed above him like a piece of wet flannel; his shoes felt as wet, sodden papier-mâché; his hair was soaked in the pouring rain which trickled in a hundred rivulets down his face. Moreover, the wind seized and grappled with him, smote him playfully, grasped his machine and flung it fiercely from side to side, unfurled his cape like a standard about him and generally shoved him, pushed him, lashed him and blowing him along.

The hedges and fences, dripping trees and muddy fields flew swiftly by in a never ending blur of greens and browns; the ominous black sky glared angrily upon him and emptied its contents over him in buckets. As he wrestled with the steering like a fanatical sea captain, odd phrases entered his confused mind and stayed:—"For the rain it raineth every day—with hey nonny nonny and a hotcha-cha!!"

Now for a steep rise, gleaming in the silvery streams which flowed over it, loomed ahead. Ah! but what was that Mr. Daltry had said? "When you want to lessen a slope of a hill, tack from side to side." Right! A gust of wind picked him up and carried him forward, he swung the wheel as his cape went up, his cap

was shot from his head like a bullet, his tie, coat and scarf rushed hurly-burly in all directions. He staggered, skidded, held the road, braked by mistake, changed gear, pedalled, rang his bell, whistled, cursed, made unintelligible remarks and raced onwards. The pavements, white lines, hedge-rows, trees and houses shot by in one long indifinable panorama, veiled in the misty downpour, sodden, soaking, . . . wet. But now he had attained the summit, the landscape loomed before him, a sheer drop to the lower worlds. Onwards! Ever onward—down went the gear into top, down went the pedals, and the bike, surging, leaping, rushed forward while the wind howled and beat in his ears, billowed his cape, lifted him up and brushed him on.

A road sign leapt up: CROSS-ROADS. Cross-roads! Great heavens! but this was terrible! The brakes? No! They would not act! And what was that? A lorry! A great lumbering vehicle which moved slowly out into the path of the speeding cyclist. Down he came at full speed, the brakes and steering non-existent, nothing but a miracle now! The black shape whirled up ahead, ten yards, eight, six—the charging wind, ever helpful, ever near, seized him, clung to his steering and flung him sideways, past the lorry and on; but no! the danger was not averted yet! the hedge rose up to meet him . . . CRASH. He rose dynamically from the flying frame, performed a graceful curve and landed among the mass of cape, leggings, bags and bike which had preceded him. Still the falling rain continued, the sleet and hail stifled him, drenched him; the wind whined ceaselessly, strumming his bike cable and lashing his face. He rose from the tangled wreckage, pulled on his cape and again mounted the saddle. The pedals responded, the bicycle, taut, electric and keyed up, quivered, and then shot forward.

Now through the pot-holed road, through the deep puddles and ruts he pedalled, hurling water and slush around him, hugging his rearing steed, engulfed in the rushing tempest, seized by an ecstasy of speed and madness he frantically drove the machine, which stampeded like some unbroken steer.

At last! the billet hove in sight. Inside those friendly walls all would be warm and pleasant; no disturbing winds would destroy his peace of mind. At last! He leaps from the saddle and flings his bicycle across the threshold.

His billetor rises, smiles benignly:—

Well, well, a ydyw i yn glawio? (Well, well, is it raining?)

He gasps, takes out a revolver and shoots himself on the spot.

R. C. T.

BRISTOL.

Although our Bristol existence had, until recently, seemed quite normal, rather an uneventful life has since become one of considerable difficulty. However, I will not dwell on the devastation around us, which has caused this change, not even on the many things that have led to the production of this important article becoming most difficult, but will proceed at once to recount, to the best of my ability, some of the things that have been brought to my notice since October of this year.

The department of Botany here would not be of general interest and a detailed account of a very over-crowded time-table would hardly be a suitable subject for an article in the Roan Magazine. Furthermore, it would be bad taste to give reasons as to why University students have every excuse for commencing a "Lecturing and Hand-writing Class" for University Lecturers, so any personal effects will have to be confined to references to our well-known student of the arts—K.H.W.

This one and only "Bubbles," as is well known, has risked a great lowering of his hard-earned character by an expressed intention to learn the German language. Not content with carrying out this intention, he has gone so far as to join the German Society here which is generally accepted as being most unpatriotic. The lusty voice, which is so well known to those who have happy memories of the potato-camp, has joined in the singing of German songs whilst on train journeys, rambles and similar "mass functions" with the subsequent collapse of all peaceful activities in the neighbourhood. As far as I know, no member of the Society has yet been arrested but I live in daily expectation of some such news coming through.

The shock of such a report as this is only balanced by the wonder which is excited by the information that this same round figure has been observed to bang the wall with his hand on occasions, commenting that an endeavour was being made to discover if the wall in question were still there or not. Further enquiry led to the startling discovery that this staunch hero of Cross-Country days was actually doubting whether the world itself were real. Not content with German as a subject for thought, Philosophy had forced its way into his world of knowledge, and he was actually struggling with the Theories of Descartes—whatever these may be.

All those connected with the school will be relieve to hear that he does take some exercise, presumably with the intention of losing some more of that manly figure which we all admire. Relief will be turned to mild surprise when it is learned that this takes the

form of sitting in the middle of a boat on the River Avon, whilst an infuriated coach hurls abuse at "No. 5," showing a detailed knowledge of a profuse and original vocabulary. Nevertheless, I gather that all this would be most amusing and enjoyable, if it were not for the fact that the same equator which has already caused so much merriment, has a habit of falling foul of the handles of the oars.

He finds time for such things as fencing and occasional dancing, but all will shed tears to hear that no longer is a bunch of runners to be seen crossing a field, with a large and perspiring figure bringing up the rear—or rather, running just behind it. I can give my assurance that no lack of persuasion is responsible and that no effort was spared to keep the King's team in the "running," so to speak. However, all was to no avail and although the boating club thrives, the dances are a success and the fencing produces passable results, yet King's College Cross-Country Club has still to win a match. (Here cries of "shame!" would heighten the effect).

But still the old flag flies (Cheers!) and two Old Roans at King's College, London, wish all other Roans—old and otherwise—the very best in the future, trusting that all differences may ultimately be settled, so that strife will be buried and peace reign again.

* * *

AN EVACUEE'S STORY.

The train, carrying evacuees from London homes, arrived at a South Wales station; I was one of those evacuees.

In turn, the occupants of the carriages stepped out after a long journey.

We were "shepherded" out of the station to waiting buses. The same thought was in the minds of all of us, should we be separated from our closest friends? The buses took us to various institutes, churches and schools; I was taken to a church, where I gratefully received a cup of tea with biscuits. Then we waited for some kind people to take us to their homes.

I was anxious (so were my companions) about what manner of billet we should be in. One by one, two by two, we went to see our new homes. I was one of the last to be billeted. At ten-thirty p.m., a gentleman took me to his home, where I was warmly welcomed by his wife and given a cup of cocoa. Having finished my supper, I retired to bed, for I was very tired.

On awaking next morning, my first instinct was to look out of the window; I could discern a public park opposite. I dressed quickly and went downstairs. After saying "Bore da," I asked whether Ammanford was in a region of mountains. I was pleased to know that it was, as I had never seen a mountain before. That day I spent exploring, finding shops, landmarks, cinemas and short cuts. After about a week had passed, I became well acquainted with Ammanford. When I had the opportunity and the money, I went to places other than Ammanford.

One fine summer afternoon, an expedition set out for Windberry Mountain. The party consisted of about five girls and two boys. The girls (one of whom was my sister) were all about sixteen years old, while my friend and I were thirteen and eleven.

Before we left the populated area, we bought sweets of all kinds to last us the journey. We plodded along over many a field and winter stream. We chose a spot to have our tea with a little stream nearby, from which we drank. After our tea, we had a rest, and then began to pick windberries. The latter were numerous, and were crowded into a few large patches, like a country with big cities and just a few villages.

When evening came and huge shadows were cast upon the mountain, gnats came in huge numbers. We bolted down the mountain with the little insects in pursuit. They found juicy flesh galore, and we were very glad when they retired about a mile from where we first met them. We returned to our billets, tired, but happy.

★ ★ ★

JOHN BASING,
(Form III).

LONDON EXCURSION.

When this goes to press, London may be enduring a savage attack, she may already have passed the crisis, or it may be yet to come; but whatever the condition she will be different, if only in her appearance, to that London which existed before the Summer of 1940. Here then, is a brief account of the City as I found it during the period of comparative calm during August—when the War was nearly one year old and the first bomb was yet to fall on the Capital—and of some of my experiences.

Many boys remained in Ammanford and spent an enjoyable Summer holiday in this district, others went away to safe areas, some to the coast; a few hardy annuals went to a concentration—sorry! potato-camp; and others spent a few days, or weeks, in London. These latter will probably have shared my experiences and reflections, and to them, and to those who did not go back, but thought of the City just the same, I present this article, without comment—or apology.

One fine day, early in August, a grimy, but efficient express train, bore me swiftly towards London. Ignoring warnings and dissuasions, foolishly perhaps, I was going back to see what changes a year of war had wrought upon the Capital.

Seven days later, the first bombs on London began to fall . . .

But though there were as yet no scars upon her face, London bore some signs of conflict. When we alighted at Paddington, a bustling, jostling, swearing, singing mass of Belgian, French and Dutch soldiers, some of whom could hardly speak a word of English, alighted also. The platform, lined on one side by the familiar rank of taxis, was crowded with soldiers and sailors, some English, some foreign. I marvelled that one man could, and was expected to carry so much baggage. One of our party had a swollen ankle, so we left Paddington in a taxi, and from the comfortable interior of this vehicle I caught fleeting and enchanting glimpses of the City as we nosed our way among the traffic past Wellington Arch, through Hyde Park, and in front of Buckingham Palace. Bathed in the flattering rays of summer sunshine, which lighted the greens and browns of the trees in the park, and sparkled from the dazzling gold and silver badges of soldiers and airmen, London was indeed a glorious sight, while overhead a sky of flawless Mediterranean blue crowned the whole Metropolis. Drifting to and fro, high up above, small silver barrage balloons floated lazily, impudently, the most ludicrous and fantastic of our secret weapons, which were already infuriating Nazi airmen round the coasts.

Ominous and unnatural white boards, nailed to trees and telegraph poles, lamp standards and pillar boxes, bore the instructions:—

TO THE TRENCHES. AIR RAID SHELTER. F.A.P.

Portly business men and dignified M.P.'s strode briskly about, and, in addition to their silk top hats and striped trousers, they wore a new and ridiculous decoration in the form of a neat white container which dangled gaily at their sides.

Young men in khaki, some of whom had already tasted real warfare in France and on the beaches at Dunkirk, marched along the pavements, their shoulders pushed back and their heads high, the naked blades of their bayonets reflecting the sun, and gleaming wickedly.

Outside the Palace, squat grey sentry boxes, of bullet-proof steel, replaced their wooden predecessors, and the red-coated guardsmen, in their magnificent busbies, were gone also, while in their places stood stern faced young men in battle kit who period-

ically clicked their boots together and strode up and down. Above Buckingham Palace, above the white carved pillars of the entrance, the Royal Standard was unfurled against the sky.

Soon the Column in Trafalgar Square loomed upon us, besieged by patriotic posters and masses of protective sandbags. The ever present pigeons wheeled and circled round the Admiral himself, and even the highly coloured cinema posters, which occasionally glared down upon us, had a war-time flavour: CONVOY—NIGHT TRAIN TO MUNICH—CONTRABAND.

Here in the heart of the Empire there were no signs of defeatism or trepidation, but a sensible purposeful population who had a job to do and who were doing it without argument or protest.

A week later, I dined in a crowded Lyons restaurant in a South-Eastern suburb of London, and watched with amusement a fat and harrassed gentleman hurrying from table to table and fussily hovering over his customers like an anxious mother hen. Outside, the streets were full of busy shoppers, and as I idly regarded a newspaper, the mingled roaring and screeching of buses and trams, lorries and motor-vans, the crazy jangling and hooting of bells and horns which is music to my ears, yet which many people rush to the country to escape, drifted into the restaurant and politely accompanied all conversation. The atmosphere of the room was that typical spirit of friendly chatter which comes with well filled paunches and enjoyable lunches. Everything was normal.

Quite suddenly, it came . . .

At first, a very low, indistinct whine, which slowly insinuated itself into the back of one's mind, above the noise of the traffic outside. Then it rose, gained in volume and flung itself like a tidal wave about the street, storming every corner of the room.

A wise guy said: "Air raid."

Even before the siren's first note had subsided, preparatory to rising on the second whine, things had begun to happen.

I shall never forget that first real air raid warning, accompanied by a momentary unpleasant feeling in the pit of the stomach which even the sight of so much food could not immediately subdue. The experience was like the dramatic climax of a film, and the actors were superb, since they were real people performing in a strange game called Life . . .

The effect was instantaneous. Several people seized their baskets and bags, overcoats and walking-sticks, hats and umbrellas, gloves and scarves, newspapers and suitcases—and their gas-masks. There was a move towards the door.

The waiters pressed buttons, pulled switches, pulled down cords, pushed up blinds, the lights went out, as if by magic black-out boards and shutters slid into position, tables were moved to the walls, the room became enveloped in semi-darkness. But there was no confusion, no rush to get out. People moved in an orderly and well regulated manner to their destination. Some went to shelters, some remained and finished their lunch as if nothing was happening. There might have been a squadron of enemy bombers overhead, the invasion might have begun, but no such speculations found a place in anybody's mind. Keep calm was the order, and keep calm they, we, did. The fat man moved magnificently about, reassuring and perfectly composed. My only regret is that I had not been served before the warning, and therefore spent the twenty minutes of it jealously watching other people eat their food—and obviously enjoy it.

When the "all-clear" sounded, I ate my lunch and left, praying for a few hours grace in which to spend the afternoon free of sirens. But when, three hours later, I left a cinema and entered a large departmental store, the wailing broke out afresh.

I spent that warning in the toy department, and listened to a crackling radio relaying the news, amidst periodic crackles, whines and other curious sounds which were swiftly remedied by a bright young man who deftly twiddled the knob, and blandly explained "Atmospherics" to his enlightened audience.

That day, 70 enemy aircraft were brought down.

After this beginning, the Nazis gave us little peace, and I spent an enjoyable week jumping in and out of shelters, and one fine afternoon I watched tiny white puffs of smoke resolutely following Nazi aircraft into the Thames Estuary, and politely escorting them out. While beside me a knowing old gentleman murmured—"Quack-Quack" or "ack--ack" or something of the kind.

I call it an enjoyable week because to me it was a new and exciting interest, and without discomfort or real danger. But to many people it must have been acutely unpleasant, and to them more tribute than I can pen is due because they courageously withstood it, and are withstanding it.

Such is the spirit of London.

But before the era of ruthless bombing, day after day, night after night, had really begun, I fled swiftly back to Wales, from which country I was able to observe the progress of the War in safety—well, comparative safety. Yet I am certainly glad that I was able to spend at least a few days in London before the storm.

R. C. T.

JOIN THE HOME GUARD!

I must admit that when I decided to join the Home Guard, I was thinking as much about my own enjoyment as about my duty to the Country. I enrolled in Ammanford on 1st July, one week after the school had been evacuated there. In order to do so I had to make a number of visits to the Police Station; several ill-natured people seemed to think that I was about to be posted to a compulsory billet there and enlarged on the joys of picking oakum. However, I was merely requested to attend at the Drill Hall.

Next night, prompt to the minute, I entered the Drill Hall; it was full of tobacco smoke, and men wearing khaki armlets. I must have looked rather lost, for someone came up to me and said: "You're a new recruit, aren't you? Wait here until the musketry instructor comes over to you." The musketry instructor—as he told us himself, on several occasions—was specially gifted with a virtue called patience. However greatly aided by this "patience," after two or three parades, I knew most of the elementary drill and, although I could not master the "trail arms," and caused what I considered to be quite unnecessary consternation by a careless habit of pointing my rifle at the instructor when loading and firing it, I felt quite competent.

On my fourth parade, I fell in with a platoon for outside exercises. This was the first time that I had done any military exercise, other than in single fire, or in the company of a few men. I know that I sloped arms incorrectly, but was greatly comforted to find that I had turned in the right direction. As we marched I felt that I was out of step although I could see that my legs synchronised with those of the others. I felt very small. I feared that I might get tired before the end although I had many times before walked twenty miles or more. To my delight we only went as far as the Gorsedd, the Druid's Circle behind the Parish Church, for practice in target finding. It was here that I learned what platoon I was in, and to which section I had been allocated. After this initial outside parade, I went on many route marches, manoeuvres, and field exercises, and now I feel quite at home with a rifle on my shoulder.

After a few weeks of membership, I was detailed for guard duty. I had not then been issued with my uniform, so, that night, before I left my billet, I packed my pull-over, sweater, and scarf into my gas-mask haversack and prepared for a cold night. The guard fell in at eight, and I was then told that I need not report until midnight. I decided to sleep at Headquarters rather than to

return to my billet and fail to wake at 12 p.m., and this I did, on a bed made with seven army blankets. At midnight I was awakened, given a drink, and told to get into the van. After a journey which led me to suspect that either we had gone over very rough roads or that the van had square wheels, we reached our lonely post, on one of the high points round here. The post consisted of a tiny hut in which two men stayed while the other two patrolled the track. I had had visions of the many things that we might have been called on to deal with; invasions, parachute troops, flying tanks, signalling, fifth columnists, or crashed aeroplanes. However, the night was misty and so uneventful that we did not see even a rabbit. We came off duty at 5 a.m. I went back home and lay down for a couple of hours, feeling now, a real soldier.

Life in the Guards has since continued on very similar lines. Obviously I cannot give away secrets by telling you all we do and learn, or of our arms and equipment. I will not even tell you my scores on the rifle range! I must, however, point out that the widely circulated story that the "Alert" is a warning to take cover given either when enemy aircraft are approaching or when a member of the Roan School in the Home Guards comes out with his rifle, is an invention by malicious persons.

I have now got my uniform. It was thoroughly inspected by members of my section who enlarged on its good points and the excellence of its fit. They are as proud of it as I am.

★ ★ ★

"FEET STILL PLOD . . ."

Dedicated to "Plodder."

Well, my friend, no more will your disgraceful rotundity and perspiring countenance grace the rear of a school pack in full cry across fields and through woods. No more will you, father of all "plodders," be there to provide the humour of the "showers after" when, our sweating and panting done, we lingered to listen to your jokes and tales of past runs. Still, your light has not completely failed. While there are school packs there will be "plodders," so I stoop my friend, and take up your torch to bear it this year across the mountains of Wales, through rain and winds, in muck and mire—behind the speeding clan you knew so well.

Imagine, brother, the usual school madmen sprinting from the Memorial Hall of Llandeibie with a song on their lips and unlimited energy in their lower limbs, winding across the Rugby field and miraculously disappearing into the opposite hedge towards the hills in the north. It is one of those murky November afternoons ruled

by stormy skies and biting winds—those sage counsellors who always warn fools like ourselves to quit this mad sport—and my frail limbs visibly shudder at the thought of the perils ahead. Alas, I am not blessed with your ample rolls of fat or even your “ruddy garment” in which I could swathe my creaking chassis, so I must stagger on in my misery and take all that comes to me with cheerful heart and muddy legs. Well behind the giants of the run, I make the opposite hedge and with silent curses grapple with a truly magnificent barbed wire fence, surely erected for a “plodders” amusement. Then on to the road and with open lips the trudge along the “one mile road, second-class surface” begins in its first dose. Already the golden drops elegantly grace my brow and my feet carry twelve pounds dead-weight of mud and slime, the result of the past fortnight’s torrential rains. Yes, you can think yourself blessed in that you were never called upon to display your country talent in a temperate monsoon land like this quarter of Wales, though I grant you, I have seen your hairy form flitting despondently through the rains of Bexhill and Blackheath.

From the road I passed sorefooted into a field that had obviously been the home of vast herds of cattle but a week ago, and negotiating all obstacles with the usual patience I emerged into a sunken lane which snakes unhurriedly past farms and cottages to disappear into the November gloom. Trudging forward in the mechanical gait of the true “plodder” I round bends and leap well-filled pot-holes, rather unsuccessfully at times I must admit, until the “piece de resistance” presents itself. You no doubt heard rumours of a water-jump from the “Cantab. All-But-Blue” when you were here yourself and, my friend, those same rumours now merged into facts before my very eyes. Foaming waters of a mountain torrent lay below me and the low gurglings from the depths seemed due to pathetic wailings from numerous dead cats and dogs that floated glass-eyed and stiff-tailed on the surface—swollen with their own importance and providing fair warning to trespassing runners.

The theoretical side of this magnificent water-jump had already been explained to me and all the finer points of its negotiation had been duly elaborated, but somehow those theories now became unapplicable and I was faced with a water crossing which made the voyage of Columbus look like a story from a cheap magazine. Here was a rushing torrent to be crossed from bank to bank with only the assistance of a small island in the middle and this was already a mass of sticky, uninviting mud as a result of the monsoon. Well, let’s go. A short run up, a hurried leap and somehow I arrived on the island, only to sink a foot into the mud.

Still, emptying potato peelings and old tins from my slippers, I plunged blindly towards the opposite bank in one dare-all leap that somehow failed to produce full results. With a splash rivalled only by that of a battleship in launching, I sit squarely in the weeds about a foot from my goal, liberally adorned with mud and suffering internally a blitzkrieg from cold germs. Numbed and disheartened I rise to finish the crossing, and stagger thoughtfully on towards the grey hills in front. Should I hang, draw and quarter the “—founder” of this idiot’s delight, or just drown him in his own beautiful water-jump? Well . . .

Then the hills take shape. Not the easy slopes of the Blackheath and Hayes courses but Andean heights from which unfortunate “plodders” can but hang by their eyelashes and hope for the best. Somehow I surmount this barrier and thrust upwards above the valley mists to see a watery sun, and my equally watery companions on their return journey. Unheeding their ribald laughter and base comments I stagger with an ever-increasing load of mud, across waterlogged fields and over countless stiles and gates to return rather insanelly to the top of the same hill again. Faint and weary I pass downwards with ever-increasing speed and soon repose tranquilly on my nether regions in the mud to compete the remainder of the descent. Up and on again down the lane, through the same water-jump (curse the upstart course-maker), and down a path followed by a pack of whining dogs. Automatically my pace increases to a steady maximum of two knots, good for a “plodder” in monsoon country, but the beasts refuse to leave my muddy heels. Hurriedly I clamber over the gate into the field and leave the too friendly jackals behind. On across more fields—waterlogged so course E. N. E., speed reduced to one knot due to increasing poor visibility and a lack of sufficient oil in the lower chassis members—and back to the road but half-a-mile from home. On past houses and along the path to the Rugby field, through gates galore, then across the pitch only to trip inelegantly over the touchline, and around the last corner to the sympathetic cheers of my already-dressed companions.

The last gasp I emit as I sink painfully to rest beside quantities of hot water at which I can but gaze glass-eyed for several minutes. Then gulping in fresh air I slowly turn to stripping, and the washing away of the “ballast” collected. Woe is me, I’m finished with this game. But . . .

The next Saturday after will see me again assuming my muddy cloak with which to plod over the mountains, and once more the weeds of the water-jump will be momentarily flattened by my frail form. Dieu ! Dieu ! a “plodder” must be the biggest fool of all, sure to be !

“PLODDER MINOR.”

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.

"I take all knowledge to be my province."—BACON.

"Homo sum: humani nihil a me me alienum puto"—TERENCE.

AUTUMN TERM.

Officers.

President	K. F. BISHOP.
Hon. Treasurer	W. R. P. LOOSEMORE.
Hon. Secretary	G. PERCIVAL.

Committee.

The Officers and Messrs. TUGWELL and WHITE.

The Committee constructed a very full programme at the beginning of the term, and up to the present time it has been faithfully carried out.

The early meetings of the term were held in the Ammanford Technical Institute, but now the activities of the Society have been transferred to the Amman Valley County School. One debate has been held on the motion "That this house considers that the British Empire should not enter into reprisal warfare against the enemy," the motion being carried by 10 votes to 7. Two interesting informal discussions have also been held; "That we should not eat cake on weekdays," this theme, however, dealt mainly with the importance of economy of luxuries by citizens during war time. "That all inventors should be placed under international control" provided lively argument. Three short papers have also been delivered; one by the President on the "Llygad Llwhwi"; one by Mr. Brooks on "Cricket," and the other by Mr. Tugwell on "Camping Experiences."

We heartily welcome the keen support that the new members have shown to the Society, the numbers have risen slightly and, judging from the first term, it is apparent that our second year under evacuation conditions will be a most successful one.

G. P.



HOUSE NOTES.

DRAKE.

The House has not met with many successes of late, due perhaps to the small number of boys in the House, but even, however, handicapped as we are, we have managed to pull together a football team. I feel sure, that in the future, the House will exhibit more team-work and will meet with success.

E. A. H.
W. T.

GRENVILLE.

At the time of going to press, the Roan School has been in Ammanford for five months, and we are now three months on our way in a new and, we hope prosperous, school year.

The House Captain and Vice-Captain, are now W. Brooks and K. Bishop respectively, and the total number of boys in the House is 28, of whom 15 attend school at Ammanford, and may be reckoned seniors. The House is lucky in having the duties of Housemaster undertaken by Mr. James, in the absence of Mr. Durling.

The first House meeting of the term was held in the Amman Valley County School, where Brooks was elected Football Captain.

We are about to hold another House meeting, when members will be urged (perhaps "conscripted" is a better word) into attending the practice cross-country runs every Saturday morning at Llandebie. However, the usual weekend Welsh rain might damp their enthusiasm.

The only House competition up to now has been the Senior Football Competition. So far in this the House is unbeaten and, as a strong side represents it, should do well. From the House, three members have represented the school first eleven. These are Dibblins, Emms and Brooks. Hales also has played for the under 15 XI.

Next term the school cross-country competitions take place, and in the Senior event we have several good men, and we hope that some running talent is to be found among the Juniors at Llandebie. We should discover some as a result of the above-mentioned meeting. In these events the House calls upon each member to try his utmost to enable the House to continue to hold the Junior Shield, which it won last year, and to win the Senior.

The House has so far held together during its difficult sojourn at Bexhill and Ammanford. We are quite convinced that in future, it will rise to unprecedented heights in the realm of study and sport.

In conclusion, a word of encouragement,

"Play up, and play the game!"

W. H. F. B.
K. F. B.

COLLINGWOOD.

The school has now been moved once again since its evacuation over a year ago, this time to Ammanford, South Wales, and having regard for the difficulties inherent in such enforced pilgrimages, Collingwood has held together very well indeed.

At a meeting held early on in the term, W. R. Loosemore was appointed Captain, and Spearing, Vice-Captain. We are now rather reduced in numbers, having but 29 members, 23 of whom are at Ammanford and can be classed as Seniors. The remaining six Juniors are billeted in Llandeibie.

House activities up to going to press have been almost negligible, but one football match has been played, against Raleigh, which we lost. One of the reasons for this defeat was the apparent lack of co-ordination between members, and this failing must be rectified as soon as possible if we are to do our best this year. We have two promising young players in Williams and Roberts, both of whom play regularly for the under 15 XI, and we hope that before the end of the season others will be following in their footsteps.

Next term the school cross-country run will take place and it is to be hoped that all members will turn out each Saturday for the training runs which start from Llandeibie. This is essential in order that our team may give a good account of itself on the day of the race.

Members must remember that as our numbers are fewer than usual, a greater responsibility than ever before rests on the shoulders of each one, but the officers are confident that everyone will do his utmost to make this year the best in the history of Collingwood House. Good luck to you all!

E. S. S.
W. R. L.

NELSON.

We are sorry to lose P. E. Andrews, our last Captain, and take this opportunity of wishing him every success. Although we are handicapped on account of his departure—for he was the main cause of our many successes in the past two years, we know that if the same keenness which he inspired is still apparent in the members of Nelson, we will maintain our position in the school.

Although the number of boys in the House is small, we have managed to produce a keen and strong football team, ably captained by Roberts, a 1st XI player. We have hopes of reaching the top in this year's football competition, and have begun well by making our first match an easy victory.

The cross-country practice runs have started at Llandeibie and we hope that every member of the House will attend these runs wherever possible. By doing this, we will be well on the way to success in the competition next term.

Remember that our success depends on a united effort, so that when you are called upon to do your bit for the House, respond willingly and heartily.

E. E. N.

SCHOOL.

Yet once again the House met under new conditions this term, at Ammanford, in Wales, over two hundred miles from Bexhill. The House is somewhat diminished in numbers, there being only 29 members, 15 of whom are Juniors at Llandeibie.

There has been a change among the officers owing to Trew leaving the school. Moore and Wilson are the new Captain and Vice-Captain respectively.

There were barely sufficient Seniors to form a football team, but one has been formed, captained by Wilson and, so far, has done well in the two games it has played. Against Drake we won easily, and lost to Grenville only after a hard-fought match. Hazell plays regularly for the first XI, and Wilson, who captains the under 15 XI, has also played for it.

Well, a last word. We hope to do better than ever next term and it is up to every member therefore to do his bit to help the House.

M. D. M.

RODNEY.

All Rodney boys were very sorry to say good-bye to Wheeler, our stalwart Captain for the past two years. It was under his guidance that we climbed to our present position among the leaders.

The officers elected for this year are: G. Jones, Captain, G. Percival and A. McGregor, Vice-Captains.

So far this term we have played but one Senior football match, losing to Grenville 2-0. There is no need for discouragement in this result, however, for our opponents have one of the strongest teams in the competition, and we are confident that when House matches are resumed we shall do well. Jones and Percival have been selected to play for the first XI, whilst we have been represented in the under 15 XI by Haggett, McGregor and Kenzie.

Five members of the House are representing the school in a coming Dramatic contest, three of them having the honour to be chosen for the leading rôles. So, in the event of a House Dramatic competition, we should not be lacking in talent.

Cross-country practice runs are now being held regularly, and we expect every member of the House to do his share in this direction. Don't forget that the more we train now, the better will be our chances of success next Spring.

Remember, Rodney, that, although our Senior strength is sadly depleted, with a persistent and united effort, we can, and will, hold our own.

G. F. J.
G. P.

RALEIGH.

We were all very glad to welcome Mr. Lee back as Senior House-master this term, and were sorry that his illness has so soon robbed us of him; we hope that he will soon be restored to health.

This term Raleigh has been lucky enough to have a greater number of Seniors than the majority of Houses, and it is hoped that we shall find glory as well as safety in numbers. Last term, Raleigh finished at a high standard, having won the Senior Cross-country and come third in the Inter-House Dramatic competition; it is up to everyone in the House to maintain that high standard.

The football team started promisingly with a convincing win over Collingwood, three members of the team having played for the 1st XI; little difficulty was experienced in finding a full team and if this keenness prevails there is no reason why Raleigh should not go far in the Inter-House competition.

In cross-country running we have a very strong Senior team, retaining two members of last year's winning team, and we look forward eagerly to the race. We also have some very promising Juniors, and if they will only display keenness and willingness in training they should also prove an excellent team. In Mr. Mitchell we have a cross-country running expert, and every person in the House should profit by our good fortune.

It is, however, only by a united effort that Raleigh can shine, so it is up to everybody in the House to pull his weight.

T. A. W.
B. G. E. D.

FOOTBALL.

Captain W. BROOKS.

The school 1st XI has played several games this season but has not been very successful so far. The school has been lucky in securing one of the best pitches in the valley. Unfortunately, this pitched has been ploughed in the "Grow More Food" campaign. We hope to have another in the near future and would like to express our thanks to the Bonllwyn F.C. for allowing us to share their ground, and before it was ploughed.

Out of the eight games played the 1st XI has only won one game. We believe that our luck has changed and look expectantly to future fixtures. Although beginning the season with a heavy reverse the team has gradually improved, and has now reached quite a high standard of playing.

The team has been: Williams, P.; Dibben, B., White T.; Howse, E., Brooks, W., Richards, J.; Jones, G., Hazell, D., Roberts, J., Widdrington, T.; Hooke, J., Dibblin, E., Gill, P., Emms, E. and Wilson, J., have also played. Of these Brooks, Howse and Roberts represented the 1st XI last season.

Sept. 14	Bontlwyn F.C.	...	Away	L	1—7
" 26	Penybank F.C.	...	Away	L	0—5
" 28	Welfare Institute F.C.	...	Home	L	0—3
Oct. 3	Penybank F.C.	...	Home	L	0—4
" 5	Bettws Boys' Club	...	Away	L	0—2
" 17	Ammanford Juniors F.C.	...	Home	L	0—1
" 19	Ammanford Scouts	...	Home	W	2—0
" 24	Cathan Stars 2nd XI	...	Away	L	0—2
Nov. 9	Llandeibie United	...	Away	Cancelled.	

The goals were scored by Hazell, Widdrington and Brooks.

The under 15 XI has been more successful, having won two games and drawing another out of four games played. The team was Williams, P.; Hill, J., Vickers, F.; Stimpson, C., Wilson, J. (Captain), Holes, J.; Roberts, C., Williams, B., McGregor, H., Gill, P., Hoare, R.

Penybank Juniors	Away	...	D	...	1—1
Bontlwyn Juniors	Away	...	L	...	1—5
Penybank Juniors	Home	...	W	...	1—0
Addey and Stanhope under 15 XI	Home	...	W	...	2—1

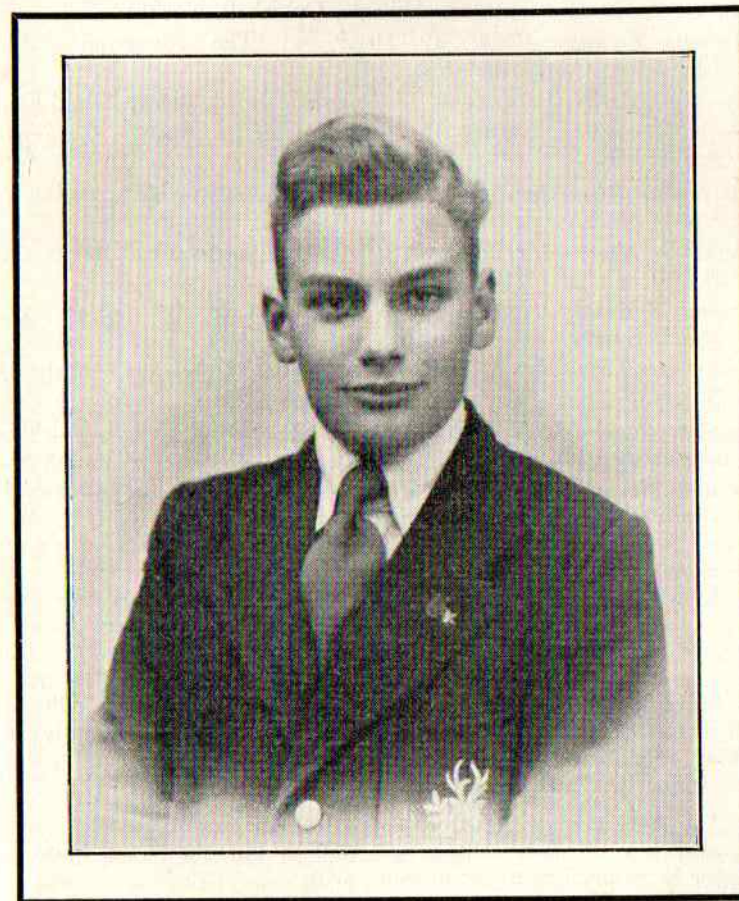


A. J. TUGWELL.

It is with very great regret, that we have to record the sudden death of Anthony John Tugwell, who sustained fatal injuries as a result of a cycling accident on the morning of Thursday, 30th January, while on his way from his billet at Penybank to school. He joined the school in January, 1935, and was in Mr. Kirby's V. Form. He would have taken the School Certificate Examination in July next. Tony Tugwell possessed a charming personality and his good humour was infectious. He was deservedly popular both with staff and boys. He was a keen Scout and an enthusiastic camper. His loss has been deeply felt by everyone in the school.

The school sent three wreaths, one from the staff and boys of the school, one from Rodney House and one from his Form, but as the funeral was in Birmingham, it was not possible for the school to be represented there.

We should like to express to Mr. and Mrs. Tugwell and to his two brothers, now in the school, our deepest sympathy in the great loss which they have sustained.



OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION.

President—Mr. C. H. LYON, Alcombe, Pickhurst Rise, West Wickham.

Vice-Presidents—W. J. POTTER, Esq., R. W. FARRELL, Esq., R. LEMMY, Esq.

Treasurer—Mr. W. A. ALLEN, Hillside, Coltishall, Norfolk.

Assistant Treasurer—Mr. T. HOLT, at The Memorial Hall, Llandeibie, Carmarthenshire.

Secretary—Mr. W. J. BULLERS, 77, Coleraine Road, Blackheath, S.E.3.

Assistant Secretary—Mr. G. H. CHAMBERLAIN, 16, Spencer Gardens, S.E.9.

Entertainment Secretary—Mr. G. H. LEE, "Hurstwood," 5, Dallinger Road, S.E.12.

Cricket Secretary—Mr. S. SMITH, 70, Straightsmouth, Greenwich, S.E.10.

Football Secretary (pro tem.)—W. S. GOSLING, 3, Pam's Way, Ewell, Surrey.

Tennis Secretary—Mr. A. N. GOLDER, Linden, Culverhay, Ashstead, Surrey.

Press Secretary—Mr. E. DURLING, at The Memorial Hall, Llandeibie, Carmarthenshire.

Dramatic Society Secretary—Mr. L. J. BERRY, at The Technical Institute, Ammanford, Carmarthenshire.



SECRETARY'S NOTICES.

TO ALL MEMBERS.

Subscriptions for 1941 are due on 1st January, 1941. Will all annual members endeavour to send their remittances promptly as sending reminders entails extra work for the Secretary and extra expense for the Association.

The Secretary wishes to thank all those members who have informed him of their change of address but there are quite a number he would like to get in touch with.

Name. *Last Address.*

T. L. ALLISON ... 128, Churchfield Road, Acton.

L. J. BRUCE ... 29, Exbury Road, S.E.6.

H. J. BOYNTON ... Widcombe Lodge, The Glebe, S.E.3.

N. A. BURBRIDGE ... Lawrence Sheriff School, Rugby.

Name.

Last Address.

R. F. CUTBUSH ... 9, Leamington Avenue, Halifax, Yorks.

E. A. CHALKLIN ... 61, Brookhouse Road, S.E.6.

S. W. GREEN ... 79, Plumstead Common Road, S.E.18.

CAPT. HILLS ... Hotel Metropole, Brighton.

A. HYDE ... 21, Banchory Road, S.E.3.

S. H. HOPKINS ... 25, Keswick Avenue, Merton Park.

A. R. WHITWORTH ... 41, Lee Park, S.E.3.

P. M. WIGZELL ... Otford, Kent.

E. H. WALDEN ... 8, Linden Court, London Rd., Leigh-on-Sea.

N.B.—The Press Secretary regrets that no replies to his application for the usual reports here have been received to date from the Secretaries of the Sports Clubs.



Hello Roan! Here is an account of life with University College Medicals under evacuation conditions.

With arrangements complete for starting at Gower Street this autumn the incident of night bombing rendered this impracticable, since the College had been hit at several points (the vacation course, in fact, finished with lectures in the cellars!) U.C. authorities, therefore, had to find a building in which to carry on for the duration. Cardiff and Sheffield Colleges, who housed us last year, were willing to do so again, but this would mean that the men and women students would be separated (while other London Medical Schools remained united). Finally, an ideal place, within easy reach of London, was found in the form of Badingham College, Leatherhead, which is a mansion built in Renaissance style.

After about three weeks furious work, a boys' school was transformed into a residential co-educational medical school. The staff of the U.C. has been magnificent in this connection, having carried their university duties over and above the normal. We have converted the Ballroom into a Lecture Theatre and various other rooms serve as Common Rooms and Lecture Rooms. The school laboratory was fitted out as a modern Biochemistry lab.; the interior of a cobbled stable being transformed into a combined dissecting room and anatomy museum. I'll always remember my first impressions of this place, two things in particular which I can never dissociate from it being the atmosphere and the drip, drip, drip of water which never seems to cease. Other outhouses have been utilised and they now include a half-completed Physiology

laboratory (occupying two floors) and an animal house. This last I carefully avoid when on A.R.P. patrol at the College (we have our own A.R.P. organisation) as this particular building has a peculiar lingering odour emanating from it. It reminds me of the stables in the coal mine I went down at Ammanford.

Under these conditions, which approach those of peace time medical education, we dissect, experiment and study. There are practically no rules and we have the maximum amount of freedom. This gives rise to a remarkable air of conviviality which pervades the whole College.

Incidentally, we probably constitute the only resident co-educational Medical School in the British Isles. A joint medical society has been formed, and other social or athletic bodies exist, or are in the making. The whole scheme (just six weeks old) is working remarkably well; and believe me it's co-education in a big way.

We are about 120 strong (one-third of our number are women students). Half of these live in the house, the other half being in digs.

One of the most important events of the term took place when our famous (or infamous!) mascot "Phineas" arrived from London. The sturdy Highlander, showing many battle scars, now stands in the main Hall (Old Roans with King's at Bristol please note! !)

I will conclude by saying that what has struck me most since I have been here is how College life reflects the attitude and spirit of our free youth; in contrast with the conditions extant in the Universities and other cultural centres under Nazi rule. I know, and need scarcely add, that all at U.C. will play their parts in re-shaping civilisation for those that come after us.

P. A. R.

★ ★ ★

UNIVERSITY LIFE UNDER AIR WARFARE CONDITIONS.

The first observation one makes about university life under wartime conditions is the slight interruption of work. Due to the introduction of a spotter system the actual time spent in the air-raid shelter is, for most courses, comparatively small. The air-raid warning is treated as an alert, work carrying on as usual, and on the imminent danger signal being given the students go to their appropriate shelters. In some courses work even proceeds in the shelter and often continues there until the lecture is finished, even though the "all-clear" may have been sounded.

Still, enough of work for the present. The social activities of the College are necessarily rather restricted since normally the meetings of clubs and societies are held after the College work has finished for the day. Now, the meetings are somewhat curtailed, owing to members living a fair distance away having to leave early in order to get home before the black-out. In spite of this, most of the clubs and societies carry on, meetings being held perhaps less frequently than usual. The out-of-doors activities are on Wednesday afternoons, when there is usually no College work, and on Saturdays.

There has been only one instance of the war disorganising university life and that when an unexploded bomb dropped nearby. On this occasion the College was closed for most of the day.

It might be of interest to narrate what happened to an ex-Roan schoolboy on this day. He arrived fairly early and took a short cut through a building we'll call X, in order to reach another building called Y. Having passed through X and crossed the road to Y he ascended the steps, only to find the doors were locked. He stood, wondering what to do, when a notice on the gates of X caught his eye. He crossed the road to read it and, still at loss how to pass the time until the doors were opened, happened to look to his right. About fifteen yards away was a heap of rubble on the pavement. This being a fairly common sight in London just now he took no further notice, but looked in the opposite direction. Here he saw a barricade stretched across the end of the road and a man leisurely semaphoring to him to move somewhere, sometime, in some unspecified direction. He did so, and was informed by a person standing near him that there was an unexploded bomb in the heap of rubble. The London Police, with ruthless efficiency, had barricaded both ends of the road but failed to make provision for persons coming through building X. Still these little things are sent to try us!

In general, nothing very much seems to disturb the even tenor of university life. Work proceeds with monotonous regularity, at times a lot too monotonous; the clubs and societies hold their meetings as usual, and the war is usually ignored. Incidents, such as the unexploded bomb mentioned, and occasional air-raid warnings, force themselves on one's notice, but life goes on much the same as usual.

C. A. S.

Imperial College of Science.

Sweet Llandebie ! in the land of Wales,
 Amid the pastoral mountains, hills and dales,
 Where smiling toil and blessings fair abound,
 From shining coal hewed deep beneath the ground.
 A blessed place, where children vie with sire,
 To sing more sweetly in the village choir ;
 And where the Muses' flame burns bright and high,
 With bardic inspiration from the sky ;
 And where, in druid's robes, they loud proclaim,
 In solemn tones, their Square's immortal fame.
 And when the summoning bell tolls on the air,
 With strong devotion all to Church repair.

A band of exiles wandering on their way,
 Found refuge there and lived to bless the day ;
 For like a worthy Mother, pure and blest,
 She pressed these weary wanderers to her breast,
 Until her foster children, we must own,
 Forgot the earlier glories they had known,
 And towered cities faded to a name,
 As did th' imperial palace whence they came.

" Beside yon struggling fence that skirts the way,
 Hard by the green where little children play,
 There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school ;
 A man severe was he, and stern to view. . . ."
 I'll say no more, but give the bard his due,
 The works of other men I will not pillage,
 You'll find the rest in the " Deserted Village."

Behind the School, a distance short to pace,
 There is a spot where mirth holds pride of place,
 Where rustic games and trials of skill abound,
 And shouts of triumph to the sky resound.
 For there, in sporting contest, without harm,
 The rustics strive in game with lusty arm.

O noble game of England ! honest bowls !
 The name our ancient history loud extolls ;
 When Drake was called upon to fight the foe,
 They found him playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe ;
 And though men trembled at the might of Spain,
 He won the fight, but first he won his game.

I will not tell—for surely thou hast seen,
 These swains disporting on the margin green,
 Nor will I say—for surely there's no need,
 How well they chased the rolling circles' speed.
 How with their woods . . . and with an aching back,
 They cunningly pursued th' elusive Jack,

And high scientific terms of learned sound,
 Left dumb with admiration those around.
 If one should urge his wood with thrust too heavy,
 They say, " Dear ! Dear ! thy wood doth run too merry " ;
 And if so strong it runs right off the pitch,
 They say " Dear ! Dear ! thy wood hath gone in't ditch " ;
 And if the wood stops midway twixt the pegs,
 They attribute its fault to lack of legs.
 " To put them on the spot " we often hear,
 They put then " on the Jack " in Llandebie.
 Far from the maddening crowds ignoble strife,
 They keep the even tenor of their life.

Of all these worthies dwelling in the land,
 Old Poy was known to lead the vagrant band.
 A man severe, but yet of infinite jest,
 Though unlike, Yorick, not yet with the blest.
 He was not acrimonious but kind,
 And knew the workings of a schoolboy's mind ;
 For when a boy tried hard to escape the blame,
 He said: " Well ! Well ! Your grandpa was the same,
 But that was back in eighteen eighty nine,
 And that, of course, was much before your time."
 He had " a cheerful look and pleasing eye,"
 As in Jack Falstaff we can all descry,
 He had indeed, that countenance benign,
 But he took after Pharoah's leaner kine.
 His words of worldly wisdom scarce begun,
 He'd designate his hearer as, " my son,"

Old Gaffer Tom, to whose illustrious name,
 Pay homage, those who dearly love a game,
 Was active on the green as he was good,
 But could not leave the willow for the wood.
 He played in pads and waved a cricket bat,
 And shouted in a clarion voice, " How's that."
 He rode an ancient bike round Llandebie,
 'Twas said to have belonged to Boadicea.

I do not think this story can be true,
Although the bicycle is far from new.
His company was a source of great delight,
"He was a veray parfit gentil knight."

A Scotchman was there too of great renown,
Whose fame was widely known throughout the town;
A man he was to all the district dear,
His voice was like sweet music, soft and clear,
It sounded like the music of a brook,
Or honey bees in fragrant Summer nook,
But Gray has said when streams of music pour,
The rocks and groves rebellow to the roar.
As Johnson thought the image was obscure,
I really think I'd better say no more.
It is indeed, a rather empty quibble,
But how exactly do you say "the devil"?
He was as prominent amongst the throng,
As Bobbie Burns was in the world of song.



NEWS.

DISTINCTIONS.

BROOKE, MAJOR R. (R.A.M.C.).—He went to France in February this year and was first stationed at a hospital near Boulogne. He was sent from there to Rennes to establish a military hospital, but when the Germans advanced into France he had to go south to St. Nazaire, where he successfully embarked about 150 of our wounded, all of whom arrived safely in this country. Since returning, he has been twice involved in enemy bombing attacks, but has escaped uninjured on each occasion.

Major Brooke's father is Mr. Herbert Brooke, Chairman of Messrs. Donald McCall and Co., of Greenwich High Road.

WEDGE, J. F.—"Mentioned in Despatches" for his work as telegraphist on *H.M.T. Norse* while minesweeping off the coast of Holland and Belgium.

FARRELL, R. W. has been elected to the Worthing Education Committee.

CLAYDON, P. L. ('96-'01), writes from Anerad P.O., Saskatchewan, Canada:—

"We listen every day to the B.B.C. on our farm in Southern Saskatchewan, where the crop of wheat this year has been the best in ten years. We are greatly concerned about the great task that Great Britain has to do and marvel at the splendid way in which she is doing her job. We cannot give enough praise to the R.A.F. and the Royal Navy. I have been turned down three times as being over-age for service as a machine-gunner in the Auxiliary Fleet, but I have not given up hope yet of spending Christmas in England. Sincere wishes and remembrances to all those in charge of the destiny of the school. How many of the following are still in touch:—E. C. Chappell, Titley, Joyce, Parker (I thought I should have remembered many more!) and, yes, I have remembered—Mr. Poyser! All honour, Sir!"

WEDGE, J. N.—from H.M. Trawler *Norse*:—

"We did a week's Continental tour when Belgium was invaded and learnt what continuous bombing was, but, apart from that, life has been mainly routine sweeping—although, nowadays, nearly all day (and some of the night) is spent looking up at the A.A. pounding the "Jerries." Please pass my kindest regards to the staff."

WHEELER, K. H., ex-captain of the school, from Bristol University (13, Hughenden Road, Clifton, Bristol).

"Life here is very busy now. The O.T.C. is in full swing, in training with rifles, Bren guns, map-reading, etc., as well as drill. The Boat Club is also going strong; we row twice a week on the Avon between here and Bath, at a place called Solford, where there is a good straight stretch of river. To-day's outing was not so good, as it took place in drenching rain and a strong cold wind. However, it is good fun; I rowed in the "eight" last week. I also go to fencing classes to try to keep my waist-line as short as possible! and belong to the French and German Societies. Activities have included a ramble and a sing-song when liberal use was made of the German folk-song."

ANDREWS, P. E. (ex-vice-captain), also from Bristol University (30, Fernbank Road, Bristol 6).

"I have settled down very comfortably and find the work at the University most interesting, spending most of my time in the Biology department, which is extremely well equipped and

has been recently extended by a new wing. I am taking a special Honours course in Botany, having arranged to do Practical Physics later on. Richards sent me an interesting letter with most of the news, assuring me that Nelson is still at the top."

G. W. Clout has been a prisoner of War in Germany since last May. Mrs. Clout requested that all who knew him should be informed. I believe he is now Major Clout.

MARRIAGES.

Chamberlain, N. H. ('18-'25), at St. Paul's Church, Hooton, Cheshire, to Freda Josephine Wignall, on 10th August, 1940.

Cowie, H. J. ('26-'35), on 17th August, 1940, at St. Mary's Church, Hampstead, to Miriam Howes.

BIRTH.

Brown, A. J. ('15-'23). On 28th September, 1940, to Evelyn, wife of Mr. A. J. Brown, 59, Maze Hill, Greenwich, S.E.10, a son—Ian Colin.



OLD ROAN SPORTS' CLUB.

TENNIS.

Owing to the dispersal of the majority of the members it has not been found possible to continue any of the activities of the club.

The club would like to keep in touch with as many of its members as possible and it is hoped that by the next issue of this magazine that we shall be able to give news of the present activities of some of them. Any news should be sent to the Secretary, and if those of our members who are serving the Country in any way can spare the time to drop a line and let us know how they are faring we should be delighted to pass on their addresses to other members. Any information, however small, will be welcomed.

A. N. G.

MASONIC.

The School Lodge met on the 27th April, 1940, and the following Brethren were present:—

W. Bro. Walter A. Thompson	...	W.M.
" " W. J. R. Bullers	...	L.P.M.
" " C. H. Lyon	...	J.W.
" " W. W. Latter	...	Acting J.W.
" " The Rev. Canon Money	...	Chaplain.
" " J. W. Berry, L.R.	...	Treasurer.
" " Percy E. Marrant, L.R.	...	Secretary.
" " H. Berry	...	D. of C.
" " W. F. Dines	...	S.D.
" " D. J. Ross	...	J.D.
" " C. E. English	...	A.D.C.
" " A. R. Robinson	...	Almoner.
" " L. Clowser	...	Organist.
" " G. T. Scudamore	...	I.G.
" " G. H. Chamberlain	...	S.
" " R. B. Butler	...	S.
" " E. H. Hounsell	...	S.
" " C. J. Hunt	...	S.

Brothers: M. Lowson, A. C. Horth, W. J. Yeomans, E. Durling, W. H. A. Richardson and G. P. Marsh.

Bro. C. H. Lyon was unanimously elected Worshipful Master for the ensuing year.

The installation meeting, which should have been held in October, has been postponed by order of the W.M. in consultation with the W.M. Elect on account of the increased activity of the aid raiders, but it is hoped that in the New Year it may be possible to arrange a meeting.

The W. M. and the W. M. Elect send greetings to all Roan Masons in H.M. Forces, those away from home with schools and those who are serving in various branches of Civil Defence.

P. E. M.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

The Press Secretary (Memorial Hall, Llandebie, Carm.), would be grateful for information concerning Old-Roans in the Services; if possible, state the years at school.

N. H. Beck (27-34), Royal Army Pay Corps.
 M. A. Chapman (30-36), Sergeant in the R.A.F.
 D. Goddard, in the Royal Engineers.
 R. C. Jan Singh (29-35), Royal West Kent Regt.
 R. E. Walker (31-36), Sergeant in the R.A.F.
 Rev. J. W. Stow (20-30), Chaplain, R.N.
 A. Rowlerson (33-37), Leading Aircraftsman, R.A.F.
 L. P. Petty (29-35), was with the Forces in France.
 A. H. T. Brown (31-37), in the Royal Engineers.
 W. F. Hood (33-36), was with the B.E.F. in France.
 S. Turner (29-35), Sapper in the Royal Engineers.
 J. Smith (33-38), Signalman, Royal Corps Signals.
 R. E. Scott (33-37), Signalman, Royal Corps Signals.
 C. A. S. Ducker, Captain, Royal Artillery.
 F. E. R. Ducker, Flying Officer, R.A.F.
 R. P. Hanreck (-37), First Headquarters Signals.
 G. C. Smith (26-31), R.A.F.
 G. G. Smith, R.A.M.C.
 A. C. B. Nevell, Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve.
 A. G. B. Nevell, Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve.
 N. Bartlett (32-37), R.A.M.C.
 H. A. Glastonbury, Telegraphist on a Trawler.
 F. N. Wedge, Telegraphist, H.M. Trawler *Norse*.
 J. L. Scudamore, Flight-Rigger, R.A.F.
 D. A. Dark, Fitter, R.A.F.
 B. Wakeford, R.A.S.C.
 S. Morgan, Royal Tank Regt.
 G. W. Marshgreen, R.A.F. (Ground Defence).
 R. C. Cavender, R.A.F. (Bombers).
 P. Loryman, R.N.V.R.
 H. G. Attenborough, Mid. Fleet Air Arm.
 C. B. Dove, R.A.F. (Coastal Command).
 R. B. Beardsley, R.A.F.
 B. Beardsley, R.A.F.
 F. W. Harris (Staff), Major Intelligence Service; Commandant Prisoners of War Camp.

G. E. LAYWOOD, a former school vice-captain, writes:—

From London there has come to me a copy of the *Kentish Mercury* for the 13th September last. I enclose a cutting of the issue for your perusal and information.

Since the Roan Magazine often inserts copies of articles from the *Mercury*, I venture to point out a serious error in the article. In the seventh paragraph there occurs a statement that is neither true in substance or in fact. It is untrue to say that *all* previous camps have been of a holiday nature. There was held a school camp at Crockenhill, Kent, in the Summer of 1918. That I was too young to attend. In the Summer of 1918, the Cadet Corps held a camp at Swanley Junction, in a field belonging to a Mr. Coburn. The cadets worked just as patriotically, and apparently harder than the boys at the camp in S. Wales. (The former was held in school time, so that it is not quite comparable with the Welsh Camp). The hours of work were similar, but there was not such periods of rest as the boy of to-day must have. I know, because I attended the Cadet Camp.

The unknown correspondent is arrogant and I suggest presumptuous in suggesting that the Welsh camp was "remarkable and distinct." That the precedent of the last War should be followed in admirable assumption of a priggish superiority in such a matter at such a time is deplorable.

Old boys of those past camps will be surprised at the woeful ignorance of present boys concerning the school history.



ADDITIONS TO LIST OF MEMBERS.

Life Members.

GIBSON, A. G. F. ... 1932-1940 SMITH, R. L. ...

Ordinary Members.

ANDREWS, P. E. ...	1928-1940	FRANCIS, F. W. ...	1880-1883
BARNES, F. P. ...	1933-1937	HALL, R. H. ...	1934-1940
BARRY, J. W. ...	1921-1927	JAMES, H. E. ...	1906-1909
BIRD, R. T. ...	1935-1939	MACKENZIE, R. ...	1932-1938
COX, E. ...	1921-1925	PAYNE, R. J. ...	1934-1939
DUCKER, B. J. ...	1933-1940	PIERCE, S. L. ...	1932-1939
ELDRIDGE, F. C. ...	1935-1940	ROWLSON, A. ...	1933-1937

Transferred Life.

ALLEN, B. ...	1924-1930	LORD, S. E. ...	1913-1917
CABLES, C. H. T. ...	1931-1938	ROGERS, R. A. ...	
CHAMBERLAIN, N. H. ...	1918-1925	STOW, J. W. Rev. ...	1920-1930.

IF YOU KNOW AN OLD BOY WHO IS NOT A MEMBER OF OUR
ASSOCIATION GET HIM TO COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING—

Old Roan Association

APPLICATION FOR ENROLMENT OR RE-ENROLMENT

Name

Address

Years at School.....from.....to.....

Remarks (State whether keen on joining Sports Clubs, assisting
in Social Events, etc.).

Date.....

N.B.—The attached Subscription Form or Bankers' Order should
be enclosed with this Form and sent to the Secretary,
77, Coleraine Road, Blackheath, S.E.3.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Enclosed is.....for.....as Subscription to
the O.R.A. for—

Life Membership	..	£1	15	0	
Ordinary Membership		3	6	per annum	{ for the year ending
Under 18 Membership		2	0	..	{ Dec. 31st, 19

BANKERS' ORDER

Name of Society : OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION.

Name of Bankers : Messrs. BARCLAY, Westcombe Park, S.E.3.

To.....(Name of Bankers)

Please pay to the Bankers of the above Society—

(a) The sum of Thirty-five Shillings only.

(b) The sum of Three Shillings and Sixpence on receipt of this
Order, and a further sum of Three Shillings and Six-
pence on the First day of January in each year,
and debit the same to my Account.

(Please strike out either (a) or (b) and initial same.)

Signature

Address

Date

Please
Affix
Twopenny
Stamp

Old Roan Colours.

BLAZERS.

Light and Dark Blue and Green. (In the new Blazer Cloth which is much superior to flannel, the colours being woven throughout).

Supplied without Pocket Badge.

PRICE: £1 17s. 6d.

With Badge (in Gold and Colours) £2 5s.

Self-Measurement Forms supplied by Secretary, O.R.A.

POCKET BADGE.

(In Gold and Colours) 8s.

SILK TIES. PRICE: 3s. and 5s. 6d.

SILK SCARVES. PRICE: 12s. 6d.

WOOLLEN MUFFLERS.

PRICE: 5s.

BUTTON-HOLE BADGE.

In Enamel. PRICE: 1s.