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THE OLD ROAN MAGAZINE

WWW.OLDROANASSOCIATION.ORG

OCTOBER 2025

ISSUE 15

OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION

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Past President 2024-25	Keith Bradbrook
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Next Annual General Meeting:	11 March 2026

WELCOME

‘Floreat, floreat, floreat Roana!’

Welcome to another Old Roan Magazine – a little later this year as earlier in 2025 we were working on developing the new Association website which was well overdue a revamp.

As featured on the cover, the site – www.oldroanassociation.org – is now live and brings together a wide variety of information and resources for all Old Roans. See pages 7-9 for full details of what’s available.

Congratulations go to Brian Goddard, the Association’s President for 2025/26, and you can read more about him and his Roan story on pages 2-6.

Elsewhere in the Magazine, we have news on the John Roan School today and its new Principal, Jennie Sanderson, some exciting developments at the School Field in Kidbrooke, the unearthing of some gold-dust film of life at Roan Boys School in the late 60s-early 70s, as well as a mix of Roan reunions and news of what some Old Roans are up to.

Poetry has always been an important factor in Roan life and still is today. Following an award-winning poem by a John Roan School Year 8 boy, Artem Baliuk, for this issue we have taken a look back at the poetry featured by boys in the Roan Magazine over the decades and by girls in their Magazine.



As always, a number of Old Roans have passed away and we remember them in the Magazine. Very sadly, this year, these have included former Old Roan President (2019/20) and much-loved Deputy Head at Roan, Claire Flynn. We include a tribute to her and applaud that as part of a new House system at the School, one is to be named Flynn House.

Here’s hoping you find this latest Old Roan Magazine interesting and don’t forget to check out the new Association website at www.oldroanassociation.org.

Best Wishes,
KEITH BRADBROOK
EDITOR



BRIAN GODDARD

Old Roan Association President 2025/26

What an honour to have been elected the Association's President for 2025/26! At 75, I thought that the time for such honours had passed me by, but I am absolutely delighted to have been proposed and elected. Let's be honest: with little new intake, the pool of candidates now reduces every year. However, I am confident that I was elected for all the right reasons and I will do my very best to represent you all. Indeed, by the time that you read this, I will have had a briefing meeting at the school, spent an evening at the Bob Hope Theatre to see the Roan Theatre Company perform, met up with a group of Old Roans at The Long Pond and attended Founder's Day. The meeting at the school should help me focus thoughts on how we might help them further in the coming year

I would like to offer special thanks to Keith Bradbrook on behalf of all Old Roans, not just for his past tireless work as President, a John Roan Governor and Editor of the Magazine but also for creating the new ORA website. Personally, I would like to thank him for taking time to help me settle into my new role.

My love of the School and then the ORA has been strong and everlasting from the day that I first joined them. If you could see into my heart, you would find a great part of it taken up

by three groupings - Family & Friends, Charlton Athletic Past & Present, and Roan School and the Association. Without my family and friends, my life would be so much less rewarding; without Charlton Athletic, it would have been much less exciting; but, without the School and the Association, it would have been very different in so many ways. The School and its masters gave me an ethos that I have tried to adhere to over the last 60+ years of my life. As Simon Perry was sometime heard to shout during difficult moments of football matches against teams which hadn't adopted that part of our ethos which included fair play and kindness to others: 'Remember, we are Roan Boys!' The Association itself has been a source of many lifelong friendships and a constant reinforcement of that ethos.

I was born in Plumstead in November, 1949, to a father who worked as a lorry driver at the Woolwich Arsenal and a mother who already had three young boys to look after before I arrived to join the family in a prefab on Plumstead Common. I had an almost immediate impact on our lifestyle as Woolwich Borough Council quickly found us a 3-bed semi in Plumstead with a separate bathroom and toilet, no less.

My first connection with Roan came in late August 1951 when my

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oldest brother, Tony, joined the School, along with luminaries such as Mike Titheridge, John Huntley and Joe Broadfoot. It was being taken to watch him play football and compete on Sports Day at the School Field that gave me my first glimpse of the grandeur of the School.

My connection with the School was strengthened by my next eldest brother, Alan, joining the School in 1955.

My closest brother, Colin, became a Roan Boy in 1958, along with a whole host of future ORA characters, such as 'Monty' Smith, Ian 'Chopper' Clatworthy, Bernie 'Lev' Hampton, Fred Cook and Roger Hedges. Colin became a good athlete and he and I both joined Kent AC along with fellow pupils, Will Easterling and Colin Moran. Tony, Colin and I all won the Victor Ludorum on Sports Day at least once, I am proud to say.



1961/2 Roan 1st year - Brian seated left

Old Roan Magazine 2025

I joined the School in 1961 and, as well as pupils from my own year like Steve Nelson, Keith Weaver, Graham Townsend and Roger Dale, I got to know all of the previously mentioned ORA characters, as I and the much-missed Keith Hedges were allowed to play in their post-school games of football in Greenwich Park most afternoons before catching our buses home.

Coming from Timbercroft Primary School in Plumstead to Roan was quite traumatic but having a brother in the Removes helped me settle in quickly. No scragging or other bullying! By my 3rd year, I was in the top form. Sitting next to Des Malone, ex-Head and ex-President, at a recent dinner, he seemed surprised to learn that, as an educational experiment, my form took 8 GCE O Levels at the end of our 4th year instead of the 5th year. Like many of the class, I passed all 8 and so was put straight through to the 6th Form, the first of the four Goddard boys to make it into that level of education.

In the 2nd Year 6ths, I was made a prefect and was able to use the Prefects' Room between classes, which was some consolation for having to carry out tasks like reporting boys for wearing grey V-neck pullovers without the green V! I achieved good grades in my 3 A Levels and was persuaded by Mr Hoare and Mr Beale to stay on for a 3rd Year to take the Oxford Entrance Exams. Mr Garstang kindly promoted me from Prefect to School Captain.

Like many others of my age, I had

been a Mod for a few years and, regrettably, I was much more familiar with discos and soul music than with the meaning of 'the balance of nature'. As a result, I enjoyed a term of much leisure but of a total failure to impress the Oxford Examiners!

As a result, I left Roan after the first term, ending a run of over 16 consecutive years of Goddards at the Roan School. I only realised this fact quite recently and I am now unreasonably proud of it. Colin and Tony are dead now but Alan is still alive, aged 80, and living in N.Yorkshire, so I am also very proud of the fact that I managed to get all four of us and our wives together for the Centenary Dinner.

By January 1968, I had secured a place at Southampton University to study French and Spanish and a job with Holland, Hannan and Cubitts to help them build Thamesmead. It was a very interesting and informative time. HH&C were using a French industrial buildings system for the build and it transpired that I was the only HH&C employee on the scheme who spoke French and so I became the sole liaison point between the French engineer and the main contractor. Despite my status, there was no increase in my £7 per week wages!

I had always played football and cricket for the school and often guested for the Old Boys in both sports. I was also a good track athlete but, for some inexplicable reason, there was no Old Boys Athletics team! Eventually, I played



Brian Goddard running

football for every Old Roan football team except the First Team and I also appeared for OR cricket teams on Saturdays and Sundays.

I left Southampton in 1972 with a good degree, which enabled me to spend two summer's at universities in Spain, still under Franco and so not the easiest place to live, and a whole academic year at a lycee in Pau in France, teaching the older pupils to talk French with a cockney accent.

On 1 January 1973, I started my career in property, a natural choice for someone with my degree! I joined the London Borough of Greenwich as a Trainee Valuer. Strangely enough, the Borough Valuer was an Old Roan called Graham Widdrington, who drank at The Railway Tavern in

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Brian Goddard with Keith Silcox

Bexley, and I shared an office with another Old Roan called Norman Green in the luxury of the Old Town Hall. Other Old Roans around in LBG at that time included John Leach, Fritz Henning and Terry Barry, with whom I had an occasional lunchtime beverage.

I left LBG after a couple of years but continued to follow a career in property. I qualified in the 70s as a Chartered Surveyor and retired in 2010 as a Fellow of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors and a Director of Property at one of the regional development agencies, after a career that included what is now known as De Montfort University, British Rail Property Board, BT Property, Boots Properties and The Foreign and Commonwealth Office, where I was responsible for properties such as embassies in Western Europe and Sub-Saharan Africa.

I have lived in Leicester since 1979 and spend my time getting to as many Charlton games as

Old Roan Magazine 2025

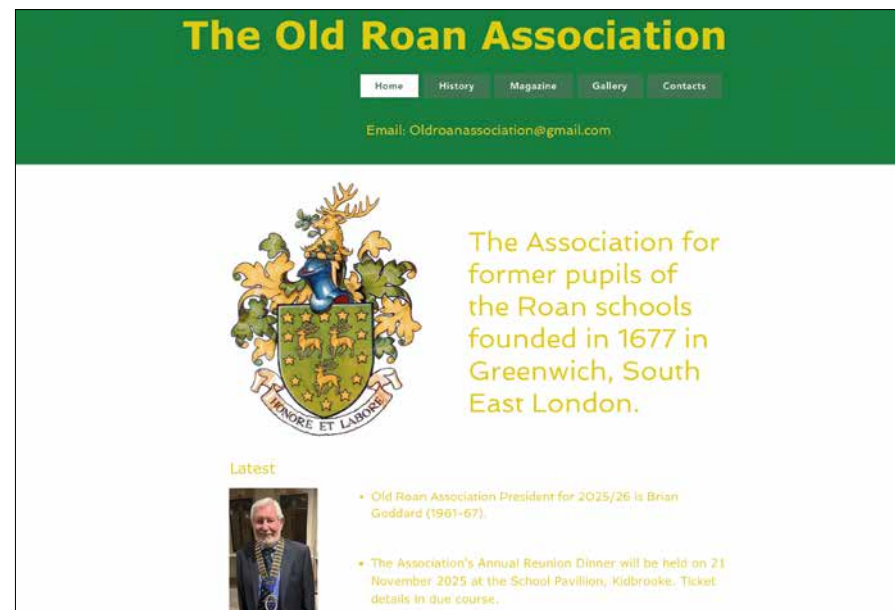
possible, going abroad with my wife and enjoying the company of my two sons, their wives, my four grandsons and my only granddaughter aged 8, who shares my birthday. I also have some very good long-term friends in Leicester, including two Leicester City season ticket holders who now support Charlton as well, one of whom accompanied me to the play-off semi-final and final earlier this year. COYR!!!!

I hope to spend as much time as possible in London during my term in office without risking a divorce! If any of you think that I could/should be attending an event or you simply want to buy me a drink, please contact me on briangoddard2010@hotmail.com.

I look forward to an interesting term of office and to seeing many of you throughout the year and especially at the Annual Reunion Dinner on Friday, 21 November.

BRIAN GODDARD

NEW ASSOCIATION WEBSITE www.oldroanassociation.org



The new Old Roan Association website Home Page

The Old Roan Association has a new website – www.oldroanassociation.org – with a wealth of Roan history, facts, photos and memorabilia for everyone. And the site also hosts, in pdf format, every single Roan and Old Roan Magazine dating back to 1912, plus the former Old Roan Newsletter and Chronicles and some Girls School publications.

The Association has been wanting to replace the former site for some time and we hope the new one is providing a better Roan 'experience' for Old Roans wherever they are around the world. The site is also configured for smart phone use.

We planned to have a site offering lots more resources – for example the magazines, all available to be downloaded and printed off – but which wouldn't date and, importantly, not involve constant monitoring.

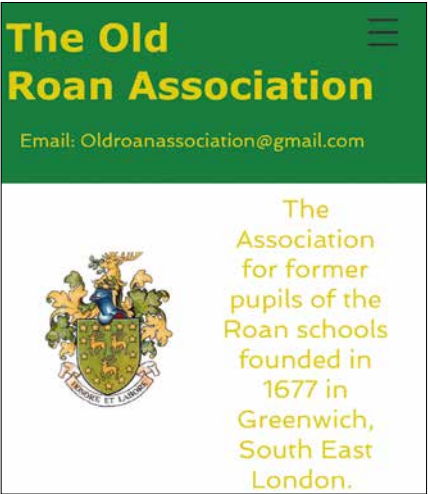
The new site now carries many more photos from the Association's archive which are brought together in slider-galleries. These range from past Old Roan Presidents to School Heads, pupils, teachers, and buildings, and from

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Old Roan sports, dramatics and reunions to photos from Braithwaite and the 2011 Centenary Dinner. We will be adding more and more photos and other content as we go.

The history of Roan, from the days of our Founder John Roan, is covered in a downloadable pdf of former teacher and Association President Kenneth Binnie's book, The Story of the Roan Schools 1643-1956. Other articles and items enhance the Roan story and takes things to the present day.

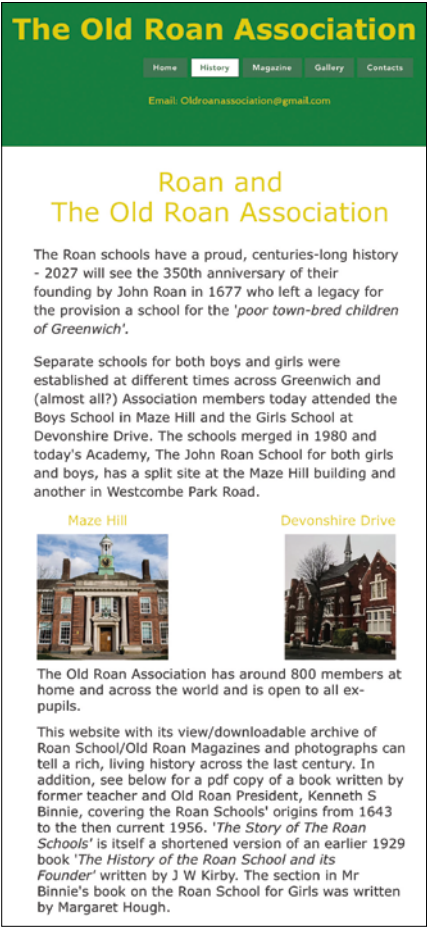
A website page lists some useful links including to e mail the



The Home Page on a smart phone



The page for access to the latest Old Roan Magazine issues (pdf format)



The Roan and Old Roan Association opening history page



The start of the pages to access the Roan Magazine archive - the 1912-1919 issues

Association Secretary for membership and other administrative matters, and the Magazine Editor for content and contributions issues. There are also links to the John Roan School, the Old Roan Facebook page run by Old Roans and The Roan Theatre Company's Facebook site. The page also lists the current Old Roan Association Committee members.

Not all Old Roans will so far know the new site is up and running so please pass the address - www.oldroanassociation.org - on whenever you can.

THE OLD ROAN COMMITTEE

Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com

JENNIE'S ROAN VISION

The John Roan School Principal, Jennie Sanderson, has taken over from Cath Smith. Here, Jennie introduces herself to Old Roans, outlines her vision for the School and describes the new house system.

My first nine months as Principal of The John Roan School have flown by and although it has been extremely busy, it has also been very productive and impactful. Thank you to the entire John Roan community who have given me such a warm welcome and supported me in my new role.

As the new academic year gets underway, I would like to take this opportunity to introduce myself and tell you about my vision for the school.

After completing my doctoral studies at the University of Bristol

in Medieval Theology, I did my teacher training through Teach First at United Learning's Paddington Academy - one of the highest performing state schools in the country. I stayed at Paddington for the next seven years, progressing to middle leadership. I then joined The Hurlingham Academy as a senior leader when it became a part of United Learning in 2015. At the time, the school was in a very challenging position but eight years later it was judged to be outstanding and was 10th in the country for progress in 2023.

My experience of working in successful United Learning schools has given me an in-depth understanding of school improvement and a determination for driving up standards. I am committed to ensuring that all students no matter what their

background benefit from the highest quality education and achieve the best possible outcomes so they can lead happy and fulfilled lives.

I am honoured and privileged to be Principal. Our School's strong historical tradition and heritage, its important place in the local community and its fantastic resources and facilities make it a very special place. The School has huge potential and I am excited to lead it through its next chapter.

My vision for the School is rooted in its historical tradition which we should all be very proud of. Our motto, 'honore et labore', promotes excellence, hard work, ambition and social responsibility. John Roan's vision was for the School to give all students the opportunity to achieve academic excellence through developing the virtues of hard work and ambition whilst also becoming responsible citizens that make an important contribution to their communities.

I want to continue John Roan's legacy for all students - whatever their background - to achieve the highest possible academic outcomes. I firmly believe that every child is capable of extraordinary things and so, as a school, we constantly challenge our students to do what they think they can't, to work hard and be at their best

We were buoyed by this summer's A Level results which saw half (50%) of all entries achieve A* to B grades. These strong results meant



Jennie Sanderson

that many of our Year 13 leavers were able to take up places at their universities of choice including two students who secured places at the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford. 40% of our students have taken up places at Russell Group universities including Warwick, UCL, Leeds and Bristol.

Overall, our A Level results showed an increase in all key School measures since 2024 and a 100% pass rate. Most notably, the A* to B rate improved significantly by 8%.

Our GCSE results also improved on every measure. This year, 59% of students achieved a grade 4 or above in both English and Maths while 39% achieved at least a grade 5 in the two subjects - a strong



Jennie chatting with John Roan students

improvement since 2024. We are very proud of the achievements of our Year 11 and Year 13 pupils and look forward to further improving our A Level and GCSE results this academic year.

Whilst academic outcomes are hugely important, I want John Roan pupils to be able to lead happy and fulfilled lives. I want our School to be a place of joy where students look forward to attending and are excited about what they will learn and experience. Alongside high-quality teaching, it's vital we offer a broad range of enrichment activities that attract and engage pupils whatever their interests.

Alongside improving academic outcomes, we have therefore been focusing on supporting our pupils to develop character traits that will enable them to become responsible citizens. We want all our pupils to leave us with a social conscience and the will to bring about positive change in their society.

At the heart of this mission is our newly introduced house system. In September, all students and staff were put into four houses that each celebrate the School's historical tradition and are associated with specific virtues, providing a clear vision and identity for our students.

The four houses are:

- House Flynn in memory of Claire Flynn who was an inspirational teacher and leader at The John Roan School and an alumna who

sadly passed away earlier this year. House Flynn is a house of moral virtues. Students have excellent habits such as honesty, courage, and kindness through practice;

- House Lawrence in memory of Stephen Lawrence who was tragically murdered in a racist attack aged 18. House Lawrence is a house of civic virtues and equality. Students are committed to fairness and justice for all;
- House Chichester named after Sir Francis Charles Chichester who was a British businessman, pioneering aviator and solo sailor. House Chichester is a house of aspiration and students are committed to living a life of reason and purpose;
- House Salter in memory of Alfred Salter who was a British medical practitioner, politician and philanthropist and John Roan alumnus. House Salter is a house of wisdom and students have excellent judgment and make wise choices.

The system is designed not only to foster a strong sense of belonging, enjoyment and identity, but also to support the development of character traits that will enable our students to grow as responsible and active citizens. House competitions and events are held throughout the week, giving students the opportunity to win points for their house. There is already a real buzz about the system and I look forward to this becoming embedded in our culture.

Another important area of focus this year is student



John Roan students on a Braithwaite trip

leadership. Developing leadership opportunities is central to building students' confidence, ensuring their voices are heard in decision-making, and enabling them to act as role models for others. We already have school captains in Year 13 and we have recently launched the Year 11 Prefect System. This initiative will provide Year 11 students with an excellent opportunity to develop leadership skills, influence decision-making, and support younger students within our community.

Along with enforcing the highest expectations, it is important to me that we take time to celebrate students' achievements. We have therefore introduced termly celebration assemblies when students who have made excellent progress and demonstrated an excellent attitude to their learning have been awarded prizes donated by the Eze Foundation such as Beats headphones and New Balance clothing. I would like to

take this opportunity to thank the Eze Foundation for their support and generous donations. We have also introduced the Friday lottery where students can win prizes if they have been on time every day and had no detentions. This ensures that we end the week with a very positive, celebratory tone.

In keeping with the theme of celebrations, we were very proud to collect two awards at United Learning's Best in Everyone Awards in the summer. Our Head of Religion, Philosophy and Ethics, Jacob Lines was presented with 'ECT of the Year' whilst Jude in Year 11 achieved the 'Best in Everyone Music Award.'

I am very excited about the year ahead and how we can build on the firm foundations we established last year so that we can continue to improve our academic outcomes and develop the character traits of our pupils so that they can lead happy and fulfilled lives.

A WIN WIN FOR ALL!

The JRSA Committee and Trustees with an update on its vital work supporting the John Roan School community

At the heart of every thriving school like the John Roan, is a community that cares and no organisation embodies that spirit better than a Parent Teacher Association (PTA).

It is much more than fundraising events and monthly meetings, a PTA is a driving force for excellence, inclusivity, and student success. When families and teachers work together, our young people don't just learn - we hope they will flourish.

For many years, the John Roan School has been supported by a vibrant and committed PTA namely, The John Roan School Association (JRSA). These days, not every secondary school is lucky enough to have such an active and engaged body.



JRSA members at an event

THE COMMITTEE AND TRUSTEES

Every parent and carer is a member of the JRSA, but formally it is made up of a Committee and six trustees. It is a registered charity (1189410) which in itself brings benefits of Gift Aid and enables grant applications and sponsorship. Many Old Roans will know Eve Daniels who led the JRSA as Chair for many years. Sam Woodgate is the new Chair and equally dedicated to ensuring the JRSA thrives with Eve still a very active member behind the scenes.

Co-Secretaries and a Treasurer make up the Committee and as the Association has charity status there are six parent Trustees. Each term, we meet online with other parents and the School Principal, Jennie Sanderson, and other senior School leaders to discuss upcoming events and collectively review and approve any grant requests submitted by teachers for projects, equipment, or school trips. Jennie, who is a strong supporter of the JRSA, provides a school update and makes herself available to answer any questions from parents and carers.

THE FUN BIT

One of our most remarkable fundraising efforts is The John Roan 120 Challenge. This unique campaign, launched during COVID, brought together parents, students and teachers in a shared vision. Their joint efforts raised an incredible £14,000, dedicated entirely to purchasing laptops for students

who did not have access to suitable devices for home learning.

From walking 120 miles, knitting 120 hats, climbing 120 flights of stairs to completing 120 hula hoops and more, the creativity and commitment shown were nothing short of inspiring.

WHAT'S COMING UP?

Eye's Down for Family Bingo... always a favourite, this event is held annually and while raising funds is important, the main aim is to bring families together and to make it affordable for all. Tickets are priced competitively and include hot dogs and soft drinks. Here's hoping we had a full house for the event held on 17 October.

The School's International Day is a firm favourite with students and teachers who always work extremely hard to pull off a spectacular day and evening celebration of diversity, heritage and culture. Students wear traditional dress and present their culture through music, dance and words. The day is rounded off by a fantastic array of traditional dishes and family favourite foods, for all to try.

You've got to know your onions on the fundraising quiz night. Held every February, this event is a super fundraiser with last year's quiz night raising over £800. Not only is it a family friendly quiz, we have a parent team of talented cooks who rustle up some amazing food such as jerk chicken and lamb curry which certainly helps to nourish the braincells!



In July, we host one of our biggest fundraising events — the JRSA BBQ and Grand Raffle. This memorable evening wouldn't be possible without the incredible support of our PTA volunteers. From the weeks of planning beforehand to the work on the night itself - and even the cleanup afterward - it's truly a team effort. More than just a fundraiser, the event offers a wonderful opportunity for families and friends to come together as the School year ends, and for parents to chat with teachers in a relaxed, social setting. The BBQ is made even better by a range of fantastic sides, prepared and donated by parents, everything from Mexican salad to Pavlova. The evening is made even more special with performances by talented student musicians and the excitement of the Grand Raffle.

A VITAL ROLE

From second-hand uniform sales and providing refreshments at parent evenings to organising charity runs and supporting staff on school trips, the JRSA plays an active and vital role in school life. We would love any Old Roans to join us at us at any of our events—you'll be made very welcome. Why not get a team together for our next Quiz Night? You might even go home as the lucky winners! Contact the JRSA: jrsa@thejohnroanschool.org.uk

THE JRSA COMMITTEE AND TRUSTEES

Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com

SCHOOL FIELD - EXCITING NEWS

Linda Nelson, Chair of the John Roan Foundation, writes with very exciting news about developments at the Kidbrooke School Field.

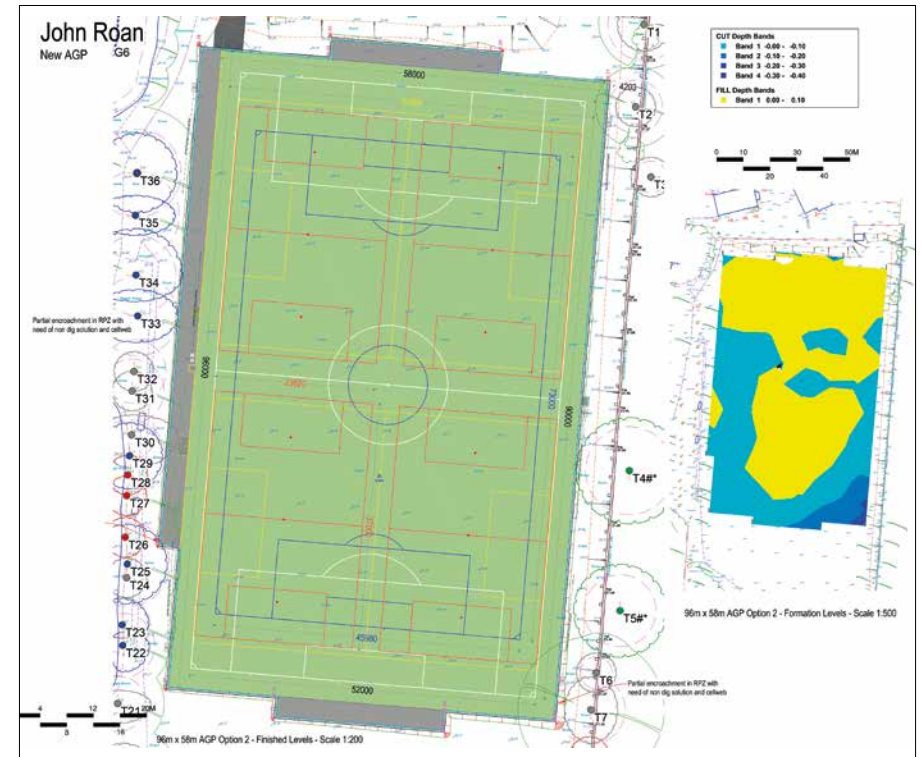
Arsenal and England footballer Eberechi Eze and his two brothers Chimaechi and Ikechi all attended the John Roan School and have done lots to support the school since leaving. The latest venture is to have a full size 3g football pitch at the playing fields to encourage grassroots football. The fields are owned by the John Roan Foundation and are used by the School every day.

Ikechi from the Eze Foundation is working closely with the Football

Foundation and the Trustees of the John Roan Foundation to hopefully bring this venture to fruition. Many surveys have been taking place, geological, ecological, electrical to name a few, in preparation of going to planning. It is early days and it is a very big project and one that will cost in the region of £1m. The JRF have spent a lot of money on the playing fields over the last few years - eg £130,000 plus on renewing the existing all-weather area to 3g in 2023 - and do not have spare funds for this project but have engaged a consultant to apply for a grant from the Football Foundation. The FF, if the grant is successful, will fund 60/70% of the



The new 3g pitch location



The new pitch plan

project cost and Ikechi through the Eze Foundation's contacts is very hopeful of securing the shortfall.

The changing rooms are a concern - they haven't changed since we were all at school except for the occasional lick of paint. We would like to upgrade them but again this takes money which we don't have. If any Old Roans would like to

help in this exciting new venture, we have set up a PayPal giving account and as a charity we can collect Gift Aid.

<https://www.paypal.com/GB/fundraiser/charity/3177463>

Fingers crossed it would be great to see Old Roans at the Grand Opening in 2027!

MY PRESIDENT'S YEAR

Chains, football, poetry...

I learnt one thing... one of the trickiest tasks as Old Roan President was successfully putting on the chain of office. There it lies in its sacred Presidential box, steeped in history, soaked in past Presidential DNA, just goading you to try and wrap it around your neck without making a fool of yourself and tying you up in knots. Yes, I admit failure a few times.

In my President's year, I didn't actually have to wear the chain that much but I soon caught on it was best to get someone to shove it on. I think Alistair 'Mitch' Mitchell was the friendly someone for Founder's Day allowing me to walk into the church without golden suffocation.

I also learnt from delving into past Roan Mags that the chain was

celebrating a centenary in my year - 100 years since it was introduced by President R W Farrell and made by Messrs Thomas Fattorini (Birmingham) no less.

Chain apart, it was, of course, a considerable honour and privilege to have been elected as Association President - something I will always treasure because Roan, as for so many of us, has been a big factor in my life. Pupil, Old Roan, Magazine Editor, School Governor, President, Roan has always been like a second family at various stages of my life.

Founder's Day in July was a lovely occasion, so great to hear all the wonderful musical talent the John Roan School continually punches out. It was also a bit of memory lane as I was a choirboy at St Alfège



Keith with 1966-73 year boys



Keith with Cath Smith, Linda Nelson and Chair of the School Governors Alex Lee at Founder's Day 2024

Church when I started at Roan in 1966 (although not for much longer as school and club football soon took precedence!).

I took the opportunity at the Association Annual Reunion Dinner at the Kidbrooke Pavillion to pay tribute to some of the great footballers I had played with in the OR First XI over the years - Keith Mexter, John Stanford, Rod Pepper and Keith Hedges, plus three special players sadly not now with us: Jimmy Hardy, Paul Petty and Dave Hutley. But there were so many other top guys I was privileged to have shared a dressing room with - Bobby Grimwood, Sid Dampier, John Hutley, Keith Thomas, Keith Silcox, Cyril Davies, Nicky Riley, Ray Mills, John Dennis, Dougie Weaver, Tim Fish, Kevin Todd, Don Boon, Tim Leask, Graham Briscoe, Chris Rodwell, Graham Townsend, Jimmy Russon, Fred Spink, Gary

Micklewhite, Bernie Turner, Mick Smith, Johnny Leach, John Hardy... the list goes on. Not forgetting the various refs and managers including Geoff Sawyer, Brian Hamer and the legend that is Mike Callaghan.

It was also special at the Dinner to be joined by those in my school year - Keith Banks, Ron Edworthy and Stuart Horsbrugh, three I see quite often, and other regulars at the Reunion including Steve Armstrong, Jeremy Novis, John Titcombe and Andy Emeny-Smith. Two more - Terry Thurley and Dave Davis, particular friends of mine while at Roan - I wanted to be there but, sadly, they couldn't make it. Great to have my friend and football teammate over many years Bryan Marsh too on the top table.

Having been a writer both professionally and privately since leaving Roan, I ran a creative

writing competition at the School on a theme of Greenwich Park. We got lots of entries and I was very glad a poem won as poetry has always meant a great deal to me – have my English teachers not least Nigel Ballantyne to thank for that. A Year 8 student, Artem Baliuk, was the worthy winner and his lovely poem received loud applause when I read it out at the Dinner. It's reproduced here.

The poem reminded me, as OR Magazine Editor, that verse has always been an important factor in issues going back decades,

reflecting the value poetry was held at Roan and, as Artem's poem underlines, still is. So, linking my President and Editor hats, I've made Roan poetry over the years – from boys and girls – a theme for this issue.

Once again it was indeed a true honour to have been President and I am sure my successor, Brian Goddard, feels the same. And, if he needs someone to help put on the chain, then I am only too happy to help.

KEITH BRADBROOK
Old Roan President – 2024/25

THE CENTENARY CHAIN

The Old Roan Association President's chain of office was made and introduced in 1924 through the generosity of the then President R W Farrell. A piece in the December 1924 Roan Magazine says: 'This is a handsome hand-made silver gilt President's jewel, beautifully modelled, showing the arms and motto of the Association, artistically enamelled in the correct colours.'

A drawing of the new President's chain published in the December 1924 Roan Magazine



ANNUAL ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP (£20)

All Old Roan members are asked to update their Association Standing Orders to £20 payable from 2 January 2026. All current 'Life Members' who haven't done so as yet are asked to set up a Standing Order as follows:

Barclays Bank: 20-98-57
Account Number: 90678112
Name: Old Roan Association
Payment Date: 2nd January 2026
Frequency : Annual

Members who pay by cheque, please increase the amount to £20.

Old Roan Magazine 2025

WINNING POEM

**GREENWICH PARK
- BY ARTEM BALIUK
JOHN ROAN SCHOOL, YEAR 8**

In Greenwich Park where time
stands still

Ancient tales the trees instill

Whispers of history in the breeze

Echoes of the past among the
leaves

Majestic oaks reach for the sky

Their branches dancing, reaching
high

A tapestry of colours in the Fall

Nature's masterpiece enthrals us
all

Paths winding through nature's
embrace

Tranquillity found in this sacred
place

Birds serenade with melodic song

A symphony that never goes
wrong

Overlooking the City's bustling
heart

A sanctuary to find peace and
depart

In Greenwich Park where dreams
take flight



Artem Baliuk

Nature's beauty shines ever so
bright

So wander through this haven of
green

A place where serenity is easily
seen

In Greenwich Park where time
stands still

Let your spirit soar just be and
chill.

Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com

ROAN IN VERSE

For girls and boys, Roan was always a melting pot of young poets discovering the world as they grew up and seeking to express their experiences and emotions through verse.

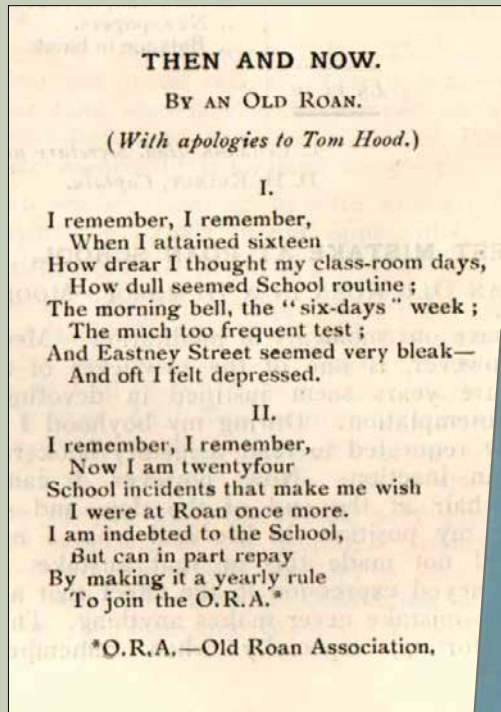
A glance through the pages of the Roan Magazine, from its earliest days over a hundred years ago, and Girl's School publications, reveals that the School was a hotbed for poetry of all shapes, sizes and styles.

And that creative talent obviously still lives on in the John Roan School students of today. A writing competition run with the school and Association last year produced an excellent winning poem on Greenwich Park by Year 8 student Artem Baliuk (see page 21).

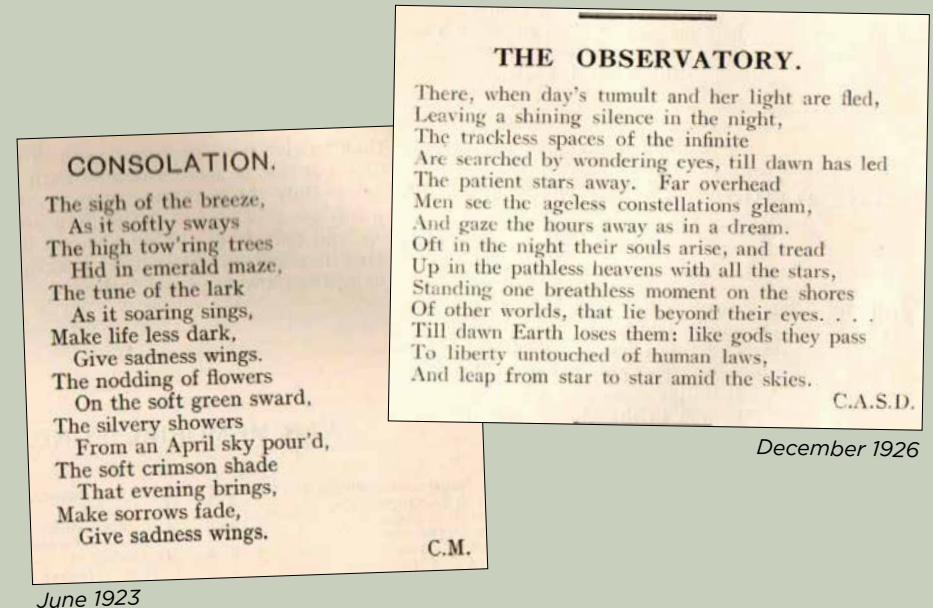
Here, and over a number of pages throughout this issue, we trace the poetry of Roan as seen through the pens of Roan girls and boys and as it appeared in print. Funnily enough, however, the first ever poem to appear in the Roan

Magazine was a piece by 'An Old Roan' - Then And Now - in the December 1921 issue.

Note: All the poetry from the Roan Magazine and Girls School magazines can be viewed by accessing the archive now on the new Old Roan Association website - www.oldroanassociation.org.

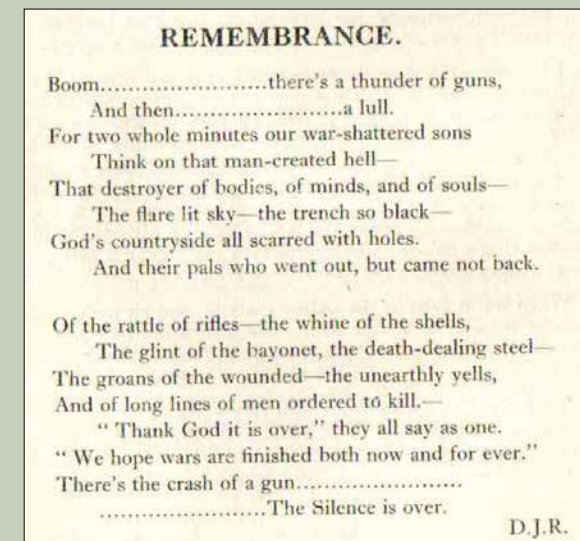


Poems 1920s - 30s



*'O, that I were
in Devon now
The fairest
shire of all ...
Where sunlight
gleams:
I ever hear thy
call'*

July 1930



July 1934

FOUNDER'S DAYS!

Since the last Magazine there have been two Founder's Days at St Alfege Church in Greenwich – both showpiecing what a great array of musical talent the John Roan School produces.

Whether singing, playing virtuosos on the violin or piano, or playing in bands, John Roan students excelled themselves to a packed church including Old Roans and many local guests. Both days were filmed and screened back at the school and are available to watch on You Tube.

The occasions also reflected a goodbye and a hello as in July 2024 Principal Cath Smith addressed her last Founder's Day and in July this year the new Principal, Jennie Sanderson, spoke at her first. Both extolled how John Roan's mission almost 350 years ago now to help educate children in Greenwich was still being strongly upheld by the John Roan School today.

Guest speaker in 2024 was Ikeche Eze, who with his brothers Ebere and Chima, all Old Roans and footballers, have set up the Eze Foundation and

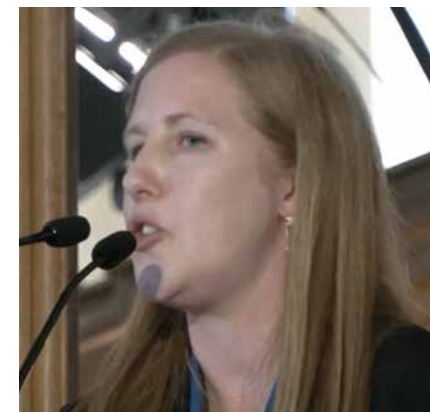


Music in St Alfege Church

Old Roan Magazine 2025



Andrew Mensah



New Principal Jennie Sanderson

through it have greatly supported the John Roan School. Ikeche currently plays for Dartford, Ebere has just signed for Arsenal and plays for England and Chima was recently at Crystal Palace.

The speaker this year was comedian, presenter and actor Andrew Mensah, who said that his time at the John Roan School was the foundation of everything he had done in his career.

This year's Founder's Day was dedicated to the memory of two much-loved members of staff – Assistant Principal of Inclusion Sandrine Jaquet who died in May and former Deputy Head and Old Roan President Claire Flynn who died in January. Tributes to both Sandrine and Claire are in this issue's Obituary section.



Ikechi Eze



A Founder's Day piece on piano

Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com

ANNUAL REUNION DINNER 2025

The Association's Annual Reunion Dinner at the School Field Pavillion was an appropriate setting for Old Roans to say goodbye to departing John Roan School Principal Cath Smith.

Since arriving at Roan in 2017, Cath had regularly attended the annual dinners to give updates on how the school was faring and Old Roans were always appreciative of her enthusiasm and dedication to the job.

Cath's attendance in December was a couple of weeks before moving on to a new position with various schools near where she lives in Hackney.

Old Roan President Keith

Bradbrook presented Cath with a commemorative plaque bearing the Roan crest as a parting memento of her time at Roan which had seen her lead the school from very troubled times to the latest 'Good' inspection from Ofsted representing a huge turnaround in the schools' prospects.

'I've been at Roan longer than most Old Roans so I think I deserve the plaque!' Cath joked in her speech.

She explained: 'My first two years were about managing strikes, resistance and political change. The ups and downs didn't really give me the chance to get into the job which was about school improvement. But what the school offered and people like you guys

at the Association kept me going. The students day in and day out reminded me, despite the chaos, how important schools are and how important it is that children are really well supported by them. The children so wanted to learn and for things to be calm in the school. I thought I should stay and try and sort things out for them.'

'I like to think I have made a difference and hopefully set the John Roan School onto achieving great things in the future.'

Cath paid tribute to the Association for its ongoing termly funding to help students with difficulty and hardship such as paying for items for cookery lessons etc.

Memories of school days, playing football for Old Roan and poetry were the themes for President Keith Bradbrook's speech. He pondered on how teachers he had at school were role models of the types of people he would meet in later life.

His school 'hero' was Alfie Knott who had similar qualities to Keith's life-long hero Sir Bobby Charlton, whom he was lucky enough to work with a couple of times. The 'romantic' was Economics teacher and ex-OR President Gordon 'Pedro' Brooks, who had the 'whiff of Mexico about him' and the 'honourable' was his ex-Form Teacher and Physics Master Terry Hall.



Principal and President – Cath and Keith

But there was also the other extreme – Mr Westmarland, who threw Keith out of his first PE lesson in the Maze Hill gym for not calling him 'Sir'. Here was the 'Evil ***' (Not really! Ed).

On football, Keith talked of the great Old Roan footballers he had played with over the years and particularly mentioned three who, sadly, are no longer with us – Jim Hardy, Paul Petty and David Hutley.

On poetry, as President Keith had run a creative writing prize at the school which was won by Artem Baliuk, a Year 8 student, for a wonderful poem on Greenwich Park. This was read out and received loud applause.

Another great Annual Reunion Dinner and at the next one this November it is hoped Jennie Sanderson, the new Principal of the John Roan School, will be in attendance to give her first school update.



The President with guests (l-r) Stuart Horsbrugh, Keith Banks, Ron Edworthy, Bryan Marsh, his wife Daryle (née Hayes 1965-72), Cath Smith and Alex Lee, Chairman of the John Roan School Governors

ROAN MOVIE MAGIC

These days at the John Roan School with smart phones, ipads and everything capturing school life on film is every day stuff. But footage of Roan life, say, in the 60s and 70s is rare gold dust.

And that's precisely what former Roan Physics teacher Terry Hall, well-remembered by so many, had tucked away at his home near Devises when two of his ex-Form boys, Keith Banks and your Editor, paid him and his wife Val a visit earlier this year.

Terry has always kept a cornucopia of notes and records from his Roan days and amongst all the precious memories were two VHS tapes full of his movie camera clips of School events and days out.

As Terry played the tapes on his old VHS machine, Roan boys from 1969 through to 1974 were brought to life

in action, hours of it – scenes in class, trips to Margate, days out on country hikes, School plays and wonderful sections on a trip to Braithwaite and a gloriously sunny Sports Day down at the Kidbrooke fields including a Prize Giving where Terry captured lots of award winners. There's even a few ghostly scenes of the 1971 Roan English Schools cup winning team in action, including a half-time team talk with their teacher/manager Barry Thomas.

At the end of one VHS Terry introduces himself some years after leaving Roan and gives an update on his life and family

This was truly a motherload of moving Roan history on film capturing special times at School, many teachers and a huge array of boys at Roan in this period, many who have become members of the Association.

Although lots of clips feature the Forms that Terry had during the 69-74 period – so, for example, many of the boys in Keith Banks' and your editor's 1966-73 Roan years will know they are captured – it is impossible to identify all the numerous pupils that appear in the films somewhere.

'I liked to take movies of School days out and special occasions and I have been meaning to pass it all on at some stage for a long while,' said Terry. 'It seems a long time ago but when you look it feels like yesterday.'

Most of the clips can be dated. There's 3T's trip to Margate in July 1969, the last day at Roan on 29 June 1973, an Easter camp in 1970 and Terry's Braithwaite footage comes from 1972 – the same on that ex-teacher Pete James talks about in his item on page 58.

Terry handed the tapes on and happily they have now been



Terry Hall earlier this year

digitised and transferred to electronic files for posterity. So, if you think you may be on the films and would like to see the footage then e mail The Editor at oldroankgb@gmail.com and he will try to get you a copy. The file sizes are large so they may arrive (eventually, depending on demand) in various ways and sections.



Tug o' War at Sports Day



At Braithwaite



On Hadrian's Wall



On a hike

Old Roan Magazine 2025



In the snow



6th Form last day at school 1973 with Nigel Ballantyne



On Margate beach



School plays



Terry Hall giving his life update



Teacher George Witten saying Hello at the School Field



Cross Country in Greenwich Park



Larking about in class

Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com

ROAN IN VERSE

Poems 1940s – 50s

ROAN MAGAZINE.

Brightly shines the sun
Upon a Summer's morn,
The warm wind whistles merrily
Through the ripening corn.
See there in yonder pool
The fishes dart and dive,
The scene around you makes you feel
It's good to be alive.

And see the little lambkins
Gambolling here and there,
The joyous songs of birds
Come drifting through the air.

The flowers gay are blending
Their beautiful bright hues,
The sparrows and the robins fly,
Telling all the news.

A. KINSEY. (IIIA.)

July 1941

THE FORBIDDEN TREASURE OF COCOS.

We saw treasure—strange and rare;
Yet we dared not linger there;
Corsairs' treasure—golden bars,
Jewels like a million stars,
With rubies piled in silver jars.

We saw treasure—erie, dread,
Hoard of pirates, long since dead;
Opals, sapphires—there they lay,
Glittering in the light of day,
Like the eyes of birds of prey.

We saw treasure—we turned away,
Dead men's spirits barred the way;
We rigged the ship with every sail,
And shuddered as the moon rose pale—
The curse of ghosts shall still prevail.

R.N.

* * *

December 1949

THE SHIP OF NIGHT.

The sunset is a beauteous thing;
The birds, day weary, homeward wing,
The cloudy mountains, fiery red,
Conceal the sun's declining head.

The sky then seems an ocean deep,
From which bright studded islands peep;
The Silver Ship, with sails unfurled,
Sets its course above the world.

And through the perilous hours of night,
It steers through constellations bright,
Near jagged reef, past curving bay,
Towards its haven, far away.

And when it nears its harbour bright,
Its shape is lost in greater light,
For eastern breakers, flecked with grey,
Swell the rising tide of day.

P.K.

December 1946

*See there in
yonder pool
The fishes dart
and dive
The scene around
you makes you
feel
It's good to be
alive'*

July 1941

OUTPUT

We are individuals, every one.
Some agree with us in all we say ;
The rest agree to differ
All in exactly the same way ;
—Gentlemen of ideas
Saying the old things our own fresh way.
Life's sharp experience refined
To politic philosophy of mind.

Who is Mammon, what is he ?
That will not trouble you and me !
All roads lead eventually West.
He loves life most who serves self best.

We are the men of the Sixth Form,
This is the song we sing,
Five and twenty idealists
Dancing in a ring.
When the ring is broken,
Westward we will go—
Daisies in a daisy chain
Marching in a row !

D. STARKINGS (Modern Sixth).

December 1955

THE BIRDS' BREAKFAST

Early on a winter's morn
The birds are waiting on the lawn.
Up and down and round they go ;
I'll throw their breakfast out, they know.

Sparrows here, sparrows there,
Busy sparrows everywhere ;
Some from house and some from hedge,
Waiting on the window-ledge.

Speckled starlings, blue-tits too,
And I hear the pigeons coo,
While across the garden bobbing
Comes the friendly little robin.

I crumble bread and cake up small ;
Plenty there to feed them all.
Now off to school, without a doubt,
And leave the birds to fight it out.

W. WHITE (III Alpha).

December 1955

*'Twilight over
London, skies
of pigeon
grey
Pattering a
thousand feel
upon their
homeward
way'*

December 1956

ROAN THEATRE COMPANY

Classical Stuff!

The Roan Theatre Company went all 'classical' for its last few productions – but with stings in tails and a lot of laughs too!

First, two classic tales from the master story-teller Robert Louis Stevenson - Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde in July last year and in November the all-time pirate romp, Treasure Island. Then in June this year the company followed up with Bleak Expectations, a rip-roaringly funny comedy taking off all the essentials of Charles Dickens.

All three shows were staged at the Bob Hope Theatre in Eltham to great acclaim from audiences over several nights for each production. Teresa Wilkins directed Jekyll and Treasure Island with Graham Johnson directing for Bleak Expectations.



Treasure Island



Joe Wilkins as Jekyll/Hyde



Action from Jekyll/Hyde

Jack Woolfe as Long John Silver. Other parts were played by Helena Houghton (George Merry), Callum Lyons (Jimmy Rathbone/Ben Gunn/ Rev Mainwaring), Teri-Ann Wilson (Anne Bonny), Myles Ballisat (Black Dog / Captain Smollett), Ray Currier (Israel Hands / Blind Pew), Jordon Nwaegbu (Ezekiel Hazard / A Cat Purse /Boy/ Tom Morgan, Rosalind Fogden (Justice Death), Stuart Mitchell-Smith (Billy Bones. Job O'Brien), Joe Wilkins (Captain Flint / Squire Trelawny), Glynis Watson (Jim's Mother), Dr Livesey (Teresa Wilkins) and Sarah Coleman (Company).

For Bleak Expectations, a roller-coaster of Dickens stereotypes, dramatic nuances and well-known quotes covered a plethora of his famous books.



Joe Wilkins excelled as the doctor playing two very different sides to his character in Jekyll/Hyde, with Sarah Coleman as good as ever playing the Matron and Helena Houghton again performing so well as Dr Stevenson. All three were wonderfully supported by Callum Lyons, John Adcock, Adrian Carlton-Oatley, Mandy Brown and Stuart Mitchell-Smith.

Treasure Island saw Aysev Ismail as young Jim Hawkins and

Treasure Island saw Aysev Ismail as young Jim Hawkins and



The Gentleman in Jekyll/Hyde



Bleak Expectations

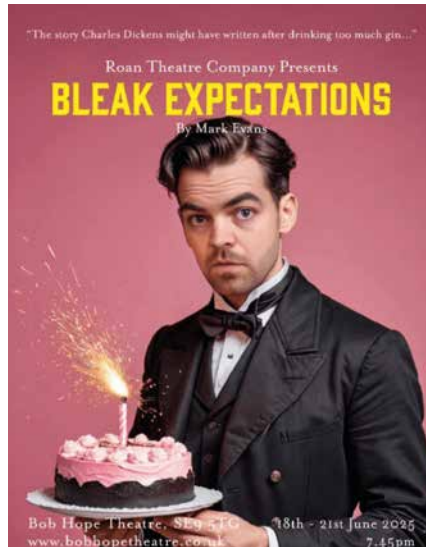
Director Graham Johnson as Sir Phillip Bin sat (most of the time) majestically on his chair on stage narrating all the chaos while chucking in the odd modern-day joke usually with some cheeky local references!

The trials and tribulations of the Bin family and the evil Gently Benevolent were played out in great energy by the cast of: Glynis Watson, Graham Johnson, Sarah Coleman, John Adcock, Joe Wilkins, Helena Houghton, Megan Abell, Adrian Carlton-Oatley, Stuart Mitchell-Smith, Jack Woolf, Myles Ballistad, Aysev Ismail, Teri-Ann Wilson and Mandy Brown.



Bleak it wasn't!

Old Roan Magazine 2025



MURDER MYSTERY NIGHT

Invitation to a Murder!

The Roan Theatre Company presented another highly successful murder mystery event in January - Invitation To A Murder.

Written and directed by ever-creative company member, Sarah Coleman, the production involved many faces familiar to regular attendees at RTC's plays.

The mystery centred around a manor house in wartime England. A number of residents of the village had received a mysterious invitation to the manor, only telling them they would learn something of interest. Manor owner and local MP, Les Payne, was less than delighted to see them, especially as every one of them would like to see him dead. And, when he collapsed during the evening's events, suspicion fell on the people present.

Was it Walter Melon, the deceased's step-son, who wanted to marry the maid? Was it Ben and Eileen Dover who were going to have to leave



Murder...



Mystery...

their cottage because Les wanted to build a golf course? Or possibly the mysterious French woman Anne Tique who seems to be searching for her brother.

The play was a homage to Agatha Christie, and a number of her books were referenced, including *A Murder is Announced*, *The Pale Horse* and *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*. Even Miss Aisles, the elderly lady detective, was a parody of Miss Marple.

The event in Eltham took place over two nights and was very popular. Many people worked out 'who dunnit' but only one group managed to get the completely correct answer!

There will be another murder mystery in January 2026 - *An Ofsted Inspector Calls*. The deputy head of a school is dead. Ofsted are on their way. Will the solution be outstanding or will the audience require improvement?

Be there next time to find out!

Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com

OLD ROAN GOLF SOCIETY

Ladies and Gentlemen!

This year's Summer golf day was a first for the Old Roan Golf Society... a four-ball of Ladies joining the traditional Gentlemen for the tee off at the Eltham Warren course in August.

Deb Wallis, Shirley Nelson, Christine May and Linda Nelson made up the Ladies four on a gloriously sunny day. They played alongside a substantial turnout of Old Roan Society members and a considerable number of members/guests, including the eventual winner, Guy Wilkins, who are all members at Eltham Warren and inscrutably knew the course lay-out very well!

Captain this year is Len Sales and, as usual, grateful thanks to the

Society's intrepid organiser Tony Nuttall.

Since the last Magazine there have been two other Society golf days in addition to this Summer. In 2024, the Summer event was held at Birchwood near Dartford and the Winter day at Addington Palace, both under the excellent Captaincy of Steve Nelson.

Summer 2024 Results:

Individual: Winner Patrick Gregg 42 points (28 handicap), 2nd Andy Wishart 40pts (14), 3rd Matt Podger 36 pts (23)
Guest Individual 1st: Les Kirby 32 pts (18)

Nearest the pin: 8th hole John Girdwood (23), 11th hole Graham Dennis (11), 14th hole Kevin Bass (22)



Summer 2024 winner Patrick Gregg with Steve Nelson



Winter 2024 winner Matt Podger



Nearest pin winner Johnny Girdwood



Summer 2025 winner Guy Wilkins

Team: Winners 91pts John Stickings (24), Raj Prabhaker (18), Lucien Howlett (14), Patrick Gregg (28): 2nd 90pts Paul Witchalls (25), Pete Osborne (18), Tim Fish (10), Richard Thomas (12)

Winter 2024 Results:

Individual: Winner Matt Podger 42 pts (27 handicap), 2nd Robin Faithorn 39pts (15), 3rd Pete Osborne 39 pts (22)
Nearest the pin: 3rd hole Jeff Matthews (22), 6th hole Tony Sproul (4), 16th hole Andy Davies (9)
Team: Winners 98pts Matt Podger (27), Robin Faithorn (15), Gary Watson (21), Pete Osborne (22): 2nd 85pts Jeff Matthews (22), Wayne Hunt (11), Tony Sproul (4)



2025 Ladies winner Linda Nelson with Len Sales



2024 Team winners – (l-r) Gary Watson, Peter Osborne Robin Faithorn and Matt Podger

Summer 2025 Results:

Individual: Winner Guy Wilkins 45 pts (20 handicap), 2nd Jeff Barnes 40pts (10), 3rd Steve Nelson 37 pts (28)

Roan Ladies Winner: Linda Nelson 19pts

Individual Guest Winner: Les Kirby 40pts (18)

Nearest the pin: 8/13 hole Adam Davies (9), 9/18 hole John Dennis (22)

Longest Drive: 5/14 hole Chris Cowell (19)

Team: Winners 96pts Paul Dinnage (28), Les Kirby (18), Jeff Barnes (10), Terry Chance (12): 2nd 92pts Robin Brown (22), Guy Wilkins (20), Chris Cowell (19), Richard Wilson (25): 3rd 90pts Patrick Gregg (27), Raj Prabhaker (18), Bryan Marsh (24), Jacob Marsh (18)



The Eltham Warren members – (l-r) Paul Dinnage, Guy Wilkins, Len Sales, Les Kirby, Steve Nelson, Robin Brown and Pat Greig

Old Roan Magazine 2025

BERYL AND THE '52 GIRLS

Beryl Chipchase (née Mason 1952-57) contacted us with news of a reunion with some 1952 Roan girls last year.

'We are still meeting, if in much smaller numbers,' she said, 'We lost our inspiring friend Joy Argent (née Ruston) in 2022. Sadly missed, she motivated everyone and made the date (second Wednesday in May), so we put this date in our diary every year.'

'The private room in the restaurant was booked and husband Brian was the official photographer. When Shirley Gilbert came from New Zealand to stay with me, we managed to have lunch with Margaret Gow, Janis Nottingham and Judith Squires.'

'We had a good reminiscence and hope to meet again next year.'



Pictured l-r are: Margaret Gow, Beryl, Judith Squires, Janis May

Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com

ROAN IN VERSE

Girls School Poems 1972 / 1975-6

in the oyster

Protective shelter. It lies serenely and calmly within its domain and all is at peace; no intrusion, no worries, nothing. Sheer solitude.

Outside the story is different. The great sea rages and all is at discord and turmoil. Life struggles on. Catastrophes persist. Unpleasantness remains. But that's outside.

They say the Englishman's home is his castle—the pearl in the oyster. It must be disturbed and uprooted. Nothing is sacred. It's a rat-race.

Who cares about man? He's not the most supreme thing, only a part of the machinery to reach the ultimate in life. He is used. Money can be made from pearls. Tears stand for pearls. Man's life is a fight.

Calmness can no longer remain
Neither man nor pearl can survive.
They must be exploited.

JOANNA DESBOROUGH, L.VI.

1972

life in a perfume bottle

Life is different in a perfume bottle,
no car fumes for the people ride on doves.
No dirty odours, no pollution at all.
So sweet is the air
So dreamlike the surroundings
that the world outside does not seem real,
Pure, white, puffy clouds float overhead,
raining rivers of perfume,
only the outside world is dirty and dull.

No sorrow or grief,
no growing old.
No schools,
for the children know everything
about their world
When they are born.
Nothing to work at,
Nothing to sell or buy, for
food is all around,
No one goes without.
The seeds plant themselves,
and life is perfect.

PAULINE BISH and MARGARET MARCHANT, IT.

1972

the railway

A foggy cold winter's morning
In January.
An old deserted railway station
someone just forgot.
The rails an orange-brown
Colour,
With the rust that slowly
Collected while waiting for
Someone to remember them.
The smell of rotting wood
And the lonely silence.
The old train
Battered cruelly by the weather.
The paintwork scratched
And cracked.
The train like some defenceless
Enemy of the cold winds
And frost
Stripped of all its old splendour
It watches silently as time goes by.

SHIRLEY LUETAIM, VK.

1972

*'Once, in ages
past, man like
a pearl
Untouched
and protected
by an invisible
case, that was
the earth'*

1972

in the dead of night

by Helen Hazell

When in the dead of night,
Witches and wizards take flight,
Off they fly to their cove in the woods,
Where skeletons dwell wearing robes and hoods.
Up rise the spirits from their beds of stone,
Who frighten people that walk alone.
The vampires meet in the woods each night,
Over a fire — burning bright.
The ghosts and the phantoms gather together,
They fail not to meet — whatever the weather.

1975-76

the jungle

by Helen Hazell

The sound of the birds' sweet, high noted song,
Rang through the jungle waking all animals.
The golden sun rose high in the sky,
Making shadows fall upon the ground.
The sudden swish of a branch on a tree,
The monkeys jumping from one to another,
The jungle awoke.....
Up from their nests rose the birds,
And the insects too,
All around was a quiet humming,
And from the density of the jungle
Arose the tiger,
His sharp white teeth, his big brown eyes,
Shone clearly.

Far off the elephant awoke
Giving his morning call.
The sun became hotter,
The sky became bluer,
It was time to go.

1975-76

*'The rain rattles
at the window
The wind
whispers at the
door'*

1975

the sweetshop

by Kate O'Donnell

Jingle-jangle—
The sweet shop door opened,
A child walked over to the polished counter;
He looked at the rows of chocolate bars
All wrapped in sheets of shining paper;
Next to them were the gobstoppers smooth and bright
That looked like pearls in soft moonlight;
Along a bit were the gooey lollies
Orange, yellow, green and red
Stuck together — head to head;
Then the shelves, oh a sight for sore eyes,
Sweet-filled jars of varying size,
Chocolate drops, brown and small,
Peppermint ice like a shining jewel,
Liquorice, bon-bons, flavoured or plain,
Little sweets, looking like drops of rain;
Sticky toffee with a stripe down the middle,
Colourful jelly babes, hickedy-pickie
Candy-crunch all pink and nice,
The coffee and white of some coconut ice;
All these and many more
Filled the shelves with colours galore:
The child walked away as pleased as punch
Carrying a bag of humbugs to munch.

1975-76

DEVONSHIRE DRIVE REUNION

The Girl's of '65 had an extra-special treat as part of their latest reunion – a visit to Devonshire Drive and a tour around their old haunts which were converted to apartments in 1995. A friend of one of the girls lives in the flats and arranged for the former classmates to have a walk through the building.

Although now living accommodation, everyone recognised the different parts of the school – forms, domestic science, physics, biology and art rooms for example and the Hall and dining rooms. Outside the girls

could see where the old netball/tennis courts used to be.

As part of the school conversion, a new house was built near the car park entrance, two new houses where the art studio was and two on the site of the 6th Form garden. There are thirty-eight flats over three floors - one over the car park entrance and another visible from the car park (ex-playground) at the back occupying what was the cloakroom, showers and the medical room, just off the gym.

The walls of a 'new' staircase have retained their green tiles. The



The class of '65 at Devonshire Drive- L-R: Charmain Constable (née Warne), Hilary Lawrence (née Riley), Janet Bell (née Livermore), Jill Croxon (née Shaw), Veronica Davies' sister Valerie, Cheryl Mason (née Thorogood), Jean Marsh (née Learmouth), Veronica Davies (née Hills), Catherine Shearwood (née Honour), Judy Lyons (née Howell), Francis Morris (née Rowan), Annette Talbot (née Chuter), Daryle Bradbrook (née Hayes), Lynn Haywood (née Robbins), Evelyn Richardson (née McDermott)

Old Roan Magazine 2025



The Devonshire Drive school building

windows on the staircase, which has the same old metal handrail, although it has been painted white, are also original. The leaky roof seems finally to have been repaired! The 2nd floor corridor still has three steps in the middle as you approach the Hall, which pupils used to jump down in one go.

After their tour in October last year, the girls walked around the corner to the Ashburnham Arms for a Sunday roast and to chat about their school days and what's going on in their lives now.

The '65 Girls have met regularly in the last few years and were due to meet again later this year.



Looking up to Devonshire Drive



The '65 girls on their tour

Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com

NEW LOOKS IN GREENWICH PARK

The Greenwich Park Reveal project as reported in the last issue has now been largely completed.

Much of the work involved in the £12 million project to renew and restore various aspects of Greenwich Park, which has always had such a natural close bond with Roan, is now finished.

Major landscaping with extensive new tree planting has restored the eroded Grand Ascent – the signature hill before General Wolfe's statue – recreating the look that was laid out for Charles 2nd. The area around the statue itself has now been re-paved with greater open space.

Recently, the much-loved bandstand between the flower gardens and the Observatory buildings has been renovated with a new season of concerts playing. The Rose Garden before the Ranger's House has also now been completely transformed



Greenwich Park's bandstand

from the original formal lay-out to a much more diverse plant mix with many native and ornamental grasses.

The Greenwich Park Reveal concept has involved many aspects from groundworks, renovations and activities seeking to enrich the Park's experience for all visitors.

At one point, the famous deer which roamed the grasslands behind



The Grand Ascent

Old Roan Magazine 2025



General Wolfe's statue paved area

the flower gardens were removed to Richmond Park while works continued. Now, the herds of fallow and red deer have returned with their paddock improved and extended.

Park Manager Clare Lanes said: 'Everyone missed the deer very much, and we're excited to welcome them back. Over the past three years, we've been able to enhance the natural environment of the paddock, ensuring they have a rich, biodiverse habitat.'

Elsewhere in the park, by the flower gardens entrance to Maze



Ignatius Sancho café

Hill near the School building, the new Ignatius Sancho café is now fully open. Sancho was a writer and composer who once lived near the Park and, in 1774, was the first black Briton to have voted in a General Election.

Various works continue still and the new trees, especially those flanking the Grand Ascent, will, of course, take time to mature. Meanwhile, Greenwich Park which has always played such an important part in the history of the Roan Schools remains there to be enjoyed by Old Roans and the general public alike.



The newly laid out Rose Garden

THREE BROTHERS – THREE HEAD BOYS

It's a remarkable Roan 'hat-trick' story – three brothers, Timothy (Mike), James and Christopher Watson all attended the School from the 1940s into the 50s and all three became Head Boy. On leaving Roan each in turn went on to attend Trinity College, Cambridge too.

With all three brothers sadly having now passed away, Laura Watson, Mike's daughter, and Robert Watson, James' son, pay tender tributes to their fathers' lives and achievements.

TIMOTHY MICHAEL (MIKE) WATSON (1951–58)

Mike's daughter, Laura, with a tender tribute to her late father.

Timothy Michael Watson, known as Mike, passed away suddenly at home on the Isle of Wight in February 2022. He was born in Froxfield, Hampshire, in November 1940, the youngest of three brothers, and followed James and Christopher to the Roan School.

Mike was very bright, full of curiosity and excelled at mathematics, gaining distinctions in all four of his subjects at age 18, including 100% in applied mathematics. He continued to follow in his brothers' footsteps first as Head Boy and then winning a scholarship to Trinity College, Cambridge where he read Engineering.

At Cambridge, Mike noticed a young medical student cycling the same route as him every day. He cycled alongside her day after day eventually plucking up courage to invite her to tea. Our dad pursued Daphne with notes and funny

drawings under her door and by taking on her passion of birds and nature. They married in 1964 and shared a life rich in family, learning and adventure.

After graduating from Cambridge, Mike first took on Engineering post with ICI in the North West. Some of the daily letters he wrote to Daphne, at that time a clinical medical student in London, detail his boredom with the role. On a visit to the Roan School, he talked with the careers officer. The suggestion was made that perhaps he would enjoy teaching and it became known there was a vacancy at Roan for a



Mike Watson



The three young Watson brothers – (l-r) Left to right Mike, Christopher and James

Physics teacher. Mike got the job, moved back to London, and began a career in teaching Physics and Mathematics that would last for the rest of his working life.

Mike taught in Gloucester, Liverpool, and, through a government scheme, in Malaysia – where the family spent two happy years before driving back overland to the UK.

His career culminated in Liverpool, where he became a much-respected Deputy Head: 'funny, firm and fair,' in the words of colleagues. He loved the outdoors, leading school walking trips and passing on his passion for nature, and at home he was an exceptional cook and devoted father of five.

Mike was never one to sit still and was always busy fixing something, cooking something, digging or planting something, preferably something edible, or helping someone with their homework – he

tried so hard to help me understand physics, but some things were beyond even his great teaching skills. Holidays were spent either working on the family cottage on the Isle of Wight where Daphne grew up, or on expedition style work with the British Trust for Ornithology catching and ringing wading or passerine migrant birds. Mike's favourite role on these trips was to be out walking the sea walls, looking for birds or new sites, and as chief caterer, cooking large volumes of delicious food for hungry volunteers.

In retirement, Mike and Daphne returned to her native Isle of Wight, where he devoted himself to gardening, volunteering, and ornithology with the British Trust for Ornithology. His kindness, humour and irrepressible energy left a lasting mark on all who knew him.

Mike lived his life with a kind of infectious joy and easy kindness, as



A 1958 newspaper cutting of 18-year-old Mike (with his father Hubert) making the Roan Head-Boy hat-trick

a friend wrote in a condolence card. Always early for everything, always busy, always thoughtful, always funny and a twinkle in his eye. He is remembered with love and gratitude by Daphne, children Jonathan, Laura, Hazel, Catherine and Alistair, as well as his 8 grandchildren.

JAMES PATRICK WATSON

James' son, Robert, pays a moving tribute to his Dad - a deeply compassionate man who exemplified this throughout his life and his important work in psychiatry.

My father James Patrick Watson married my mother, Christine, in 1962 and they stayed together until he died in August 2016. They had four sons: Peter (Music Therapist and folk musician), Andrew (Teacher), John (doctor) and myself (Clinical Psychologist).

Dad became the youngest ever Professor of Psychiatry in 1974 at

Guy's and St. Thomas' Hospital Medical School and stayed in post until he retired in 2001. He had enormous compassion which feels particularly important in today's society where compassion towards others who are suffering feels particularly lacking at times.

Definitions were always important to Dad, so when I talk about his compassion I mean his active desire to alleviate another's suffering and do what he could to make their lives better, whether this was for his family, friends or his patients. He did this with humility, patience, empathy, warmth, and playfulness. He wasn't patient when it came to traffic jams or airport queues, but, with others, he never seemed to run out of patience and a desire to be curious and helpful.

Being compassionate is not easy. We all have the same human tendencies when we encounter suffering which

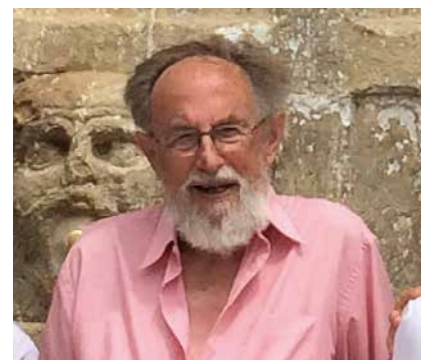


The three Watson brothers later in life - (l-r) Christopher, James and Mike

are to want to fix others and give advice quickly, or feel impatient when they seem to ignore it, or judge them for not being further along the change path than they are, or back off from them if their suffering makes them angry or hostile.

But my Dad seemed to have a knack of engaging others when most of us would feel they were too difficult and avoid them. I think this was because he never lost

sight of others human vulnerability no matter how well it was hidden or camouflaged by anger or defensiveness. Shortly after his death, we started to receive hundreds of cards from people mentioning how he had helped them in some way: colleagues, junior doctors under his supervision, ex patients etc. Most of them we did not know - he would never have boasted about it.



James Watson

I am proud that he was the first psychiatrist to help AIDS patients in the late 1980s and that he campaigned for gender reassignment surgery to be made available on the NHS. At the time these were not popular groups or issues. His desire to help these groups was reflective of his strong sense of justice and compassion for anyone who had been marginalised and discriminated against by more powerful others.

ROAN TALES OF EARNEST AND STANLEY

David Leeming (1960-67), who wrote an article about his schooldays in the June 2023 Magazine, has obtained some historic material from Fionna Humphreys, the great granddaughter of a former Roan boy, Ernest Benjamin Masham. Fionna's great uncle Stanley Garnham Masham was also a Roan boy attending the School from 1883-1889.

Among the interesting original documents David received and has been passed to the Association is the 1886 'Distribution of Prizes' programme. This lists Stanley, who that year received a General Proficiency Prize in the Fourth Form. Ernest, Stanley's younger brother, obtained a similar prize at



Stanley Masham

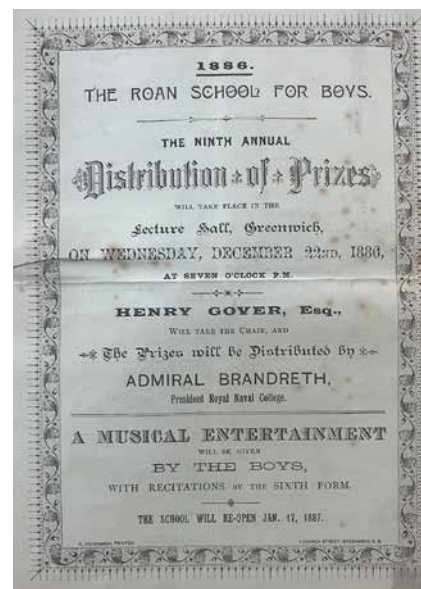
the same prize-giving event whilst in the Second Form.

Stanley Masham lived at Farnborough in Kent and was a leading light in the Wesleyan movement, being involved in various church activities, latterly at Keston. In addition, Stanley was associated with several other interests including the Keston Group of Toc H and the Lewisham Rotary Club.

Stanley was employed for about 25 years with Kent Water Works and later for the Metropolitan Water Board. When he retired from their service in 1920, he became Insurance Manager at the Catford office of Stanley F Prior, Estate Agent, and held this position at the time of his death.



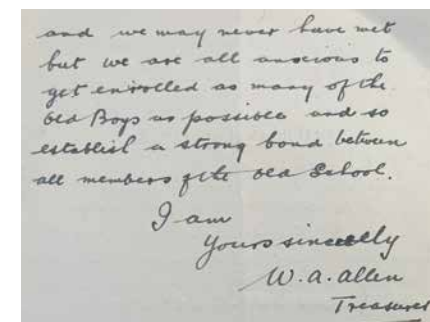
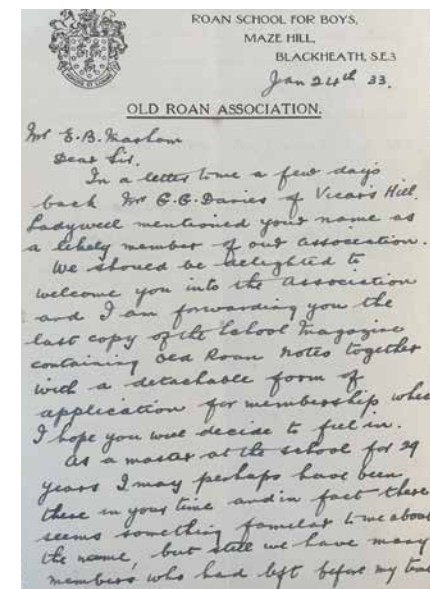
Ernest Masham



The front cover of the 1886 prize giving

The December 1933 Roan Magazine records details of Stanley's death in a motorcycle accident on Bromley Hill. This news was conveyed by Stanley's younger brother Ernest, who wrote: 'I am sorry to say that my brother Stanley was killed owing to a side-slip while motorcycling to business on the 3rd May, 1928'.

Among the documents David obtained is a reference to Ernest joining the Old Roan Association in January 1933. There is some interesting communication between Ernest and Mr W. A. Allen, the school treasurer at the time. In hand-written correspondence, Mr Allen listed a number of Old Roan members who attended Roan from roundabout the 1880s. These included J. W. and H. Berry,

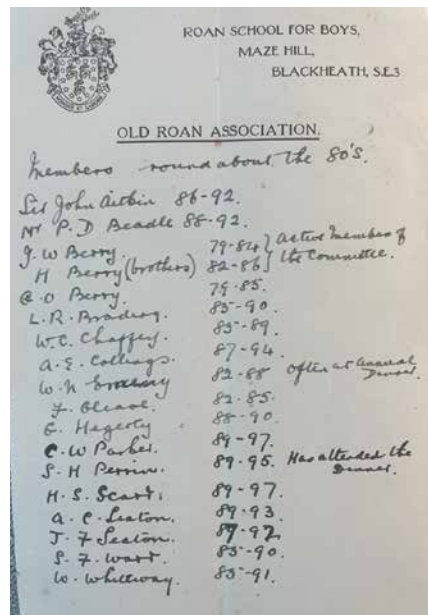
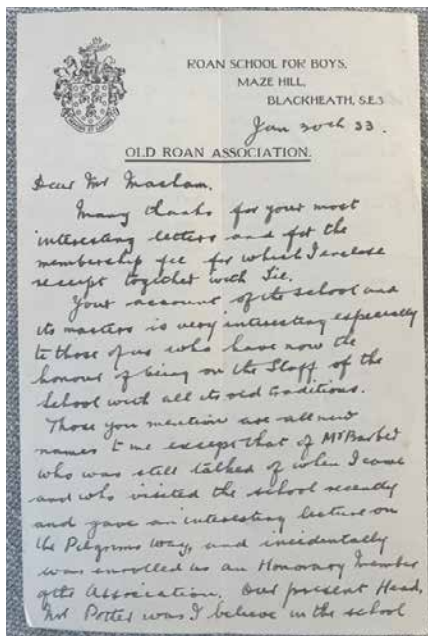


January 1933 letter from OR Treasurer W A Allen to Ernest

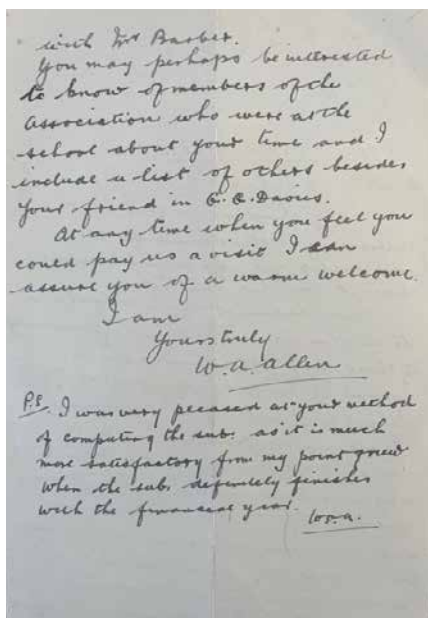
mentioned as active members of the OR Committee. David wonders whether these gentlemen were related to Lionel Berry who was at the school during his schooldays.

The March 1933 Roan Magazine records that Ernest was due to retire from the Civil Service the next year (1934). Among the various documents David obtained

Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com



W A Allen's letter contained names of boys at school with Earnest



June 1933 letter from W A Allen

is a notice about the OR Dramatic Society's presentation 'The Sport of Kings', a farcical comedy in three acts by Ian Hay. This was held at the Roan School, on Maze Hill, on Friday 12 May 1933, with part of the profits from the performance being given to Old Roan Sports Clubs.

A further document is a notice about the Association's Annual Dance held at Greenwich Town Hall on Saturday 17 January 1948. Dancing was to Billy Hayward's Dance Band. Tickets were priced at 6 shillings and available from the Entertainments Secretary G. H. Lee, who lived in Dallinger Road in Lee! Ernest passed away in January 1958.

ROAN TIME-LINE

The time-line is taken from the Association's new website
- www.olderoanassociation.org

- 1600 - John Roan born
- 1643/1644 - Founder John Roan's will (1643) and his death (1644) establish assets 'to bring up so many poor town-born children of Greenwich at school, that is to reading, writing, and cyphering, and each of them forty shillings per annum towards their clothing until each of them shall accomplish the age of fifteen years. The said poor children shall wear on their upper garment the cognisance or crest of me'.
- 1677 - The John Roan School as the Grey Coat School established for c 20 boys in a building in the grounds of the Royal Seaman's Hospital, between Romney Road and Turnpin Lane.
- 1753 - The number of boys at school reaches 33.
- 1809 - A new school established for 120 boys at Roan Street.
- 1820 - Following national schools reforms, a decision is made to raise the number of boys to 240.
- 1815 - The Roan School for Girls opens as the National School of Industry and Excellence in a building behind St Alfege Church.
- 1851 - Roan boys and girls visit the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, London
- 1877 - The new Roan School for Boys opens at East Street (renamed Easteny Street) with Headmaster C M Ridger.

- 1878 - The Roan School for Girls opens at Devonshire Drive with Head Miss M M Blackmore.
- 1894 - Old Girls Association forms.
- 1911 - Old Boys Association forms.
- 1912 - Roan Magazine (boys) starts.
- 1923 - The Hope Memorial Camp at Braithwaite in the Lake District established by boys' Head A H Hope.
- 1927 - The new Pavilion at the Kidbrooke sports ground opens.
- 1928 - The new school for boys opens at Maze Hill.
- 1939 - In initial phases of WW2, boys evacuated to the South Coast, girls to Sussex villages and then Bexhill.
- 1939-1940 - The schools evacuated to Ammaford and Llandebie in South Wales.
- 1945 - The schools return.
- 1977 - Agreement between the Inner London Education Authority (ILEA), school governors and the Roan School Foundation for the amalgamation of the two schools, together with Charlton Secondary School, to establish a comprehensive.
- 1980 - The John Roan School (comprehensive) formed.
- 1981 - New Westcombe Park Road school opens.
- 2019 - The School becomes an academy as The John Roan School, under United Learning Trust.
- 2023 - Ofsted rate the John Roan School as 'Good' under Principal Cath Smith.
- 2025 - A new Principal, Jennie Sanderson, starts

HEATHER FUHR (1966-73)

Fred Fuhr (1962-68) contacted us to share the sad news of the death last year of his sister, Heather, who attended the Girl's School. Fred sent three photos Heather took of her classmates at Devonshire Drive. Perhaps you can pick yourself out in them.

Fred said: 'After Roan, Heather worked in the City in the insurance industry and later mortgage finance. For the last decade she was living in Sussex where she was active in the local community choir and bowling club. Her partner was an avid motorcyclist and over the years she toured most of Europe on the pillion seat of his Harley. Heather unfortunately developed peritoneal cancer and died in January 2024. She was a generous benefactor to several local charities.'



Heather aged 17



Heather's three photos of Devonshire Drive classmates

ROAN IN VERSE

THE MILL

Trees shed their leaves as silently as tears
In this deserted pool,
Lost
In its overgrowth of weed;
Yet once the mill stood here; and in those years
Boys, rushing eagerly from school,
Impatient for adventure, would stampede
The stronghold of the bridge,
And, like a chattering crowd
Of starlings clustered on a ledge,
Would watch the great wheel lumbering round.
Yes, once
A strange excitement filled this place,
Where danger
Foamed and thundered in the loud
Forbidden water of the plunging race.
But that was long ago, and now no sound
Livens the heavy solitude,
Only some crumbling bricks on dusty ground,
Show where the mill once stood.

M. C. HARRIS (IVA)

July 1960

THE BRIDGE

A latticework of girders,
Like a grotesque spider's web,
Spun by hundreds of toiling men
To span the rushing river.
High up above the earth's surface they work,
That others may cross in comfort.
The hooting noise of river boats
Rises up
And is drowned by the rattling of riveters
As they hammer into rounded shapes
The heads of metal rivets.

Yet this great construction,
This seemingly indestructable work of man
Would not be standing
But for three concrete pillars
And a blueprint.

J. P. RICHARDSON, (Shell A)

July 1963

REEDS

Holding waterfowl, black and white,
concealing young of snowflake swans
raising reedling, teaching ways
of rivers, and ripples, and rats.

Bending in Summer, moist and green,
slowly swaying, leaning low,
and frothing waters, brown with mud.

Autumn brown, a brittle brown;
dejected grass, crushed bank of weed,
coypu's refuge from traps and fear,
otters' home, and holding still
the abandoned nest of fledgelings past,—
ubiquitous, iniquitous reeds.

A. T. PERRY (Modern Sixth)

December 1962

THOUGHT

In the foginess of confusion,
Over the seas of innumerable ideas,
Towards a land of idea abundant
Beyond the boundaries of the mind,
A glimmer of knowledge shines so strongly
Lighting up the answer so majestically concealed
And discloses its coveted treasure.
The pen writes swiftly as the thought emerges
And the idea is forced by movements of the hand
Never to be lost again.

M. R. BROZEL (R.A.)

July 1964

Poems 1960s

'Arm in arm, life,
youthful I
Setting out on the
path of time ...

December 1963

LAUGHTER

Cool, languid, washing waves on summer sands,
Good humoured ripples warmed by sun-sweet smiles,
A vast pacific joy and, for a while,
A heaven in the sea's caressing hands;
This is laughter, now a joyful thing.
But with the winter weather comes the storm,
A driving, forceful squall of scorn, not warm,
But with a biting edge and rasping ring.
And then hysteria will grip the waves,
And seized, the frenzied, shrieking wind will flay
And whip them into foaming heights of spray.
This is laughter when the cold sea raves.
And sometimes there is just an ominous swell,
An easy, evil laugh that bodes no well.
This then is laughter flowing like the sea,
A force, quite unpredictable and free.

J. D. SPIKES (Modern Sixth)

July 1964

'Winging moon
ward in velvet
darkness
Flecked with
stars and white
cloud billows'

November 1969

THE HIGHWAY

Shaking the night from our eyes
We watched the sky dissolving
In the running water colours of morning.
Saw the dew drops tremble on the grass
and burst around our feet
As we moved half-dreaming through the cold,
conscious of the tentative fingers
Of day, pressing against the clouds.
A bird rushed over our heads
And the great silence was cracking
Like glass with their songs.
The road fell out of the hills
Onto the highway where we stood
In the first full light of day
And saw it lying frost covered
Between the high grass banks,
Silent and unnatural

R. MOORE (Modern Sixth)

December 1964

HIS WONDERS TO PERFORM

Thrills for all.
Helen, in all her glory, could not have caused such
Eruption of silver.

Furnace-like, the trampled earth egurgitates
Upon a frenzied crowd a dazzling dome of fire,
Nourished by seasonal lusts.

Onward, nothing daunts them,
For, like Jason, they must win their golden fleece
(or get fleeced).

The perverted, sadistical whims find satisfaction
Here. For a small payment they can gaze upon
Evilly, yet pitifully, twisted bodies.

Finally the gauntlet is run
And the twelve labours are completed.
In one hand the victor bears a candifloss, in the other a
china duck.
Rest, man; rest now and rise again next Easter.

D. E. OWEN Modern Vth

December 1965

BRAITHWAITE AND STILL WALKING!

Ex Roan teacher Pete James' photo memories

Former Roan Boys School teacher from 1970-1986, Pete James, has sent in a couple of photos remembering Braithwaite visits and a 1977 backpacking trip for Year 4 lads.

The Braithwaite photo, he thinks from 1972, was taken outside the old main hut at the Hope Memorial Camp. Pete can't name everyone but marks out teachers Roger Bonner, Terry Hall, John Whitmore and Brian Burton. Among the boys he identifies are - Laurence 'Spot' Hughes (with the towel!), Ian Pullen (left, in red) and Chris Rodwell (7th from right). Your Editor can pick out Alastair 'Mitch' Mitchell 2nd Right in a white shirt and possibly Dave Chantry (third boy from left). Anyone up for naming any others?

In the second picture on a backpacking trip starting from Bethesda in June 1977, Pete is more precise. The boys are: Mark Lucas, Tim Richardson, Andy Hagyard, Alan Johnson, Richard Shea, Chris White, Danny Ruta, Lawrence Pratt, Mick Smith and Tony Neal.



Pete's Braithwaite photo

Old Roan Magazine 2025

'I retired from teaching 17 years ago', says Pete 'and since then have indulged in walking regularly with friends and our local U3A. I have also walked a number of long-distance paths including the Pennine Way, the Cambrian Way and Tour du Mont Blanc. With advancing age and arthritic hips, the objectives have become somewhat easier. So more recently, we completed the Norfolk Coast path and the circumnavigation of the Isle of Wight. This year I have had both hips replaced and I am looking forward to some pain free walking again soon!'



Pete today

'I owe my love of walking in the hills to the sixth form lads of the Senior Braithwaite Camps of 1971 and 1972. It was they who showed the pleasure of walking in the hills.'



The 1977 backpacking trip

Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com

DEADLY DAN!

Old Roan stalwart, Association Committee member, known to everyone as Dan but his real name is Keith, Dan Calnan (1958-65) bears a real feather in his Old Roan cricketing cap – the cherished double feat of having not only taken the wicket of one of Kent and England's finest ever bowlers, 'Deadly' Derek Underwood, but surviving four balls from 'Deadly's' famous slow left arm.

The match – Old Roan Sunday 1st XI versus Beckenham Sunday 1st's at the Kidbrooke School field in July 1964, with Old Roan mustering 95 for 9 against their opponents' 135 all out.

Derek Underwood, who sadly died in 2024 aged 78, remains one of England's most prolific bowlers with an action remembered by cricket fans the world over. He took 297 wickets in 86 Tests between 1966 and 1982, the most of any England spinner. For Kent, his only county, he claimed 2,465 wickets in 676 first-class matches.

Dan explained: 'The game in which 'Deadly' played at the school field was when he had just turned 19 and had made his debut for Kent the year before in 1963, taking 100 County Championship wickets. Two years later he had

made his England debut against the West Indies.'

'Batting at number 11, I managed to hang on against him for four balls without ever looking likely that I could lay my bat on any of them!'

'The records show that we managed 95 for 9 against their 135, with our Joe Broadfoot scoring an explosive 65, but with Underwood managing to add him to his impressive list of victims.'

'Although I don't remember it, the records also show I managed to get 'Deadly' out in their innings!'

The lasting evidence for Dan's double Deadly achievement was captured by Old Roan cricket legend Peter Williams (1937-44) and his incredible cricket records for the club.

'As night follows day' said Dan, 'Peter used each Winter following every cricket season to rewrite the club's scorebooks, correcting each page where necessary, making sure the records added up. No



'Deadly' Derek Underwood

mean feat. Being a Maths teacher at Colfe's during the rest of the year he considered it a pleasurable diversion.'

Keith Barron (1971-79), still an active member of the ORCC, has retained Peter's scoresheets in his loft. They record seasons from 1949 to 1989.



Dan (left, middle row) and Peter Williams (2nd left, front row) in the 1981 Old Roan 1st XI

CRICKET CLUB V									
Batting					Bowling				
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The scorecards recording Dan's 'deadly' achievement

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HALL OF FAME BRIAN

Charlton Athletic legend and Old Roan Brian Kinsey has been inducted into Charlton's Hall of Fame joining Ralph Allen and Matt Holland as the 2024 inductees.

A solid and always dependable left back, Brian played 377 league games for the Addicks during his 15 years at the club and was presented with his award by a former team-mate and fellow inductee Keith Peacock.

Brian said: I'm amazed. It's a proud moment, Charlton has always been my love - I supported them as a kid, my son played for the reserves, my uncle Peter Etherton played for them in the war years. It just runs in the family. It's great to be remembered but it makes you feel very old!

Brian cited Stuart Leary as the one



Brian Kinsey at Charlton in his playing days

player he most honoured to share being in the Hall of Fame with.

'He was my son's godfather, so he was always a favourite.'

Congratulations Brian - well deserved!



Brian accepting his Hall of Fame award from Keith Peacock

Old Roan Magazine 2025

HITTING THE 80S!

Anne Bristow says their regular reunion was a special one for the girls of '56 this year.

Pupils who started at the Roan School for Girls in 1956 have held regular reunions since 1995. In recent years, we have met up in May at the Bromley Court Hotel for lunch and had a very enjoyable time catching up on all our news and putting the world to rights!

This year - 2025 - was a special reunion as this is the school year in which we all reach 80 yrs. We had 16 attend, which included a few who had not been to previous reunions. Due to ill health or previous engagements a number of regular attendees were unable to attend this time.

As always, I continue to try and contact other girls who started at the school in 1956 - for example Carol Harris, Jackie and Jill Gibson and Heather Wardell. With a view to even more attending another significant reunion next year to celebrate 70 years since we started at Roan.



The girls of '56 celebrate their 80's!

*Top row - Jen Stephens, Pamela Collyer (Parker), Brenda Aggar (Marshall), Jacky Franklin (Bunce)
3rd row - Chris Stephens, Christine Robinson (Stenning), Joan Hayward (Ayers) Linda Brick (Kyte)
2nd row - Vera Scanlon (Beer), Jean Couture (Hardy), Anne Bristow (Warren)
Front row - Gillian Taylor (Russell), Janet Buchanan (Pratt), Sandra Spurin, Linda Darrall (Hodgson)*

Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com

STEVE RIDES OUT!

Legendary TV/Radio broadcaster and Old Roan Steve Rider (1961-68) made his final appearance on TV in June bringing to a close a glittering career with the BBC, ITV, SKY and others spanning almost 50 years.

From the Roan School to great broadcasting heights, Steve Rider is a sports presenter known to millions and much-loved for his natural, easy-going style. Covering almost everything from football to darts, major world championships to motor events, he has seen and commented on it all.

Steve was always very involved in motor sports and it was at the British Touring Car Championships at Oulton Park in June where



Steve Rider - consummate professional

he made his final broadcast appearance.

And as a mark of Steve's talent and professionalism over the years and the respect he has earned in motor racing alone, an array of famous world F1 figures paid tribute to him in a special film. Lando Norris,



Steve's final TV appearance

Old Roan Magazine 2025

Jason Button, Jackie Stewart, Nigel Mansell, Damon Hill, Oscar Paistri and David Coulthard - F1 legends all - spoke of how highly they regarded Steve and wished him well.

Janson Button said: 'Steve, you were there for my first race and you were there for my last. Mate, it's been an honour, and I hope you have an amazing retirement. You deserve it, buddy.'

Daimon Hill praised Steve's commentary and superb style and delivery. 'What a wonderful career!'

Nigel Mansell said: 'You're such a consummate professional.'

Everything we have ever done together in F1 and in golf has been amazing.'

Sir Jackie Stewart summed up, 'You're going to show up from time to time. In the meantime, happy retirement.' as did David Coulthard, 'Hope to have the opportunity to have a beer with you in the future.'

Steve, a very good Old Roan First X1 goalie in his time, went public in 2023 with the news he had been diagnosed with prostate cancer and has since had surgery.

The Association and the Magazine wishes Steve all the best in the future.

F1 LEGENDS IN THE FILM TRIBUTE TO STEVE



Lando Norris



David Coulthard



Damon Hill



Sir Jackie Stewart



Oscar Piastri



Jenson Button

Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com

ROAN IN VERSE

These poems are taken from the Centenary Magazine produced to celebrate A hundred years of the Girls School at Devonshire Drive 1877-1977.

bonfire night

Clare Leggat I1W

Guy Fawkes looking rather good,
Sitting on the burning wood,
Add more papers,
Light the tapers,
Start the fireworks with a bang,
Sparklers, crackers, jumping jacks,
Warming hands and freezing backs,
Bangers, Catherine Wheels, rockets too,
On display just for you.

firework night

Mandy Newson I1W

It was cold and dark on firework night
I watched the big rocket fly into the smokey
sky with stars falling like rain from
its flaming tail.

Oh Catherine wheel how fiercely you spin
upon your pin! And how I enjoy your circle of
fire!

Roman candle how prettily you spark!
like stars in the dark
falling and shooting up again.

And old guy steadily burns
till every scrap has gone.
Now we must wait another year to
see you burn again.

*'Dewdrops, fairy
winds, delicate
sparkles of light'*

Centenary Magazine

january

Vicky Martin IS

January is so cold and frosty,
Amber flames from coal fires spark,
Now gather round and drink hot coffee,
Uneasy as it quickly gets dark,
All off to bed warm and cosy,
Ragged stray dogs bark,
Young and old all say "Goodnight".

may

Teresa Stevens IS

Month of May is very hot,
Apple blossom on the trees,
Yellow buttercups in the fields.

july

Naomi Rowe IS

Just another hot sticky day,
Undo all your doors and window.
Lovely flowers bloom today,
Yellow, orange, green and pink
All these colours come out in the summer.

november

Mary Crampton IS

Nights are getting darker and earlier,
Orange and yellow leaves are falling.
Very cold fingers and toes
Everybody rushing round freezing
More and more cold it gets
Bonfires warm and crackling
Everything is dying
Remember the 5th.

Girls School Poems 1977

*'A delicate yellow
Spring freshness
A daffodil is born'*

Centenary Magazine

walking in the dark

Joanne Johnson IS

The never ending darkness
Is like a tight black skin all over me
As I walk on and on trying to find a way out of the thick
grey mist that's everywhere
The blackness is so silent especially on Blackheath
Maybe I will get home or maybe not
High above there is a starry light
Perhaps it will guide me through the blackness of the night.

haiku

by members of the I1nd year

claws protruding
eyes searching
he whips out his paw, he's got a mouse.

Nose sniffing
whiskers woffling
down the hole he disappears.

Mane rippling,
ears pricked
the old white horse gallops away.

The lacy snow,
Drifting down,
Dying as it lands.

The mumbling sea,
Chatting and singing,
Powerful, yet calm.

school

Tracey Howton IR

My Mum patted and kissed me.
As she said goodbye
I tried my very hardest
Not to cry and cry,
And in the back of our old car
I didn't say a word.
I don't know what Dad said to me
coz I never even heard.
And then at length we stopped the car,
Dad opened wide the door
And I got out of the car.
My tummy felt quite sore.
With shaky steps I walked up to

The great big green main gate
And I hoped inside my heart
That I would be too late.
I went up to the big classroom
Carrying my brief case.
I looked around and hoped to see
A half familiar face.
The very first lesson we ever had
Was what they call mathematics;
I don't think I'm too keen on maths
I don't think its fantastic.
But one thing I think is O.K. —
I hope you won't be sick —
But one thing that I *think's* O.K.
Is school, when you get to know it!

A WEE WITH CLEMENT ATTLEE

Joe Connolly (1956-63) has written about a special football memory in his new book

One evening in March 1961, I was slouched in the armchair in my Aunt Rose's kitchen reading the Evening Standard when my attention was drawn to a football competition in the sports pages. It was for schoolboys up to fifteen-years-old and from twenty-two players from London clubs, competitors had to select the best eleven. Was the best goalkeeper Jack Kelsey of Arsenal or Reg Matthews of Chelsea, for example, or Johnny Byrne of West Ham a better centre forward than Bobby Smith of Spurs? The prize was a very good one. The winners would be collected in a chauffeur-driven limousine and taken with a friend to Wembley Stadium to see England schoolboys play Wales. Not only that, but they would be hosted by Billy Wright and given lunch in the VIP restaurant behind the royal box. Billy Wright had been England's captain and played for his country a hundred and five times. He had recently retired and was in the news for marrying Joy Beverley, one of the Beverley Sisters, a singing trio who were popular at the time.

I was steeped in football. I knew all of the players on the list and had seen most of them play. My team fell into place quite easily, and after just a little haggling about which fullbacks to choose, I completed my list and sent it off. Not long

after, a letter arrived telling me that I had won. I was naturally delighted but a little cautious too. Who would I tell and who would I take? I decided not to say much to the boys at school because to do so might seem like bragging, but one day in the gym I decided to tell Mr Ellis our PE teacher. Bill Ellis was a decent man and seemed genuinely pleased for me. He thought it was an achievement for me to have won the competition, so he announced it to the class. This was a good outcome for me because it preserved my modesty and gave my news with a minimum of fuss.

Deciding who to take was more problematic and I was faced with some tough decisions. Terry Lawlor was my closest friend at school and I was still mates with Johnny Watton at home. Then there were several boys who I got on well with, many of whom played football with me every day in Greenwich Park. In the end I settled for Ray Levitt. Ray and I were pretty good friends. He was in my class, we were in a five-a-side team together, and every Sunday we met up with a group of other boys to play football. Ray was easy-going and he had a good sense of humour. He loved football and was an avid Charlton Athletic supporter. He was self-deprecating and sometimes made himself appear to be more gullible than he really was.

England schoolboy matches were huge affairs. The ones at Wembley attracted a crowd of 95,000 and



Billy Wright at the top of the table with Ray Levitt to his right and Joe next to Ray

the ground would have filled to its capacity of 100,000 but for a safety limit imposed because most of the spectators were schoolboys. When I was twelve, I went to the England versus Germany match with a school party from Roan. It was like no match I had ever been to or have been to since. The noise was loud and strangely odd; nearly 95,000 un-broken male voices at full pitch is a sound like nothing else.

On Saturday April 29 1961, a car arrived at midday to collect me. It was a huge black Austin Princess, sleek and gorgeous like a royal car with walnut dashboard, enormous comfortable seats and silver metal detail. The chauffeur was fully kitted out in cap and uniform and he treated me with the respect and deference he might have shown to the Lord Mayor of London. It was a

strange, almost surreal experience to step down from the airie of our shabby house and have the door of a large limousine opened for me by a uniformed chauffeur, but I really enjoyed the moment. However, for all that, I felt awkward as I sat alone in the back, because there was an unspoken agenda going on. I was the client to be driven around as instructed and the driver had to do what he was told. On the other hand, he was a man and I was a boy so we both knew where the power really lay. Sitting beside him in the front was a staff member from the Evening Standard. His job was to look after me and make sure that nothing went wrong.

Ray lived at the bottom of Vanbrugh Hill in Greenwich so we had to go through the Blackwall Tunnel to collect him and come

back again to make our way on to Wembley. Neither of us could believe we were sitting in a chauffeur-driven car like royalty; it was such a funny thing for us to be doing. For much of the journey we communicated with a combination of hushed asides and grins. I starting giving stiff royal waves out of the window and we rocked with silent laughter. 'Tell him you want him to stop at a sweet shop,' whispered Ray, so I did. Then a little later he said, 'Say you need to stop for the toilet now.' 'You tell him,' I said, but Ray didn't chance it.

One thing I hadn't resolved on my way to Wembley was what I was going to ask Billy Wright when I got to speak to him. He was such a big star and over his long career he would have heard all the questions there were to ask, but I knew I had to say something. I had cut pictures from my football albums for him to autograph, but I had no idea what else I would ask of him. Then I remembered that he had given an interview a while back when he described what it was like to face 'The Hampden Roar.' This was the intimidating greeting that opposing teams faced from 135,000 Scottish supporters whenever Scotland played at home. As England's captain, Billy would have got it full-blast from the lusty Glasgow chorus bent on a tartan victory. So that became my question; I would ask him what it was really like.

When we got to Wembley the Standard man guided us through the fast-growing crowd up onto a terrace that overlooked Empire Way. Billy was there

already, standing with the other competition winners and his stepson. There he was, England's one-time hero, and I was now to be in his company. Billy was well-practiced in situations like this and was chatty and easy-going. Despite that, I felt awkward and tongue-tied and kept to the back of the group. "Any more questions before we go inside?" Billy asked. So, I took my chance. "What was it like to face the Hampden Roar?" I asked. Quick-as-a-flash Billy came back with a smart riposte. 'The Hampden Roar? I haven't heard it since 1949!' The captain of England was never going to concede anything to the Scots.

We climbed the steps into the stadium and went inside. All the way up to the restaurant we passed through a throng of spectators jostling and pushing each other to get as close to Billy as they could. It was an eye-opener for me to see what fame really meant when someone famous gets close to the public. Billy took it in his stride and just kept ploughing on, smiling and acknowledging the adulation as he went.

The Empire Restaurant was of its time: functional art deco with lattice screens that gave a hint of Chinoiserie. Billy sat at the head of the table with Ray on his right and me next to him. The meal was of its time too, being both uninspiring and predictable: tomato soup with a bread roll followed by roast chicken leg, potatoes and peas. Almost certainly the dessert would have been ice cream or apple pie. We were given a glass of fruit

juice and Billy had wine. Before we started to eat, a photographer from the Standard came to record the event for the paper. He was about to take his picture when Billy stopped him and asked someone to take away his wine glass; years of experience had taught him that it would not be a good idea for England's captain to be seen drinking alcohol with a group of schoolboys.

Apart from Billy's stepson, the other boys were younger than Ray and me and, as we were seated next to Billy, we got more of his attention. He was friendly without being condescending but despite that, I felt tense throughout the meal. Table manners were part of my problem. My dad had taught me plenty of table manners but his were mostly 'don'ts.' Don't put your elbows on the table, don't speak with your mouth full, don't touch your food, don't eat off your knife. But these were our rules and there were other ones that posher people had that I never knew about. At this meal the problem for me was peas. At home I would load peas with my knife onto my up-turned fork and shovel them into my mouth. But I was fairly sure that the 'right' thing to do was to hold the fork face down and prong them, so I tried it that way. The result was that my portion of peas was reduced only slowly and a small mound remained stubbornly in place alongside the potatoes. My anxiety grew worse when the chicken proved difficult to cut and my knife made little impact on it. I resisted the urge to tear and hack and persisted with more forceful

cutting motions. The chicken won and my knife went slipping off into the peas scattering them across the table in Billy's direction. There was enough of them to make a necklace, but I managed to collect them together and got them all back on my plate. Billy noticed and smiled sympathetically.

After the meal Ray and I thought it would be a good idea to go to the toilet before the game started. The Empire Restaurant toilets were in the same VIP area just along from the royal box. Like the restaurant, they were functional and not particularly luxurious. If this was how the 'other half' lived it was not over-impressive. Ray, who had been standing on my left, finished before I did and when he went, it left a gap beside me. As I turned to wash my hands, I saw an old man a little further on standing straight-backed and intent on doing what everyone was there to do. It was just a subliminal impression but instantly I realised that it was not just any old man, it was Clement Attlee: Clement Attlee, Major Attlee, Earl Attlee, the hero of the Dardanelles, the outstanding young barrister, the conviction politician, Churchill's right-hand-man throughout the Second World War, the leader of his party, the man who took a ruined country and stood it on its feet, the man who gave me my future. There he was, standing having a wee just like anyone else.

JOE CONNOLLY

From 'ST LEONARD'S ROAD, a story that needed to be told' - my memoir of growing up in Poplar.

A COUNTING FOR TASTE



Chef Dave!

Dave Bryden (1954-61) has been in touch with his regular update from life in France. Here he delves into his culinary challenges!

25 December approached, and I mentioned to my international neighbours that for 2024 I was attempting to add even more vegetables to my Christmas lunch. Last year I had managed 19 different ones, the year before eighteen so the challenge this year was... twenty!

Main course was to be a locally reared beef roasting joint: 40 minutes maximum at 180C – easy, but to prepare a salad and cook and serve some of my home-grown vegetables, topped up

with local produce from Wambercourt's market, would require careful thought and timing. But why so many vegetables, you may ask? Why this obsession with food in general and vegetables in particular? Well, the high quality of fresh food, since my first visits to France back in the 50s, had been a big factor why Barbara and I chose to retire here. But the love of vegetables started long ago, in Plumstead in the late 40s then at Roan Grammar School.

When my father was able to return to normal life after World War 2, he began cultivating his 100-metre-long garden and, despite rationing; from my earliest days, he was a provider of wonderfully tasting potatoes, sprouts, carrots and many other varieties of fruit and vegetables.

I began at Roan in 1954 and enjoyed school dinners (1/6d a day) and experienced for the first time, rice that was served not as rice pudding but as an accompaniment to hot spicy food, curry and several others new to me - quiche, pizza, pineapple and veal.

By 1960 I was a school prefect and inherited the role of supervising the boys as they lined up in the quadrangle to filter through to take their

lunch in the main hall under the eagle eyes of Messrs Morey, Knott, Westmarland et al sitting up on the stage. Such supervision was not a difficult task for me but one with a reward! Bob Sellix, Pete Thompson and I were the last to take lunch and Connie would allow us to select whatever we wanted, in any combination, before she began to clear away. Brought up on food from my dad's garden I made a beeline for potatoes, cabbage, runner beans, salad, tomatoes and carrots. Next, we could fill our plates with steak and chicken and a sausage, chips and roast or mashed potatoes and rice. Then we selected jelly, fruit and pudding.

At 14.00h we staggered off, replete, to the sanctity of the first-floor prefects' room. I have always been grateful to the dinner staff for exposing me in the early post-war years to these tasty varieties of nourishment. At home, I cook a 3-course evening meal several nights a week, with meat and more vegetables. Yes, in 2024 I did provide a Christmas meal with twenty different vegetables. Next year I shall accept my friends' new challenge to add twenty-one vegetables on 25th.



Dave's ingredients

'ROANING' IN THE GLOAMIN'!

www.facebook.com/OldRoanAssociation

A question on the Old Roan Facebook page sparked a lot of Roan memories – girls and boys - about school field-trips in the wilds of Scotland. Inveliever Lodge was the base for budding geographers to spend time studying the odd waterways from Loch Awe and what sphagnum moss is and does while getting up to a few things teenagers away from home usually do.

facebook

Nick White
I remember well going there in the mid seventies. A great trip. I recall planting a tiny fir tree seedling next to the front gate and always wondered if it ever grew into a full size tree!! 😊👍

Alison Chumley-Towner

I went on a field course in the hot summer of 1976. I was in the 6th form. I remember the flies that seemed to attack us. I took lots of warm clothes, but we had a heatwave. I remember seeing cows on the beach at Oban. The photo's show some of my group outside one of the lodges, and me on Loch Awe doing some field work. I wore a mackintosh to stop the flies from biting me.



Jenny Frazer

Don't know if you remember Alison but I drove the minibus because teacher can't remember her name couldn't drive !!! Those were the days 😊

Jane Tillett

Yes...A level field study with Miss Bhalou. The weather was appalling. She said if the rain was horizontal we didn't need to go to the corrie! I was Jane Watts then. Does anyone else from the group remember Miss Bhalou?



Richard Crowe

I went on a Roan Lower Sixth geography/biology field trip in the mid-seventies, 1974 or 1975. , with the girls school.

I remember Jim Rouncefield (teacher, later HM of Chisle & Sid school), probably Barry Thomas too. Boys: (Paul) McKenna, Gary Barwell. Girls: Brenda Paris, Jane (?), Vicky Brewer.

My photos are currently in storage so can't access, but will post sometime, but I do have this picture that I painted in Ralph Huntley's art room when I got back. Shows Brenda, Jane and Gary out in the hills. 😊

Jill Bennett

June 1976, 2nd year geography field trip - we went to help out as we'd just finished o levels. It was blisteringly hot, sheep were dying, and you had to swim a fair way out in the loch to avoid the flies. I remember a lovely old chap named Sandy Campbell who lived at the bottom of the hill with his two sisters and a dachshund. Unforgettable trip especially as the train broke down on the way back.



Donna Stevens

Yes! 1976. The heatwave. We had a tape of the Beach Boys greatest hits and our favourite track was Sloop John B with the chorus of 'I wanna go home' Visit to a trout farm. Walking across the heather in wellingtons to view a glacial lake. Traffic survey in Oban. Obviously the girls school

Keith Pullen

I should have gone in 1974 but the Geography trip was oversubscribed so four of us (myself Steve Edley, Paul McGann and the late Dave Hutley) went to S Wales with Addy & Stanhope school. I recall the Roan trip was shared with a girls' convent (Rosa Bassett?) and just after we got back, the Who played the Valley and a number of the young ladies from Rosa Bassett joined us there 😊

Keith Bradbrook

Yes - we went in 1972 on a Geography field trip with a group of girls from, I think, St Ursula's. Was so wet sometimes we walked down the streams instead. A bunch of us also went to the local pub in Ford to see an England v Germany game at Wembley. Not sure who is in the photo here but shows one the cabins then.



BIV Bowes Independent Surveyors

Oh yes, Geography A level in 1979. We went with St. Ursula's girls schools and it was fairly cool - I think it was in March. I remember the plumbing system backing up, throwing sh*t all over, and the cans of Tennants with a scantily clad girl on them. Oh and using clinometers and learning proper rural geography...

Jeanette Lawler Spence

I went in about 1981/2. 20 from the girls school and 20 from the boys. I remember trips to Inverary, Oban and pony trekking. We had a mars bar with lunch every day. I've not been able to eat one since!

David Porter

May 1971 with the girls of Haberdasher Askes. A little late for our A-level prep, but we had a good time especially extra curricular activities like cooking sunday lunch! Someone played a nasty trick on a bunk jumper, they removed the mattress!

Helen Cunningham

Remember having a brilliant time at inveriever. It was just when spandau ballet were getting known and the boys dressed up in tartan blankets!



Inveriever Lodge as it looks today



ROAN IN VERSE

Poems 1970s

THE BUTTERFLY

Those wings I see,
So balsa thin,
So paper light,
So multi-coloured,
So made for flight
From bloom to bloom,
Then motionless with petals blending:
One movement, and off; ascending
To the world it knows so well.

J. PEARCE, 2A.

November 1970

*'We're the young
and we're aware
Faded jeans and
snake-like hair'*

November 1970

GIFT OF THE GODS

The centaurs with their shining lutes,
The wood-nymphs with their woodland flutes,
And Orpheus with his wondrous lyre,
His music a paradise, a heart's desire.
These instruments make music fair,
That slowly rises through the air,
And with a calm and peaceful ear,
Zeus listens to the happy cheer.

Fanfare trumpets echo round
Making an audacious sound.
Pan's piped notes that go floating thither
Are only matched Bellopheron's zither.
Spirits on gold harps they play
Melodious music every day.
It makes you feel quite far above
Full and tranquil as a dove.

While up above the gods do tower
And bless us with sweet music's power.

T. ORFORD, 1R.

August 1972

THE WONDER

As I walked along the pavements
In the clear and frosty night-air
Snow lay on the tow ring roof-tops
And was shimm'ring in the moonlight.
Stars were out and shining brightly
Brighter still as skies grew darker—
Then it happened in the moonlight—
Brighter than the glary moonlight
From horizon to horizon
Came the blinding flash that startled
Leaving one long hazy light-trail
Bisecting the moon in splendour
Came and went before 'twas studied
Never to be seen or heard of
Now that it had gone for ever,
Left the snow and shimm'ring roof-tops
Leaving cold night air behind it
Leaving me to cross the roadway
And to walk along the pavement
Never more to see a wonder
Such as that had just befallen
O'er the shimm'ring snowy roof-tops
In the cold and frosty night air.

J. DANIELS, 2C.

January 1973

THE CENTIPEDE

Forty thousand tiny feet thumping down the stairs.
Forty thousand tiny legs thumping down in pairs.
Crunching on the gravel, marching in the shade.
Sounding like an army of soldiers on parade.

How happy is the centipede, who doesn't have a care.
Except to keep his forty thousand shoes in good repair.

IAN RIBBANDS, 1B.

January 1973

BRAITHWAITE

Euston at eight,
Penrith at four
Want luxury?
No more!

Helvellyn and Causey
Grisedale and Barf—
Well worth the walking
And good for a laugh.

The food there was great
Chips, bangers and eggs
Peas, beans and turkey
Gave strength to our legs.

The journey back
Oh what a bore
Train rhythm's drowsy
We're starting to snore.

S. THORP, 2C.

November 1973

"WHAT COLOUR IS THE WIND?"

He hears the waves on the sand;
Feels the cold wetness that's the sea;
And the solid dry places, the land.
He feels something else round his face:
Cold, not wet
Completely dry—what is it?
The wind.

He reaches out to catch some—
It slips away.
He listens to it—
It whispers past.
It has no taste—
He thinks to himself:
"What colour is the wind?"

T. MAHON, 1B.

June 1974

*'Do the labs still
smell the same?
Do they do the
same old sums?
Are the masters
all the same?
These days'*

January 1975

THE PYLON

The pylon stands rigid, sinister,
Like a dead tree.

T. MCGUINNESS, 3L.

January 1975

NEWS OF OLD ROANS

MONTY SMITH WRITES

In mid May, the weather seemed good enough for a bit of cricket watching so Bernie Hampton, ORA Secretary and better known as Lev, and I headed for Bristol for the Gloucester v Kent game albeit at different times due to prior commitments. Dave Ellis, now resident in rural Devon, joined us on the Saturday. Travelling to Oakhampton by car and then to Exeter by train, changing and then on to Bristol took longer than the journey from London! We met up in the Annexe, ten minutes' walk from the ground and an attachment to a much larger sports bar. To our delight we found that it was serving eight Real Ales on hand pump and had a large beer garden.



Dougie Weaver (centre, seated) with (l-r) Dougie's son Mark, his other son Stewart, Monty Smith, Don Boon, Steve Nelson and Trevor Puddifoot



Anne Weaver (r) and Barbara Boon

This combined with the FA Cup Final on a huge TV led us to miss the cricket linking up with some non-Old Roan friends in the early evening.

The Sunday saw us cricket watching until lunch when we strolled back to the Annexe to link up with Ray Westwood a long time Bristol resident and local information provider. Time passed, ale flowed, sun shone, important Premier League matches were on the big screen and once again the cricket watchers had to collect us from the pub. On the final day of the match we saw most of the game; Kent losing in the final session!

In June, joined by Brian Hamer and Alastair Mitchell, we travelled to Norwich to link up with Fred Spink,

Mark Rodwell, Karen Amos and non-ORs to enjoy the Festival of Ale an annual event in the City and an excellent time was had by all.

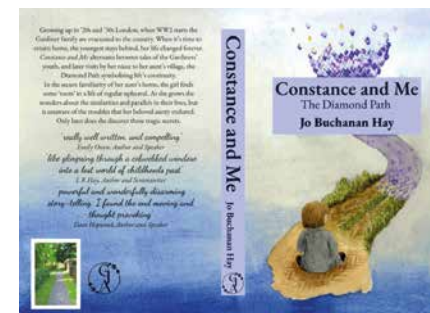
In July, out of the blue Terry Chance, now resident in deepest Hampshire, got in touch. He had retired from working for the County Council during lockdown, had completed all essential domestic tasks and was looking to link up with old friends. We decided coming up for the Old Roan Golf Day on Friday 8 August was a good idea and arriving in the early afternoon the previous Thursday and linking up with some old chums even better. You can guess the rest.

Having arisen and managed two rounds of golf, had the traditional post-match meal speeches etc. Terry made it to The River Ale House in Greenwich run by Trevor Puddifoot. We were joined by Steve and Shirley Nelson and John Stanford and Debbie Wallis and soon realised that for the first time for many years Punch Promotions were back together. Many of you will doubtless remember those heady Friday nights at the club when the likes of Hale and Pace, Jenny Éclair, Jonah Louie, The Ukulele Orchestra of Great Britain and other stranger and subsequently less successful acts performed for us. Having missed out on a ticket for the Charlton game on the Saturday, Terry headed home with a promise to be back soon.

Anne Weaver had been in touch advising that her husband Doug had been having some health problems and thought it might be good for him to return to the Club where he had been a leading light in so much sporting activity and subsequent sing a longs. This was arranged for Sunday 31st August which turned out to be another beautiful sunny day. Over a dozen of their old friends welcomed Doug and Anne, photograph albums were studied, memories exchanged, cricket watched and general bonhomie enjoyed by all. Doug was nowhere near as bad as we might have feared and we hope for a repeat in May/June 2026.

JO POTTER (1960-65)

Girls School Old Roan Jo, writing as Jo Buchanan Hay, has just published the first part of a trilogy of novels - Constance and Me. The second book, called The Diamond Path - Tales of Abbotsleigh, will be out soon and the third, Abbotsleigh at War, sometime next year. After that, Jo is planning to publish a book based on her father's diary of WW2 - My Father's War.



The front and back cover to Jo's new book



Long Ponders

LONG PONDERS

Once a month, a very select group of Old Roans meet up for a lunchtime drink at the Long Pond, a micropub in Eltham. Our esteemed President, Brian Goddard, met up with the 'Long Ponders' one Thursday in July and a merry time was had by all.

From front left the Long Ponders are: Steve Nelson, Trevor Dury, Bernie Hampton, Don Boon, Dan Calnan, Monty Smith, Bryan Marsh, Viv Lawrence, Simon Perry, Graham Johnson and Brian.

Others regularly attending but couldn't make that day are Graham Townsend, Mick Roberts and John Stanford.

PAUL BAKER AND TONY HODDER (1963-70)

Paul managed to meet up with Tony Hodder at the end of 2024

and had a very interesting time reminiscing on School and catching up on their lives since Roan. He persuaded Tony to let him have a brief bio since school:

'After leaving Roan with some sadness, but probably more an enthusiastic excitement for what lay ahead, I spent the next four years getting hold of a degree and a teaching qualification. Following that, a year in a village school in Dorset and then on to Bristol where my career as a 'special needs' specialist began.'

'The next thirty years involved me teaching in, and managing, a succession of Bristol schools, always with children and young adults who were struggling to adhere to, not only the accepted norms of mainstream education, but to the Law. Throughout this



Paul Baker (left) and Tony Hodder at their get-together

period, I lived in Bristol and then Somerset.'

'In 2006, I launched myself into a new phase of my life. I left the wild west, moved back to South East London, taught part time in a special school in Kent, and most importantly, married Kathy, my girlfriend from Roan days. We now live in the house where I was born, with our elderly ginger cat, Charlie, and split our time between here and Deal on the Kent coast.'

'My closest friend at Roan, Ray Wright, is the only other 'old boy' with whom I have had unbroken contact with over these fifty-four years.'

Paul said he hopes Tony will unearth photos from the past and they both think they have

photos of a long-haired Steve Todd somewhere!

JOHN MILLS (1961- 68)

The past couple of magazines have carried news of Tony Elliott, former Roan pupil and Chemistry teacher who now lives in New Zealand. Now John has sent in some reflections on Tony Elliott's A-Level Chemistry course.

'In the sixth form, I was one of very few boys doing A-Level Maths who also did Chemistry (and Physics). Tony began his A-Level Chemistry course by saying that 'at A-Level, Chemistry is something of a Cinderella subject.'

'If you were scientifically oriented and felt you were up to doing A-Level Maths, that was your first subject. That was two A-Levels, or even three if you counted Further



John in uniform in September 1961 when he joined Roan

Maths. You didn't need any more for University entrance and so few of the Maths group did Chemistry as well. But for those who were scientifically oriented, but for whatever reason, chose not to do Maths at A-Level, Biology was their first subject.'

'By the time I started at the Roan, the picture I had of an atom was a mini-solar system - light electrons in orbit around a heavy central nucleus consisting of protons and neutrons. I got this many times over from popular science books and TV and it was easy to understand.'

'Then came A-Level Chemistry when Tony showed us a series of diagrams from what I presumed was one of his own university books. It was more advanced than the text-books we had and showed, if I have remembered correctly, charge density diagrams of electronic orbitals. I didn't understand what I

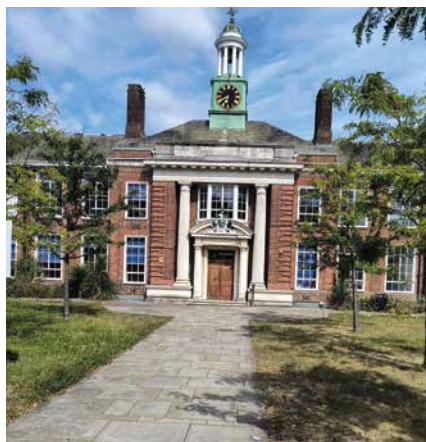
was looking at but, whatever it was, it didn't fit with mini-solar system picture. It was as if the mini-solar system was a simplification and if you were going to be a 'real scientist' you would have to move on.'

'I was already of an age when re-learning something I thought I already knew would not be easy. It wasn't often in schooldays I didn't understand something but that was one of the times. Chemistry was not 'my' subject, nonetheless I was left feeling uncomfortable and wondering what the other boys made of it.'

DAVID LEEMING (1960-67)

David, who has written a fascinating article earlier in this Magazine on Roan boys in the late 1800s, paid a visit to the Maze Hill School recently and took this photo of the entrance way in glorious sunshine.

'It was lovely to see the school again!' he said.



Maze Hill entrance



Charlton winning at Wembley!

OLD ROAN ADDICKS!

There must have been plenty of Old Roan Charlton fans at Wembley in May to see their mighty Addicks win their Play-Off final against Orient 1-0.

President Brian Goddard was certainly one of them and said he bumped into Steve Nelson just along Wembley Way. Any others? If you took any photos on the day, send them in!

GEOFF RICKSON (1954-61)

Geoff is the middle of three brothers who all attended Roan. Older brother Richard still lives near the Royal Standard and was a long serving and distinguished member of the Roan Theatre Company. Younger brother Tony was mentioned in the last magazine as a retired journalist and writer of books about various aspects of football. Richard's two sons also attended Roan. Ian is one of the country's leading theatre

directors and Graham teaches music and plays in orchestras in Leeds.

Geoff had a career in teaching, starting in Camberwell and then Bellingham, followed by thirty years as a Headteacher in Cambridgeshire and then in Devon, where he still lives. He and Christine have four daughters, one of whom is in South East London as a First Responder with the Deptford branch of the London Ambulance Service.

After retiring from teaching, Geoff is having a second 'career' with Samaritans, for whom he has spent over 4,000 hours on the helpline and given over 200 talks in the south west. He is also heavily involved with their Step by Step service which supports schools, colleges and universities when they have to respond to a death by suspected suicide.



Albert Lee with his son Wayne at the School Pavillion gig

He still enjoys many pleasant memories of his seven years at Roan, of Braithwaite, of playing first eleven football and cricket for the school and for Old Roan, of afternoons in Wolfe House yellow and black at the playing field, of Greenwich Park at lunchtimes, of Eric Geddes and Chalky White, of friendships, especially with Martin Rider and Adrian Buckle and of trying with the late David Wallace (Wal) to master The Times crossword in the prefects' room in the lunchbreak. Happy days Geoff says.

ALBERT'S RETURN

World class guitarist, Old Roan and the musical legend that is Albert Lee made a third triumphant return to the School Pavilion at Kidbrooke earlier this year when he played another thoroughly entertaining gig.

Playing a host of classics ranging from Carl Perkins to the Everly Brothers and Jimmy Webb, Albert was again on top form, throwing in the odd reminiscence from his school days at Roan in the 50s like playing his guitar in the Maze Hill bike shed.

Albert was accompanied by his band and for a special guest appearance his son, Wayne, who showed off amazing keyboard skills for their rendition of A Whiter Shade of Pale and the stomping Tear It Up.

Note - In the last issue of the Magazine, Tim Hilsdon was named as Albert's drummer. However, Paul Dinnage (1959-64) informs us the drummer was actually Ed Richardson 'well known to jazz lovers as a regular at Ronnie Scott's in London'.

OBITUARIES

REG LENTLE

Former Groundsman at the School Field, Kidbrooke

The last issue carried the sad news that Reg, an extremely well-known figure in his time as groundman at Kidbrooke, had died aged 87. We are grateful to Reg's son, Owen, who attended Roan from 1976-83, for supplying us with some more details on his father's life.

Born in 1936 in Caerleon, South Wales, Reg went on to join the Welsh Guards and served in Germany, Egypt and the UK achieving the rank of Sergeant. He left the military to go into groundsmanhip and his first job was at the National Sports Centre in Crystal Palace. Reg went from there to Roan, where apart from maintaining the fields, he became a popular figure and ran the Club



Reg with his wife Linda

bar along with his wife Linda. Reg also became Chairman of the Groundsmanship Association.

Reg and Linda, who died in 2019, married in 1960 and had two sons, Owen and D'arcy. Owen said: 'My Dad really enjoyed his time at Roan, especially the time he spent with the Old Boys at sporting events and whist sitting at both sides of the bar'.

DR TERRY SHEPHERD (1964-71)

Terry Shepherd's passing was covered only very briefly in the last Old Roan Magazine as the issue was going to print. Here, Phil Snaith (1964-71), Terry's Roan contemporary, gives a full tribute to his friend.

I met Terry on our very first day at Roan in September 1964. We were both placed in Form 3E, as our surnames began with an 'S'. Derek 'Taffy' Evans was our form master. Coincidentally, we were



Reg Lentle



Terry Shepherd

both allocated to the same house, Nelson. It was immediately clear that Terry was a considerate, kind-hearted person with outstanding all-round academic abilities. For those of us with a competitive streak, he would be the one to beat, which rarely happened in any subject.

I think he would have admitted that he was not so keen on sports, particularly on those cold, wet days trying to kick a heavy water-soaked leather football on a muddy Quaggy pitch at the Kidbrooke sports field, but I do remember him playing and enjoying badminton. For a modest lad from Abbey Wood, Terry had an early interest and love for classical music and had taken up the violin from an early age. We

were both in the school orchestra together under conductor and music teacher Bernard Izen. Bernie was not the easiest of teachers to impress but Terry persevered with his violin long after I had given up trying to master the French horn, much to my parents' relief.

We both had a passion for school amateur dramatics and were in many of the productions over the years. I recall the comedy musical extravaganza '1066 And All That'. We were both in the 'Beards' sketch with Terry as Sir Walter Raleigh and me as Sir Francis Drake having our beards trimmed and our nails manicured as we sang. I also remember that Terry featured in the 'Four Georges' sketch amongst others. I have a clear recollection of Terry playing the Reverend Brudenell in George Bernard Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple*, dressed in the typical puritan religious style of the American revolutionary era.

Inevitably, Terry excelled in his O-Level exams. Once again, we were together, having chosen to focus on the same A-Levels (Pure Maths, Applied Maths, Physics and Chemistry). Terry's namesake, Terry Hall, a recently arrived physics teacher at Roan, was to have a considerable influence on both our futures.

Terry Hall has clear memories of those days. He recalls, 'When I think back to my lower sixth physics class of 1969, I picture those eighteen sixth formers and

there among them is the sixteen-year-old Terry. My mark book tells me that he quickly distinguished himself as a gifted student, typically achieving test results in the 90%+ range when the brightest of his peers were pleased to score more than 60%. This tendency was reflected in his homework marks and my draft notes for his school reports contain the words 'outstanding' and 'extremely able'. Terry's excellent academic gifts were matched by his qualities as a human being. I remember him as a self-effacing, modest, polite, kind and courteous young man".

In 1971, Terry won the Roan Exhibition prize for the most outstanding A-Level results and chose to study physics at Imperial College, London. I also chose physics and set off for Manchester University only to transfer to



1969 4 Georges Sketch 1066

Imperial College some six weeks later after Terry had facilitated my switch. That was typical of him. We were together once again with fellow Old Roan, Paul Baker (1963-70), who was a year ahead of us and with whom we had remained in touch.

We both graduated in 1974 with Terry unsurprisingly gaining a first-class honours degree. Terry remained at Imperial for his PhD (his thesis was the snappily titled 'Dynamical Symmetry Breaking in Model Field Theories') and I joined the energy industry.

Following his PhD, Terry was recruited by the Royal Signals and Radar Establishment (RSRE) and moved to Malvern in Worcestershire. It will come as no surprise that Terry prospered in scientific research and became a well-respected, published researcher in his chosen fields.

In 1985, Terry met his future wife Chris through their mutual church in Malvern and they were married in 1987. They became parents to four highly-talented children, the eldest of whom is a physicist (and violinist) and the youngest a professional organist. Music has been a strong bonding theme and influence in the Shepherd household with the guidance and encouragement of both Terry and Chris.

Professor John McWhirter, FRS, a former colleague, has noted that

Terry was an enthusiastic and dynamic individual who was always good company. He remembers that Terry became particularly energetic and animated as he discussed his research, which covered several significant fields including signal processing, optics and lidar (light detection and ranging). Terry had collaborated widely with many individual researchers from different groups and universities over a period of 30 years or more.

He had joined RSRE in the early 1980s working on the modelling of optical materials and on signal processing. In the late 1980s he started a new study on optical meta-materials known as 'photonic crystals' – these are materials with features smaller than the wavelength of light. Terry was a theoretician and realised that he needed to work with a team that could make the materials that he was trying to model. He teamed up with a group led by Phillip Russel at Bath University. After some intense collaborative work, they built a special fibre which had an array of small holes running the length of the fibre - but with one hole missing. This fibre with the missing hole' had some unusual properties. Terry was delighted to be able to predict what these properties would be, while Phillip Russel was able to make this material in lengths of several metres. The concept was patented, and after several years, Terry's employer, then the privatised QinetiQ, sold

the patent to the Danish company NKT Photonics, which went on to build a successful business based on selling this specialist fibre worldwide.

Although Terry's main interest was in optics, he was also a talented mathematician. He applied his knowledge of matrices and linear algebra to, what was in the 1980s, a new field of research: adaptive digital signal processing, or in modern terminology 'algorithms'. He worked with John McWhirter to design advanced algorithms for radar, sonar and electronic communications, capable of adapting to different situations in real time. This was not commonplace at that time but is now ubiquitous. A notable aspect of Terry's algorithms was their ability to be executed on parallel computers (in other words, multiple processors operating simultaneously) - a feature that is now standard. In 1990, Terry and John were jointly awarded the J.J. Thomson Premium Award by the Institute of Electrical Engineers for a paper which they published in the IEE Proceedings. That was one of many papers they wrote together during their years of collaboration. Despite this success, John could not persuade Terry to join his signal processing group full time – a testimony to Terry's overriding passion for modern optics.

In 1988, Terry, along with Michael Vaughan at RSRE and Rodney Loudon from the University of

Essex, initiated a study aimed towards improving the sensitivity of a type of lidar (or laser radar) for measuring wind speed - a device useful for a variety of military and civilian applications. Terry's thorough mathematical approach helped to develop a rigorous understanding of what is theoretically possible. This important groundwork was recorded in a series of important papers; these basic principles are still applied in literally thousands of wind lidars that are now being used extensively in the growing field of wind energy and hence contributing to sustainable energy sources.

Terry was always a very modest man who did not talk about himself and was interested in helping others. He was a highly accomplished fellow Old Roan who had made the most of his opportunities and early promise to make a significant contribution to both scientific knowledge and society. I am privileged to have known him as a longstanding friend and someone I have respected and admired throughout the years since we first met. He will be sorely missed by all those whose lives he touched and enriched.

PHIL SNAITH (1964-71)

LEONARD QAIFE

Graham Johnson pays tribute to his Roan Theatre Company friend and colleague.

It was a very sad end to 2024 for the Roan Theatre Company as we received news of the passing of Len Quaife, who died on New Year's Eve.

Len had been a stalwart of the Company for many years, having joined us in 1992. Over the years, he became involved in many productions, either on stage or behind the scenes, and had also been on the committee for a number of years. Although sometimes forthright in his views, and sometimes wrong (aren't we all!), Len always wanted the best for the group and was usually the first person to suggest plays we could possibly stage. Some of these were dismissed as unlikely to be financially successful, but one we produced, 'Born Yesterday' was extremely well-received and starred



Len as the German U Boat Captain in Dad's Army

Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com



Len (left) as Barkis in David Copperfield

Trevor Talbot and our Secretary, Teresa Wilkins, both of whom were on sparkling form.

For Len's own performances, there are a few that instantly come to mind for me. He played Murray the cop in our production (and Len's first) of 'The Odd Couple'; his wonderful cameo role as the butler in 'An Ideal husband'; Barkis in 'David Copperfield'; and the U Boat Commander in 'Dad's Army'.

Len was a member of a group (Richard Rickson, Trevor Talbot and I being the others, now joined by Rod Stanbridge) who met at The Park Tavern to reminisce about plays, films and Roan matters. We referred to ourselves as auditioning for 'Last of the Summer Wine'!

Len was usually on fine form and very entertaining, with a near encyclopedic memory of old films. He would often send me a text suggesting an old black and white film to watch on TV. 'Ch 4 7.30 tonight' was a typically abbreviated message I'd get!

The suddenness of Len's going took a long time to sink in, and when we meet in the Park Tavern, we always raise a glass to a dear absent friend.

CLAIRE FLYNN
John Roan School Deputy Head
(1992-2017 and Association
President 2019/20)

The very sad news that Claire Flynn died earlier this year was a shock to the John Roan School and the Association alike. Claire was an much-loved and truly inspirational leader at the School touching the lives of so many students. As a mark of her influence, on the introduction of new Houses at the School, one is now named Flynn House - a very fitting honour. Many Old Roans knew and respected Claire, President in 2019/20, greatly. At Founder's Day this July at St Alfege Church, Claire's partner, Roddy Wilson, a History/Politics teacher at John Roan, gave a wonderful tribute to Claire and



Claire Flynn

her life. We can think of no better way to celebrate her life in this Magazine than his words.

'Founder's Day is special. It is, however, a time to remember and reflect and for me and many others today is tinged with sadness. This is my 24th Founder's Day and for many, many of those years Founder's Day was synonymous with one person - Claire Flynn. Miss Flynn, as Deputy Head was in charge or organizing every aspect of Founder's Day - from the logistics of leaving Westcombe Park and Maze Hill, the route, the programme, who was to sit where, the speakers and even buying the booze for the celebratory meal. She did it brilliantly and she loved it.

Sadly, in January, Claire died of cancer - far, far too young. Claire joined the school in 1992 from Eltham Green as a Science teacher and head of year. She would always put herself down as a classroom teacher and she was very, very good. When she became a Deputy Head she still gave her all to her lessons - no mean feat when you have so many other plates spinning as a senior leader. Testament to her classroom excellence was the high regard students had for her. You really wanted to be taught science by Miss Flynn. And this was further reinforced by the demand she was in as a tutor when she retired in 2017 after nearly 35 years as a teacher in Greenwich.

As a leader and manager, Claire was also very, very accomplished



Claire Flynn

particularly as a beacon for women. She was a real role model for female members staff and her ability to lead in a calm, compassionate and positive way inspired many. I know there are many here today, myself included, who would not be the teachers indeed the people they are but for Claire. Here are some of the things that Claire's colleagues and friends said of her.

Simply the best because she could do it all.

Always so kind and funny. She could tackle just about anything.

Her door was always open to students and staff

We all remember her warmth, her compassion, her love of students and support from members the John Roan Community

I learnt so much from her academically and beyond from gamma radiation and cell division and how to walk downstairs in high heels.

Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com

It was as a pastoral leader that Claire really made her mark. She never looked down on anyone and as a champion for social justice she was always willing to support students and parents when in, and because of, difficult circumstances.

In short Claire cared - cared deeply for every child and young person irrespective of social and economic background. There are thousands of former John Roan students and indeed their children who via science lessons, pastoral support and just sheer common decency have their lives changed for the better because of Claire.

One example from former student now in his early 30s who took the time to write to Claire while she was in St Christopher's Hospice will give you an idea of the calibre of Miss Flynn:

Dear Miss Flynn,
I think I have been writing this letter in my head since I was 16. You may remember how you helped me or you may not but your kindness, honesty and patience shaped the person I became.

You are one of those rare people who makes a difference without seeking recognition. I genuinely don't think I would be where I am without your influence. You pushed me to confront difficult moments, to meet them with resilience and that lesson has stayed with me. Every time I face a challenge I meet it head on because of what you taught me. What's remarkable is

how you maintained that kindness and strength, consistency and dignity for so long. That more than anything is what stays with me. I carry in my moments when selfishness or impatience threaten to take over, reminding myself of the example you set, the example you were. You always saw the humans behind the behaviour. You chose love and understanding over judgement and suspicion and that choice made again and again changed lives. You will probably never know how far your impact stretches but I have no doubt that wherever it reaches it has made things better. Thank you Miss Flynn for everything.

Claire loved Founder's Day, loved the John Roan School and in turn was loved by those staff and students who had the genuine privilege of working with her. She is missed terribly but those of us who loved her and love her still can at least console ourselves that we were so very, very lucky to have known her.'

RODDY WILSON

SANDRINE JACQUET
Asst Principal for Inclusion at the John Roan School 2019-2021

As well as for Claire Flynn, Founder's Day this year was also dedicated to the memory of Sandrine. Kate Ling, from the School's Autism Centre, gave this special tribute to her at St Alfege Church.

On the 26 May we heard the sad news of the death from cancer of our former colleague and teacher

Sandrine Jacquet. Sandrine was Assistant Principal for Inclusion and a teacher in the English Department from 2019-2021.

Sandrine was a colleague full of wisdom and integrity. Her knowledge of inclusion and expertise as a teacher were exemplary. She was a natural leader. Most notably, she led the Inclusion Department through the challenges of lockdown ensuring that the in-school provision was rigorous and fun for key-workers and vulnerable students. Thanks to Sandrine, lockdown in School had a strong team spirit.

Miss Jacquet was a go-to person for her students. She was a fear-less advocate for those who needed her most. She won the trust of those students who found school difficult. She enjoyed teaching and students enjoyed being in her class. She was firm but fair, available to talk to, encouraging and honest. She didn't shy away when tough love was required.

Sandrine understood the seriousness of her role and she took her work seriously. Yet she also had an infectious sense of humour. If you got the angle of your delivery just right you could make her collapse with laughter, and this was a joy.

Sandrine was a private person more at home listening to others than talking about herself. Those who knew her well knew her steely strength, her intellect and

her warmth. She enjoyed life. With sadness at her passing and gladness to have known her, I remember her to you today.

SGN LDR NORMAN LOUIS HAGGETT, MBE MRAES (1937- ?)

Norman's daughter, Sarah Rusby, informed us of the death in 2018 of her father aged 91, who, on leaving Roan, became a first-class cricketer and had a wonderful career in the RAF - even teaching King Charles how to parachute jump! There is an accurate and detailed life history on Norman on Wikipedia and the following is adapted and taken from it.

Norman, the son of a butcher, was born in Lee in July 1926, and while attending Roan was evacuated to Wales during the start of the WW2, staying with a local family.

Following the end of the war, Norman left the Navy and trained as a physical education teacher at St. Pauls, Cheltenham. Shortly after completing his training, he returned to London and taught at



In the Navy 1945 or 6

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Ready to jump

Roan. Here, he met his wife, Beryl, who was a student at Goldsmiths College. The couple married in 1953 and moved to Bromley. A keen cricketer, Norman's skills were spotted by a wing commander in the RAF who encouraged him to sign up so he could play for the RAF cricket team.

Norman enlisted in the RAF as a flying officer in the Physical Fitness Branch in August 1956, with promotion to flight lieutenant coming in August 1960. He moved about with Sarah born in London in 1954 and son Matthew born in Oxford in 1962. Norman played first-class cricket for the Combined Services cricket team, playing two matches against Cambridge University and Ireland in 1962, followed up by two further appearances in 1964 against Cambridge University and Oxford University. He scored 204 runs across his four matches, with a high

score of 71, and a batting average of 25.50. He also played minor matches for the RAF, including one match against an LC Stevens' XI featuring Gary Sobers. During the match, Norman caught Sobers off the bowling of Tony Buss.

Norman was promoted to Squadron Leader in December 1967 and was a parachute instructor at the Parachute Training School at RAF Brize Norton where he taught the King, then Prince of Wales, to jump. His role included testing new parachute designs, with the failure of one such parachute leaving him with serious injuries. Nevertheless, he recovered and became a member of the RAF Falcons display team. Norman retired from the RAF in 1981, at which point he was awarded an MBE.

After retiring, Norman continued his association with the RAF as a liaison officer, before switching back to teaching. He taught Maths and cricket at Cothill House in Oxfordshire before joining Radley College on a voluntary basis in 1996 to coach cricket. Beryl had been teaching at Radley since 1974. Norman soon moved back into the classroom, teaching History, before returning to Maths. He finally retired from teaching at Radley in 2017, aged 91, sadly just months before his death.

In later life, Norman was the Chairman of the West Oxfordshire Conservative Party and was a keen gardener. Norman is survived by Sarah with Matthew passing away in 2017 and Beryl in 2020.

ALFIE'S LAST WORD...

Perhaps a fitting end to the poetry theme in this issue of the Old Roan Magazine comes from the pen of Alfie Knott, a legendary teacher and Deputy Head of the Boys School and, of course, a hugely popular Old Roan and Association President.

Alfie wrote many poems for the Roan Magazine school publication, just one of his many talents as was acting and music. He was a stalwart of the former Old Roan Dramatic Society and he could play a mean Boogie Woogie on the piano!

Here, from the Roan Magazine of December 1955 is his 'Intake'.

INTAKE

Between their present and their future lies the past.
Time the skilled gardener yearly springs the lock
Closed seed-deep on their tight, potential blossom,
Allowing us to witness the unfolding
Of their minds quick to embrace life's sharp experience.

Down the green fathoms of their ancestry dive
And find at the birth-bed present scent and colour ;
Though we can train the shape, it is their own
Sown in the mould of parent earth forever.

Some as exotic and common as prize roses
Will serve their Mammons most successfully,
Lulling their consciences on feather beds.

Others will break their hearts for truth or justice
And wither without knowing their success.

But most will live as ordinary as daisies
And simply chain themselves to our best memories.

A. J. G. KNOTT.



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