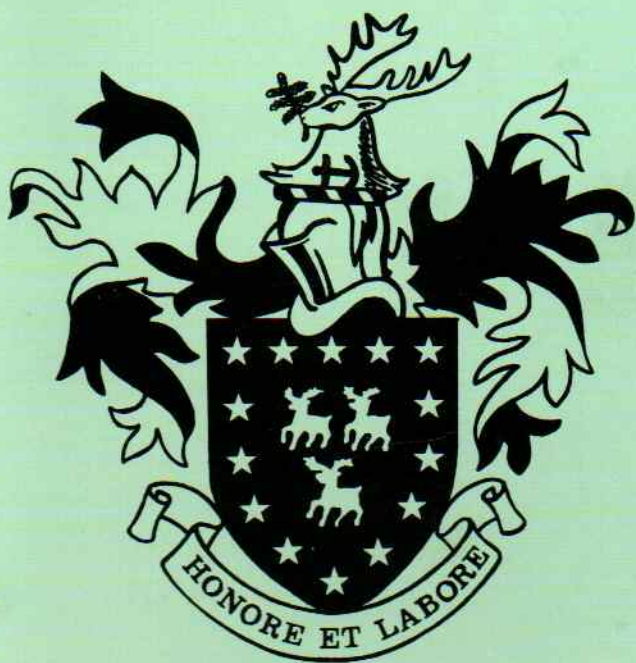


The
Roan Magazine



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Issue 3



Trevor Talbot
Old Roan Association President 2005-2006

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On Becoming President

When I look back on my time at the school, I remember my awareness of the Old Roan Association becoming more acute, probably because its influence on my life loomed larger, as I changed green blazer for black and trod the path from junior to senior zone. Up until then our awareness of the Association was merely prompted on Founder's Day, observing the man displaying the chain of office and assuming he was the mayor, only to be corrected by your form master and informed that there stood the President of The Old Roan Association. In those earlier days I think we all regarded with awe this man who appeared to hold such a lofty position in life. He had done it all : Progressed from the junior to the senior school; sat and doubtless passed eight or more O Levels then at least three A Levels; and having subsequently aspired surely to a first class honours degree at a top university, was now at least managing director of a major Company and thus had the honour of the Old Roan presidency bestowed upon him.

But that perception was, of course, in the hearts of thirteen year olds, and with that in mind I did feel an eerie sense of pride when that chain was placed on me in March. Now I was that man, although in keeping with the realities of life I can claim neither the first class honours degree nor the managing directorship! But I can claim to be honoured to serve the Association as President for 2005-2006, and intend to fill this role to the very best of my ability.

I have enjoyed playing an active part in Old Roan activities through my long association with The Roan Theatre Company, formerly Old Roan Dramatic Society, which I joined while still a pupil at the school, in 1971. My debut was as an American, playing opposite my now old and valued friend, Graham Johnson, as a fellow American in a corny old British comedy called "The Amorous Prawn". Another current school member who also joined the cast of that production was Adrian Oatley – a fine old English gentleman at the age of eighteen years, who sported a monocle in the title role, as he did in real life! Where are you now, Adrian? They don't make eighteen year olds like that any more! Since then I have been involved in a multitude of wide-ranging productions, and have enjoyed the friendships that have developed throughout those ventures, where, apart from treading the boards, I have also enjoyed performing the hard slog but rewarding function of Director/Producer of several productions. I am proud to say that the Theatre Company continues to thrive and enjoys good audiences at two productions each year at our venue of the past thirteen years, The Tyler Theatre in the grounds of Eltham Green School.

As I take up my Presidency, the main hope is that the Old Roan Association, too, will continue to thrive, and this concern has been an underlying theme at committee meetings I have attended over the past few years as representative of the Theatre Company. My predecessor, Chris Deane, did sterling work in attempting to encourage

current senior pupils at the school to join the Association, aided by our school liaison officers, Steve Nelson and Viv Lawrence. But this is a tough assignment and we are unfortunately attracting very few new younger members. So what of the future? I would certainly like to visit the school myself during my presidential year to gather my own view on this issue.

However, I think it is equally, if not more important for those of us who currently form the Association to enjoy our membership and the facilities available to us: a comfortable club house with a low-priced bar which can be booked for private functions; the opportunity to join or just support the football or cricket clubs, and, of course, the Theatre Company; and there are the annual functions which are still well attended: the dinner-dance in March, which has been held in The Millennium Suite at Charlton Athletic Football Club over the past few years, is always a very sociable and enjoyable night out, followed by the cricket club supper and then the Reunion Dinner at the pavilion, Kidbrooke Park Road, in October, where the drinks and the camaraderie flow in equal proportions.

The dedicated few, who keep the Association on track, are most worthy of mention in this article, as they give up so much of their free and therefore valuable time to fulfil their roles: Tony Slaney has given his full commitment to the post of Secretary for as long as I can remember; as has my brother-in-law, Neal Haslam, to his role as Treasurer (and as Treasurer of the Theatre Company I know just how much this can entail); also most worthy of mention is Linda Nelson, who spends a vast amount of her leisure time in administering the

Roan Foundation Trust; Monty Smith works tirelessly with Club Chairman, Mike Titheridge, in spear-heading the trading functions of the Club, and Monty also organises our social events. Others not previously mentioned who are frequently seen at meetings aiding the ongoing progress of the Association are Brian Hamer, Graham Lawrance, John Leach, Steve Nelson, Simon Perry, Nick Riley, and Rod Stanbridge. Kevin Jacques has done a great job in setting up the Old Roan web-site (www.johnroan.co.uk), which can now serve as our exclusive "friends united" site, so please feel free to log on and make your contribution to this latest means of communication within the Association.

Our thanks must go to Steve Nelson for having produced such a fine magazine earlier this year. When Steve made it known that, due to extra commitments, he would be unable to continue as magazine editor, there was great anxiety among the Committee, followed by much relief at the news that the magazine was to remain in safe hands as David Horsburgh had agreed to return to the role he had previously filled so admirably.

I am indeed proud to take my turn at the helm, working with such enthusiastic people, and would invite all of you to support both the Association and the Club for the sake of the future. I have noticed over the past few years that, apart from Alistair ("Mitch") Mitchell and myself, my period of school attendance is not represented. I would greatly value a reunion with you during my presidential year, and the Annual Dinner would be an ideal occasion at which to achieve it. I can still recite the old register call for our form throughout those years, so I know whom I shall be looking out for!

Finally, I should like to make it known that I have made what could be quite a valuable nostalgic discovery over the past few weeks, which may be of interest to many of you: Let me take you back to the summer of 1971. I was in the Lower Sixth, between O Level and A Level courses, and as lessons had finished a couple of weeks before the end of term, leaving a period of revision and private study, it was suggested that we should divide into groups, each of which should commit to a project. I formed a group of half a dozen or so who would set about making a standard 8mm cine film around the school. We decided to have a slightly "off-the-wall" comic theme running through the film, which was directed and performed by the group, tracking a day at the school, visiting such lessons as German, French, Biology, Chemistry and Art, and also featured the annual Sports Day at the playing fields. That's as may be, but the result of this project was a 20 minute film entitled "School Timetable", which now serves as a nostalgic reminder of "the way we were" 34 years ago.

The film transports you back in time to see such things as teachers arriving at school in the morning in the guises of John Bowerman in his Ford Popular, Maths teacher David Southgate (remember him?) in his Ford 100E, and George Witten in his grey Mini pick-up. At morning break we see the ever-suave and dark-haired Alf Knott, donning teacher's gown, on patrol in the hall—and smoking a cigarette! Unthinkable these days perhaps, but 34 years ago, of course, accepted as the norm. We see Eric Geddes at work with a class in his Art Room and school dinners being served in the hall. At the annual Sports

Day we see Headmaster Dr. Taylor and his wife, Lionel Berry (obviously a guest as he had long-since retired by then), Derek Evans, Stan Beale and George Witten inside the club making announcements over the P.A. system, with the former caught in the act of yawning as if the end of the event was approaching, Nigel Ballantyne with his starting pistol (which on one occasion fails to go off) seeing off the sprinters, French teacher Mr. Hoare (what was his first name?), Tony Edwards, Lionel Morey, new teacher Gordon Brooks, Chairman of the Governors Harry Icough – and many more. And of course, throughout the film, scores of pupils of the day from 1st year to Upper Sixth.

I believed the film to be lost, perhaps discarded many years ago; it had been shown many times and was therefore in some places in poor condition. But recently at home, during one of those major tidy-ups and sort-outs of items put away in obscure places many years ago, to my delight I found the sad-looking reel of celluloid. I have now had it transferred onto VHS tape, from which Kevin Jacques will be producing it in DVD format. For those who like to indulge in a slice of nostalgia, you can order a DVD on the website at the modest cost of £2.50 including p&p; if you are not on the internet, you are welcome to telephone me on 020 8302 9568 to request a copy – any proceeds will of course go to the Association.

Enjoy!

Trevor Talbot (2005)

The John Roan School

During the last two years the School has made considerable progress—with the exam results being the School's best since league tables commenced. At Key Stage Four the School achieved 39% 5 A*-C at GCSE, a five per cent improvement over the last two years, and the 5 A*-G was 90%, a ten per cent increase over the last two years. 1 A*-G at GCSE achieved 96%, a ten per cent increase from 2003. At Key Stage 3 English, Maths and Science all achieved over 60% at level 5 for the first time.

Improving attendance was one of the early focuses at John Roan and it has increased dramatically during the last three years. Attendance has risen from 89.3% to 91.8%, with unauthorised absence at the same level as the National Average.

The School has made an application to the Dfes for Specialist Science Status and is awaiting the outcome. If we are successful, John Roan will be the only Science Specialist School in Greenwich, and there will be benefits for the school and its partners: Blackheath Bluecoat Secondary School, Halstow, Millenium, Meridien, Morden Mount and Sherrington Primary Schools, and Blackwall Lane One Stop Shop and Drop-In Service. The school is very grateful for the support of its community partners and sponsors, The John Roan Foundation, Alcatel, The Oracle Corporation, Sir John Cass Foundation and The Specialist Schools and Academies Trust.

Carl Dent—Headteacher

In November last year the School had a statutory mid term visit from Ofsted which focused on the Secondary Strategy and Modern Foreign Languages. Findings in both areas were promising and the overall judgement for the visit was good.

The School has been working hard to develop its Work Related Learning and on 15th March this year, following a visit from Inspectors, The John Roan School achieved a Silver Award for its Work Related Learning provision. We are currently the only secondary school in Greenwich to have achieved this award.

The School underwent a major re-organisation in September 2004 to alleviate some of the difficulties of its split site nature. The five year groups have been transformed into six colleges (three in each building) with staff and students now working in one building for most of the time. Planning for the new school on the Greenwich Peninsula has continued albeit rather slowly. However, this year has seen significant progress with all stakeholders in the School involved in visioning for the new building and the impending appointment of the strategic partner to design and build the five schools in the first wave of Building Schools for the Future. The School plans to occupy its new building in September 2009.

On the sporting front the Year 10 football team have made it to the final of the London Cup.

Secretary's Report 2006

Membership of the Association remains high with only a small reduction between 2004 and 2005 with again an increase in annual members. In fact 2005 shows the second highest number of annual members since 1987. As reported regularly the majority of new members now comes from those in their 50s, 60s and 70s with very few directly from the School. Some are finding us through the website www.johnroan.co.uk and others through existing members. Through e-mail exchanges I have put Robert Goldsack (1952-57), now living in Australia, back in touch with Jim Wardell (1951-58), who retired from Aberdeen University to live in Rio de Janeiro with his Brazilian wife and spends much time on Copacabana beach. Robert and Jim were students at Kings College, London together. Robert recently joined the Association and I hope Jim will shortly do the same. Trevor Talbot visited the School in January and met with Mick Sansone, Head of Post 16 students. Mick had only joined the School in September 2005 and was keen to assist us in encouraging senior pupils to join. Trevor went on to meet with several of the senior pupils and several ideas were produced. In particular could the Association offer tennis and basketball to cater for the Girls as football does for the Boys? The May "Leavers Do" is to be held at the Field and Club on 19th May with a barbecue, Roan Pupils v Old Roans football game and five-a-side girls' football matches. Representatives from our cricket, football and theatre sections are to be in attendance. It is clear we need to do more to raise the profile of

the Association at the School. Nevertheless the Association continues to provide a focus for over 800 former pupils and the editor would love to hear from more of them so that we can have as balanced as possible a magazine with news from many varied Old Roans.

The breakdown of membership as at 31st December 2005 was: -

	2005	2004	
Life members	456	473	(-17)
Ordinary members	387	380	(+ 7)
Junior member	1		(+ 1)
Honorary members	1	1	
Assoc members (staff)	19	22	(- 3)
Hon. members (Club)	2	2	
Affiliated Members (Old Roan Club)	225	223	+ 2)
	1091	1101	(- 10)

As must be expected some members sadly died during the year and their names are recorded in the magazine. However I have to report that Val Lovell (1927-30), a vice-president and president in 1966/67 died on 5th January last year and Tom Carter, who was Head Groundsman from 1946 until 1964 died in 2004

My visits to the London Metropolitan Archive have proved very successful. Whilst there are some missing records we now have access to records for some 16,000 former pupils giving full forenames and dates of birth for admissions from about 1907 when a new series of numbering started from number 1. The Girls continued numbering admissions

until Devonshire Drive closed in 1984 Donna Stacey, number 6641, being the last and only entry recorded for 1983. Particular gaps in the Girls' records are 1911-14, 1927-28 and 1945-47. If any one has class lists for those periods I would love to have sight of them.

The Boys' sequential numbering stopped in 1951 at 5293. However the records continue until the 1990s. In many cases I have had to check the spellings of names at the nearby Family Records Centre where index ledgers of England and Wales births, marriages and deaths are available. Unfortunately the ledgers do not give the date of birth and at £7 per birth certificate there is no intention of continuing down this route. In several instances I have also checked with local electoral roles, many at the Greenwich Heritage Centre housed at the former Woolwich Arsenal, and some others including Bromley, Chichester, Daventry, Lewisham, Westminster and Woking. There is one I still need to check out at Oxford. Old magazines have been useful where other sources are untraceable. This research has proved most useful for adding detail to existing members' records and to our own archive of former members. Sadly no records of the former Old Roan Girls Association seem to exist which is frustrating. However, there is a complete set of the Girls' School magazines at the Archive from number one in 1904, the Girls' Association being set up 10 years earlier. Ones that I have been unable to find how to spell correctly their surnames are Barbara Bluch (Bluch or similar 1943-?) and Pamela Maureen Boozely (or similar 1945-49). I would also like to

know the admission numbers for Robert A Stockwell and Stephen F C Stockwell who joined the School in 1923 with numbers 2213 and 2288 but which is which? Can anyone help?

Trevor Talbot has mentioned several of the committee by name in his article for this magazine and the President is mentioned separately. It would be remiss not to mention vice presidents Alan Weir, whose words of wisdom are always appreciated and Peter Williams, who is always welcome at meetings, but ill health has meant he is unable to attend regularly. He does intend to watch a bit of cricket at the Field during the summer. Other vice presidents who have given valuable service to the Association and are entitled to attend meetings but now live too far away are Madeline Barber (Head 1968-74), Margaret Chamberlain (Head 1962-68) and Ann Scott (Head 1975-79). The remainder of the committee are Karen Amos, who has successfully rallied Club members into contributing cash to partially fund the reinstatement of Sky television there, Carl Dent (current Head), DAP Andrews who assists Neal at Club stock-taking, Mick Smith who spent much time preparing the ground work to presentation standard for the bids for development funds of the Playing Field and Dave Wright now intensively involved in the voluntary run Woodlands Farm.

The date of the annual general meeting appears in dates for your diary, and below, and no further general circulation is likely to be made to members for the meeting. The cost of sending A.G.M. notices, other than by the magazine, is expensive.

However a database can be set up to circulate the notice by e-mail. If anyone would like to be registered please confirm by e-mail to a.slane@btopenworld.com. The committee would like to see more attend as the quorum is 20 and we are frequently concerned it will not be met. Whilst it is essentially a business meeting it is followed by an informal "meet the president" and it would be an opportunity to meet other Old Roans who do not regularly visit the Club. The date is 29th March 2007 at 8 p.m. The other major event for which the date has been set is the annual dinner on 6th October 2006.

All members have been circulated with a questionnaire about the 50th anniversary of the Old Roan Club and over 270 replies have been received. At the time of writing the results have not been analysed in detail but it is hoped a separate article or flyer will appear with this edition. If I may indulge myself I can report on 15th July 2006 the Club will

have been in business for 50 years. This is longer than Routemaster buses ran in mainstream service in London. They stopped on 9th December 2005 having first gone into service on 8th February 1956. I was able to board the last one having queued in Oxford Street for three and a half-hours and I was not first in the queue. I missed out on the last of its predecessors although I was there for the final day in Barking on 7th April 1979 (Old Roan Chronicle Vol 1, No 5), but it has recently been released from a Birmingham museum where it had been for 25 years and I was able to take a ride on it one weekend in April 2006. As Ken Livingstone would have me say you can still ride a Routemaster as there are two "heritage" routes operating.

The last silk square was sold to Graham Chambers in 2005, the previous sale being in 1987. However, hand painted wall shields and ties are still available at £30 and £7.50 respectively, plus postage, from the secretary.

50th Anniversary Celebrations—July 2006

Friday	14	Open Evening at the Club from 8.00 pm
Saturday	15	Open Day at the Club from early afternoon Cricket Match—1st XI—Kent League A range of real ales & guest beers Evening—Live Music
Sunday	16	Open Day at the Club with buffet President's Cricket Match

Full details from Monty Smith: 020 8318 4307

Treasurer's Report

So often I can only say that it's "more of the same", but I am pleased this time to report a change! The option of Life Membership has been taken up by one member and perhaps we should remind everyone that the Association is an organisation in which you can do "life". It cuts down on the paperwork of annual subscriptions, standing orders, etc., and Tony will be pleased to confirm details if you'd like to transfer – just give him a ring.

I presented the accounts at the AGM but if you couldn't be there and would like a copy please let me (or Tony) know and we'll let you have one. They're not thought to be "interesting" enough to take up valuable pages here!

The timing of publication of the ROAN Magazine and its invoice and associated costs, of course, directly impacts on our Revenue Account – some years in surplus then diving into deficit.

Neal Haslam. Treasurer. March 2006

In 2005 things all happened in sequence and we saw a surplus of £3.47 (I can't help wanting to show the pence – it all looks better than just '3!'). The regular ongoing expenses are almost identical year by year. We were fortunate to receive donations of £478 – thank you again to all concerned.

We always carry a stock of OR Ties so if yours is looking past its best why not get a new one now? At the same time how about ordering a Wall Shield as well – they really are superbly produced and good value – for yourself or as a gift.

As previously reported, the room hire charge for the Annual Dinner in the Millennium Suite at The Valley, Charlton, and the cost of the School guests at the Reunion Dinner are shown as a charge on the Accumulated Fund. Our balance sheet remains healthy and reflects the sound state of our financial affairs.

The American Connection

Dear Friends,

*I am a descendent of John Roan living in the USA.
Do you have a drawing available of John Roan?*

Thanks

Bob Roane (21 February 2006) Presbyterian Minister

Our Secretary replied with a history lesson explaining that John Roan had no direct descendents. Email communication continues. The trail has gone quiet but may pick up again in time for the next magazine. Watch this space.

Old Roan Club Report 2006

Whilst the Management Committee of the Club can report that the gross profit has been maintained, the turnover was slightly reduced; but a trading deficit of £1795 was experienced. Unfortunately the pattern of declining post match drinking after football on Saturdays and Sundays has not changed whilst the cricket season yields very little by way of revenue over the bar apart from a few Old Roan Sunday stalwarts, supported by the Sunday 1^{sts}.

There has been a decline in functions and special events being held at the Club due, possibly, to the fact that fewer Old Roans are now actively playing members and more and more affiliated members enjoy our facilities for sports but have other outlets for their social activities. We are currently considering what steps could be taken to encourage better usage of the facilities. At present the bar is open on Wednesday evenings on a trial basis to cater for potential support from users of the all-weather pitches but we have to bear in mind the requirements of our Premises License.

To assist in containing Club expenses, committee working days are still performed and trading activities are closely managed. Among areas for attention are the War Memorial Room, the foyer, toilets, tables, chairs and lights.

Whilst the voluntary bar rotas have been operating satisfactorily some sessions have been judged to require paid bar staff and overall the system appears to be working well. Many thanks to our volunteers and all other staff. Hopefully, in this our 50th year of existence, support will increase and particularly during our celebration week-end in July.

As usual we invite anyone wishing to put suggestions and contributions as to how the Club is operated to attend our open meetings. Our aim is always to offer the best facilities whilst effectively managing the Club.

Mike Titheridge. March 2006

Where are they now?

The Association has lost touch with the following. If anyone knows the members' current address would they please let the Secretary know.

Stephen Baldwin (1974-81)	Keith Biles (1958-66)
John Budgen (1926-30)	Richard Crowe (1969-76)
Brian Elliott (1954-59)	Doug Frooms (1926-31)
Stephen Hammond (1967-74)	Lee Hawkins (1964-69)
Graham Hooker (1963-70)	Natalie Ratcliff (née Coppock 1973-80)
Stephen Sawyer (1976-83)	Mark Squire (1973-78)
Amanda Williams (1973-80)	Anthony Williams (1943-48)

Back in touch. From the list in the 2005 magazine Geoffrey Moore (1963-68) has been put back on the mailing list. Can we do better with the above list?

The Editor

Thanks are due to Steve for editing the magazine over the last five years and improving its design and layout. I worked with Steve on recent issues and he remains involved despite his increased commitments as President of the Greenwich, Bexley & Lewisham Chamber of Commerce. This unlikely partnership continues our many years at the (often failing) heart of Old Roan football teams and an occasional double act as singer and pianist seen recently at the "1940s Variety Show".

The Association members are ageing and this kind of organisation and its Clubhouse are becoming anachronistic. I have resisted my natural tendency to mainly "chronicle" past events and take pleasure more in the lives and achievements of Old Roans throughout the world. There is a great variety to enjoy and their tales are interesting.

In the six years since I last edited the magazine I have to concede that technology has progressed and that I need to acquire skills for a new millennium. Most Old Roans are now on email which makes communication and production far easier. I have noted comments about the improved design and, armed with "Microsoft Office 2003 Plain & Simple", have entered the challenging world of Microsoft Publisher. I have changed the font to Garamond, increasing its size for an older readership, and continued with columns. These are early days and I continue to aim for content over style.

We are also grateful to have Alf Knott involved and his final checks on content and grammar are valued by the Editor. We are also grateful to our contributors, notably Graham Chambers and "Mitch" for this issue.

These figures may interest you. The total number of school leavers from the John Roan School in the 11 years from 1990 – 2000 that have joined and remained members of:

O.R.A.	Friends Reunited
3	1,183

There are now effectively three lost generations. This has been "on our watch" and despite the continued efforts of many on the Committee who have visited the school, spoken with school leavers, invited school leavers to join the sports clubs and drama society, worked as School Governors and for the Roan Foundation Trust, maintained the comfort of the Club and high quality of the sports fields, and perpetuated a well run organisation. Trevor Talbot, an excellent President, did visit the school and spoke with staff and students. Several initiatives are planned, but whatever the young people leaving School now want, it is, in a very essential sense, not served by the Old Roan Association and the Club.

Try to make the 50th anniversary of the Club in July – it may be one of the last of the large-scale gatherings.

email: david@musicandtravel.com

Trevor Talbot

Well, here I am sitting at my desk wondering how to begin with an appreciation of our President: let's face it, we have a big subject here! Of course, at the time of writing, I am talking about the Old Roan President of the past year. Such is the sporadic issue of Old Roan magazines these days that an article focusing on a forthcoming year is not always possible. So, I write this as a retrospect, which in some ways makes the task easier because I think it has become patently clear how good a choice we made last year.

However, let's not get ahead of ourselves here. I think I've been asked to write this appreciation of Trevor because I've known him for such a long time: in fact, over 30 years. Actually, make that 40 years: I remember first a boy waiting patiently for extra-curricular clarinet lessons with Mr Izen in the mid 1960's. (Those of you present at the Old Roan Association dinner last year may recall Trevor's referring to a rather parsimonious music teacher!). It wasn't until 3 or 4 years later, after this first sighting of the pre-pubescent Talbot, that we met again, this time at the Greenwich Youth Theatre.

I soon became aware that I had become acquainted with an extraordinary talent. Now, I'm fully aware that hyperbole is in vogue at the moment, so I re-examined my choice of words here; and I'm satisfied I made the right choice: an extraordinary talent. Imagine my delight, therefore, when the Old Roan Dramatic Society welcomed him into its fold in the

early 1970's in our production of Ben Traver's farce *"Rookery Nook"*. I doubt if there are too many of you reading this who remember that, but I hope many more of you have had the pleasure of seeing Trevor on stage sometime over the past 30 odd years. If you have, then you would have been privileged to see an extremely accomplished actor who, I think, could easily have carved out a professional career from the stage. He is equally comfortable with comedy and drama, and has that enigmatic and innate quality of "stage presence". I've been lucky to act with him on very many occasions.

Trevor, of course, is much more than a very good actor. As many on the Old Roan Association committee will confirm, he is very well organised, and someone who commits fully to whatever he takes on. We have indeed been fortunate to have had such a safe pair of hands at the wheel.

From speaking to him, I know he has thoroughly enjoyed his term of office. The year culminated in a very successful President's 40's night extravaganza on March 25th and 26th. Both nights played to full houses, and it was a fitting climax to a successful year, one I'm sure Trevor can look back on with pride. Now it has drawn to a close, we can return him to Annette and Claire and Gary with our thanks for the loan! And I'm happy to let the curtain fall on an appreciation of a person, now a past President, whom I am delighted to count as a close and valued friend.

Graham Johnson April 2006



Four faces of Trevor Talbot:
Winston Churchill, Mr. Micawber,
40s crooner, Rob Wilton

Mike Baxter

For the first time in nigh on 100 years existence we have the pleasure of son following the paternal footsteps of Derek - our President during 1977-76.

Much to the delight of Derek, Mike joined the Roan School in the 6th Form in 1972, staying until 1974. He was, however, well known to sporting Old Roans, for several years prior to this as he commenced playing cricket for us at the age of 11 in 1967 and a year later graced the football pitch with the lower XIs.

After leaving school he worked as facilities manager for the GLC and then Cap Gemini until that body was closed down in the mid '90s. Upon redundancy, Mike then ventured into the milk trade (not through his love of horses) having a round in the Beckenham district before forming a partnership in the ground-keeping business with Graham Lawrance (President 1995-96). They tend several local sports grounds, including ours, where the cricket and football pitches have shown a marked improvement during their tenure.

Mike's cricket was always somewhat better than his soccer. He was, and indeed still is, an attacking middle order batsman, a most wholehearted fielder and an occasional left arm bowler of assorted deliveries. Those of us who played in the same side with him, mainly the 2nd XI, remember the phrase "Baxter Factor" - 4 overthrows shying at the stumps from an impossible angle attempting a run out. Three centuries came from his bat,

his favourite shot being the straight drive over the bowler's head, usually for a 4 or 6, and a crisp square cut - a shot his father also excelled at. It should have been four centuries as the writer vividly recollects being at the other end at Greenwich Park when he ran himself out on 99. Mike - it was always a single, never a two - but it was your call! At football he played up front for all the XIs, from the 1st to the 6th teams and later, when old age crept in, for the Veterans. He scored abundantly with his left foot, occasionally with his head, but as far as can be remembered, never with his right.

As befitting all our recent Presidents, with the exception of two I can think of, he is an avid supporter of Charlton Athletic. Mike is the proud father of James (25), Lauren (18) and Emily (15).

It has been a great privilege to know Mike, not only as a sporting colleague but as a friend. He has always been prepared to help out whenever needed, whether behind the bar, on the field or anything related to our Club. We are indeed fortunate to have him as our President for the forthcoming year. Mike has a hard act to follow after an excellent year's energetic and innovative service from Trevor Talbot, but I am sure that he will carry the burden in his own inimitable fashion and will prove a great success.

Simon Perry April 2006



Mike Baxter

Old Roan Association President 2006-2007

Presidential Year

It is with great pride and a privilege for me to be considered by the Old Roan Association to become the President for the forthcoming year.

This July sees the 50th year of the Club and I hope many of you may be able to find time to visit the John Roan School Playing Fields over the weekend of 15th July. Special evening / events to be announced shortly.

The John Roan P.T.A. had a meeting with me recently as they are planning a fundraising fun run at the School Field on Sunday 18th June (my 50th birthday). A coincidence (no birthday cards) but if anyone would like to sponsor me I will be jogging / walking the route in aid of

the John Roan School Sports Department. I will be meeting the P.T.A. at the end of April to finalise details of the event.

I also propose to have a President's Cricket Match at the School Field on Sunday 16th July and I will be approaching pupils of my era to dust off their "whites".

A football match during the next season may also be on the cards.

I will be found even more at the School Field (if that is possible) during this year, so if any of you want to pop in to say hello you will be most welcome.

Mike Baxter
President – O.R.A. 2006-07



Old Roan Vets. Semi-final against Catford Strollers. April 8, 2006. Lost 2-0
Back: Jimmy Douglas, Micky Gibbens, Tony Nuttall, Paul Manley, Andre Lewis, Micky Lingwood, Martin Pace, Graham Smith, Rashid Short
Front: Andy Davies, Tony Sproul, Wayne Hunt, David Nuttall, Robin Faithorn, Paul Jaggard

Reunion – Class of '56

On Friday 20th May, 2005 the second reunion of all those 'girls' who started at the Roan in 1956 was held at the Clubhouse.

It is ten years since the last reunion and this one was held to celebrate our 60th birthdays – hooray; Freedom Passes; State Pension; and Fuel Allowance at last!! 52 pupils and 8 members of staff were contacted, of whom 24 pupils attended but unfortunately no members of staff. These days people go on holiday at any time of the year and it is impossible to find a convenient date for everyone.

Again, a buffet and celebration cake were provided, and, together with liquid refreshment served by the Bar Stewards (thank you again), we were well catered for. The Clubhouse was full of laughter and chatter and a good time was had by all.

We intend to hold another reunion in 2010 and are still trying to contact other girls who started at the school in September 1956. If anyone has information in this connection please contact Anne Bristow (née Warren). Tel: 020 8311 4958

Anne Bristow ('56-'62) January 2006



Former pupils attending the reunion were:

(Back row): Christine Stenning, Pamela Parker, Brenda Marshall, Joan Ayers, Linda Kyte, Janet Reid, Norma Alston, Christine Stephens, Jennifer Stephens, Olive Varley, Margaret Hemment, Linda Hodgson, Janet Pratt, Brenda Bayliss, Vera Beer, Sandra Spurin, Jackie Bunce

(Front Row): Georgina Sharp, Glenys Page, Bronwen Griffiths, Carmen Roiz de Sa, Anne Warren, Janet Short, Jean Hardy

Reunion '47-'49

If you have received the January 2005 issue of the O.R.A. magazine, you will probably have read the item in the Secretary's Report regarding the discovery of the Roan Exhibition Board of 1882-94 in Canada, its repurchase and subsequent return to the School in Maze Hill. The initial approach from the previous owner of the Board was to **Trevor Cradduck** ('46-'55) who has created an associate website for the Roan School. Trevor lives on Vancouver Island and planned a holiday in England around our reunion. In view of his involvement in securing the Board, I felt it would be appropriate if our group was able to visit the School prior to our reunion lunch to see the Board and, hopefully, have a look around the current School premises. Thanks to Tony Slaney arranging it, Martin Bain, the School's premises manager, kindly agreed to give us a guided tour.

In the event 25 of us assembled at the School and spent 90 minutes going round the School and viewing the Board which is wooden (about 5ft by 2ft) and in remarkably good condition bearing in mind its age and that it had somehow gone to Canada and back. It still has to be found a permanent resting place but our group suggested that it could possibly be hung next to the School Governors Board near to the exit to the playground.

The School premises seemed rather run down but most of the rooms were the same as we remembered them to be

Visit to the John Roan School

over 50 years ago, the main difference being the old style desks have been removed and replaced with flat formica type tables with no storage facilities. The only area, which had not appreciably changed, was the Art Room – we could sense Mr. Geddes' presence there. As regards the external areas, we were surprised at the number of picnic tables in the front gardens and also that the playground had become a car park.

Following the tour of the School, we went to Kidbrooke for our lunch in the Club. There were four football matches being played at the grounds when we arrived but, thanks to Monty's foresight, an area of the grounds had been reserved for us to park. The footballers were subsequently joined by the cricketers so the Club premises were certainly well used that day.

Our group was provided with a substantial buffet lunch, once again thanks to Monty, and we spent several hours reminiscing (**Terry Blanchard** even turned up wearing his school cap) or watching the exciting 4th day of the Fifth Ashes Test at the Oval.

Overall, everybody had an enjoyable day and I hope to organise another reunion of our group in 2007, probably in early July, to avoid the football season. Please contact me if you would like details of the next reunion on 01689 852800 or email **David Buckley** at:

Buckleyelmhurst@waitrose.com



The Reunion '47-'49 visit the John Roan School on 11th September 2005



Art Room

News from the John Roan School

Ms. Coop was sponsored for the London Marathon in 2005 by the boys and girls of our Rugby teams. She ran wearing the school's rugby top and carried a rugby ball. Congratulations on raising £730.78 for cancer research and the boys' rugby team. 14 boys from the School's rugby team attended a 4-day trip to the Kingswood Adventure Centre on the Isle of Wight with **Mr. Soane** and **Ms. Coop**.

In January, 45 Year 10 students attended a one-day course at the Shooters Hill Orienteering Course with **Mr. Soane** and **Ms. Coop**. In March, 15 students attended a two-day course at Thamesmead Rock Climbing Centre with **Ms. Billing** and **Ms. Coop**. The students were tested on their knowledge of knotting, climbing calls, climbing, abseiling, belaying, and a variety of tasks. The students had a final practical and theory exam in which the girls outperformed the boys. **Jessica Smith, Zee Zee Sansui, Jade Moulla** and **Katy Gribben** all achieved a mark of A*. The students learned the importance of physical and mental skills.

The BEST Braithwaite Trip 2005 described by **Richard Hughes**. Braithwaite was amazing! We had great fun. Each day was a new and exciting activity. We did rock climbing, abseiling, visited Keswick, swimming, archery, argo cat (jeep ride), horse riding, kayaking, fun and games in camp. We went around Aira force (waterfall), and also went for a walk up a mountain. The rock climbing was hard and scary but we all enjoyed it and most of us managed to do it. Keswick was a

nice town and there are plenty of shops to visit. The camp was a brilliant place. You can look out the window at the amazing scenery. The Team Leader was **Mrs. Smith**.

The School enjoyed a return of theatrical productions with the play **Totally Over You**. It was a story of 21st century teenagers battling out the wars between boys and girls with a dash of celebrity wish-fulfilment thrown into the bargain. The stage came alive after several years of lying dormant with a very contemporary play. Students from Years 7,8,9,+ 10 cut a dash with performances that reflected their own lives in a climate saturated with celebrity culture. Auditions took place in the autumn term with a large turn-out and rehearsals started in April. All involved, both on stage and behind the scenes, put in a tremendous amount of hard work. The impressive set was designed by "the marvellous" **Ms.Adams** and built by **Jim Cakebread**, our D+T Technician.

In November 2005, 12 students from Years 8 + 9 attended the English Speaking Union to take part in a debating workshop. The day proved a great success with the students learning to think on their toes when stating a case for or against a chosen topic and learning to listen and debate as opposed to argue. As a result of the day, **Brian Tarling**, who kindly took the students, is hoping to set up a debating club in the New Year enabling us to challenge other schools and enter the borough debate competitions.

The following week, 13 Year 8 students attended Margaret McMillan House to take part in a day of team building and outdoor challenges. The students were split into teams and then had to carry out various problem solving tasks. The day developed the students' thinking, planning and co-operative skills and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part despite the cold weather and very muddy conditions.



There was a full programme of language activities during International Language Week, 26-30 September 2005. Teachers started and ended their lessons with Hello and Goodbye in an impressive range of foreign languages. The prize of Best Staff Linguist went to **Mr. Turner** who impressed us all with his use of Russian. Runner-up prizes went to **Mr. Gittos** and **Ms McDermott** for their use of French and Gaelic.

Over 40 different foreign languages are spoken fluently by staff and pupils at the John Roan School. In assembly the following pupils demonstrated their language skills by speaking a few words in their own language:

Mamboli Jalloh	9D2	French
Hamint Madhan	9D1	Punjabi
Mai Vu	9D2	Vietnamese
Oni Vatel	9D2	Albanian
Ahmed Jeilani	9D2	Pashtu
Joshua Fasuyi	9A2	Yoruba
Jennifer Scalise	9B1	Italian
Lilyana Anguelova	9B1	Bulgarian
Duha Al-Saadi	11D2	Arabic

Pupils became the teachers when the Languages Department organised workshops in Spanish, Arabic and Chinese. Teachers were taught how to ask basic questions and order some food and drink in a café by the expert pupils.

Make a difference (M.A.D.)

Number of children in the world: 2.2 billion
Number of children in poverty: 1 billion

Students at the John Roan School can help to change this fact and make it better. You can do this by buying from the Fair Trade Stall or you can give an hour a week to the Fair Trade Club. Currently we are trying to show people that just because Fair-Trade food comes in a different wrapper it doesn't mean it tastes different or "weird". Recently the Club has expanded to include recycling as well as other future projects such as Drop the Debt.

Unfortunately **Ms. Kirby**, who founded our Club, is leaving at half-term and we are devastated to see her go. She has brought the issues surrounding Fair Trade to the School and helped us to set up something that we all feel proud of. She is an amazing teacher and person.

In 2003 the school participated in 2 rugby festivals. In 2004 they did the same plus 4 additional fixtures. In 2005 we have taken part in 3 rugby festivals and played 15 additional matches. On 19th November the staff bravely took on a mixture of our rugby students from all the year groups. The purpose of the match was to help raise money for Children in Need. All the students had to raise at least £5 to play and the staff and spectators also contributed. **Charlie McCormack** in 9K1 raised £100 alone. **Mr. Bostwick** dazzled by sprinting past the students to score 3 tries. However **Joe Joe Nolan** and **Lawrence Buttler** were even quicker on the wings, dashing past the staff and the semi-professional ladies helping the staff on the day. **Mr. Allen** was player of the match for the staff with his skilful scrum-half plays. The students' player of the match was all 50 of them – fighting back to tie the game at 50-50.

The event has so far raised £240 and we are collecting more.

The John Roan School celebrated **Black History Month** with among other events a play performed by CET-TIE, an award-winning arts education company who provide a range of performance-based workshops and training courses in London schools, museums, theatres and community venues.

A number of pupils from Years 9 + 10 enjoyed a fabulous week in Paris in November staying at the FIAP Jean Monnet. We were very lucky with the weather and had some lovely visits to the Louvre, the Cité des Sciences, the Eiffel Tower and Disneyland. The night-time cruise on the Rover Seine was one of the highlights. Many thanks to **Ms. Flynn**, **Ms. Hadey**, and **Marc Merridan** who accompanied us. We look forward to another successful trip next year.



George Partridge ('38-'45)

The funeral of a well-respected voluntary worker who did much to alleviate the suffering caused by mental health problems is to be held this week. George Partridge, who founded the NSF Sunrise Greenwich Group eleven years ago, died unexpectedly on April 11, aged 81.

The group, which provides support for mental health sufferers, their families and carers, was honoured with a Queen's Award for Voluntary Service in 2004. The charity was set up in memory of George's wife, Grace Mary. Before he retired, the grandfather of two, of Canberra Road, Greenwich, worked as a chartered surveyor for the Greater London Council, working on land valuation.

His son, Philip, said: "He was a great gentleman, as well as being a granddad. He will be sadly missed by many, many people."

The funeral took place at St. Luke's Church, Charlton Village, followed by refreshments at Charlton House. Donations were sent to Fund for George to continue the work of his group.

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Geoffrey G. Smith ('28-'33)

Geoffrey Smith died, after a long illness, on the 20th January 2006 aged 89 years. He was the younger brother of Gordon C. Smith (Past President 1961), and a Life Member of the Old Roan Association.

On leaving school he spent a few years in commerce and then trained in electronics. He served in the R.A.F. in the war as a wireless operator, during which time he gained a special licence for communications with ships.

After the war he was engaged in Radar Research with such firms as English Electric and Marconi, involving deep water investigations of warships using diving

In retirement he became a Councillor of Guildford Borough Council and Chairman of the Mental Health Committee. He belonged to the Guildford Association of Voluntary Services, and was a Governor of Send School in Surrey.

Clarice M. Smith
(née Wiggins '26-'31).
Sister-in-law for 74 years.

Arthur Hewlett

Arthur Hewlett, who died on 2nd March 2005, aged 102, was born on 7th October 1902 in East Ham. Having obtained a scholarship, as did his 4 siblings, he attended the Roan School from 1914 – 21 where his favourite subjects were Maths and French. However, he was advised to take History at A Level, a decision he much regretted in later life, and this led to a university degree from UCL and his first teaching post at Tiffins Boys School in Kingston on Thames in 1925.

At Tiffins the Headmaster required him to teach Latin, a subject he had not pursued since School Certificate. Always the enthusiastic and conscientious teacher he set about the task and, from the letters he received from old boys, inspired many who came under his influence. Interest in Latin continued throughout his life. His favourite quotation from Horace's Odes being:

“Dona praesentis cape laetus horae et Linque severa”

which he translated as:

“Grasp with joy the pleasures the times offer and pack up your troubles”

His great hobby, Scouting, was begun whilst at Roan, and continued into adulthood when he founded a Troop, encouraging the boys to build their own hut and leading them on various camps and expeditions. To the end of his life he remembered those days with affection.



Arthur at Tiffins around 1930

He left Tiffins in 1932 to fulfil his ambition to go to Oriel College, Oxford where he obtained a second degree. From there, after several other teaching posts, he went into Educational Administration, first in London, and for the final 20 years of his working life as Education Officer for the Dover, Deal and Sandwich division in Kent. Here his considerable administrative skills could be used to the full, as borne out by the glowing testimonials at his retirement party.

Born into a Methodist family, Arthur's intellect and logical thoughts led him through High Anglicanism to final membership of the Society of Friends (Quakers). During the war, although in a reserved occupation, he submitted to a tribunal as a conscientious objector and was allowed to join the Friends Relief Service.

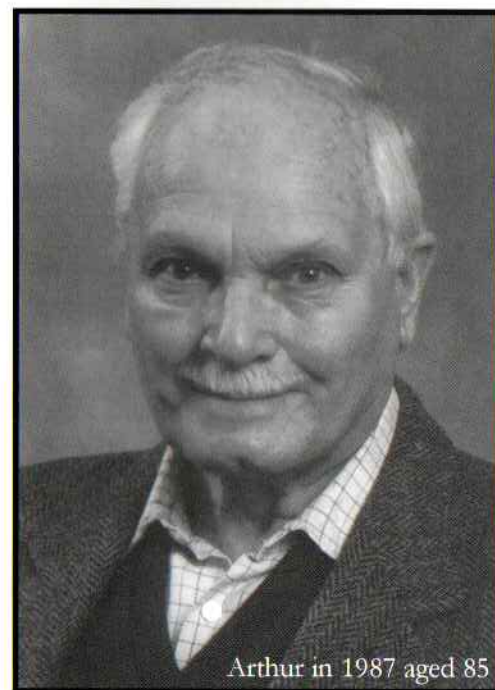
After the war he continued to be active in the peace movement, as Chairman of the Friends Peace Committee, the National Peace Council and the International Peace Bureau. In his 90's he published a book tracing his experiences entitled *“Aspects of 20th Century Quakerism”*

His other great love was singing. During the 1920s he had met and worked with **Ernest George White**, another **Old Roan** scholar, who, at the beginning of the last century had developed a form of voice production whereby greater emphasis is placed on air movement within the sinuses rather than the traditional focus on the vocal cords. Arthur became the chief exponent of White's Technique, attributing to it his success in obtaining an L.R.A.M. diploma at an age when many singers might be giving up. He wrote the most up to date explanation of the technique in *“Think Afresh About the Voice”* and remained the Honorary President of the society set up to continue the work until his death.

Arthur was married. His wife, Mildred, died in 1988. They did not have children but Arthur had nephews and nieces whom he adored.

Above everything he was a thinker – always learning and always the teacher. He never accepted things on their face value – including spiritual matters. If he had not experienced a truth, or could not obtain verification on anything, he would not accept it.

The Editor enjoyed many years of correspondence with Arthur Hewlett and met him, as a remarkably fit and alert 93 year old, in London at a meeting of the Ernest White Society resulting in a lengthy article. He was an inspirational and unique gentleman with a brilliant and original mind and a great passion for knowledge. Arthur's last Christmas newsletter confirmed he remained active and was enjoying studying Brahms that term at his local Adult Education Music Class. He did not approve of funerals and his friends and family met for a simple Meeting for Worship which included music - the Schubert Quintet and the end of Brahms' 1st Symphony. His friends note that he departed on a great C Major chord.



Arthur in 1987 aged 85

Other comments from friends and obituaries include: Arthur spoke often about his time at Roan – though a long time ago; he always wanted to learn more and teach others; he was a gracious gentleman and friend to all.

On the last Sunday of his life, sitting quietly with his long time companion, Dorothy, he pursued a long held idea of two worlds – that the Pacific and Atlantic had formed parts of two separate world – and asked her to check a quotation from Keats, *“On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer”*:

*“Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen.
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific – and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise –
Silent, upon a peak of Darien.”*

The following Wednesday Arthur died peacefully at his home in Folkestone.

Arthur related a short article about his time at Roan a couple of months before he died—providing closure to an issue that had troubled him.

This note will do something to explain why my 6th form work was shaky and, in the end, a failure.

I had brains of the sort that made the elements of any subject deceptively easy but I had no corresponding enthusiasm to which the brains could be applied. Like others I was at the mercy of the staff who thought they

knew what was good for us. They in turn were too much influenced by the idea, the fact indeed, that at Oxford there were more scholarships in History than in any other subject. This took no account of the probability that there were more candidates for them, and that to gain a scholarship at that level in any subject required enthusiasm by the student and some experienced coaching by the teacher.

I had neither. In fact in my General Certificate of Education I had distinctions in Maths and Modern Languages and, believe it or not, a failure in History. There were no competent teachers in the subjects I was good at. So, for better or worse, History it was to be and with two other boys I was formed into a Modern Sixth with an isolated classroom and a master who was neither a good teacher nor an enthusiastic historian. So when the three of us were sent for scholarships at Oxford not one of us was fully successful. But one of us, Harry Strutt, who was a neighbour of mine and had been a fellow pupil at the same Elementary School, had enough personal passion for history to gain an Exhibition for a residential place at Magdalen for his finals while the other two of us had to undertake tiring journeys from our suburban homes to day classes at University College London.

In these conditions I could not do myself justice. It is true that in my finals I had a prize for Medieval and Modern History but this did not amount to a First Class Honours Degree.

Arthur Hewlett. 4.1.2005

John Long (1921 – 2005)

John was at Roan from 1932-37, having entered by way of a Junior County Scholarship from Brownhill Road School, Catford. His early career was interrupted by the War, during which he served for some years with the RAF in India. Whilst there he contracted Cerebral Malaria which all but proved fatal. After demob he entered the service of the Dunlop Rubber Company, ultimately becoming responsible for the administration of employees’ pension arrangements.

He first appeared on the O.R. scene with the Cricket Club. For a while he opened for the 2nd XI, where his attacking style ensured a rapid run rate. However his impetuosity often led to his early demise. The keenest of fielders, he made up for lack of power by the swiftness of his return. He also undertook the onerous task of Team Secretary. This involved the writing and posting of a large number of selection cards each week. In spite of his eccentric handwriting he ensured that players always turned up at the right place at the right time.

John’s memory was exceptional. This stood him in great stead with the Dunlop Dramatic Society, though he never trod the boards for the ORDS. He possessed a repertoire of stories and narrative poems, often verging on the indelicate, with which he would entertain those around him, particularly at end of season parties.

John joined the John Roan School Lodge in 1971. It is not surprising that he enjoyed the ritual of Freemasonry, his memory again serving him well. As Director of Ceremonies he aimed for the highest standards from his fellows. He was Master of the Lodge in 1980 and again in 1993, as well as being captain and organiser of a highly successful quiz team.

For many years John and Pat, his wife, were regulars at the O.R. Dinner Dance. It was rare for John to miss a President’s Reunion. He was one of those rare members who knew the Latin version of the School Song. At the AGM he could be relied upon to scrutinise the Minutes for the least error, and to express his views in discussion with frankness.

John shared his birthday with England’s Patronal Festival. It is not surprising that he loved all things traditionally English, which included the Anglican Church, the Book of Common Prayer, The King James Bible, Harry Wharton and Greyfriars, and of course Cricket. His one concession to the 20th Century was his fondness of that most American of imports, traditional jazz, the long suffering loft of his house groaning under the weight of a collection of 78s, as well as numerous old copies of the “Magnet” and the “Gem”.

Alan Weir. April 2006.

Hugh Phillips

March 19, 1940 – June 24, 2005

Orthopaedic specialist who founded the British Hip Society and became President of the Royal College of Surgeons

Hugh Phillips, who has died aged 65, was the current President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England; he specialised in orthopaedics, and made a particular contribution to the training of surgeons in that field.

Born in Blackheath, south-east London, on March 19 1940, Hugh Phillips was the son and grandson of miners at Treorchy in the Rhondda. His father, Morgan, a member of the Treorchy Male Voice Choir, had resolved not to produce another generation of miners, and had walked to London, where he became a manager with UGB Charlton, a thermoplastics company that made Bakelite. Hugh, the youngest of three children, was educated at the **Roan Grammar School at Greenwich** and won a state scholarship to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he took a BSc in Physiology.

The life of a medical student in the 1960s was perhaps more relaxed than it is today, and Phillips embraced student life to the full. For a short time he generated pocket money by working as a waiter on board the liner *Pendennis Castle*. A good all-round sportsman, he played cricket for Bart's, was captain of the football team and a member of the college's elite Vicarage Club which included the best rugby, cricket and soccer players.

Phillips period of orthopaedic training was interrupted briefly by Hodgkin's Disease, which, in those days, few survived; a harrowing period of intensive chemotherapy resulted in his becoming one of those few.

In 1975 he was appointed one of four consultant orthopaedic surgeons at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. The orthopaedic department expanded rapidly, and increased its reputation as a centre of excellence for its clinical work, teaching and training. Phillips was known as a hard worker, a loyal colleague and an outstanding surgeon.

Phillips influenced almost every area of professional activity within his specialty, and was a past president of both the British Orthopaedic Association and the orthopaedic section of the Royal Society of Medicine. Training was a particular interest, and he was chairman of the specialist advisory committee overseeing the training of orthopaedic surgeons.

He earned a reputation for fairness both as an examiner in the final FRCS examination and as chairman of the Royal College of Surgeons' professional standards and regulation division, which was responsible for the rapid response teams reporting on major concerns arising in hospital practices.

Hip surgery was Phillips's principal clinical interest. He was the founder, first secretary and president of the British Hip Society and helped to establish the National Joint Registry, which records every major joint-replacement operation in the country, a useful innovation.

He had a natural flair for the politics of medicine, and was a great exponent of the "Delphic process" by which important decisions are made and implemented with a minimum of pointless discussion.

Phillips was appointed vice-president of the College in 2003, and elected President last year, the first person from Norfolk to be accorded the honour.

Almost immediately, however, it was discovered that he was suffering from cancer. While many would have taken the easy path and stepped aside, Phillips chose to carry on with his work despite debilitating treatment and increasing ill-health. He confronted a number of important issues achieving notable success in many areas, including modernising medical careers, the reform of surgical training, and changes in the composition of surgical teams. He may be remembered for the casual remark that surgeons might avoid a great deal of confusion if they called themselves "Dr" instead of "Mr".

Although he visited Wales on only three occasions, he had inherited the national love of music – as a youngster he was head choirboy at St. James's, Kidbrooke, near Blackheath. He also inherited a strong sense of social justice and a dogged determination that did not permit him to leave a task unfinished – a trait which he described as a "black streak of Celtic bloody-mindedness". At the same time Phillips was a man of great personal charm who had a disarming sense of humour.

Within a single week last April, Phillips completed a very successful, but physically demanding college visit to every hospital in Wales. He appeared in excellent health and the warmth of his personality made a great impression in hospitals where the college had been seen as remote and unapproachable. A few days after his return he suffered a pulmonary embolus. He died on June 24.

In 1996 Hugh Phillips was appointed Deputy Lieutenant of Norfolk.

He married, in 1966, Trish Kennard, who was chair of the Council of the Chartered Society of Physiotherapists from 1991-1993. She and their three daughters survive him.

© **Daily Telegraph.**

Several Old Roans noted the obituaries in the Telegraph and Guardian for **Hugh Phillips** ('51-'58) including **Adrian Perry** ('56-'63), **Simon Perry** ('56-'60), **John Dennis** ('64 - '71) and **Cliff Stimpson** ('37 - '44).

Ron Parker (42-'47), writing to **Graham Chambers** ('49-'54) from his home in Valencia in Spain recalls playing cricket against Hugh and his brother, "Tosser" ("who at that time was training to be a brain surgeon"), at St. Thomas's Ground at Sidcup. Ron's memories are usually selective and these are no exception:

Two things I do remember clearly. One was the ceiling in clubhouse which was covered in outlines of pairs of shoes. Seemingly the custom, at that time, was to upend a newly qualified doctor, draw round his shoes, and then get him to sign his name across them. The names of some very eminent surgeons resulted. In the middle of all these size 12's was the outline of a dainty pair of high heels. I remember looking at these and wondering whether or not she had been wearing slacks.

The other thing I remember was that the facilities there were run by an old couple – at least in their seventies. He ran the ground and she looked after the food. As we were walking down the counter, loading our trays, "Tosser" clenched his fist, extending his first and second fingers, and said "I don't want you leaving early this evening Mabel, I have to practice my gynaecology".

Graham Chambers (49-'54) adds his memories of 'Pip' Phillips

Pip was a couple of years younger than me, so I didn't know him too well. His elder brother, "Toss" Phillips was a year or so above me, and a tear-arse fast bowler and a very good relay runner. After school I met up with Pip when he was a medical student and playing cricket for Bart's Hospital. I remember remarking that his accent was a touch posher than when he was at school, and he replied that it was necessary really as it gave the patients more confidence.

We got on well and had several pretty damp evenings in the Bart's Clubhouse. The obit that I read ("Telegraph") said that he embraced student life to the full. That simple sentence covers a large *melange*.

One evening when we were pretty relaxed he suggested to me that if I ever had any bone problems I should contact him. I swore that I would and immediately forgot that, and most of the rest of the evening. A couple of months later when dropping an attempted caught and bowled I badly bruised the top knuckle on the third finger of my right hand (if you catch them of course you don't get bruised!). It was very painful but I reckoned there was no point in going to the quack because even if there was a fracture all they would do is bind it up. By the following Wednesday the pain was still there, and was beginning to annoy me (occasionally knocking it, or waking up in the middle of the night throbbing – the finger that is).

At the time I worked in the City, in Cornhill, within easy reach of St.Bartholomew's, so I decided that I had better go and see Pip, and have a lunch-time drink with him as well. I turned up at Barts and said to the person at Reception that I wished to see Mr. Phillips. She asked me if I had an appointment, and I said "No" but that I was a chum. She looked a shade perplexed but referred me to Reception on the 4th floor.

At Reception on the 4th floor, I asked again for Mr. Phillips and again was asked if I had an appointment. I repeated the reply I had given on the ground floor, and again I saw this perplexed look. The lady conferred quietly with her colleague and then, almost in concert, they both said that I should go to the Waiting Room and sit right at the back. It was then my turn to be perplexed, but I did as I was told and went to the Waiting Room. Because I was never sick, I knew nothing about Hospitals etc. and was very surprised to find such a large waiting room with chairs in lines of about 10, about 8 or 10 rows deep.

The first three or four rows were filled with people, and as instructed I sat alone in the last row. After a short time I became aware of two young chaps in white coats, on the other side of the room, looking in my direction and talking quietly. They then left, and a few minutes later I was tapped on the shoulder and one to the other chap said "Mr. Chambers?" I concurred and saw that he was standing at the rear end of one of those movable screens that they put round beds.

"Would you mind coming and standing behind this screen?" he whispered. I did as I was told and saw that his colleague was stationed at the front of the screen. "Now would you walk with us to the front of the waiting room and along the corridor, ensuring that you stay behind the screen so that none of the other folk in the waiting room see you, as they have been here for some time". Again, I did as I was told, but "Carry On..." films kept sneaking into my mind and I had to suppress inevitable giggles.

At the end of the corridor we stopped at a small office where the chap at the front end entered and beckoned me in. "Now, what can we do for you" he asked. I replied that I had merely come along to have a drink with Pip, but that while I was here I thought he might do something with this, holding up my bruised finger. "Fine, let's take care of that then" he said smiling. He dipped a small bandage into some plaster of Paris, bound it around the top of my finger so that it was like a thimble, then gave me a bottle of Aspirin and said "There, take the Aspirin every few hours". He then stood up – for me to leave.

I said "Hang on, I was going to have a drink with Pip". He looked at me patiently and said, "Mr.Chambers, Mr.Phillips is a very eminent Orthopaedic Surgeon. At present he is in charge of a team who are currently replacing the hip of a well-known politician. I don't think he would find it convenient to pop out for a drink at this stage, and it might be better in future if you arrange to meet in advance". Duly admonished, I thanked him, left my business card, and removed myself, with my head down.

A few days later Pip called me at the office. "Sorry about that, old chap. I'm glad they didn't tell me, I would have been tempted to come for a beer. Let's talk next week and arrange something".

Other things happened. We never did talk. Pity!

Graham Chambers. August 2005

Memories of Val Lovell

Val was a pilot and flew for Coastal Command during the War. This meant daily flights in Hell's alley on the east of the British Isles, predominantly between south of the North Foreland, off the Kent coast, and north of Scotland. After completing many sorties, luckily unscathed, he was withdrawn from active duties for a period of 6 to 12 months, in accordance with the sensible rules brought into play whenever possible, during the early 1940's, in order to prevent aircrew from losing their marbles.

Val told me (on one of the few occasions that he spoke of his war service) that he did not want to be transferred at the time, which probably meant that it was the proper time for the transfer to take place. He said that he assumed his new post would be helping to train young men in their late teens/early twenties to expand on the 10 or 12 hours flying they had under their belts, and hopefully help them to stay alive and contribute to the war effort. He added that knowing more than 50% would die made the prospect of this posting pretty awful.

He told me the name of the R.A.F. base that he was sent to, which I cannot now remember, apart from the fact that geographically and socially it was somewhere in middle England. When he arrived he was ordered to report to the Commanding Officer who greeted him with the words: "Flt.Lt. Lovell, I understand you play football and cricket."

Graham Chambers ('49-'54)

Val replied in the affirmative, but added that naturally opportunities had been few and far between in recent months. Val then told me that "the C.O. then put his hand on my shoulder and said - *Well old chap, I have requisitioned a large field from a local farmer which was due to lie fallow for a few years. Your responsibility will be to convert that field into a cricket ground with a football pitch on the outfield. You can have up to 10 men - Admin Orderlies, supplemented by bloody idiots who have been charged with (normal) drunken behaviour. You have my permission to work their balls off. I want monthly written progress reports from you.*"

Val said it was one of the best years he had in the R.A.F. The base had a football team which was quite good and a cricket team that was keen. Val wanted to put a bar in the shack pavilion they had erected but this was not permitted. However, they were allowed to buy quarts of light ale whenever there was a game, and keep them in a zinc bath full of water for cooling purposes.

Before the OR Club had the bar and Memorial Room we used to drink at the Yorkshire Grey after games. Val and his wife, Wendy, used to live at the other side of Shooters Hill, and once in the Yorkshire Grey he told me that on Friday nights he and Wendy would usually go to a pub near the top of Shooters Hill (the name of which now escapes me). He told me that after going there for some time, the Landlord drew the curtains, and invited them to stay on after closing time. They accepted



the invitation and noticed that a number of other regulars did the same thing. This, to me as a 17/18 year old chap was heaven. The idea of getting half of bitter after 10.30pm was excitement in the extreme. Val told me that the Landlord let the after-hours drinkers know when it was time for them to leave, by going to the coal fire, undoing his fly buttons and peeing on the fire. I never asked him what happened in the summer.

Alan Weir ('36-'42) adds some memories of his own. After his 1st XI cricket days were over Val continued with the 2nd

and 3rd XI's, adding more than a little lustre to their performances. He was a particularly fine fielder, especially in the covers, though he did occasionally keep wicket. Val was elegant in all that he did, and that particularly applied to his dress. The pub near Shooters Hill is the "We Anchor in Hope" and is at the bottom of the hill, approaching Welling. Val made good use of the landlord's offices, borrowing equipment and glasses (and of course purchasing booze), for our end-of-season cricket parties, some of which were held in his flat in Eltham. He played a large part in the formation of the Old Roan Club - what a pity he is not here to celebrate its 50th birthday. Val and Wendy were a charming couple and contributed much to our enjoyment of those relatively carefree days after the war - they were by no means as gloomy and miserable as historians would have us believe.

During Val's Presidency of the ORA in 1966 the magazine included the following. Val was at Roan from 1927-30 at both Eastney Street and Maze Hill during the time of the Hope (the "Antient"). He excelled more as a sportsman than a scholar and was awarded First XI caps for both football and cricket. He skippered the Old Roan First XI for the last couple of seasons prior to the outbreak of war. He was one of the original Committee of the Old Roan Club and Memorial Room and the first Steward of the Club.

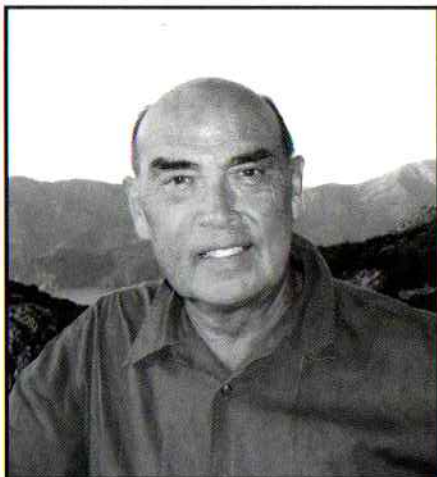
In Print – Bernard Ashley ('46-50)

Bernard Ashley is one of the top writers for teenagers today. Drawing on his experience as a headteacher in a South London school he writes exciting, hard-hitting stories for the young adult reader plus picture book and younger fiction texts. His new novel for teenagers, *Ten Days to Zero*, is now available—“a cracking read about the worlds of journalism and politics” (The Mercury). He lives in Charlton, only a street or so from where he was born.

“Most of my books are set in London and the majority of those in South London. The first to draw on the local area was *Terry on the Fence*, set in Plumstead, where I grew up. The riverside at Greenwich was the setting for *Break in the Sun*, and Beresford Square Market and the Royal Artillery the setting for *High Pavement Blues*. A local newspaper story set me off on *Bad Blood*, a story of a boy looking for a disappeared uncle, researched at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, and in *Ten Days to Zero* my central character Ben Maddox did work experience at The Mercury.

I love London, and I love this part of it. What a privileged secondary school education I had, where lunch hours from the **John Roan School** could be spent in Greenwich Park or jumping the gorse bushes on Blackheath. Yes the area has changed. I'm proud of Greenwich for opening its doors to refugees from world conflicts and the ethnic mix of the borough is one of its strengths”.

During his time as a teacher and headteacher he worked in Kent, Hertfordshire, Newham and Greenwich with headships in the last three. A strong family man, Bernard is married to Iris Ashley, until recently a London head-



teacher, and they have three sons. Two sons are headteachers in Plumstead and Rochdale and the third an actor and playwright. He has four grandchildren. He states that writing was his hobby throughout his teaching career. His first novel was published in 1974, and it was a way of escape during a difficult headship in Newham. “Without my writing I couldn't have carried on teaching”. He thinks it's a lot harder now for a teacher to have a personal life.

His novel *Little Soldier* was short-listed for the Carnegie Award and deals with the gang-run estates of Inner London. This was inspired by a tragic killing outside Kidbrooke School and he places his central character, Kaninda, in a London estate. He greatly admires young people today from difficult backgrounds who somehow tread a careful and steadfast way through the world in which they're growing up.

Bernard's books are well represented on Amazon. You can find more on Bernard's website: www.bashley.com He has also written for several television series, including “Running Scared”, and two stage plays. He is a producer with a small professional theatre company, Ashley Chappel Productions, and is on the Board of the Greenwich Theatre.

In Print—Richard Cody ('40-'47)

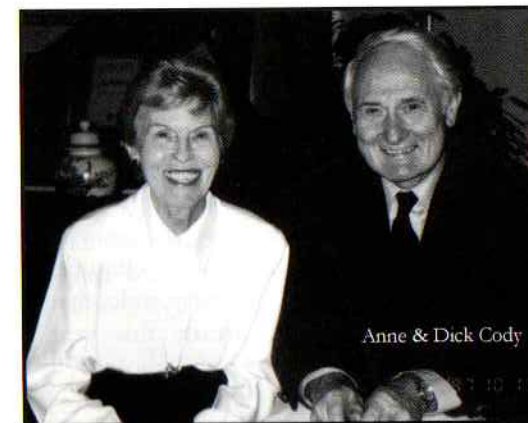
Neighbouring Eyes

(A Tale of 1951)

John Offord

An elderly British academic, a history man, calls to mind the story of a Cold War secret told him in undergraduate days by his best friend, a student of English. Some Baltic communist leader, here on a state visit, has undergone abduction and a mortifying captivity while being impersonated. The historian now writes it all up as a novel, which proves to be something of an odyssey to the England of their youth. He plays the field of genres: spy story, memoir, historical fiction, comedy, satire, detective story, tragedy, idyll—appealing to the reader who knows English poetry but does not forget the Prisoner of Zenda.

The author of *Neighbouring Eyes*, Richard Cody, was born in 1929 and grew up in Blackheath, London, England. He attended the **Roan Grammar School**, Greenwich, did National Service in the army and a B.A. and Dip.Ed. at University College, Southampton. From 1953 he lived in the U.S., studying and teaching at Ole Miss (the University of Mississippi) and the University of Minnesota. In 1963, having an M.A. and Ph.D., he was appointed associate professor of English at Amherst College, Massachusetts, where he remained until retirement in 2002. His book *The Landscape of the Mind* was published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, in 1969.



Anne & Dick Cody

Richard Cody wrote to the Secretary in May 2005 with details of his novel – *Neighbouring Eyes (A Tale of 1951)* written under the pen name of John Offord. He congratulates Steve Nelson for his wonderful job of giving the magazine a new lease on life and sent subs for his brother, John, to rejoin the Association. The novel features S.E.3 and the Roan School circa 1950 quite prominently. Copies have been sent to the Secretary and a select group of close associates including **Alf Knott**, **Denis Merrett** (living in Calgary) and **John Basing**. Copies can be obtained from the Bookshop on the Heath in Blackheath Village.

Since retiring from teaching in 2002 Richard has moved to Anniston, Alabama where he lives quietly with his wife, Anne. He plays “old man's” tennis two or three times a week, supervises work in the garden, reads books or watches DVDS, listens to music and is half way through the sequel to *Neighbouring Eyes*. Since its publication in 2004 he has given several library and reading groups talks about it locally. It has its own website: www.NeighbouringEyes.com/

John Roan School Lodge

Well, after all the events of our 75th anniversary year we might have thought we'd settle down to a "quiet time" for a while, but there seems to be growing interest in the Lodge and enquiries about Freemasonry. We have welcomed two new members already this year, received applications from another 2, and may also have a joining member.

For many years we were the only affiliated group bearing the full name of John Roan. One of the Grand Lodge officers sponsoring our formation in 1929 was a Governor of the School, and one of our founders, T.R.N. Croft, was Headmaster and the first President of the Old Roan Association. Many Lodges across the country had their origins in schools, although times change and this is now less common. We remain members of the Federation of School Lodges and Del Baxter ('43-'48), Neal Haslam ('67-'74), together with Phil Baker, our Secretary, represented us at the annual meeting of the Federation itself in September.

The formal meetings of the Lodge are held four times a year at the Westwood Masonic Centre, Welling, followed by dinner and a raffle to raise funds for many worthy causes. Some are, of course, Masonic based such as the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution (the "RMBI") which runs residential care homes, the nearest being at Chislehurst. We've raised over £4,000 for the West Kent Benevolent Fund and have nominated charities which could be helped.

Our charity steward, Alan Weir ('36-'42) makes sure we don't overlook other non-masonic charities. These have included £100 for Woodside School, Belvedere; £83 for the Demelza House Children's Hospice; £150 for Crockenhill Parish Church Clock Tower Fund (in memory of John Long); £135 for the Parent's Consortium to assist disabled children and a further £100 for the local charity "Cherished Memories".

Since our last report we regret the passing of John Long ('32-'37). John had been Master of the Lodge in 1980 and again in 1993. Always keen on facts and attention to detail he had led our team to victory in the West Kent Provincial Quiz. Mark Long is still in our team and we hope we will be a credit to John in this year's finals. Brian McKay ('47-'52) and I also achieved success playing Bowls in the Kent County Secretaries Cup beating teams that included players of national status.

Len Clifton (26-'30) has moved from Yorkshire back to Croydon and we hope he may be able to come to a meeting soon, whilst Vic Penfold ('27-'33) is now in Pembrokeshire (nearer to his daughter) so distance may make his appearances "special occasions only". Members of other lodges are always welcome to visit us – please 'phone me to book in!

In this day and age it cannot be claimed that Freemasonry is secret – after all, you can get books out of any library and read literally all there is to know, more in fact than some other organisations whose affairs are simply described as "private". If you would like to know more, please feel free to get in touch with me, telephone 01474 814715

Alan Penney ('47-'51) Assistant Secretary

"The Cemetery Club"

"The Cemetery Club" by Ivan Menchell provided the Roan Theatre Company with a suitable contrast to their previous production – the ambitious and very successful "David Copperfield". This contemporary play is well written and full of sharp dialogue and Jewish New York humour. It involves four main characters and was well directed by Mandy Brown who also played a delightful small cameo.

Teresa Wilkins was excellent as Lucille and enjoyed the best lines. She handles well this cynical woman of a certain age, outwardly confident but troubled and unfulfilled inside.

The Duncan Rand One-Act Play Festival 2005

The R.T.C. returned to the One-Act Play Festival at the Medway Little Theatre in Rochester after a break of several years. Their competition entry was Act 1 of "Proof" by David Auburn – a successful play that has very recently been released as a film. Each entry is performed and judged during the week – three each night – with the best three invited back for "Finals Night" on Saturday (30th July).

"Proof" was directed by Graham Johnson and supported back stage by Rod Stanbridge (lighting), Daniel Piggott (stage), and Glynis Watson (prompt). The four characters were played by Trevor Talbot, Claire Talbot, Stuart Mitchell-Smith and Emma Watson. Our production was well received by the entertaining adjudicator and invited back for the last night.

The Roan Theatre Company The Tyler Theatre. May 4-7, 2005

Glynis Watson added the sad and wistful character of Ida. Isobel Trafford provided a good foil to Teresa as Doris – a plainer character with intelligence and a sharp wit. Len played the sole male and survived well in this competitive company.

Mandy Brown arrived with frenzied energy as Mildred and the cast made impressive use of the fast dialogue and several good one-liners.

The stage design by Dave Townsend was impressive. Once again the RTC provided a very entertaining evening.

Roan Theatre Company Medway Little Theatre. July 25+30, 2005

We were enthusiastically supported on a Monday evening in Rochester where the overall theatrical and venue experience could be described as surreal.

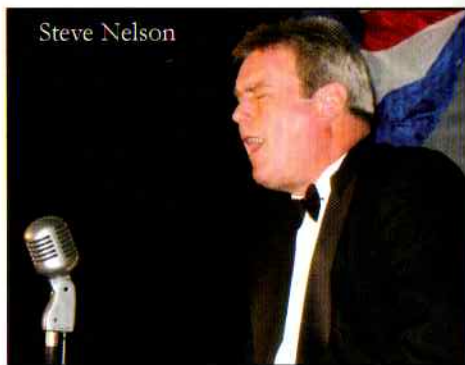
The Festival has been dominated for many years by "The Vicar" who annually enters an original play he writes himself. He won the Gold again this year but we feel he was run a close second judging by the adjudicator's summaries. Nevertheless the final night offered many rewards. Claire won the Best Actress Award, Stuart won Best Actor and Trevor won Best Supporting Actor. Our production won Silver which improved on two previous Bronze awards. Graham and the team were delighted and feel "The Vicar" can be toppled.

The RTC plan to perform the full version of "Proof" soon at our home venue in Eltham.

The President's 40s Night

This spring the Roan Theatre Company presented a 40s Night Extravaganza at the Old Roan Club on the 25th and 26th March 2006, under the able musical direction and talented keyboard performance of David Horsburgh. These performances marked the end of Trevor Talbot's presidential year with the O. R. Association. The evening showcased a wide range of music and comedy from this era and was adeptly compered by Glynis Watson.

Graham Johnson gave the audience the chance to reminisce with an inspired performance as the "Cheekie Chappie" Max Miller, and Trevor Talbot treated us to a rare portrayal of the comedian, Rob Wilton ("The day war broke out"). Together Graham and Trevor appeared as the singing comedy double act, Flanagan and Allen. Mandy Brown and



Steve Nelson

Teresa Wilkins captured the era with powerful solos "So in Love" and "Bewitched". Old Roan Association stalwart Steve Nelson joined the company for the first time to perform memorable songs by Cole Porter and George Gershwin. The evenings were graced by a surprise visit to the Club and special address to the audience by the Prime Minister of the era, Winston Churchill, portrayed by the President.



Barbara Roe, Richard Rickson, Teresa Wilkins, Graham Johnson, Mandy Brown, Jean Wilkins, Trevor Talbot

Joan Stanbridge, Jean Wilkins, Barbara Roe, and Richard Rickson joined the ensemble cast for the medleys that opened and closed each of the two acts, which included British and American Wartime classics, as well as Showtime tunes of the period. Other individual features included Mandy Brown and Richard Rickson performing "Anything You Can Do" from "Annie Get Your Gun", Teresa Wilkins, Glynis Watson and Mandy Brown as the Andrews Sisters and an "Over the Garden Fence" original sketch written and performed by Glynis Watson, where she recounted her own mother's and grandmother's wartime experiences.

Both performances of the show were extremely well received by capacity audiences. This 40s Night Extravaganza served as a fitting reminder and celebration of wartime and post wartime Britain.

Behind the scenes a most impressive set, which transformed the Club, was designed by Dave Townsend. This was complemented admirably by Lighting Engineer, Rod Stanbridge. Sound Engineer, newcomer Daniel Pigott, was in charge of the retro-look microphones and the sound system in general. Once again Don Boon was the Company's efficient Production Manager, with much to co-ordinate in bringing these two evenings together, not least of all the serving of a fish & chip supper to ninety people on each night during the interval. It was lovely to see so many Old Roans in attendance.

Claire Talbot



Teresa Wilkins

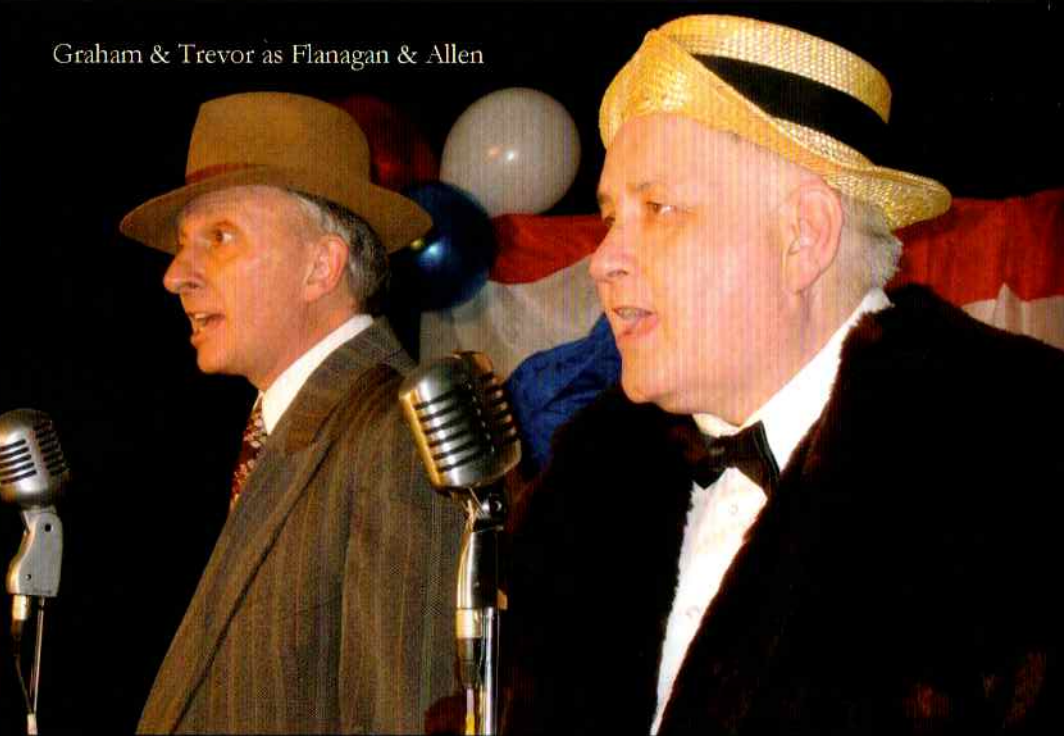


Trevor Talbot

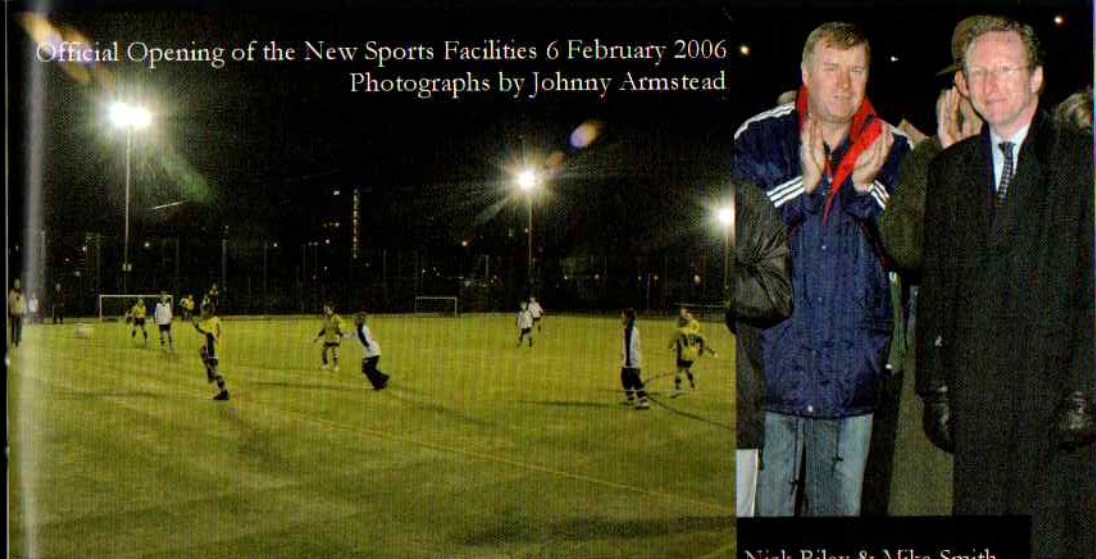


Graham Johnson

Graham & Trevor as Flanagan & Allen



Official Opening of the New Sports Facilities 6 February 2006
Photographs by Johnny Armstead



Nick Riley & Mike Smith



Joan Stanbridge, Jean Wilkins, Richard Rickson, Graham Johnson, Teresa Wilkins, Trevor Talbot, Glynis Watson, Barbara Roe, Mandy Brown, David Horsburgh



Linda Nelson



"Pygmalion" by Bernard Shaw
Roan Theatre Company

The Roan Theatre Company chose a well-known and popular play for their winter production – a play that presents many challenges to an amateur group, challenges which were more than met by this talented and efficient company.

The exceptional sets were the work of Dave Townsend. Dave does nothing by halves and designed a suitably cramped Covent Garden, a very masculine Study for Prof. Higgins and an enchantingly feminine apartment for Mrs. Higgins. The orange glowing street lamp set the atmosphere perfectly for the opening scene. The only criticism that can be levelled at the sets and stage crew is that the scene-changing behind closed curtains was occasionally rather noisy; however, speed was required and is not always coexistent with silence.

The opening music was cheerful and set the scene. This reviewer must wonder though what GBS would have felt on hearing the score of *My Fair Lady* intruding as incidental music throughout his play.

Act I zipped along merrily. Act II might have benefited from some judicious cutting, perhaps in the Eliza/Higgins duologue, and the final scene, more Lerner & Loewe than Shaw, could have been trimmed.

The costumes were delightful and for the most part placed each character in the correct class on first sight. The market traders were very smart and clean but it is notoriously difficult to look grubby on

Tyler Theatre Eltham
November 30 – December 3, 2005

stage and unfortunately one cannot wash the car with a hired costume!

All the words were clearly heard and flowed well. The cast displayed commendable ingenuity in dealing with any small uncomfortable silences and the prompt was largely unemployed. Mr. Talbot moved his cast expertly, using the whole of the stage and not being afraid of placing backs to the audience. Particularly noteworthy was the well-populated ball taking place on the apron.

The passing of time during elocution lessons was denoted by semi-darkness on the stage, perhaps this could have been emphasised more if the actors had been frozen.

Claire Talbot was comfortable and confident in the demanding role of Eliza. Her early position, crouched down-stage, ideally illustrated her social standing and her gradual change, both physical and mental, from guttersnipe to lady was convincing. Her speech exclaiming that she could have danced all night held the audience spellbound. Her tears were felt by everyone in the theatre and her realisation of her untenable position was heartrending. Miss Talbot clearly understood her character's mixture of toughness and vulnerability and one felt at the final curtain that this Eliza would soon get exactly what she wanted. Overall this was a charming performance.

Stuart Mitchell-Smith slipped easily into the role of the irascible academic Professor Higgins and gave his character few redeeming qualities, with his disregard of anyone or anything he found uninteresting. Speaking and eating an apple at the same time poses no problem for this experienced actor. It is just possible though that some of his throw-away lines were missed by the back rows.

Graham Johnson gave an assured performance as the kindly Colonel Pickering. Isobel Trafford as Prof. Higgins' put-upon housekeeper Mrs. Pearce appeared a little stiff at first but soon settled into a 'velvet hand in iron glove' mode.

Glynis Watson as Mrs. Higgins showed the correct manners of 'Society' and the free-and-easy demeanour of her American parlour-maid (newcomer Rebecca Myers) would have been a talking-point among the mores of the At-homes.

Leonard Quaife was gently amusing as Mr. Doolittle, making a character rather than a caricature. His speech was clear and he did not miss a trick. His 'undeserving poor' speech held the stage - and that wink!

The Eynsford-Hills, played by Joan Stanbridge and newcomers Anya Lukover and Mark Bowsher, took their roles competently, displaying the brave sadness of genteel poverty, and the familiar line 'Not ***** likely' had its full effect.

Higgins' and Pickering's elated handshake at Eliza's initial success, which drew applause, and their soon-following consternation, were pitched exactly right, just short of over-playing.

Of the smaller roles, Vince Bennett got all that could be got out of Nepommuck, the 'Hairy-faced Dick' and how nice it is to see Vince back on stage. David Horsburgh and Barbara Roe were appropriately snobbish as the Ambassador and Wife and Richard Rickson, in a marvellous wig, demonstrated a footman's perfect bow.

A truly enjoyable evening and the audience went home thoroughly happy. Perhaps Mr. Cripps can be persuaded to mend the hole in the curtain!

Janet Sweet (Alexandra Players)
December 2005



Claire Talbot as Eliza & Mark Bowsher as Freddy in "Pygmalion"



"Pygmalion" Cast—November 2005—Roan Theatre Company

Barbara Roe, David Horsburgh, Richard Rickson, Anya Lukover, Joan Stanbridge, Mark Bowsher,
Alf Knott, Beryl Knott, Jean Wilkins, Vince Bennett, Len Quaife, Isobel Trafford

Glynis Watson, Graham Johnson, Claire Talbot, Stuart Mitchell-Smith

Old Roan Football 2004-2005

The 1st XI started the season very slowly losing 3 and drawing 1 of their first 5 league fixtures. This ultimately cost us the league title. The season began to turn when we beat our near neighbours Stansfeld O & B 4-3 away from home in the middle of October. Bingy Grant scored 19 goals whilst Martin Wingfield weighed in with 10. We finished the season a creditable 2nd behind our old rivals Cray Valley.

The 2nd XI had a very successful season finishing 2nd in Division 1 of the SLFA losing out by just 1 point to Middle Park. Losing 2-0 to the bottom side in the division following a Friday night out late in the season didn't help the cause! This wonderful season culminated in us winning the Queen Mary Cup 3-0 against Johnson and Phillips of the premiere league in a pulsating final at Thamesmead Town. Sam Lukes somehow managed the team with aplomb, although he was found wandering around a field in Thamesmead during the Final as Eddie Greenhead held the reigns! The poor lad was too nervous to bark instructions. Maybe a little less Stella and more Lucozade will be needed next season.

The 3rd XI, or the Old Gits as they like to be known, finished mid table, well away from any threat of promotion. Dave Nuttall, in his last season as manager (yeah right!), concentrated on

the Beckenham Hospital Cup as a source of Silver this season. For the first time that I can remember 2 Old Roan teams played each other in a competitive match when the 3rds played the young 4th XI in the quarter final of this cup. The game went to extra time and was won in the last minutes by the 3rd XI 4-3. A fantastic match watched by our biggest crowd of the season! The cup final was, however, one game too many as creaking knees, hips and ankles together with deteriorating eyesight and too much girth around ample waists was no match for a youthful Crofton Albion, so Silver medals it was. This was an end of an era as this team that had played together for over 6 years finally called it a day. David Nuttall has done a tremendous job and it was a real pleasure working closely with him. We will all miss watching Jimmy Douglas try to jump and head the ball, Micky Lingwoods' antics in goal, Andy Davies slagging off the refs, Andre sulking, Baby Podger's angry face, Gibbo chasing after young quick centre forwards and end up breathing out of his backside as a consequence and Tony Nutts still as competitive as ever. A great bunch of blokes.

Last season, Tom, son of Graham Lawrance, started up a new 4th XI full of young 17 and 18 year olds in division 4 of the SLFA. Apart from 1 or 2 games where their lack of strength was

too great a handicap to overcome, the boys acquitted themselves admirably. In Ryan Martin we had the league's leading goal scorer with an incredible 75 goals! The boys finished a creditable 3rd closely behind 2 strong teams and earned a promotion. Their behaviour, on and off the field, was a credit to the Old Roan Football Club. The match against the 3rd XI was as exciting as it got and the 4th XI really should have won this game. Tom Lawrance, the manager, did an excellent job and looks destined to hold this role for many years to come. Other players that did well were James Conaty, Nick Price, Pat Gallagher, Khaled Ramjaun and Semih Sandalci. Well done boys!

As usual the Club was once again held together by a small group of administrators, most notably, Graham Lawrance, Brian Riley and Nick Riley without whom the Club would not function. Chris Stone, who has done sterling work for many years as Chairman has finally called it a day and it should be put on record of how much the Football Club owe Chris for his efforts over the years.

Thanks to everyone who contributed last season.

Nick Riley



Old Boys pitch and Pavilion. Old Roan Vets against Catford Strollers towards the of their cup semi-final on Saturday 8th April 2006. Micky Lingwood enjoys a quiet moment. Lovely grass Graham!

The John Roan Playing Fields

NEW MULTI-USE GAMES AREA [MUGA] - ALL WEATHER SURFACE.

Do you play tennis? Have you ever played at the school field? Remember the grass courts? Or maybe you preferred the more even bounce of the hard courts? Well a positive answer to at least 2 of these questions means you must have a good memory! Why? - well because the grass tennis courts 'disappeared' at least 10 years ago, and the hard courts have not been in use for safety reasons for about 4 years. So why am I writing about something that is no longer there? Because there have been some big changes at the school field over the last 15 months, as I will now explain.

By the early 1990's the grass tennis courts had fallen into decline- a combination of a general lack of use by the school and old boys [apart from the usual enthusiasm around the Wimbledon fortnight] and poor ground maintenance - and they had become a poor use of a very valuable part of the field. So what was to be done?

A decision was made over 10 years ago by the John Roan School, with the agreement of the Roan Foundation to make a financial investment with the installation of floodlights to the area of the grass and hard tennis courts [which obviously required planning approval from Greenwich Council] and at the same time turn the grass courts into an area for football training. This was

completed in early 1996 and it proved to be a very successful decision, so thoughts then turned to how all the other areas of the school field could be improved.

A planning application for the development of the school field was submitted to Greenwich Council [subsequently approved] and there followed a period of over two years where various individuals - in particular **Mike Smith** [71-78?] and **Linda Nelson** [64-71] - worked tirelessly on behalf of the Roan Foundation to produce a comprehensive development plan for the school field and investigate the available sources of external funding. Once the development plan was finalised and approved, all that remained was to procure the necessary funding. Easy, you would think! Well, if it had been that easy this article would have been written at least 4 years ago!

There then followed a period of immense frustration for all those involved in the process of applying for funding. It is due in large part to the persistence of Mike Smith, Linda Nelson and Brian Lloyd, Deputy Head of the John Roan School, amongst others that it was carried forward to a successful conclusion as they had to deal with a number of different organisations, all having their own view of our development plan, and all requiring their own mountain of paperwork. Finally, in the autumn of 2004, a decision was made by the Big Lottery Fund [BLF] who agreed to grant the Roan Foundation a sum of £243,000

towards the provision of a new All Weather Surface [MUGA = Multi Use Games Area] and refurbishment of the existing hard tennis courts. The Roan Foundation would be responsible for providing any additional funding which was estimated to be in the region of £80,000.

And that's just about where I first got involved when Linda Nelson contacted me with the offer of managing the 'project' to provide these specific new facilities at the school field for the benefit of the Roan School, the 'old boys' and the local community. Over a couple of beers in a very nice pub in Hornsey - coincidentally jointly owned by a certain Mike Smith - it transpired there were a couple of major issues. First problem was that the planning approval had by now expired and we had no formal authority to progress our plans! Second problem was that the cost estimates were a few years out of date and thus could not be relied on to be accurate. Still, it was an interesting offer which I was glad to accept.

Straight away it was necessary to have a meeting with Greenwich Council - it was a mandatory condition by the BLF for them to act as the formal interface with the Roan Foundation for the payment of the grant award - to discuss the lapsed planning application and the general management of the proposed scheme.

Greenwich agreed to an early resubmission of the planning application, whilst the Roan Foundation decided to manage

the implementation of the project themselves. Now the next problem was that the re-approval of the planning application was expected to take a minimum of at least 3 months whilst the BLF required work to start within 6 months of their grant award! A decision was therefore made by the Roan Foundation at the beginning of 2005 to make an early appointment of a firm of Architects (Lomax, Cassidy & Edwards) and Quantity Surveyors (Manders & Shaw) to develop the detailed design and project specification whilst at the same time produce a more robust financial estimate of the project.

The project also fell within the CDM (Construction and Design Management) Regulations which places a legal requirement on the client (Roan) to ensure that Health and Safety issues are properly addressed. We were effectively working 'at risk' because if the planning permission was rejected all costs incurred by LCE, etc would have to be born by the Roan Foundation. However, it was considered to be an acceptable risk because we felt confident that planning permission would be granted. The intended result of these appointments was that when the planning approval was received no time had been lost and we were ready to start with the tender process. At the same time we advised the BLF of a slight change in our timescales so the grant payment schedule could be revised accordingly.

The main focus of the project was the refurbishment of the existing hard tennis courts and the replacement of the grassed area with a new All Weather

surface suitable for soccer and hockey. A condition of the grant award by the BLF was that the new facilities must be available to all members of the local community and be compliant with the provisions of the Disability Discrimination Act [DDA]. This required the design brief to include extra wide access gates for wheelchair users and, most importantly, an appropriate access path to the new facilities around the perimeter of the school field from the pavilion. As usage of the new MUGA area would be primarily outside of normal school hours (i.e. in the evenings) it was also necessary for this path to be illuminated for safety reasons.

Regular liaison meetings took place over the spring of 2005 between myself, on behalf of the Roan Foundation, and Ewan Stoddart of LCE (together with Fred Shaw of Manders & Shaw) to fine tune the project design and ensure that when notification of the planning permission was received we would be able to quickly proceed with the production of the tender documentation and drawings. The final agreed design made provision for two tennis courts on the refurbished hard court area, with additional court markings for netball and basketball, whilst the new All Weather surface would provide for three 5-a-side pitches with recessed goals plus a 6-a-side mini soccer pitch and a 7-a-side hockey pitch. New fencing to the whole MUGA and tennis courts area would be provided (and this allowed the design to incorporate 'sin bins' for soccer and hockey) together with a paved area with seating at the interface with the access path.

All this planning work paid off handsomely as, when planning approval was received from Greenwich in early May, we were able to send out tender invitations to potential contractors by mid June. With a 4 week tender return period followed by a tender review we were anticipating a tender award at the beginning of August. An anticipated start on site in mid August during the school summer holidays gave us a potential completion date of mid November. Had the Roan Foundation not taken the decision to appoint an Architect and QS before receipt of the planning permission, the project would have been delayed by some 4 months so a contractor would not have been able to be appointed until mid-November. With the consequent delay to the start of the construction being probably a further 4 months - as winter is not the time to commence construction of such sporting facilities - not only would we have not achieved completion before the end of the 2006 summer term but the Roan foundation would have been in breach of the BLF grant conditions.

In the event we were indeed able to select our contractor and appoint them in early August with the successful tender being from Charles Lawrence Surfaces. Following a pre-start meeting with them to confirm access arrangements, they commenced their site works on Monday 15 August with a projected completion date of Monday 7 November. The major works involved with the construction of the MUGA required the removal of over 700 cubic metres of topsoil, the installation of a new

aggregate stone sub-base and rubberised shock pad before the laying of the sand filled synthetic turf carpet. Projects rarely run as planned (just look at the current situation with Wembley stadium) and this one was no exception.

After making a good start on site the contractor suffered the loss of £100,000 worth of construction equipment over one weekend in early September; the existing drainage to the grassed area was damaged and a new drainage installation required; the fencing sub-contractor was unable to complete his fabrication to the original programme; the specified pathway surfacing contractor was reluctant to become involved in the scheme; and the pathway lighting wholesaler went into receivership a week before they were due to deliver the light fittings! Thankfully the Project Team (Ewan Stoddart, Fred Shaw, Linda Nelson and myself) had quickly built up a good working relationship with Charles Lawrence, through Tony Aitchinson their Site Construction Manager, such that all these issues were able to be dealt with in a professional and timely manner with little effect on the costs or timescales. The weather throughout the construction period was mainly dry so there was only a slight impact on the programme of works with Practical Completion and handover slipping back a week to Monday 14 November.

During the course of the works the opportunity was also taken to improve the pathway access to the rear of the existing pavilion, provide new access gates and fencing panels to the gates at

the junction of Lyme Farm Road and Sunnysbrook Road, and to upgrade the existing floodlights. New sports equipment for the MUGA and tennis courts was also purchased and a maintenance contract for the new facilities signed with a specialist contractor (to supplement the work of the existing groundstaff) to ensure that the considerable investment by the Roan Foundation and the BLF is not wasted.

Following the handover meeting on 14 November we had beneficial use of the new facilities although there were a number of items still to be completed. In particular the pathway lighting was not completed until mid December (mainly owing to the problems detailed above) and a large number of these fittings now have to be changed owing to defects. The hard tennis courts currently have temporary linings whilst awaiting a prolonged period of dry warm weather before they are spray painted. Nevertheless, the facilities are now in use - and very popular they are already proving to be. The formal opening of the new MUGA was held on Monday 6 February 2006. If you would like to make use of our new facilities you should contact Graham Lawrance.

And for those of you who are interested - the whole package of works was completed within the budget figure agreed by the trustees of the Roan Foundation!

Alistair 'Mitch' Mitchell [65-72]
Project Manager
on behalf of Roan Foundation
February 2006



School Field & building work 2005—Mitch recuperating in Sri Lanka

The War Years at Roan

My new uniform was delivered in the summer of 1939 and I was due to join Kings Warren on 4th September 1939. I was broken-hearted and did not, in fact, attend Kings Warren. I became a Roan Girl by adoption for the next five years. Education was very patchy until the Roan eventually opened as the South East London Emergency Grammar School for Girls.

Teachers came from various schools to join the staff. On the first morning there was a patchwork of uniforms - green, brown and navy - and girls from Roan, Kings Warren, Addy & Stanhope, Haberdashers Askes, St.Olives & St.Annes, St.Saviours, Blackheath High, Eltham High and I have a vague recollection of a Pendergast. We were divided into forms according to age, with form sizes small to start, but soon grew to approximately 24-30 and remained so.

Miss Richardson (Roan Staff '08-'44) was Head and was a strong disciplinarian but well respected. Schoolwork was quite often interrupted by air raids, when we had to make our way quickly but with no panic to the downstairs cloakrooms. Each girl was allocated a paving stone and had to sit with knees up and back to back with another girl tightly packed. It was quite chaotic when anyone wished to climb over to the toilet. Being below ground level gave us a sense of security but it would, of course, have been a "death trap" had there been a direct hit.

We followed the war on a large map in the geography room and a globe that was lowered from the ceiling. Little pegs were used on the wall map and at one time it was very frightening at the speed the Swastikas crept on.

School dinners were provided at a later date and taken in the dining room next to the gym and were quite good too. We were all pleased to help ourselves to the large pieces of cut swede and carrot - raw of course - put in dishes on each table, sometimes even the luxury of a piece of cheese.

Books were scarce and we were instructed to draw extra lines at the top and bottom of each page in our rough note books and write on the inside of both covers.

We were still being given homework which we would complete as soon as we reached home. My parents allowed me to go to Youth Club after tea but expected me to go into the nearest public shelter with my friends should there be an air raid.

In 1943, a party of 40 girls volunteered to work on the land to help bring in the harvest. Miss West, the Games mistress, was in charge and we stayed in the village hall in Upavon, Wiltshire, for four weeks. The train from Paddington was a "special" full of boys and girls from 15-18 year old. All equipment was loaned to us by the American Army, from bedding to cooking dixies.

Of course we were worried about our parents as the rockets were falling at that time. We made many friends in the village and they were very kind to us, offering to do washing and sending us cakes and pies which were readily accepted as we were always hungry, being outdoors from 8.30 am until 5.00 pm.

Post-War Memories

Before leaving for Canada I recall being cajoled, during a well-lubricated evening at Kidbrooke, into parting with a significant sum (five quid I think) to become a life member. Perhaps you have a record of this? The transaction, not the evening, that is.

I am forever indebted to Derek Smith ('46-'52), my lifelong friend, for sending me a copy of the January 2005 magazine and reacquainting me with the Association. The indebtedness stems not only from his hilarious and pointed comments and the memories they stirred up, but also from the surprise and delight to know that there is a vibrant O.R.A. still in existence. As Hank (Mr. Hankinson) would say: "Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest...." That is what I did with this magazine, late into the night.

Right off, I must commend the Editor on the magazine itself. Having a good balance of old and current news, personal profiles, perfunctory reports and really good yarns, makes it an excellent read. The layout and font just add to the pleasure. Congratulations.

I met one particular friend and we shall be celebrating our 57th wedding anniversary in December 2005. God willing!

Pamela Perrett
(née Hambleton '39-'45)

Barrie Atkinson ('48 – '52)

Turning to Derek's comments on the teachers (when did they become "tutors"?), I am in broad agreement with his observations, but also offer a few embellishments:

Mr. Gilbert (Gus) – a gentleman, yes, and he also struck that fine balance between authority and fairness.

Mr. Lerpiniere – possessed the largest Adam's apple I've ever seen on anyone.

"Hoppie" – fine chap, many the time in my early engineering career that I wished I had paid closer attention to some of that basic maths.

Fred White – sorry to read his obituary elsewhere in the magazine, greatly respected, but would also enter the class with a pile of books under his chin, which he would unerringly launch as missiles at any inattentive boy.

Mr. Beale – Aah, it would be a suitable epitaph "How honestly and earnestly he laboured", but Latin? For me, hoc opus est.

Mr. Westmoreland – yes, Derek, I do agree

"Trotters" – yes, totally agree, Derek, he would teach from the back of the room at times and, picking up on some unfortunate youth to conjugate an obscure French verb, would creep up behind him and sharply flick the lad's ear if he hesitated.

Messrs. Pye and Lock – I agree, very good. Interesting, though, I always thought of them together too. Not only did I have respect for them, but I acquired a respect for wood that is with me yet.

"Hank" – yes, the best. I remember, the first time I visited California, recalling with a smile that stentorian Yorkshire accent defining the climate as though he had decreed it: "warm, wet, westerly winds in winter and hot dry summer"

Mr. Binnie – again, I agree ("pleasant manner but a bit soft")

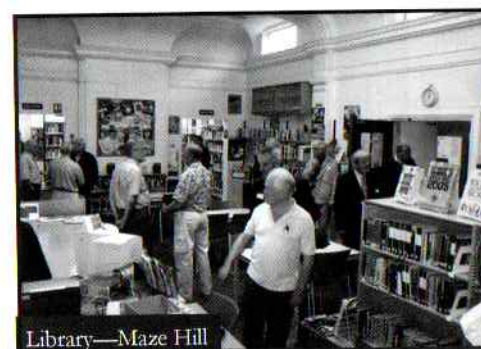
Mr. Geddes – kind, understanding at my art efforts, sketches of speeding cars and such. I loved those periods.

Mr. Hall ("Henry" – after the radio personality of the time) – I think I can shed some light on Derek's opinion. One of Henry's punishments for the inattentive among us was to have the boy stand at the back of the class with one arm outstretched palm up, and a 50 gram weight placed on the fingertips. After a few minutes this becomes really painful. Derek, normally one of the most attentive lads, was caught in a momentary lapse and suffered this punishment. Perhaps this accounts for his acute memory.

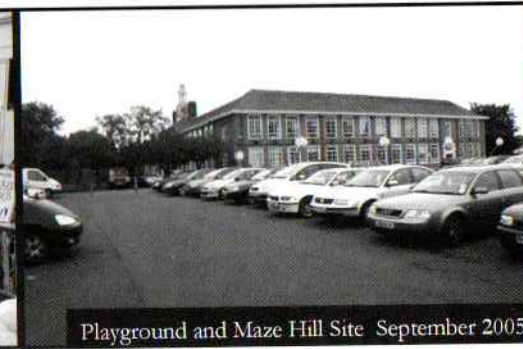
Mr. Peddy – a respected French teacher and a small man with an extraordinarily loud voice. When roused, his voluble French could be heard the length and breadth of the school.

In contrast, a teacher whose name I forget, a large, powerfully built man with huge hands and a very soft voice who taught R.I. He had great difficulty controlling a class and on one occasion was reduced to tears. I was left with respect and a little pity for him, but neither for religion I'm afraid.

Barrie Atkinson writes from Picton in Ontario.



Library—Maze Hill



Playground and Maze Hill Site September 2005

French lessons with "Old Wal"

I was sorry to read that Derek Smith ('46-'52) had such a hard time at school, particularly as I had rather a pleasant time, despite an obvious lack of intellect, and an equally obvious lack of funds. Not a lot seems to have changed since 1949-54 in that respect, but one aspect that I am pleased has remained unaltered is that I made a number of chums with whom I have kept in touch. I was interested to read his assessment of various masters – which reminds me of one master he omitted to include on his list which was Mr Williams (Old Wal), who was past his best, and who had the unfortunate task of attempting to teach the French language to young louts like myself.

Whilst his classes could never be described as an unqualified success, we were introduced to certain sociological aspects of French life, which says something for the contents of the Text Book. It was a soap-opera, though at that time we didn't know the meaning of the expression. The cast was as follows:

Monsieur Duval	le pere
Madame Duval	la mere
Auguste	le fils
Lucille	la fille
Rousseau	le chien
Minet	la chat
George	le jardinier

Now Monsieur et Madame Duval lived in a large maison avec la famille, and this is what they did:

Graham Chambers ('49-'54)

M. Duval travailed in a Banque in Paris and, according to the text, travailed very hard. He would get there by driving l'auto a la gare, and by train a Paris.

Mme Duval - see below

Auguste would jouer dans le jardin with Rousseau le chien ('cos dogs are a boy thing)

Lucille would jouer dans le jardin with Minet la chat ('cos fluffy little cats are a girl thing)

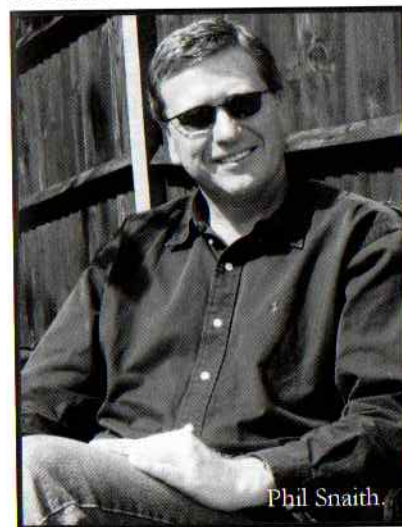
George would travail dans le jardin

Sometimes Auguste et Lucille would jouer together au tennis dans le jardin. Oh yes I forgot to mention that M. et Mme Duval had a grass tennis court in their garden. To those of us living in South East London in requisitioned houses or pre-fabs following bomb damage of WW2 this came as something of a surprise and a certain amount of comment. In fact I think we kept the military, political, economic and sociological discussions going for probably more than two 40 minute periods of French.

But life went on in 1950/51. M. Duval continued travaillant a la Banque. August et Lucille continued jouer (ing) with domestic animaux, Rousseau continued to chase Minet, and George continued to travail dans le jardin. Indeed his efforts encouraged grande regarde dans le voisinage - plus a certain amount of ill-disguised envy from the left wing clement among my south-east London chums.

Let us return to Madam Duval. Regrettably, she enjoyed bad health, and, according to the text, spent much of her time dans la chambre, au lit, malade avec la migraine. To those of us who were forced out of bed on cold morning, to wash and dress in Roan blazers (which in those days were designed more for identification than for their thermal qualities), sympathy for Mme Duval's regular headaches was muted, ranging from half-hearted to total indifference. And it may interest anyone who has stayed with me this far, to know that malingering in French is "tireur au flane".

Nevertheless, all was not lost, although I cannot remember now who it was in our mob who innocently mused, "if Mme Duval is always malade avec la migraine, how come Auguste et Lucile came about?" This question formed the basis of numerous animated discussions, which were infinitely more absorbing than floundering through the Present Subjunctive maze of Irregular Verbs.



Phil Snaith

Inevitably we arrived at the obvious conclusion that whilst M. Duval was travaillant daily a la Banque, George le jardinier was not restricting his activities to solely propagating les fleurs chez Duval.

Suddenly French lessons showed the potential of real excitement, and we wanted to read on to later chapters, and hopefully discover, in true soap-opera style, whether their dark secret, their trysts in the chambre, with all of the fleshy detail demanded by smutty 14 year old South East London yobs, would be revealed. Regrettably we had not worked hard enough in former chapters to understand the translation and construction of the final chapter. I imagine that the book is now out of print, or made into a 1950's underground film noire. Does anyone else remember the denouement.....?

The Editor would like to add that this textbook was still being used in 1962.

The Editor was left with this final space a couple of hours before the printer was due when Phil Snaith arrived unannounced. Phil is in Europe for a Conference in Spain. He is keenly playing blues guitar and building up a collection of legendary guitars. He makes his professional debut on June 2 in Singapore—though not giving his day job with Shell International just yet. We discussed tennis, Charlton Athletic and our memorable twin-striker partnership for the Old Roans 6ths in the 1970s. Phil hopes to visit the Club soon and to meet John Stanford and other old friends. 11.05.06

News of Old Roans

Roy Wilson ('54-'61) emails from Johannesburg in July 2005. Roy played cricket for the Old Boys for several seasons after leaving school. He emigrated to South Africa in 1981 and since then has lost contact with his contemporaries. He recalls **Robert Sellix**, **Dave Bryden**, **John Hester**, **Reg Hodge**, **Roy Baxter**, **Des Grimble**, **John Bruce** and **Peter Motton**. The Secretary forwarded his message to those contemporaries online – despite not completing the online membership application. Roy welcomes contact on: gailforce@triconet.co.za.

Dave Bryden ('54-'61) was pleased to hear from his former drummer and asked Roy if he could make it over to play with his French “goodtime music” band “Salut” and deliver them from a drum machine.

Des Grimble ('54-'61) immediately replied to Roy and noted the extraordinary coincidence that he picked up the message in Botswana en route to Johannesburg and Pretoria on business and was planning to return again in August. Des apologises for not replying to **Dave Bryden** though they both now reside in France – Des in the Lyon area. He finally contacted his fellow expatriate in March 2006 to confirm he has spoken with **Ken Farrer** ('55-'62) and they are both interested in attending the Club for the 50th anniversary celebrations in July with their wives. He lists meeting **Mike Callaghan** ('51-'56) again as an incentive. Ken Farrer was an outstanding opening batsman for the Old Roans. Des brings

Dave up to date on his working life. My work in the Far East was quite fun. I worked for Customs originally on leaving school but was not suited as a Customs Officer, I was more on the Trader's side, and found I could do IT project management helped by fairly good French and reasonable Spanish. Customs sent me to Brussels, Geneva and Ljubljana with the E.U., World Customs Organisation and UNCTAD to develop Trade, Customs import & export, transit systems and the Customs Union concept. I still do this for the SAARC and ASEAN Secretariats the countries in Asia together with SADC in Southern Africa. I think, finally, I was the longest serving British Customs Officer abroad – a fact which I liked a lot the more time went on. Marlieux is just great for me in terms of moving about through Europe and elsewhere – it really is a great crossroads. It's also a crossroads for migrating birds so we were the first with Bird Flu a little while ago and the villages have only just re-opened. I'm off to one of them now for the Friday “plat du jour”. My French is pretty fluent I guess now – at least I don't think much about it – but still get my leg pulled about the English accent.

Norman Hands ('36-'40) died in March 2006 but corresponded last May from Dawlish in Devon: “I do not think I will be using the facilities of the Club as I was 80 last week - but I did go to the opening of the Club. He was saddened to see news of the death of an old schoolmate, **David Homewood**,

and recalled cycling with him during their evacuation at Bexhill. Prior to his retirement Norman owned a café on Dartmoor specialising in cream teas for 15 years. He signed off with an old cockney saying – “Be lucky”.

Dave Wright ('71-'78) was very impressed with the magazine – “well done Steve & Co.”.

Terry Chance ('71-'78) has renewed contact and now works as a deputy business support manager in Winchester.

Tony Elliott ('51-'59 and Staff '63-'74) writes from Nelson in New Zealand which he describes in many ways as England forty years ago. He spends half the year in New Zealand with the Kiwi Elliotts and the other half in the UK with English Elliotts. He met his wife, **Judith** (née **Garratt** '54-'59) at one of the Sixth Form Dances and “Forty-eight years later the dance goes on”. They still sail, keep in touch with other Old Roans as well as past members of staff, and look forward to meeting up again with Old Roans at the Club celebrations in July 2006.

Tony Slaney (Secretary '59-'66) was out over the weekend of April 1 – “didn't do any Roan stuff”. Saturday was spent at the model railway exhibition at Alexandra Palace. Sunday at a Bus Rally at Wisley Aerodrome featuring the RT 624 working in service. This was the last RT in service with London Transport (7th April 1979) and was immediately sent to Birmingham & Midlands Transport Museum where it has remained for the

past 25 years until December 2004. Then, after restoration to road running condition, it took part in the finale of Routemasters. Tony did not ride on it in 1979 but did on April 2. Exciting times!

Donald Cranefield ('35-'42) has moved from Bromley to Cuckfield in West Sussex and commented that the last magazine was first class. **Derek Evans** (Staff '54-'82) thanked the Secretary for the magazine – “a very good one, which I enjoyed reading”. **Andy Page** ('68-'74) “enjoyed the magazine – thanks”. **Mike Watson** ('51-'59 and Staff '64-'67) was impressed with the new magazine and enjoyed reading more of it than before and somewhat pleased to see from the reunion “mugshots” that other Old Roans had aged at least as badly as he has. Mike has moved from Ormskirk to Nitton on the Isle of Wight.

Jerry Page ('71-'78) wrote in May 2005 confirming his new address in Bedford. He offers as an excuse for not updating the Secretary the chaotic process of selling and buying, about to go on holiday, expecting a new family addition, starting a new job, settling their children into new schools. Jerry provides a romantic tale of how an Old Roan Boy meets an Old Roan Girl, **Rhona Duncan** ('76-'79), who used to be sweethearts and next-door neighbours, after 20 years. They are now married with seven children between them. Jerry works for Mercedes-Benz in Milton Keynes as Customer Services Director.

John Coyle ('76-'83) enjoyed the magazine – “appreciate how much time and effort it must take to put together the magazine but, hell, it's an institution we're talking about here and a bloody important one”. John has lived in Thailand for 4 years and life was a struggle at first. He's returned to England on several occasions but never made the Club. He had a great time wandering around the School after being accosted by the Senior Premises Manager and given a one hour tour back in 2001. He was planning another visit in July 2005 and intended to include the Club. He doesn't meet many Old Roans randomly in Asia but recalls being stopped in Auckland, New Zealand, with the introduction “Oi, you're an Old Roan, ain't yer?” This was John Bresnahan (“Brez” – legendary honorary Old Roan friend of “Mitch” and Millwall supporter) who used to play Old Roan football with John.

Derek Smith ('46-'52) wrote in January 2005 from Bay of Plenty, New Zealand, to praise the magazine – “may I say how refreshing it is in its latest format – the old format was so stuffy”. He was impressed that his forthright comments on his time at Roan were printed. He enjoyed the article by Brian Lloyd from the School describing the move to more vocational courses. Here, in New Zealand, the government decided a while ago to withdraw support of apprenticeship schemes etc., particularly in engineering! Ten years later they have realised that everything (apart from horticulture) relies on engineering in one form or another, and have created a big hole resulting in a workforce of people who

are computer literate but can't screw a nut on a bolt – even if they could identify the thread. The government are trying to rectify this but it is almost too late. I think the world is at long last realising you have to have practical people to keep the machinery oiled! Brian Lloyd is exactly right in what the School is doing to expand the range of disciplines available to students, particularly as, at the 5th or 6th form age, very few people know what they want to do in life. At the time, I innocently felt that after 5 years at Roan I had NO MORE SCHOOL only to find myself, within 6 weeks of leaving, starting my engineering apprenticeship, enrolled at the South London Technical College on a further 5 years schooling to complete the Ordinary National & Higher National Certificate in Engineering. The current Editor, who as former Editor was responsible for the old stuffy format and lacks practical talent, enjoyed such refreshingly stated views. He stopped short of printing all in consideration of possible offence to the University of Calcutta, married women and politicians. We welcome future communications from Derek.

Allen Gales ('59-'66) is unable to attend the Club's 50th – off to a wedding in Ayr that weekend. Allen took early retirement as Treasurer of Eastbourne Borough Council in 1998 and subsequently, employed by his own company, has acted as interim Directors of Finance in various London Boroughs and County Councils or carried out special project work. He was also Derbyshire Probation Treasurer for 7 years. He tries to stay fit, but not always successfully.

Ian Rickson ('75-'82) ends his time as Artistic Director of the Royal Court Theatre this year and, in a lengthy interview in the Independent in January 2006 focusing on the theatre's 50th anniversary, talks of his time there. “To be self-critical, I would say that I haven't been a very showy artistic director or particularly skilful at promoting the Royal Court, and I felt that these 50 years are worth applauding and that it would be good for me to be part of it.....I thought that the most exuberant thing would be to put the largest body of new work on the stages that we could manage”. Ian reckons that his regime has come under attack from novelty-hungry critics because he has concentrated on consolidating the careers of writers such as Conor McPherson, Rebecca Gilman and Roy Williams who, in his time, have evolved into mainstream dramatists. The interviewer argues that there are few directors who have a more sensitive feel for a play's musical structure or who can draw richer performances from actors than Rickson.

Trevor Craddock ('46-'55) communicated on several occasions in 2005 from British Columbia in Canada. Trevor has set up a website for his Old Roan contemporaries on www.keston.com/Roan_School Trevor noted in the magazine mention of the Braithwaite Badge and wonders if it is still awarded (the Secretary is not certain but notes the Centre has more study and short walks). He noted the death of **David Champion** ('46-'54) and remembers that he and “Champers” were the first recipients of the Braithwaite Badge in 1954. He can still recall the long run they had to get

down off Green Gable in time to catch the last bus of the day out of Seatoller and back to Keswick after completing the Borrowdale Round. They had taken the first bus that morning to Borrowdale making it a long day but one that resulted in a great feeling of achievement upon completion. Trevor picks up on the comment by **Derek Smith** that **George Hall** (Staff '47-'56) was a mean man but, in contrast, he found him to be a strict disciplinarian but not physically so. It was George Hall who initiated the Braithwaite Badge. Together with Maurice George ('43-'52) he accompanied George on a number of the climbing weekends he organised for the LCC Evening Class he taught under the umbrella of the Mountaineering Association. In his senior years at Roan and after leaving he roped up with George for a number of rock climbs in the Lake District and Snowdonia. To some extent it was he, as my home room teacher, and Gus Gilbert as my Physics teacher in the Modern VIth who influenced me to seek a career in Physics – I have not regretted it since. He wonders if Derek is aware that **Charles Parley** and **Mike Carter** are both in New Zealand and in close proximity to Auckland. He recalls the year (1955) when they travelled to the Lakes by coach instead of train. Trevor asked Tony for an address for **Maurice George** and was pleased to see he has not moved – Maurice is still living at the very same house where he started married life in Swerford (Oxfordshire). It must, by now, be a Class 11 building. I hate to think how many addresses I have had in the intervening years!.

Chris Watson ('48-'56) contacted Trevor Craddock in June 2005 after finding his Roan website. Chris has not attended any of the reunions nor returned to the School since he left. He moved to California in 1979 with his wife and their 4 children and has remained since. He added some photographs taken in 1951-2 to the website. Trevor briefly brings Chris up to date on his contemporaries starting with his own journey to Canada in 1960 to pursue graduate studies and, like Trevor, never went back. **Charles Parley** and **Mick Carter** ended up in New Zealand, both fairly close to Auckland. **Dave Rivers** spent a lot of time in Africa. **Brian Pickrell** conducted searches in the UK for their reunions and found that many of their peer group had passed on. **John Beland** finally succumbed to cancer. They shared memories of **Lionel Berry** and **Eric Geddes**. Their nearest Old Roan is **Jerry Tickner** in Williams Lake, British Columbia.

Muriel Dungey ('34-'40) writes to clarify information in the item from **Jo Hook** (née **Lockyer** '32-'38) in the last magazine. Muriel has never had a husband nor lived in Nottingham but agrees that **Angela Munday** (née **Burdett** '34-'40) has visited. This was an editor editorial (S.Nelson) error and should not reflect on the author.

Pat Atkins (née Smith '56-'63) advises from Herne Bay the death of her mother-in-law, **Elsie Atkins** (née **Edwards** '28-'34) on 17th November 2005. Pat was amused to come across her old school hymn book stamped

inside the front cover with "Roan School for Girls – September 1933" and wonders if it was missed. She sends her regards to everyone.

Eileen Steele-Davies (née **Bryant** '30-'36) is 87 and moved from North London to Austria in November 2005 to live with one of her daughters. She has been undergoing health checks and various treatments. Life has not been easy but she remains positive – "I shall feel a new woman!" She misses her swimming at the moment. Eileen worked in her family company until she was 76 and up to three years ago drove her camper three times a year - including two skiing trips - to one daughter in Austria via picking up another en route in Italy. Eileen strongly recommends taking an Advanced Driving Test with the Institute of Advanced Motorist – she took her first driving test in 1936. Her request for news on contemporaries has resulted in a planned meeting with **Katherine Thompson**. Eileen asks us to print her address: Reikersdorf 11, 3713 Harmannsdorf, Austria

Jo Buchanan Hay ('60-'65) replied to the Clubhouse 50th anniversary questionnaire. Her memory of the sports fields is playing hockey, standing in goal in green shorts, with cold knees and bored to tears, discussing the Cuban Missile Crisis with her defence while their attack dominated. She recalls passing lorry drivers slowing down to view the eccentrically semi-clad but attractive co-hockeyists. Jo would like a tour of Devonshire Drive but understands that is not an option. She has very fond

memories of the School, staff and students of the '58-'65 era and would enjoy a reunion of that vintage – a similar event to the one organised for the closure of Devonshire Drive many years ago.

Alison Coppiters (née **Pendergast** '72-'79) thinks there may be few active members she would remember from Devonshire Drive. Alison was at school with **Teresa Wilkins** (née **Roe** '72-'79) and a year younger than **Hilary Haslam** (née **Chuter** '71-'78) and would welcome the opportunity to meet up with any other contemporaries – perhaps at the anniversary celebrations. Her brothers, **Garry** ('63-'70) and **Martyn Pendergast** ('66-'73) also attended Roan and, later, Martyn's sons, **Mathieu** ('96-'02) and **Raphael**. Alison's mother is **Dorothea Pendergast** (governor 79-'84). **Garry** now lives in Canada.

Eric Dawes ('37-'40) lives in Buckinghamshire and regrets that he can no longer attend meetings at the Club. He enjoyed his days at Roan and was evacuated in 1939, first to Ticehurst for a few weeks and then to Bexhill. He left the School at the age of 15 before they moved to Wales. Though they stayed a short time in Ticehurst he has fond memories. He was billeted, along with five or six other boys, at "East Lynden" owned by Mr. & Mrs. Kemp-Gee. Not every boy was so lucky. They lived in the servants' quarters headed by George the butler and were given the freedom of all the grounds, woods and swimming pool. He has no recollection of the names of the other lads that shared this experience and wonders if any are still

alive. He contacted the current owners of the house in 1999 and was invited with his wife to see the house again. It was a lovely experience and Eric was able to answer questions about how the house had been 60 years before.

Ben Hutton ('24 – '28) remembers **Bill Whelan** ('24-'28) from Eastney Street in 1924. Ben also travelled the world but always came back to London. He only got involved with one war in Africa and once had a brush with a lion. He remains grateful to "**Billy**" **Mann** (Staff '02-'38) who always made science interesting but was not one of **Hope's** favourites. Ben is the last of the Roan Huttons – his cousin **Leslie** ('14-'20), brothers **Harold** ('20-'26) and **Sidney** ('23-'26), and sister **Eileen** ('26-'28) were all Old Roans. Leslie was a scientist and was asked to join the original BBC but chose not to leave his "safe job" with the Gas Company. He was unable to get a degree because of failing his Matric twice – first with English and then with French. In those days you had to pass all subjects at the same time – "what a waste of a man who made a loud speaker before it had been invented". Ben went into publishing and enjoyed it so much he continued until 80.

J.F.N. (Bill) Wedge ('32-'38) enjoyed the magazine and particularly news of **Ewen Whitaker** ('33-'40) in Arizona. The informal reunions of the 30s Old Roans continue at the Ramblers Rest, near Chislehurst cricket ground on the third Monday of June and November. **Ken Bartlett** ('32-'37) is regular – it's his local! He is also in desultory touch with **Reg Wilcox** ('32-'39) who lives in

Toronto and, as a keen radio ham, deplors the growth of the internet at the expense of his hobby. Bill later advised that the informal reunions have ended since the deaths of **John Long** and **Ernie Winter**.

David Brown ('51-'58) contacts the Editor from West London to add his and some other names to the gaps in A.H.Hopwood's 4th Form in 1952 (January 2005 magazine page 47). He thinks the boy in the last row on the extreme left is **Parrott**, with **Parnwell** and himself 4th & 5th between **Pegram** and **Crowe**. He adds **Cockfield** next to **Salkeld**. **Hoskyn** and **Burrage** are either side of **Marsh** in the next row with **M.D. Smith** next to **Wray**. **Brian Merrell** is sitting on the right of **Hopwood**. The unknown four in the front row are **H.Goodall**, **A.B.Miles**, **Derek Gamham** and **Michael Marsh**. David has renewed contact with the ORA via Friends Reunited and **Colin Callegari** ('50-'57) who is retired and lives in Guildford. After studying French, Spanish and Latin in the 6th Form and captaining the Cricket team and Wolfe House he went to Fitzwilliam College Cambridge from 1958-62. He started teaching at Brentwood School and moved to Westminster School in 1965 as a housemaster and Head of Spanish to teach French and Spanish. From 1985 – 1993 he was Head Teacher at St.John's School in Leatherhead. His last working position was as Administrator for the Linbury Trust, one of the Sainsbury Family Charitable Trusts, from 1993-2003. He is now retired, married with three children and expecting his first grandchild.

Further respondents to the Secretary's questionnaire include **John Richards** ('36-'42) who finds it difficult to travel any distance but follows news of the School and Old Roans with great interest.

Ann Scott (Head '75-'79) also finds it difficult to attend many functions. After leaving Roan Girls she became Head of a large comprehensive school in Tunbridge Wells. One of her deputies for a time was **James Rouncefield** (Staff '73-'78) who later became Head of Chislehurst & Sidcup Grammar School.

Peter Longhurst ('33-'38) was 83 in March and wishes he was many years younger to enjoy the 50th anniversary of the Club. He praises the present officers and hopes the Club will go a long way further. Similar sentiments were expressed by **Katherine Collins** (née **Thompson** '30-'35), **Kenneth Brooks** ('34-'39) and **Percy Loryman** ('24-'24) who would like to attend but is now 95. **Dorothy Stillwell** (née **Angell** '29-'37) has suffered two strokes and is unable to travel. **Ethyl Wymer** ('36-'43) says that the magazine brought back many happy memories and made her realise she could be proud of the School.

Doug Castle ('53-'60) lives in Helston in Cornwall and has not been in contact with old class mates since leaving the School in 1960.

Geoffrey Walter ('34-'39) asks for the following: "I am told that I am the sole survivor of Mr. Mill's Remove of 1938. If I am not the sole survivor please call me on 020 8462 6593"

Les Edwards ('31-'36) writes from Swindon where he is currently in hospital. He suffered from polio in 1937 and was forced to give up all sports. He was helped by **W.B. Cayley-Mann** (**Billy Mann**) to join Telcon / Submarine Cables where he worked from 1936-80. Despite the polio he has travelled the world and lived a full life. Billy Mann told him at a Parents' Evening that French would be useful as he may one day visit France. He has spent only one night in France in his life and Japanese would have been a far more helpful language. "I have had a wonderful life little dreamed of in 1936, and even less so in 1937".

Donald Durban ('36-'39) compliments Steve Nelson on looking in "such good energetic form – alright for you youngsters" after meeting him last year. Donald laments the passing of his friends including **Ron Harmer**, **Geoff Thomas** and **Derek Overy**. Also **Stan Berry** with whom he shared time in the ORDS and recalls rehearsing, also with **Martin Rider**, when the news was announced of the assassination of President Kennedy. He asks for the whereabouts of **John Seymour** ('35-'39), a good friend at School, who he last met around VJ day to discuss their War years "but then disappeared". Donald agrees with his brother **Jack** ('33-'37) that the Masters in the 1930s were "superb". **Tommy Holt**, in particular, was very kind and considerate in addition to his teaching responsibilities. He wrote to Donald and many other Old Roans during their time in service. Donald can still picture him riding home from school on his old bicycle

Dr. Peter Trafford ('28-'38) can still manage to walk around his home city of Wells so feels capable of visiting in July and Beating the Bounds is possible. Now aged 85 he would like to see 114 Kidbrooke Park Road again – where he lived until the Nazis removed the roof. He started Roan at Eastney Street, his first term, in Joey Amesbury's Form 1.

Gordon Broughton ('27-'31) is now 90, living in Cirencester and not very mobile. He remembers his school days with affection, not least playing football for the Modern V against the Science V at the Field. They lost 1-0 and Gordon scored an own goal.

The Secretary advises that Peter Trafford is the youngest current member to have attended both Eastney Street and Maze Hill. Others apart from Peter Trafford and Gordon Broughton who attended Eastney Street are: **John Budgen** ('26-'30); **Norman Daniel** ('22-'30); **Richard Ellis** ('27-'37); **Doug Frooms** ('26-'31); **Wilfred Hewlett** ('23-'31); **James Hulford** ('27-'35); **Ben Hutton** ('24-'28); **Percy Loryman** ('24-'24); **Vic Penfold** ('27-'33); **Reg Pomeroy** ('23-'28); **Vic Slaney** ('24-'30); **Eric Watts** ('26-'30); **Fred Wellard** ('23-'29); **William Whelan** ('24-'28) and **Donald White** ('28-'36).

Graham Chambers ('49-'54) was looking forward to the opening of the Club in 1956, but, regrettably missed it by a week, having to report to R.A.F.Cardington in Bedford on Monday 9th July in order to valiantly defend his country for two years.

Subsequently, **Ron Parker** ('42-'47) told him that everything was ready, everybody had their glasses full, and everyone crushed into the Memorial Room for the official lighting of the fire for the first time. Unfortunately the chimney didn't work and the smoke rolled out into the entire room. Graham has a slight health problem at the moment which may interfere with his social life. Playing golf in France last Autumn he felt a sharp spasm of pain in his spine and heard a loud crack as he drove off from the 12th tee. He went down, uttering some Anglo-Saxon words en passant which had always helped in the past but not this time. After many tests he has been diagnosed with Myeloma, a cousin of Leukaemia, and after several months of chemotherapy may be in hospital in June or July for a bone marrow transplant. If not successful he may need to repeat the process in about 4 years time. "It's just a bore really, with some slightly tedious side effects. Will keep in touch and hope to meet up with Roan old lags at cricket".

Major Douglas Goddard ('33-'37) is 85 and has been slowed down by recent hip replacement surgery. Though he remains both mentally and physically active and committed it is unlikely he can make it to Kidbrooke in July but wishes to see the War Memorial Room and will see how he feels nearer the date. He remains involved in five Trusts and, as Branch Royal British Legion President, became heavily committed to the national events commemorating the 60th Anniversary of D-Day, in which he participated, and the ending of World

War 2. These included representing the Army in the Royal British Legion / Ministry of Defence television advert publicising the events, speaking engagements, and, most rewarding, being presented to the Queen and Prince Philip. He has happy memories of the School and sports ground having been in the Cricket and Football XIs and captained the Hockey 2nd XI as well as playing cricket for the Old Boys for a year or so until joining the Army. His post-war cricket and hockey led to representing the Royal Artillery and to MCC membership. He also has happy memories of the Woolwich Artillery cricket ground and the Officers' Mess. He lives in Wargrave-on-Thames in Berkshire.

Dr. Rob Goldsack ('52-'57) sends best wishes to all concerned for the anniversary in July and feels he is unable to make it from Australia. He would like to meet up with his teachers but thinks only Alf Knott remains – "they won't remember me so much for my deficient scholastic abilities as, perhaps, my enthusiasm for natural history, especially beetles". Rob has continued to work at the University of South Wales as a Visiting Research Fellow in Chemistry. He is associated with the publishing of 6 scientific papers on the essential oils of the Australian flora. He has also written a chapter about aromatic woods for the forthcoming second volume of *A Guide to the Useful Woods of the World* (Editors: C. Holder and J.H.Flynn) which is to be published by the Forest Products Society in the U.S.A.

Clarice Smith (née **Wiggins** '26-'31) writes from Sherborne with details on her brother-in-law, **Geoffrey G. Smith** ('28-'33) who died in January. Geoffrey was the younger brother of **Gordon C. Smith** ('26-'31 and President 1961/2). She reports that Geoffrey's papers indicate he undertook secret diving work for the Government and is interested in more details from contemporaries or colleagues. Clarice recognises a few names in the Magazine. She did not know **Val Lovell** personally but knew girls who did, including her sister **Vera** ('23-'27). She also knew **Tatarsky** and **Stan Berry** through the ORDS and, of course, **Lionel Berry** – "we enjoyed the Roan plays for many years". She notes **Ethel Carmalt** from the "Where are they Now" section but cannot help with an address. **Elsie Allen** was Head Girl when Clarice started at Roan in 1926 – she was the daughter of a Roan master and had two younger brothers, one of whom was called Percy.

Peter Williams ('38-'44) has fond memories of Val Lovell and recalls that Wendy served in the Women's Land Army. His health is up to playing indoor bowls with some regularity, for which he is grateful, but arthritic joints have ended his golfing days.

Gay Wood (née **Wheeler** '53-'60) lives in Poole, Dorset and offers suggestions for the 50th celebrations. Her brother, **Chris Wheeler** ('55-'62) now lives on an island in Moreton Bay off the Queensland coast in Australia. Gay is performing in an open-air production of *Much Ado About Nothing* on Brownsea Island

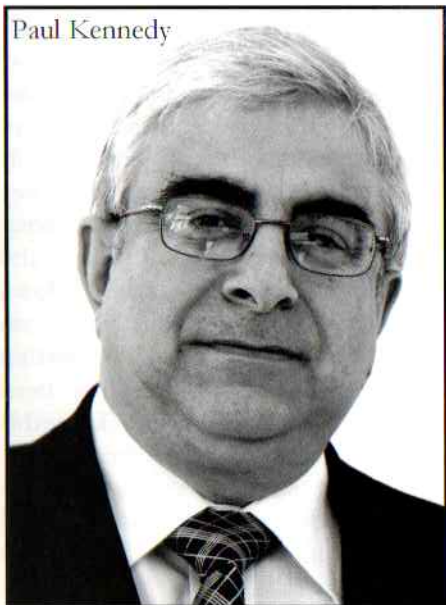
in July & August on behalf of the National Trust. She last performed in this play was as a 17 year old 6th former at Roan Girls when she played Dogberry. Her friend, **Ann Berry** (née **Grigsby**) was Verges. They remain in contact with Ann now living in Brightlingsea, Essex, after many years working for an American oil company. Her uncle, three aunts and mother—all Old Roans—have passed away but her cousins, **Marion Collins** (née **Robinson** '53-'58) and **Peter Gibbs** ('55-'60) live in Gt. Bookham, Surrey, and Blackheath respectively.

Phil Snaith ('64-'71) and Rosemary are now 2 years into their 8th overseas posting – this time back in the Far East in cosmopolitan Singapore. Phil (Rosemary really) says this is definitely their last one after 20 years away. They are no strangers to the Far East having lived previously in Brunei (Borneo) and Beijing (China). Phil still follows football (and Charlton Athletic) via ESPN which shows live Premiership games each weekend. Phil has been with Shell for more than 31 years and is currently heading Shell's Asia Pacific Oil Trading businesses. He sends his greetings to all Old Roans who still remember him and looks forward to attending an OR dinner sometime in the near future.

Adrian Clarkson ('62-'68) has changed jobs twice since turning 50 and is now a GP in a Primary Care Centre for the Homeless in Leeds. He remains in regular contact with contemporaries **John Wood** and **Glen Griffiths**.

Steve Gillman ('65-'72) met **Paul Kennedy** ('65-'70) in Dublin recently for dinner and a beer. Paul was awarded an MBE in 2001 for his work as Managing Director of the Commonwealth Conference and Events Centre since 1993. During that time it was twice voted "UK Best Conference Centre". In April 2006 Paul was placed second (to Lord Sebastian Coe) in the Conference & Incentive Travel Magazine inaugural Power 50 of leading figures in the UK Conference and incentive industry—"Paul has long been recognised as a champion of and a thoughtful commentator on the C&I sector".

Paul Kennedy



After leaving Roan, at the end of the 5th year, Paul spent 19 years working for the Inner London Education Authority including the roles of Chief Admin Officer at the Woolwich Adult Education Institute, Area Admin Officer for the Lewisham Youth Service and Chief Admin Officer at

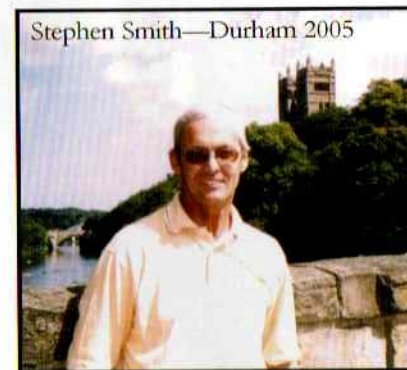
St.Martin's School of Art. During this time he married Gwen and completed an Open University Course in 1990—the latter with economics as the main subject (Gordon Brooks please note!). He also completed a postgraduate diploma in management studies in 1991. Paul joined the, then, Commonwealth Institute in 1989 as Chief Admin Officer and focused on the commercial side which led in 1993 to the launch of the multi award winning Commonwealth Conference & Events Centre. He left the Institute in 2004 when the property was put up for sale and was able to retire. However, he set up his consultancy practice and then joined Reed Travel Exhibitions to look after a growing portfolio of major trade shows specific to the meetings (conference) industry. He travels extensively though the glamour wanes after a time. He played football regularly until 3 years ago. He and Gwen have two daughters either in or approaching further education.

Brian "Arthur" Smith ('66-'73) was introduced to the "A Life in the Day" feature in the Sunday Times last year as "The 50-year-old comedian, actor and writer who presents Radio 4's Excess Baggage and stars in Grumpy Old Men. His one-man show, Dante's Inferno, is running at London's Comedy Theatre from December 20 – January 2. Arthur lives in Balham, South London, with his girlfriend". He describes having to give up alcohol since being taken suddenly to hospital with pancreatitis three years ago – "I was a very jolly and entertaining drunk". He now suffers from diabetes, has given up fags and improved his diet. "I'm still a bit in love with the idea that I've got the day off. Technically

I've had the day off for 20 years now but the joy is still there. I firmly believe that people who lead hectic, packed lives, are in denial. All comedians get up lateI've got friends who work really hard and have loads of kids and never a moment off – and on their behalf I swan about." After more wisdom we learn "Afternoons can be desperate places and occasionally a bleak 3.00 pm angst can descend, in which case I will go to bed for an hour". In another article in June 2005 for the Sunday Times Brian describes his house and life in South Wimbledon where he moved in 1977 at the age of 23 after his degree at the University of East Anglia, his first experience performing at the Edinburgh Festival, and deep in debt. "It was the 1970s and I was caught between hippie, punk and mod without managing to be any of them. I had a natural Afro and at one point a scraggy beard. Several of us in the house were in a band called The Results. I was the lead singer and used to wear tight red drainpipe trousers and thin ties. We were doing a lot of gigs but in the three years I was in the band I only made about £20". He describes his journey through his 20s with jobs as a road-sweeper, postman, English teacher to foreign students, until, approaching 30, he decided "I'm too old to be living in a complete slum". He paid off his debts, gained an Equity card, did various shows with a comedy troupe called the National Revue Company and started to appear on television and a radio series without ever getting a big break. He left Merton for Balham in 1984 – "I had a religious calling to Balham because of its broad boulevards and

pulsating nightlife" and has remained there, becoming the self proclaimed Mayor of Balham. Brian also presents "The Smith Lectures" for Radio 2 on Saturday afternoons.

Stephen Smith—Durham 2005

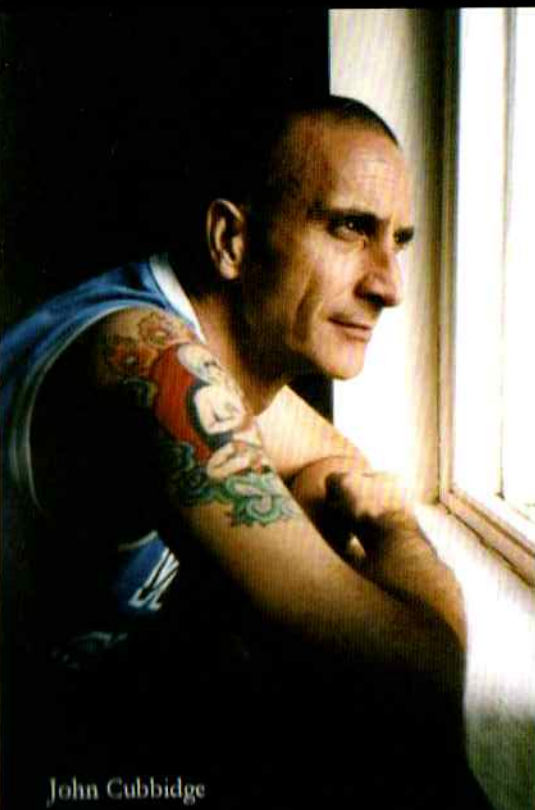


Stephen G. Smith ('66-'71) was inspired by the 1970s Braithwaite photograph in the last magazine to add some of the missing names. He dates the photo in 1972-3 and confirms that **Clive Futter** is the blond boy eight from the left. The boy in the red pullover is **Ian Pullen** and the boy in glasses with the black top and glasses is **Dave Chantry**. The boy wearing the watch, next to Dave Chantry may be **P.R.Prosser**. Stephen notes "the cavemen" appearances from an era that challenged fashion.

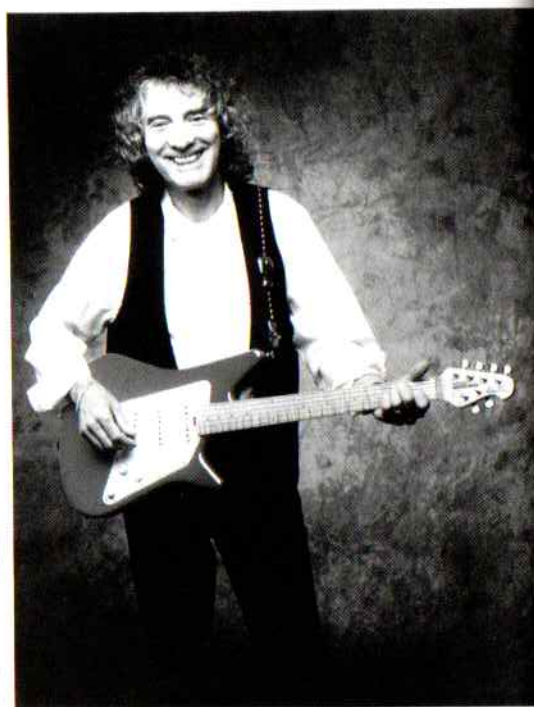
Jeremy Novis ('66-'73) lives in Welling and attended the 2005 Reunion Dinner with several contemporaries. He fills in other names on the photograph including: **John Whitmore** (behind **Steve Gillman**), **Andy Emeny-Smith** (right of **John Payne**), **Tony Trafford** (next to **Dave Chantry**), and himself—mistakenly named as **Pete James**. He also notes how "hairy" they all were.



Ron Edworthy, Stuart Horsburgh, Andy Emeny-Smith, Pete Wise, John Novis, John Titcombe
The Class of '66-'73 at the Reunion Dinner on Trafalgar Day in 2005



John Cubbidge



ALBERT LEE



Redemption Song

Heady days in the sixth form, lived in a demi-monde of expectation and anticipation of great things, knowing I had reasonable intelligence and ability, did not prepare me for what life had in store.

It was clear to me in those days that my sexuality was somehow developing differently to the other boys, and whilst nowadays it is perfectly acceptable to be gay, back in the dark 1960's it was a dark and difficult stigma to come to terms with. My lifestyle and the difficulties it caused prove too challenging for my parents. I faced my "A" levels very alone, scared to mention to anyone at school that I had taken an overdose one weekend after being threatened by our GP with electro-convulsive aversion therapy in the local mental home in an attempt to "cure" me. Having survived the weekend I remember dragging my addled brain by the legs around to classes, often falling asleep at my desk as the drugs were still in my system, and ask myself now how it could be that nobody ever noticed? My academic results at the end of the year were to say the least poor, but I was grateful to have survived and still be alive.

The uncomfortability of being me, feeling socially dislocated and with little support saw me taking off on adventures to foreign places. Straight after school I went to live in a Kibbutz in Israel for a year, then on to work in Bavaria in the beautiful German alps. I also lived in Denmark and the United States, and became more proficient in languages than my school reports had ever indicated I had the potential for.

John Cubbidge ('62-'69)

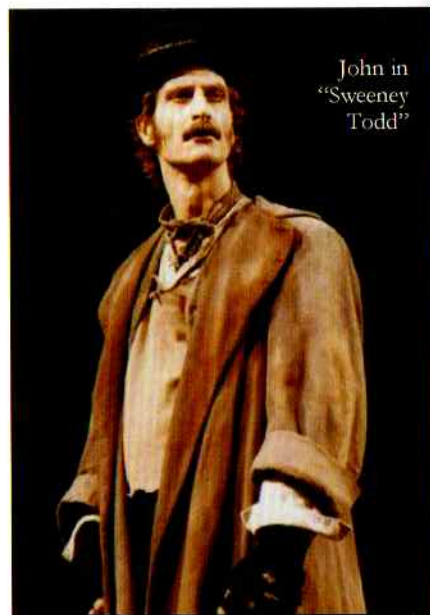
An interest in music had developed at school. My music teacher at the time **David Knight** introduced me to the magic of Opera during my first years at Roan and went on to head the music staff at Covent Garden. In the sixth form another music teacher, **Roger Thornbrugh**, persuaded me to join the **Thomas Tallis Singers**, a local music group with extremely demanding standards with professional performances on just two rehearsals. My skills and abilities grew enormously during this time, and of course I am extremely grateful to both of these teachers who went out of their way to give my life some direction. I was later to meet operatic luminaries like Sutherland, Pavarotti, de los Angeles, and Domingo in social settings and the stage was set for my transformation.



1980 saw me move to Sydney, Australia (a psychologist might note that is about as far as one could get from my parents at the time) and I settled there, spending as much time as I could at performances in the Opera House which always enthralled me. I awoke one morning and realised that I had always wanted to be an Opera-singer, I waited outside the stage door after a performance, collared a singer for whom I had great respect, and asked him for an opinion on my voice and its potential. "Not bad but needs some work" was the reply after I belted out a number of arias at his home. I was referred to a good teacher, and enrolled at the Conservatorium of Music to bring my theory up to scratch.

In the meantime I found myself an agent and earned my living doing musical theatre for the major companies in Australia. The works of Sondheim were becoming a favourite, and within two years I found myself on the payroll of the Australian Opera, doing what I loved, and on a comfortable regular salary at that!

The next most obvious career move was to "go freelance" and take up roles with any of the other Opera companies in Australia who wanted to use me, and I ended up in Melbourne with the Victoria State Opera as primary understudy in all Bass roles. Having a Bass voice was always an advantage as there are so few "real" Bass voices that competition was minimal. Added to that, being an understudy is a great way to get to learn all the major repertoire, coupled with the thrill and fear of that phone call at 5pm to let you know that the star is unwell and you have to be as good as him in 2 hours time!



During this time I started to be plagued by inexplicable illness, causing me to cut back on commitments and rest more of the time. My last job was a role as the old Opera Singer in the Australian cast of Phantom of the Opera for a couple of years, 8 shows a week bringing physical limitations into focus again.

Despite visible symptoms and signs, the doctors I consulted had no idea what was going wrong with my body. Some thought it might be a variant of AIDS as it was my generation that was decimated in the initial plague of the '80's. The sense of loss and grief at losing more than 40 of my best mates during this time has never left me, although my own diagnosis was not HIV. I decided to rest as much as possible, spent a year in a Buddhist Temple in the jungles of northern Thailand meditating alongside the monks, which was a very healing experience both physically and emotionally.

From there I went back to London, having decided that the physicality of performing was too great a strain on my malfunctioning body. I enrolled and qualified in Psychotherapy as a new career. The working of the mind, particularly in sorting through the difficulties I had faced during my own life, was the catalyst for this venture. Always a hippie at heart I also qualified in clinical hypnotherapy, rebirthing and somatics, bringing a new level of availability to my clients, and I was in private practice in London for a couple of years.

Illness struck suddenly, doctors this time realising that it was a Neurological problem, manifesting at first as though it were Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, then slowly crippling my body and cognitive abilities, eventually disrupting the nerve centre of all my bodily systems. I was disabled! We eventually discovered that I had Myalgic Encephalomyelitis, once called "atypical Polio" which hadn't received the research funding and attention over the years that other illnesses have. This was often due to political wrangling, controversy over funding, and for reasons not understood, the subject of a misinformation campaign via the media and medical journals which meant that most doctors were unaware of how to treat a case of it when confronted with a patient.

This left me hobbling around Australia 'auditioning' doctors until I found one who not only understood the disease, but had successful treatments to offer. I am now healthier than those early days, but still unable to commit to very much as my condition varies from day to day.

So I live a quiet life these days, potter in my vast garden growing my own food and all kinds of wonderful tropical plants which I had heard about in my "A" level Biology days. I am still very fond of classical music, and painting - my house is nicknamed "well-hung" for no apparent reason other than every available wall being covered in my artwork, which seems to draw acclaim and praise from even the most critical visitor.

I am still a Buddhist, am deeply philosophical, and often wonder what life might have been like had I been a little less radical, a little more traditional, and remained in the UK? I also often wonder how I managed to get to 55 so quickly? Men in their 50's used to be so old, and I remain convinced that I am not. Unfortunately I shall never know the answer to these questions, but suffice it to say that I have no regrets.

I have managed to do all the things I ever wanted to in my life, and even now, though I live below the poverty line on a disability pension, I rejoice in the journey that life has led me through. It has been the source of much awareness and wisdom-getting in the process.

Am I happy? Of course I am, although I do wish I could hold my "tinnie" of Fosters with one hand like I used to, but at least I can still get it into me!

For those wishing to be in touch or simply catch up I am readily available by e-mail at: beachbum1951@hotmail.com

John Cubbidge

Albert Lee ('55-'58) – Guitarist

The Roan Grammar School for Boys in the 1950s did not suit every boy. However, few moved on to become regarded among the world elite at their chosen profession.

Derek Watts is writing a biography on Albert Lee that should be available by Christmas 2006. He welcomes any further anecdotes or memories on Albert. His address is: Flat 14, 34-36 Cliffe High Street, Lewes, East Sussex. BN7 2AN. Email: derek@watts457.freemove.co.uk

Albert Lee and the Roan School

In September 1955 Albert began at the Roan School for Boys, Maze Hill, where the first year was called the Third Form and the second year was Shell. Roan was a very traditional school. It was the time of Teddy Boys, Bill Haley and "Rock Around The Clock", and against this heady backdrop, the largely academic focus of the Roan School for Boys was passing Albert by. It seemed to him to bear little relevance to what was happening in the real world. Even the music at school was locked in the past. "The music teacher's name was Elliott and we used to call him 'Jelly' as his initials were G.E. He wore glasses and looked like Peter Ustinov. He was a nice guy but it was like a choir thing. It wasn't really a music class." **Terry Scanlon**, a school contemporary, concurs: "The music at Roan was dreadful - Elliott didn't like modern music at all." Though Albert was by no means a fool, the glittering prizes did not beckon the kid from Kidbrooke Park. "I've always been pretty bright but I've never really applied myself."

Max Middleton, another contemporary, said, "I was in the same year as him but neither of us did very much at school. We had a Deputy Head called **Mr. Berry** who used to walk around in a cap and gown smoking his pipe at a certain angle because it was so burnt-out. He'd walk into a classroom and say 'Put your hand out' and he'd whack it several times. When you said 'Why?', holding back the tears, it was just to let you know he could. This was probably one of the reasons we were always playing truant - we were frightened of going to school. There was an awful lot of institutionalised bullying as well. Albert wasn't any good at games or at arguing with people. Roan was well-known throughout the south of London for cross-country running which is cruel if you can't do it. We used to have to run through the park and we used to hide behind trees. I smoked but I don't think Albert did. He was a really quiet, shy, very charming kid - not aggressive at all."

Albert began to express his individuality in this new age of essentially youthful rebellion against conventional authority, not overtly as a tearaway at school, nor even at home, but in his own single-minded dedication to the medium which became exclusively the territory of the young: "the only thing I've applied myself to is playing the guitar."

The Roan School was "just like Greyfriars. It was Third, Shell, Fourth, Remove, Fifth and Sixth. Each one was divided into Alpha, Form and B. I think Albert started in Alpha and soon got demoted into B, where I was," says **Mo Clifton**, now a well-established guitar-builder in Shooters Hill. "We weren't over-enamoured with school. I wasn't aware of Albert until about the

Third Year when I went down to the bike sheds for my lunchtime smoke. Albert and Max were sitting there learning the chords for 'Oh Boy'. I was into rock 'n'roll myself so I was quite impressed and started making a friend of Albert and hanging around with him. The only things Albert and I were interested in were music, bicycles and girls. Albert needed a bike for his paper-round from which he earned seven and six a week which used to go to pay off his bicycle, so he couldn't afford a guitar. We used to cycle everywhere - nobody had any money so the only guitars I saw Albert using were ones he borrowed. I don't know how often he took a guitar into school but we must have been about 14 and I remember the Deputy Head walking round the bike sheds one day, trying to catch people smoking so he could beat their butts. When he saw Albert he said,

"What's that, boy?"

"It's a guitar, sir."

"You're wasting your time", Berry replied, scornfully. "Get on with your studies! You'll never make a living out of that!"

It was clear that Albert's days at Roan were numbered. On Friday, December 19th, 1958 two days before his 15th birthday, Albert was summoned to the Headmaster's study. He stood in front of the Head, "**Gus**" **Gilbert**, an austere academic figure with the pencil-thin moustache of a military man, who told the shy teenager with the curly black hair, "You're not making much progress here, are you? I think you'd better leave at the end of this term". After all, as Mo Clifton recalls, "The Roan School wasn't keen on people failing."

Since then, Albert has become, in the words of **Peter Doggett**, a respected writer on popular music, 'the finest country-rock guitarist ever to emerge east of the Atlantic'. He played between 1964 and 1968 with **Chris Farlowe** and the **Thunderbirds**, then with his own band **Country Fever** and then in the hugely-influential country-rock outfit **Heads Hands and Feet** in the early 70s.

He then joined the **Crickets** and, after touring with **Joe Cocker**, eventually moved to America, making his mark in a highly-successful stint in **Emmylou Harris's Hot Band**. He then had four years with **Eric Clapton** and since the mid-80s is probably best known for his eighteen-year association with the **Everly Brothers**.

In recent years he has worked largely with British band **Hogan's Heroes**, touring extensively in Britain and Europe, and, since 1996 as a leading member of **Bill Wyman's** popular **Rhythm Kings**, described by the ex-Stone as 'a group of old mates having fun playing together.'

His recorded work under his own name can be obtained by searching the Internet or asking in good record stores. '**Hiding**' and '**Albert Lee**' are available as a double CD on the Raven label. The instrumental albums '**Speechless**' [1986] and '**Gagged But Not Bound**' [1987] are Web-search items. '**Heartbreak Hill**' [2001] is widely available and he has a CD out this month called '**Roadrunner**'. Albert and Hogan's Heroes can be found on two good CD's, '**In Full Flight - Live at Montreux**' and '**Tear It Up**' and on a forthcoming album, '**Between The Cracks**'. All of these are available from www.albertleeandhogansheroes.com.

The View from France

At the editor's request, here follows an update from **Dave Bryden** (1954-61) who, although living in Wambercourt, France, still keeps in touch with many of his contemporaries and insists on adding his opinion on les français and life in France!

Since his last contribution, Dave has welcomed a steady stream of Old Roans to his ferme as well as meeting others on his weekly trips to London where he is a lecturer in Higher Education. He tells us that **Reg Hodge** (1954-61) and new wife Esme were on the Indian sub-continent and escaped with their lives when the tsunami of Christmas 2004 struck; however this was only the first bad luck that they experienced; on a rebooked honeymoon later in 2005, Reg had the misfortune to rip his Achilles tendon and was on crutches and in plaster for many months which curtailed his planned visit to Dave and Barbara in the summer.

John Bruce (1954 - 61) was entrusted with visiting Reg and cheering him up during his painful recuperation. Dave meanwhile was still in contact with **John** 'new eyes' **Hester** and **Roy** 'animal' **Wilson** who with **Bob Sellix** (out of touch) were members of the **Malestrums** a successful boy band of the late 50s; they appeared on TV and toured cinema circuits, and were part of a stable that included Adam Faith. Well, with a neighbour in France (Nick Parmenter ex-lead singer with **PornoCop**) and another teaching colleague, in Spring 2005

Dave Bryden ('54-'61)



Dave formed **Salut** a good-time music band and were heavily booked in bars throughout the local towns of Hesdin and Montreuil (Dave is on the right).

John Hester and wife Maureen visited Dave and Barbara in September to catch one of their 'gigs' and came away clutching a copy of the recently released 11 track cd '**Salut a la carte**' (€5) Copies of this were sent to Roy 'animal' Wilson in South Africa. He in turn was visited by **Des Grimble**, (1955-62) another resident in France but who was at the time travelling in South Africa. In the early 60s, Roy and Des used to be Old Roan cricket's premier opening bowlers, along with the late **Keith Richardson**.

Mrs Wilson - a South African - may have wondered about the pleasure the two ex. pats had in discussing sporting events of 45 years ago!

Des hopes to make **Monty Smith's** club celebrations in mid-July as does **Barry Thomas** (ex staff) who writes to Dave from Cuon (Maine et Loire) where he owns a suite of gites. He too stopped by Wambercourt on his way to England, and in Dave's local drank some fine wine (quickly) played some pool (badly) and drove off to Calais and the Eurotunnel.

Peter Motton (1954-61) now retired from affairs of state in Washington USA was present at Reg and Esme Hodge's wedding but **Pete Thompson** (1954-61) now retired in Southern Spain missed it. He is pleased to confirm the luxuriant life to be led where the sun always shines and the fruit falls from the trees etc etc...he too played with the **Malestrums** and took part in **Alf Knott's** first ever Roan school revue singing 'Supersonic Santas' with BBC radio's **Graeme Aldous** and the aforementioned **John Bruce**.

Alf Knott was the guest of honour at the 16th Old Roan year of '61 lunch at the Café Rouge in Greenwich on December 13 2005; it was, as usual, a delightful pleasure to enjoy his sparkling company and to listen to his take on education over the 6 decades with which he has been involved in it. Dave, Reg and John, - teachers all - were able to argue and debate his various opinions; good(ish) wine was drunk, acceptable food was eaten and the lunch turned into an evening of discussion in a suite of Greenwich's hostels until quite late!

From Dave's point of view, life in France still surpasses that in England; regular visits to England, including the superb dinner-dance at the valley in March 2005, make a comparison easy to make. Nominally socialist, France nevertheless lets you live your own life with no interference (Asian bird flu excepted) whereas Blair's England appears to be turning into a nanny state where every single movement and action is observed, commented on and recorded. It may be that France's sheer size allows more scope for individual life and less opportunity for snooping; a comparison with Paris (where Dave teaches every Friday) shows that London is the more noisy and dangerous, the more congested and the less pleasant and much more expensive; the French - and Dave - feel upset at the derogatory comments frequently made by the USA about their way of life and their political opinions but Dave wants no change in France's laid-back way of life and supports a strong Europe (with or without UK) to counter the lunatic policies of the American right.

He continues to enjoy a shortish working week, a truncated working year, cheap drinking and eating - where the definition of 'fast food' means a lunch that takes less than one and a half hours - his own eggs, chicken, fruit and vegetables and the company of his French neighbours. For them he has nothing but gratitude for the great welcome he and Barbara have received during the 4 years they have been in France. He looks forward to seeing **Mike Callaghan**, **Don Boon**, **Doug Weaver**, **Mike Titheridge** and other cricket and soccer legends at the club in July.

Paul Angus ('64 – '71)

Paul lives in Modena having moved to Italy many years ago. He is English Tutor in Residence at a college in the town, continues to write poetry and is finalising his novel, "Korsika, Korsika" for publication. He has spent his time in Italy working as an Opera singer, involved in experimental music and generally seeking enlightenment through Theosophical writings and the work of Rudolf Steiner. He started running again at 50. He lives with his girlfriend and regularly sees his daughter who is studying sculpture at Chelsea College of Art.

Paul sent several poems to Alf Knott in late 2005. He says that Alf had an enormous influence on generations of Roan boys. He has written a piece on Alf that will appear in a collection of essays – "Beautiful Illusions". Alf's influence was subtle because what he transmitted was style, not a subject, and a desire to be like him. I now read because Alf introduced me to drama, the novel, English poetry and the musical theatre.

Paul is happy for us to print his poem about Mitch. "I won a prize at Cheltenham years ago with a poem addressed to Philip Lancelotte with whom I played football from the age of 10 – 17. In the citation the Director of the Poetry Society said it was a poem about love between men, a difficult subject to treat. The poem was about football (Michael Horovitz included it in a volume called *The Wolverhampton Wander*), and the principle of running off the ball into space, a

principle we learned from Alf, and Mr. Hoare and Joe Broadfoot. I played right half and Phil was in front of me and many of his goals were from situations created in midfield. Our dads stood on the touchline for years, Saturday and Sunday, talking about marriage"

During his earlier time in Italy, Paul studied for three years in Mori with one of the world's finest baritones and then sang Don Giovanni and Figaro (Nozze) in Rome, did a series of recitals and wrote a show based on Gustav Mahler's marriage to Alma. He now lives on the periphery of theatre and music, and, when not performing, acts as an interpreter or translator – often getting involved in projects with visiting artists such as Ben Okri and Alain Platel. He has been working with the composer Annamaria Federici who uses electronically modified sound - recording his voice at Tempo Reale in Florence, an acoustic research centre set up by Luciano Berio, using techniques that produce extraordinary, otherworldly sounds, enhancing their harmonies to create rising and falling portamento and smorzando effects.

His novel is about Corsica, the mess that our civilisation is in, and why fratricide is part of living in a fratricide. "I am very pessimistic for the future of humanity but believe that only by returning to the desert will we rediscover values. I look into the future and see more and more desertification in all senses". Corsica was once one of Europe's most enlightened and well-governed regions and is now a lost paradise.

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Bagpiper

For Alistair "Mitch" Mitchell

You spent your schooldays showing us your back.
A printed black R blurred into heath-mist,
bobbed across commons, dipped in and out of gullies.
You were a smudge we followed up an incline,
your white calves pistoned on a camshaft of
repressed aggression. No one could catch you.
Each Monday, Nigel read the match report:
a sortie debriefing of bomb-damage.

You hit their courses like a Visigoth,
setting new records only you came near
the next year when, a one-man horde of Vandals,
you laid waste your own figures. What was it
your tiny engines ran on? Hydrogen?
You smiled like sunshine. Was it helium?
A knot of sinew Alan Sillitoe
(that's it!) had formed in reading periods.

And when your hair had outgrown The Big Yin's,
you pinned Louis MacNiece's *Bagpipe Music*
on our fifth-form notice board. It was no go
for me from that point on. I started wheezing
for different reasons. *Pibrochs* of dissent
droned in me. I would chant no borrowed music.
I see you haring into mist I plod through
at fifty, like a plough horse, breathless, grateful.

.....

What's it all about, Alfie?

Alfie Knott's still standing at the board
sporting a three-piece suit, his dapper back
turned to his students while a sixty-word
sentence downloads through his powdering chalk.
"Clause analyse", he says. And I hear Frank
Sinatra sing "Chicago" or "New York".
Noun Clause Subject. An automatic clink:
The fact that applies its unrelenting torque.

way into middle-age, and I sing "That's
my kind of town." Or sometimes he will lounge
at the piano pounding out a Fats
Waller syncopate. That's it. Syncopation
is what it's all about. How you arrange
E,F,G. In any combination

A Roan Girl's Tale

I write in answer to a plea for news of Old Roan Girls in the last magazine. I entered the Upper Prep of the School, having transferred from Wales in the early months of 1945, entering the Grammar School proper after my 11th birthday later in the year. There were still elements present then of the Private School, the teachers reflecting this.

It was 44 years after leaving the Roan Girls School, in 1950, that I obtained a BA Honours Degree in Fine Arts, from the University of Kent, and fulfilled an oft repeated adage of our form teacher, **Miss Wilson** (English), that "a grammar school education provides a sound base to educate oneself"

I left school with 7 'O' levels and entered the Westminster Bank, replacing Old Roan Boy **Gordon Easter**, who was away doing his National Service in Germany. I started on the princely salary of £2.8s.9d (£2.44) per week, less, of course, NHI and for 5 years paid regular sums into the Officers Guarantee Fund, just in case we were tempted to supplement our meagre wage. The banks then, as now, did not take any chances.

I married a Roan boy, **Richard 'Ernie' Rice** ('44-'51), and we have 4 children. Somehow I managed to do some uncertified teaching in Lee, Catford and Deptford, when teachers were in short supply; some temporary office work; and to follow my hobby of wood and stone carving.

Miss Hall and **Miss Cutler**, the Art Mistresses, despaired of my messy and undisciplined approach to Art, yet these qualities served me well later when I

Mary Rice (née Archer '45-'50)

majoring in Sculpture in 1994, one of my daughters gaining the same degree in 1978. Miss Wilson found some redeeming feature to encourage each and every one of us, and any small success I have had with writing and poetry since has been due to her early influence.

We spent one afternoon a week at the 'school field' at Kidbrooke. I looked forward to the day - an early lunch, before taking the 58 tram to Lewisham, and then a 46 to Lee High Road. I was no sports-woman and only excelled at rounders as far as I can remember, yet rewarded PE teacher **Miss Kennet's** patience by reaching the top division for swimming on our weekly visit to Greenwich Baths. This same teacher I met some years later, at a Parents' Evening at Folkestone High School, where she taught PE to my daughter. She remembered my Welsh accent, that all the staff strove to eradicate, whilst drawing a discreet veil over my prowess in her department.

Many of the teachers were feared, mostly for their coldness: **Mollie Wretts-Smith** (Latin); **Miss Marsh** (French); the sour and sadistic **Miss Monk-Jones** (Maths) who lived with and was accompanist to the ebullient **Miss Wendon** (Music & Choir Mistress). However others redressed the hurt: **Miss Hough**, who brought History to life; gentle **Miss Bailey** (Maths), who kept her handkerchief up the elasticated leg of her knickers; and the Miss Brodie-like Headmistress, **Miss Barnsdale**, often to be heard approaching in a rustle of floral silk skirts.

A Postcard From New Zealand

I do not see too many ORs in the antipodes and I cannot fill you in on any particular news or gossip. In the 20 years I have been here I have had fleeting and regrettably short visits from **Peter Edwards**, **Alistair Mitchell** and **Graham Townsend**. Brez did live and procreate here for a while and we had the pleasure of playing football together with some success for a season or two. So NZ may be exotic, but it is sufficiently far away to be too hard to get to for most.

In a way Auckland benefits from the UK misconception that this place is all grass, farmers and sheep. We are actually on the same latitude south as Lisbon is north, so summers are hot and winters wet but not cold. But the good news is that the winter ski slopes are only 4 hours drive away, and you can sail and almost swim all year. Rugby is the national sport—particularly when the Lions were so easy to beat. It is great to talk about it, but more people sail, golf and fish. With a healthy quota of live EPL games on Sky each week, and an Irish pub never far away, an anglophile can keep all the home comforts close.

NZ is a long way from London, but it is a small world sometimes. I coach my son's soccer team and the guy I do it with goes to London for the weekend about three times a year to watch Spurs. This may seem strange on a number of counts, but more intriguingly, he knows **Graham Townsend**! That man is a legend.

Clive (Fred) Fuhr ('62-'69)

Did you know that, after Michael Campbell, the golfer, the highest paid NZ sportsman is Ryan Nelson, the Blackburn Rovers centre back? Blackburn has a national following because a Kiwi actually made it to the top level – and to think I played with **Joe Broadfoot**! Interestingly, the largest discount store in the country sells a model of Slazenger soccer boot known as the 'Broadfoot'—do you think Joe had a few favours due?

On the subject of football, it is curious that NZ has only one fully professional team. The NZ Knights play in the Australian league—yes, a bit expensive to go to away games— and another curious connection—the team is completely useless, finished last, and guess what? - they are owned by the same guy who owns Charlton.

If you have dreamed of being a star in Hollywood you could settle for NZ instead – with *Lord of the Rings*, *King Kong*, *Lion*, *Witch and the Wardrobe* and *Last Samurai* all filmed here, everyone I know was in at least one film as an extra. So, forget the sheep images, we are beach-living, thespians that have nectar, milk and honey growing in our gardens. Keith Richards is in town at the moment—he fell out of a coconut tree and hit his head. You see - it's that sort of place. Feel free to drop by sometime—I promise, not a sheep in sight.

A Traveller's Tale

The recent magazine was another enjoyable read. How memories came flooding back!

When the School was evacuated we first went to Ticehurst and I was billeted with **Ewen Whitaker**. It was like a late summer holiday for me and I thoroughly enjoyed Ewen's company, an honorary older brother.

After 3 weeks we were parted, Ewen to Bexhill with the seniors and I to Rye, being a junior. We juniors stayed at Rye in the avuncular care of **Joe Amesbury**, who wrote the School Song years before. After 9 months France capitulated and we were off again, this time to South Wales.

The train took us from Rye to Bexhill where all the girls and senior boys were waiting. In a very long train the boys were in the front and the girls in the back. When the train rounded a bend all the boys and all the girls hung out of the windows and waved to each other. Eventually we all arrived at Llandebrie, near Ammanford, and dispersal began. We were well scattered by next day.

I had much respect and affection for our masters ('in loco parentis'). There were messrs. **Binnie, Berry, Hankinson, Holt, Milne, Poyser, Pye** et al. Their discipline was gentle but firm. I managed to acquire some detentions. I found life very pleasant, and the fishing was excellent. I was billeted with two more honorary older brothers: **Jack Gilbertson** and **Syd Pearce**.

In 1943 the School came home. I joined the Roan Air Training Corp (Flight No.996) run by Flying Officers **Lionel Berry, Tom Holt** and '**Basil Rathbone**'. This gave a useful addition to my education, especially navigation.

I left school and joined the Royal Marines. When demobbed I joined the Merchant Navy, but, after 6 ships, mostly coasters, I applied for promotion and was found to be slightly colour-blind. This I found difficult to accept having qualified as a sniper in the Royal Marines, and had taken many sea-going watches without mishap.

So, I came ashore, and joined a shipping company. But office life was not for me so I went tea and rubber planting in Ceylon. Living in a bungalow up in the hills one has time to think, and I often reflected on school, the subjects taught and the characters involved. I loved it out there, though the snakes were not much fun, especially the poisonous variety. There was a cobra that lived in the garden and laid its eggs in the roots of the big mango tree.

I organised the building of the Hindu Temple for my workforce on one estate. As my father was a priest vicar of Southwark Cathedral at the time I hoped the Almighty would take a benign view.

On the final estate I was the only European in 4,000 Sinhalese, Ceylonese and Tamils. But this was all post-Independence and the political situation was becoming unstable, so I came home, reluctantly.

I eventually joined the Admiralty and started in Kidbrooke Park Road offices in the 1960s. I finished up in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, where I became Liaison Officer between the Royal Navy and the Merchant Navy shipping companies, including the company in whose ships I had previously sailed. Something must have gone right as I was given the Imperial Service Medal.

Finally, I have kept the sweetest memory the magazine evoked till last. You published the name and photograph of the Roan girl who could have ended my bachelor days.

'Floreata Roana'

Humphrey Bishop ('38-'45)
- now living in Charlton.

The Secretary asks if anyone can provide a Roan Girls Magazine for 1963 and to complete gaps in the following list of Roan Exhibitioners?

1921	Grace Barnes	1950	Ann Fowler
1922	Doris Acton	1951	Betty Reid
1923	Margaret Fry	1952	Janet Budd
1924	?	1953	Betty Parks
1925	Alice Williams	1954	Diana Wiffen
1926	Elizabeth Doswell	1955	Elizabeth Peirce
1927	?	1956	Not awarded
1928	?	1957	Eileen Foster
1929	?	1958	Patricia Harris
1930	Stella Alsop	1959	Gillian Graves
1931	?	1960	Jennifer Turnbull
1932	Doris Kett	1961	Jacqueline Hodges
1933	Lebah Brickman	1962	?
1934	Nancy Cullum	1963	Jill Gibson
1935	Millicent Rumbelow	1964	Jennifer Mudge
1936	D. Joyce Philp	1965	Carole Wicking
1937	Chloe Lodge	1966	Jean Collins
1938	?	1967	Julia Collina
1939	Betty MacKenzie	1968	Sally Brooke
1940	?	1969	Maria Stapleton
1941	?	1970	Julia Bass
1942	Agnes Mercer	1971	Lesley Smith
1943	Margaret Mearns	1972	Cheryl Thorogood
1944	Doris Darter	1973	Susan Staples
1945	Mary Jennings	1974	Geraldine Hills
1946	Sybil Cannon	1975	?
1947	Cynthia Norman	1976	Meryl Turner
1948	Marjorie Watts	1977	Patricia Slattery
1949	Joyce Huntley		

Postcard from Paraguay

As an ex Roan I have to be honest and say that I do not look back on my school days as the happiest of my life but with a feeling that I wasted the opportunity of taking advantage of an excellent education. OK there were moments such as swimming out to Pedro (Gordon Brooks) after he had turned his canoe over in a rather dangerous rapid in the Ardeche canyon. Also cutting my ankle open in the river at Braithwaite on the first day, so putting an end to fell walking with Nigel B. and Mr Evans.

I stayed until the end of lower 6th and left to work in the wholesale meat trade wherein I was able to go to college and get my certificate in meat technology. At the same time as working, the motor cycle bug had bitten me and I raced sidecars as a passenger for a few years clocking up 86 wins at club and National level. Everything was looking good for 1983 with offers of G.P. rides but, one morning in November 1982, I unfortunately broke my neck in a work accident and things changed - to say the least!

I had a few years working as a sales rep etc. Raced a bit but never at the level I was in the 1982 season. Won a few races but nothing spectacular. I spent 3 years in the Royal Engineers (T.A.) but left because of a knee injury (caused by a racing accident at Brands Hatch). I did what I thought was right and married a "Latina" which is why I arrived here in Paraguay 17 years ago.

Terry McGahan ('70 - '76)

What does a fairly unqualified native English speaker do for a job in South America? He teaches English of course!

I did gain teaching experience in the T.A. and was a unit instructor so when offered a job in the Centro Anglo Paraguayo, I accepted.

At the time I lived in a small town called Villeta which was a two and a half hour bus journey each way, and, yes, you do see people travelling with pigs, chickens and even baskets of fresh fish flapping all the way to the capital, Asuncion. Life was OK. I had a job, a wife and, eventually, 2 children.

In the early 1990's I had the opportunity of taking my R.S.A. C.E.T.F.L.A. from Cambridge, with a group of teachers from the Anglo, so at least I was now qualified.

In the meantime I had taken up Paraguayan Folk dancing and am proud to say I have won the National dance competition 3 times as well as 2 International titles. Also thanks to the dancing I have travelled and represented Paraguay in such places as Mexico, Peru, Argentina, Bolivia, Mallorca and two very nice trips to Canada,

A few years ago I went through a not very pleasant divorce and was by then teaching in private schools. I was then taken on as head of English in an Opus Dei Boys school, being in charge of rewriting the programme from 1st

grade primary to 6th course secondary, and being in charge of teacher-training Cambridge examination preparation etc.

Afterwards I was offered a similar post at American el colegio de la Universidad Americana where I still am labouring. A couple of weeks ago I was summonsed by the Academic Vice Rector of the Universidad Americana and offered the post of English Coordinator - so here I am. I now have the job of Head of English in the school for all students from K3 through to last year secondary, and then all the different careers in the University, with career orientated material for the different faculties.

I must state that all my teachers have at least a B.A. in English Language from the National University. I am the only one without a degree which must say something for the difference in educational standards between the 1st and 3rd world.

I am a fluent Spanish speaker as well as speaking quite a bit of Guarani.

I no longer live in the country side but reside near my work. I remarried a couple of years ago to a lovely Peruvian and last year started drag racing in a Ford KA. I have won my last 4 meetings and at present lead the Paraguayan drag racing championship (class A).

Unfortunately, because of the exchange rate of the Guarani to the Pound or even Euro, I will be unable to re join the Old Roan association but would love to hear from anyone who knew or even despised me all those years ago (1970-1976)

I am always looking at ways of making contacts for my students to enable them to communicate with native speakers, a task which is none too easy from here.

Regards to all. ("We were born in days of passion we were reared in days of pride")

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A Postcard from Rio de Janeiro

Hello! With a few idle minutes to spare before leaving work in Rio de Janeiro on this Friday before the happy hour in my local beachside bar, I came across the Old Roan website. This brought memories flooding back.

I went to the Roan School in 1951 and left in 1958, to go to King's College, London for 6 years, then to Aberdeen University for 38 years, and then 2 years ago to Rio de Janeiro in Brazil.

I did manage a visit to the School some 10 or so years ago to give a talk and some information on Scottish Universities. How the School has changed from my days – and many changes were for the better. This is was my only visit to Maze Hill since leaving London.

While at University in London, I turned out for the Old Roans for one of the lesser football teams, even making the second team on a couple of occasions.

Why in Brazil, you may ask? Why not, I could simply reply, but there is a more demanding reason. My Brazilian wife had enough of the dreich weather in Aberdeen and suggested, no ordered, our removal to her home town in Brazil on my retirement from Aberdeen. As a friend once said to me, taking a wife to Brazil is like taking coals to Newcastle, but there was no alternative. However I am allowed to appreciate every day the rich variety of fauna to be seen on Copacabana beach.

Jim Wardell ('51-'58)

Sadly, I have to work a little too, but teaching Chemistry at a University is not really too hard a task. I wonder what happened to my classmates? Are any from my era members of the O.R.A. Now it is time for the Happy Hour!

Times passes.....10 months on.....

Still in Rio de Janeiro, still enjoying the life here, the sun and the beach, cheap food and drink, but changes are afoot. I did not sign a new contract with the Federal University of Rio De Janeiro, as the chances of spending the summer teaching in the Alamo country in Texas firmed up. A new place to visit is always an attraction to me and three months at the University of Texas, San Antonio, with pay is especially attractive, even if it is George Bush's home state. However a return to Rio de Janeiro in September to another institution is already arranged and two further years of gainful employment are planned. Thankfully there are enough places in Rio I can move to, just before my true worth is found out, and so a prolonged stay here is still possible.

The changing of Institutions was made a little easier by the armed robbery which took place along from my office on the sixth floor of UFRJ. Two armed guys held up a class, teacher and all, and after firing a few warning shots into the ceiling, carefully robbed all and sundry of their valuables, and then carefully made their out of the building via the lift.

From all accounts, Nitoroi across the Guanabara Bay from downtown Rio is not quite so violent, but we shall see. Why do such beautiful places as Rio have so many problems with violence?

Thanks to cable TV and the internet, I manage to keep up with all the news I want to of the UK. Each week, at least two Premiership games are on TV, these plus Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Argentinian and French games, oh yes and Brazilian matches too, can easily occupy the whole of the weekend – and would do so if it were not for the wife demanding that some attention should be paid to her and her interests. My old teams of Millwall and Aberdeen sadly never make the TV, but thanks to the internet, the electronic South London Press

and the Aberdeen Press and Journal fill the gaps. I make the rare visit to the Maracana stadium, but Rio football is poor: all the best Brazilian footballers are in Europe, and what are left here are those at the end of the careers or at the very beginning.

The news of the dreich Aberdeen weather, the dismal Dons and the lousy Lions are not needed to make me appreciate living in Rio, but one day I will have to return to Britain. For grandchildren if nothing else. Then I hope a still active National Health Service is there to provide the help I will then need – and paid handsomely for during all those long working years in Scotland.

email: che415@abdn.ac.uk

Old Roan Football—end of Season Summary 2005-2006

1st XI	12th out of 15	Won 7	Drawn 7	Lost 12
2nd XI	9th out of 12	Won 7	Drawn 3	Lost 12
3rd XI	7th out of 12	Won 7	Drawn 4	Lost 11
4th XI	6th out of 11	Won 10	Drawn 1	Lost 9

No promotion and no relegation

Births, Deaths & Marriages

Birth

PAGE, Rhona (née **Duncan** '76-'79), wife of Jerry ('71-'78), a daughter, Esme Olivia, on 18th March 2005, a sister for Harriet, Ella, Alex, Lois, Phoebe and Jemima.

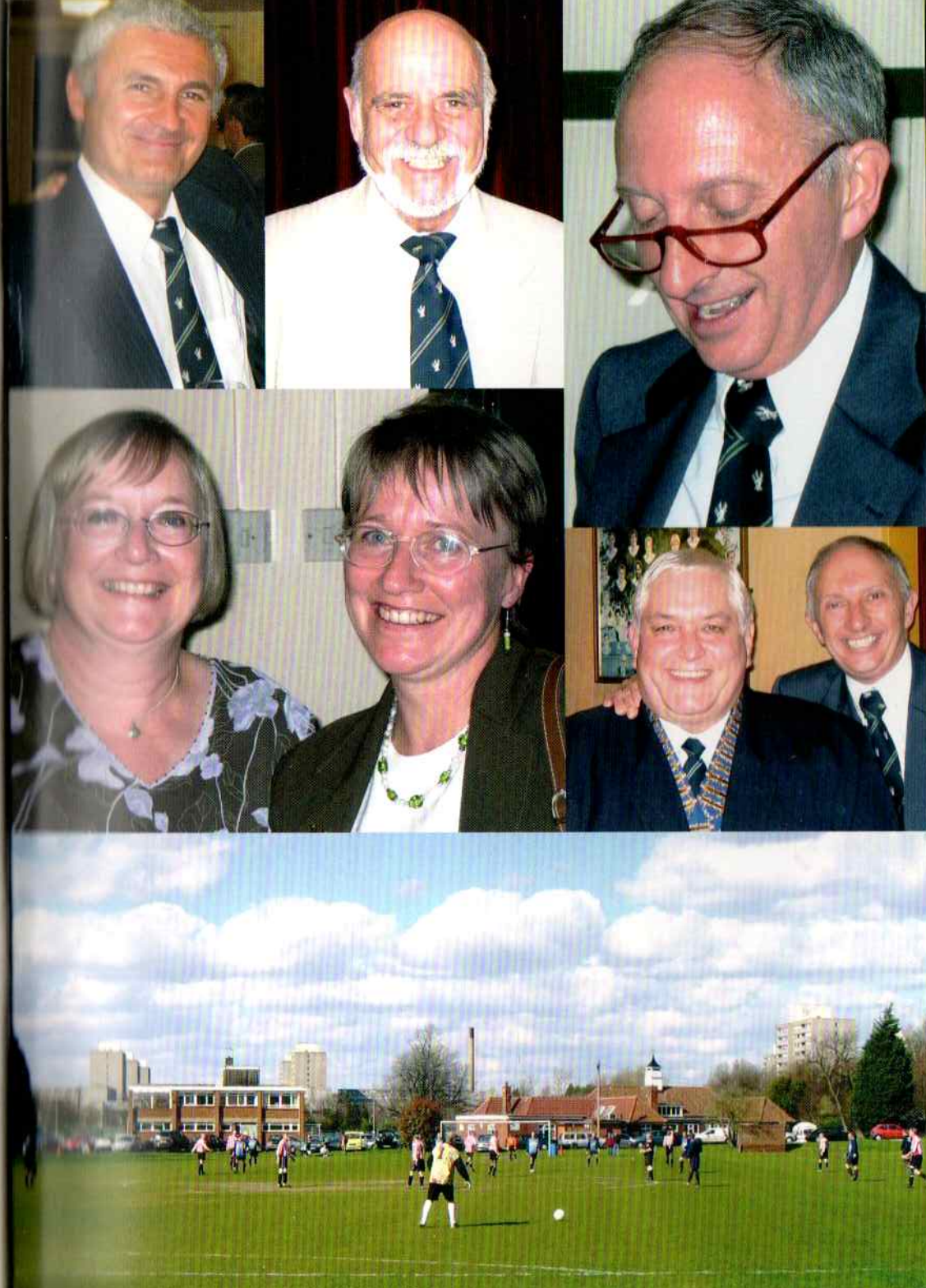
Deaths

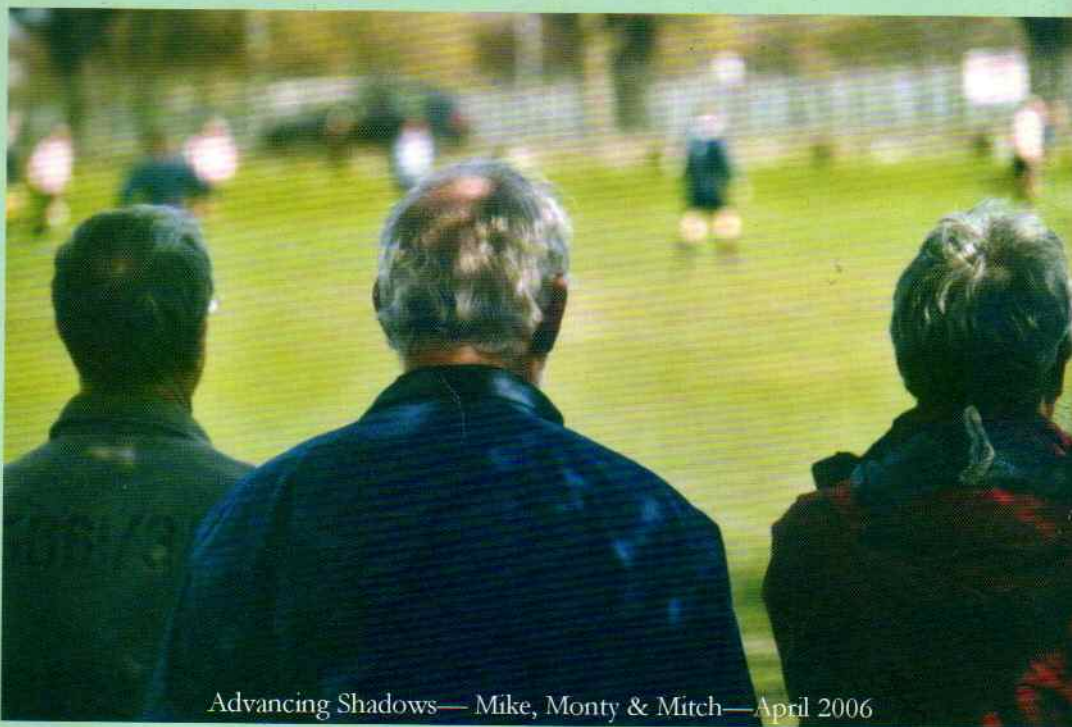
ASHBY, Allan J. (1955-60) on 2nd June 2004 aged 60
ATKINS, Elsie E. (née **Edwards** 1928-34) on 17th November 2005 aged 88
BOLTON, Leslie J. (1935-40) on 27th November 2003 aged 80
BROOME, Gordon W. (1936-41) on 4th April 2006 aged 80
CARTER, Tom (Head Groundsman 1946-64) on 3rd September 2003 aged 90
CONNOR, James A.W. (1927-33) in 2005
GREEN, Carolyn M. (née **O'Connor** 1956-61) on 8th February 2005 aged 60
HANDS, Norman W.E. (1936-40) on 5th March 2006 aged 81
HARMAN, Harry M. (1922-25) in 2001
HENNING, Claus (1952-59) on 22nd July 2005 aged 64
HEWLETT, Arthur D. (1914-21) on 2nd March 2005 aged 102
HORNBLOWER, Frank (Staff 1980-96) on 10th March 2006
LONG, John A. (1932-37) on 4th October 2005 aged 84
LOVELL, J. V. L. (Val) (1927-30 a vice president and past president of the Old Roan Association and vice president of the Roan and Lambethans Cricket Club) on 5th January 2005 aged 90
PARTRIDGE, George H. (1935-40) on 11th April 2005 aged 81
PHILLIPS, Hugh (1951-58) on 24th June 2005 aged 65
PIKE, Brian (1955-62) on 18th January 2006 aged 61
RANDELL, Pauline A. (1956-61) on 20th January 2004 aged 59
ROWLAND, Gwendoline E. (1931-38) on 28th May 2005 aged 85
SCOTT, Frank W. (1927-30) on 22nd July 2005 aged 91
SMITH, Geoffrey G. (1928-33) on 20th January 2006 aged 89
WALL, Ron (1961-1967) on 5th October 2005 aged 56
WINTER, George E. (1931-37) on 4th October 2005 aged 85

Golden Wedding

Doreen **FIDLER** (née **Wenbourne**) & Alan **FIDLER** at St. Andrew's Church, Catford, on March 24 1956

Photos: Brian Marsh, Alf Knott, Graham Johnson, Annette Talbot & Hilary Haslam, Trevor Talbot & Graham Johnson (all 21.10.05). School Field -April 2006





Advancing Shadows— Mike, Monty & Mitch—April 2006

Dates for your Diary

Weekend 14th, 15th & 16th July

50th Anniversary Celebrations of the
Old Roan Club at the Club and School Field

Friday, 6th October 2006

Annual Dinner at the Old Roan Club

Thursday, 29th March 2007

Annual General Meeting at the Old Roan Club