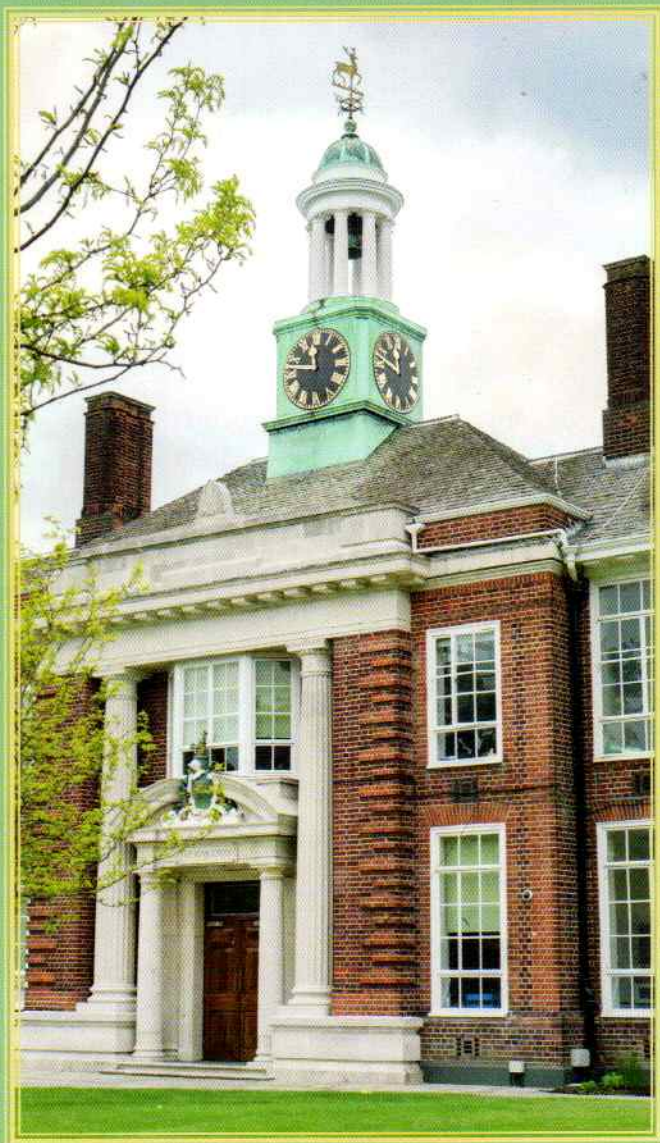




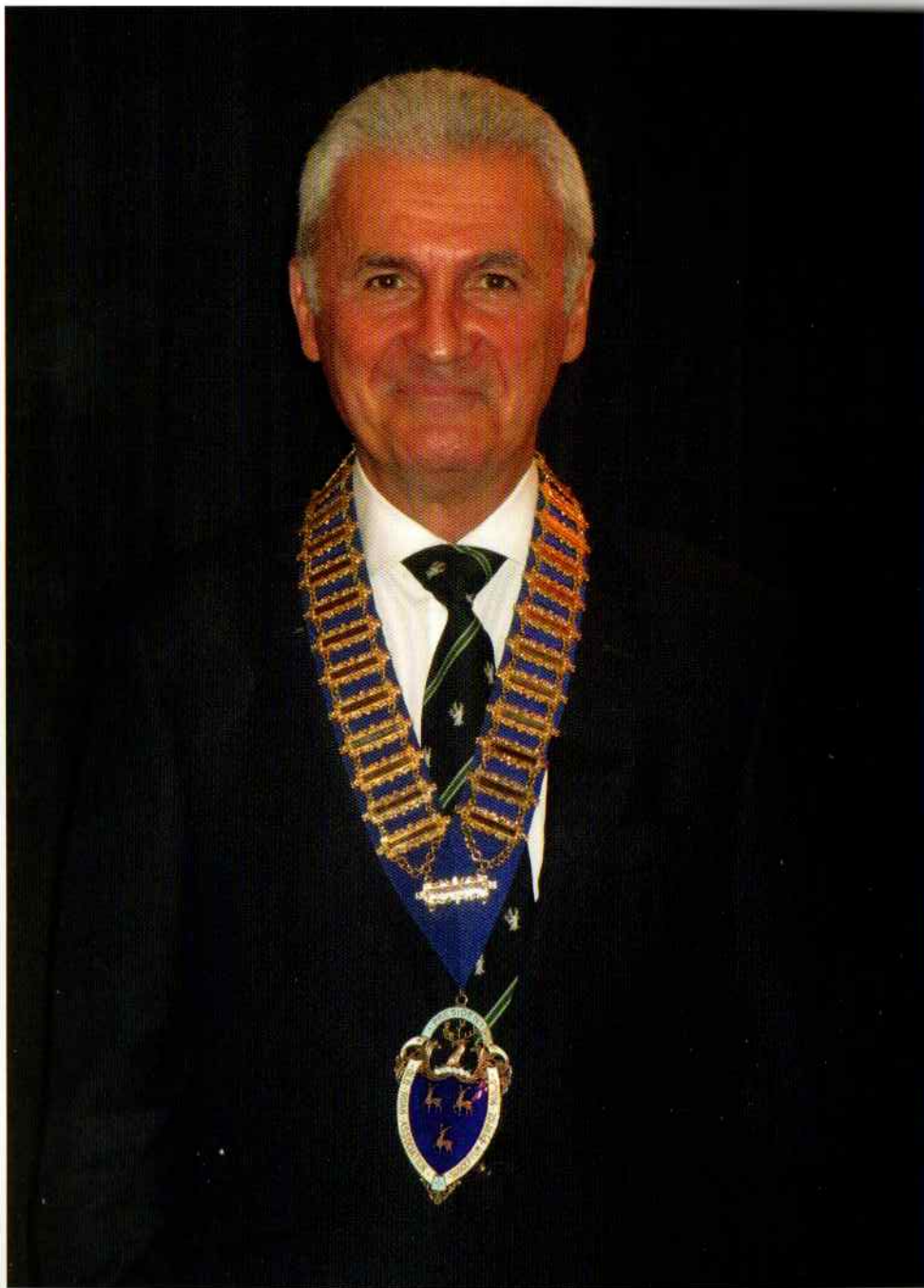
Susceptum perice
munus

The Old Roan Magazine



October 2016

Issue 9



Mr Bryan Marsh - Old Roan Association President 2015-2016



Mrs Hilary Haslam - Old Roan Association President 2014-2015

The Old Roan Association

President 2016-17:	Jane Harnden
Past President 2015-16:	Bryan Marsh
Past President 2014-15:	Hilary Haslam
Treasurer:	Neal Haslam
Secretariat:	Ian Clatworthy, Bernie Hampton, Neal Haslam, Kevin Jacques, Monty Smith, Mike Titheridge
Social Secretaries:	Viv Lawrence and Monty Smith
School Liaison Officers:	Viv Lawrence and Trevor Talbot
Other Committee Members:	Dave Andrews, Don Boon, Dan Calnan, Alison Chumley-Towner, Dave Horsburgh, John Leach, Linda Nelson, Cheryl Smith
Club and Society Representatives:	Brian Hamer (Cricket & Football), Graham Johnson (Theatre)
External Examiners:	Dan Calnan and Simon Perry
Magazine Editor:	Jan Farmer

Important Message For Future Correspondence

As you will see from the Magazine a Secretariat has been set up to take over the vast amount of work previously done by Tony Slaney. Contact points together with primary roles are given below but please feel free to contact any of them as you see fit. If you feel it is more appropriate please continue to use the website and to contact the magazine editor, Jan Farmer, direct.

News of Old Roans not large enough to be a magazine article and anything of a social nature:

Ian Clatworthy
18 Lyme Farm Road, Lee, London.
SE12 8JE.
email: iclatworthy@btinternet.com
Phone: 0208 852 2550

Monty Smith
21 Southbourne Gardens, Lee,
SE12 8UQ
email: montague10@btinternet.com
Phone 0208 318 4307

Membership and standing order enquiries and anything of a financial nature:

Neal Haslam
8 Eskdale Road, Bexleyheath,
Kent. DA7 5DL.
email: nealhaslam@btinternet.com-
Phone: 0208 304 3053

Mike Titheridge
66 Grasmere Gardens, Locksbottom,
Orpington, Kent. BR6 8HF.
email: mw.titheridge@btinternet.com
Phone: 01689 858885

Website information, change of address details and anything technical:

Kevin Jacques
4 Priestley Drive, Larkfield,
Aylesford, Kent. ME20 6TX.
email: Kevin@Kjacques.co.uk.

Bernard Hampton
1 Ronaldstone Road,
Blackfen, Sidcup, Kent. DA15 8QX.
email: berniehampton@btinternet.com

Magazine contributions or comments:

Jan Farmer
27 Lind Street, London, SE8 4JE
janfarmer27@gmail.com

Editor's Letter

Dear Readers and fellow Old Roans,

First of all, thank you to all those who have written encouraging messages to me after my first efforts at being your editor and those who have given helpful advice. I will aim to produce a magazine at least every 18 months rather than every year, and I look forward to your contributions. I do have the excellent support of the OR committee and the wonderful technical help of the school's Media Resources Officer, Colin Stevenson, who attempts to make sense of my demands and designs the lay out for the magazine before it can be sent to the printers. My thanks also to Richard Rickson whose skilled proof reading has ensured an accurate magazine. It should be noted that the magazine is financed from part of the legacy left by Tony Slaney for which we are ever grateful.

2016 is the Queen's 90th birthday which is extraordinary but, equally as amazing is the history of the John Roan School. To mark the building of the new school and the refurbishment of the Maze Hill site, The John Roan Foundation Trust commissioned a new book reviewing the history of the school from a buildings perspective. The author, Tom Davies MSc (1989-96) is an ex-student who is an archaeologist now living in Norway with his wife (an architect) and child. Tom has trawled through the Roan archives at the Metropolitan Museum, a variety of historical data, as well as looking at the previous Roan books to produce an excellent history of the Roan buildings. We hope that this will be available from October to buy (£10 plus p&p). I'm sure you will enjoy this new book which is first to be written by an ex-student of the school (from Comprehensive times no less!).

I hope you enjoy the magazine – I have tried to include more information about the Girls in this magazine but much more is needed. Where are our 'Girls'? We have a female president for the year 2016-17 (Jane Harnden nee Sackett) and I believe she is only the fourth woman since 1901 to be an OR president although I am sure the girls school had many female presidents of their association who I would like to hear about. I'm also planning to include more information about the students from the comprehensive times; we have many interesting stories to tell from the 'modern era' but I fear they are mostly told on social media. I have to put pressure of the students I once taught to get them to come forward (that is not always a pretty sight as I use emotional blackmail to get my results!).

I look forward to hearing from you and my very best wishes to you and your families, wherever you are in the world.

Jan Farmer (Staff 1987-2010)

Letters To The Editor

Dear Jan,

Thank you so much for the Mag Issue 8 recently sent to me.

I had a great time at Roan back in the early sixties and remember so much about my school life from the scouts to sport to the staff characters we valued so highly. I can still see my wistful view into the park from the top floor in Maze Hill during dull maths lessons with the sun dappling the chestnut trees.

Great days and then the bus across the heath and a train to Falconwood home. Now here on the Isle of Wight it's great too with loads to be busy with - sailing, classic cars and the steam railway.

Kind regards

Ian Poulter

Dear Jan

I was sad and upset to read in Issue 8 of 'The Old Roan Magazine' that Joe Broadfoot felt 'stung' on reading a piece in Issue 7, associated with my name, that described his career at Roan as 'inglorious'. I would like to point out that I never used that word. In fact, despite my Roan education and playing Scrabble, I did not know it was a word till I checked the dictionary on receiving the magazine!

The published item that upset Joe arose from reminiscences I sent to our

late President Tony Slaney. I have the original e-mail which proves I did not use the word 'inglorious'. My words were apparently edited for publication, either by the late Tony or the then editor. I had made no comments about Joe's academic performance at Roan.

When I met Joe, after over 50 years, at the Centenary Dinner in 2011, he admitted he had been a naughty boy! My comments that got published were merely intended to bring a smile to Joe and other readers on the following point. Here was someone (and I must watch my words carefully now) who was perhaps not in the Headmaster's best books when he was at school. But Joe deserved the last laugh when the school was very quick and proud to acclaim him as a successful Old Roan when he became a local legend as a professional footballer!

So please send my apologies to Joe, even though the word that upset him was not mine. At least it gave rise to an interesting article from him. Perhaps you will also see fit to publish the above statement in the next magazine.

Having said all this, I would like to congratulate you on producing such a good and full magazine.

Yours sincerely

Ian Brown

(Dr I C Brown 1951-59)

Dear Editor,

I hope you don't mind me putting the record straight. Andy Daniels claimed (with brother Ian) in his Presidential Address to have been 'the first brothers to have become President since the Berry brothers in the 1920's'. Lionel Berry (President 1953) was a long serving master at the school and a stalwart Old Roan. Lionel would cajole new boys on their first day at school to join the Association! Stan Berry (President 1979), no relation, was one of Lionel's pupils.

There was however, a precedent in the Williams brothers. Peter (President 1971) 'was' the cricket club for 40 post war years and his brother John (President 1973) was one of the finest OR all - rounders. Both also played football with no mean ability.

And we shouldn't forget Steve Nelson (1988) and Linda Nelson (1992). Other Presidential 'pairs' are of course Del and Mike Baxter and Neil and Hilary Haslam. I should get out more.

Anyway congratulations to both Andy and Ian.

Whilst writing may I also comment on Joe Broadfoot's lovely article. Joe only mentioned his cricket once and his golf not at all. Joe was a prolific run scorer - he took opposing sides apart - and his athleticism in the field (until his knees gave way) saved many a run. He was also for a time a low handicap golfer. Joe was a tremendous person to have on your side

and was a leading light in a very strong Old Roan sports scene that existed in and around the 1960/70's. Oh and he was very good company to boot!

Congratulations on a splendid OR Magazine. As a former editor I'm well aware of the hard work that goes into its production. Plenty of news and pictures - just what us old fogeys in the sticks want!

Thanks
Fritz Henning (56-63)

Dear Jan,

Rather belatedly I'm writing to tell you how much I enjoyed reading the latest issue of the Old Roan Magazine and to congratulate you on it. I agree with you that 'being retired seems to takes up more time than anticipated'. Since I retired in 1988 I seem to have been just as busy as when I was working at the BBC. Thank you for including a review of my book Grey Daggers and Minotaurs in Greenwich Park. All the reviews that have appeared have been favourable and it was selected by The Guardian as one of the 10 best natural history books of 2014. So far it's selling reasonably well.

I much enjoyed John Basing's article in the magazine and I attach a follow-up piece that you might like either to include in the next issue or on the Old Roan website or simply pass on to him with my best regards.

Best wishes,
John (Barton)

Message From Hilary Haslam President 2014-15

Since you received your last magazine I have had the honour of being your President from March 2014 to March 2015.

At school I was known as Hilary Chuter following my 3 sisters in the Roan footsteps, Rosemary, Gillian and Annette. It had always been a forgone conclusion I would be a 'Roan girl' so it was just down to me to pass the 11+!

I have many happy (some not so happy) memories of the school, as we all have. I loved art and needlework and hated PE. In fact its quite ironic really that as an Old Roan I've spent many happy hours at the field but I couldn't think of anything worse than running around the field trying my best not to be belted by a hockey stick as a young 'green girl'.

I then joined the Old Roan Girl's Association upon leaving the school and started creating more Old Roan memories.

I met my husband Neal at the Old Roan Club when the Girls were having their Annual dinner there. He was stewarding the bar and the rest is history!

I've attended most of the Annual Reunion Dinners since joining the Association and my Presidential Reunion Dinner will of course be my most memorable.

If you weren't able to join me we had a great gathering of 84 guests and I was delighted to have my dearest friend and fellow head girl, Christine Berry nee Forrester, as my guest of honour. Her husband Peter (son of Stan Berry) was my toast master who was pleased to follow in his father's role.

During my year of office I was especially fortunate to be President when the new school was officially opened. On the day, a selection of dignitaries were to take part in the 'ribbon-cutting' ceremony. And, to my great fortune one of them was unable to attend so I stepped in very willingly at the last moment. What a great day that was.

I was also able to visit one of our oldest 'Old Girls', celebrating her 100th birthday, Amy Gosling nee Gambling. We spent a very pleasant afternoon with her and she able to still recall the school with great affection.

Here are just a few snap shots of my year. Thank you all for allowing me to be your President. I thoroughly enjoyed my term of office and am honoured to have held the title

Hilary Haslam
President 2014-15 (71-78)



Hilary Haslam, Neal Haslam, Christine and Peter Berry
at the ORA Annual Reunion Dinner



ORA President at the Annual Reunion Dinner with Christine Berry nee Forrester



Hilary Haslam, Alan Weir, Steve Rider (TV Sports Commentator), Asad Ahmed
(London News TV Presenter); all ex pupils of the school.

Tony Slaney - The Final Chapter

We gave some indication in the last magazine of the financial legacy left by Tony Slaney. In this context we have decided to give you all a clearer picture of the sums involved and of those organisations which have benefitted from his untimely passing.



From his instructions in the will:



£100,000 Cancer Research UK.



£100,000 St. Joseph's Hospice, Hackney.

This is where his mother spent the final period of her life.



£100,000 The Hope Memorial Trust, Braithwaite. Please refer to the article by Brian Haws on other pages.

£100,000 The Old Roan Association

To be allocated by his executors as they see fit. We will continue to support the Annual Reunion Dinner, The School Library and other worthy projects.

A new memorial to former pupils killed during the Second World War is to be placed at the main entrance to the Maze Hill Building and is to consist of a patio style area and benches, all of Portland Stone or similar. This is an expensive project and we are likely to contribute £20,000 towards the overall cost. We will endeavour to keep you advised of any planned ceremonies when the project is completed.

Tony Slaney - The Final Chapter Cont.

There were still substantial funds remaining and in consultation with many of Tony's other close friends we all decided to forego the world cruise and other excitements and settle for the following.

£50,000 to the Roan Theatre Company to ensure that they would be able to continue entertaining us all.

£50,000 to The Greenwich and Bexley Community Hospice where Tony spent his last days.

£25,000 to OCHRE. The Oesophageal Cancer Charity. Their letter of thanks can be seen elsewhere.

£10,000 to Marie Curie Cancer care.

£10,000 to Prostate Cancer UK.

£10,000 to Alzheimer's Society.

£10,000 to Macmillan Cancer Support.

£10,000 to The British Heart Foundation.

£10,000 to Leonard Cheshire Disability.

£10,000 to Water Aid.

£5,000 to The Inland Waterways Association.

We have happy memories of canal trips where Tony earned the nickname of 'Jacques'.

You may have learnt from the national news that the iconic Lake District Mountain Blencathra, also known as Saddleback, was put up for sale and that

as a title, The Earl of Threlkeld, went with it there was a fear it would fall into the wrong hands. A charity, The Friends of Blencathra, fronted by such luminaries as Chris Bonnington was formed straight away to try and ensure the mountain was purchased and put into public hands. As this was probably Tony's favourite climb we decided to give support to the tune of £50,000. The purchase has turned into a long running saga and there is a possibility that the money will be returned so perhaps we will go on that cruise after all!

Finally we plan to distribute lesser amounts to small local rather than national charities.

Monty Smith and Ian Clatworthy
Joint Executors

ochre

RAISING AWARENESS OF OESOPHAGEAL CANCER

10 Parkinch
Erskine
PA8 7HZ

Tel: 0141 812 7998
Bus. Tel: 0141 556 1222

Private & Confidential
Montague Smith
21 Southbourne Gardens
London
SE12 8UQ

30 October 2015

Dear Monty

Antony John Slaney 1946 to 2013

We were sorry to learn of the loss of your dear and close friend to this terrible cancer.

Thank you for your magnificent donation of £25,000 to the work of Ochre. This is by far the most significant donation we have received in the last few years.

The curse of Oesophageal Cancer is that symptoms can be easily confused with those of indigestion and are often misdiagnosed or dismissed. Public awareness of the symptoms and severity of Oesophageal Cancer is very poor.

We are convinced that the early detection and diagnosis of Oesophageal Cancer is the way forward to improving survival rates amongst patients which are currently quite shocking at 13% for males and 7.7% for females diagnosed surviving 5 years.

We have in the past supported the purchase of specialist endoscopic equipment but are currently focussing our efforts on an Awareness Campaign amongst the general public, GP's, Scottish Parliament and House of Commons.

Our current activity is to support a postdoctoral researcher at Queen's University Belfast to use large datasets, such as the UK Biobank, to investigate associations between biomarkers in the blood, lifestyle factors and oesophageal cancer risk. It is hoped that in the not too distant future this research will open up the possibility of a blood test for Oesophageal Cancer instead of the currently very invasive procedures of Endoscopy which tend to be too late for curative action to be taken.

In the context of your donation a postdoctoral researcher involves costs of £40,000 per annum.

We are a small charity comprising entirely of volunteers but because of our activities I hope that in the very near future we will be able to make a big difference to survival rates amongst Oesophageal Cancer patients.

With best wishes

Allan T Lapsley
Chairman

Email: committee@ochrecharity.org.uk Website: www.ochrecharity.org.uk

Registered in Scotland No. SC224419 Registered Charity No. SC032343
Registered Office: Clyde Associated Consultants, Melville House, 70 Drymen Road, Bearsden, Glasgow G61 2RH

Braithwaite Building work:

Tony Slaney's Gift to the Hope Memorial Camp

The new windows/doors and the building work currently underway.



"The Hope Memorial Trust was the beneficiary of a generous legacy from Tony Slaney. Some of this money was allocated to two projects which the Trustees had been considering for some time.

When the current building was completed in 1989 it had been an economic necessity to specify softwood window and door frames. Over the years the rain won in the fight against rot and warp. Tony's generosity has enabled us to replace all the windows and doors with aluminium frames and double glazed units which have an optimal air/gas gap. The building is now weather proof again and we can look forward to many years of maintenance-free operation.

Those Old Roans who have visited the Camp since 1989 will be aware that the original 'Drying Cupboard' was just that - a cupboard with a heater, and that the

prospect of a 'wet week' without the facility to dry boots and outdoor gear properly was dreaded.



Again thanks to Tony we are having a new Porch built which will allow the 'old Porch' to become a dedicated 'Drying Room'. This will have a boot rack which allows air to circulate inside the boots. The drying process will be by dehumidification using a commercial wall hung machine which drains to the outside.



The Hope memorial e-mail address is hopememorialcamp@virginmedia.com

Brian Hoy

Braithwaite Flooding

Hope Memorial Camp escapes but the village doesn't.

Many of you will have been saddened to see Braithwaite feature on the news during the recent flooding.

The met office had confirmed a record rainfall in Cumbria with 341.4mm of rain in just 24 hours. Storm Desmond also caused significant damage to the A591 between Grasmere and Keswick. The Highways Agency has only recently re-opened the road again. At Braithwaite the river overflowed and flooded houses and destroyed the wooden bridge over the river. After the floods there was an extensive re-building programme which involved felling trees alongside the river and re-building the bridge. Even today there are remnants of the flood in the form of boulders that the torrential river has carried and deposited on the banks. The Camp was not affected directly, due to its elevated site, so we offered the building as shelter for the villagers. Unfortunately, the Coledale Beck was in such a dangerous state that the camp was too difficult to reach.

These photos taken in January show the closed, flood-damaged shop (plans are in place to re-open), the site where the wooden footbridge used to be, the huge pile of sediment removed from the sediment trap aka the 'swimming pool', and the (March) unrepaired road. Very slowly things are returning to normal

What follows are some pictures of the re-build and evidence of the damage done by flooding.

Brian Hoy (Hope Memorial Trust)



70 Years Young and Still Going Strong

On 22 May 2015 eighteen former pupils of the Roan School for Girls met to celebrate the year of their 70th birthdays. This was the fourth reunion we have held but this year instead of holding the reunion in the School Clubhouse in Kidbrooke Park Road we decided to be 'ladies who lunch'.

We therefore met up at the Bromley Court Hotel for a very enjoyable meal and chat. Our numbers were slightly down for this reunion due to many having long special holidays to celebrate their birthdays and others with family commitments.

As always it was lovely to meet up and catch up on all our latest news. This year however the fun and laughter was tinged with sadness as one of our former teachers – Mrs Fahey, known to us as Miss Nash – died in February this year. She had attended previous reunions and had been due to attend this one. There were also several fellow pupils who had

died since the last reunion. However the occasion was a success and it has been suggested that in future we have a similar event every year.

I am still trying to contact other girls who started at the school in September 1956. If anyone has any information in this connection please contact Anne Bristow (nee Warren). Tel: 020 8311 4958, Email annebristow@gmail.com.

Former pupils attending the reunion were:

(Back row) Olivia Varley, Jacky Bunce, Joan Ayers, Linda Hodgson, Christine Stephens, Jennifer Stephens,
(3rd row) Jean Hardy, Gillian Russell, Carmen Roiz de Sa, Janet Pratt
(2nd row) Norma Alston, Linda Kyte, Pat Smith
(Front row) Anne Warren, Janet Short, Joan Everett, Vera Beer.



Reunion of Devonshire Drive Girls

In April this year ten or so elderly Old Roan Girls will be meeting to have lunch at the Clarendon Hotel in Blackheath. It will be our 16th lunch together.

We had our first reunion lunch in 2000 at the Strand Palace Hotel; I had come across a short list of fellow ORGA life-members and contacted Pam Cross, who, to our mutual surprise, lived only a few miles away from me. Between us we were able to reach another five former friends from our year, with whom we were still in touch. So it was group of seven of us meeting in London that year. Since then, the lunch has been arranged by a different member each year. In 2001 we met at the restaurant of the former Naval College (now the University of Greenwich), having doubled our numbers to fourteen. We posed for a photograph in the Painted Hall and had a look at the Chapel, where

the pupils of both the Boys and Girls Roan Schools used to attend the joint Founder's Day service at the end of each summer term, in honour of John Roan. For a few years we continued to meet in Greenwich and at one lunch about twenty former Roan Girls were present – probably the high point of our meetings, numerically. Sometime later, we moved the venue to The Clarendon Hotel on Blackheath, where we continue to enjoy our annual lunches.

I suppose not many ORGA meetings are organised by Old Girls who so richly deserve the adjective: most of us celebrated our 80th birthdays in 2015. The majority of us arrived in Devonshire Drive, as first years, in September 1946, having succeeded in the first Eleven Plus exams following the 1944 Education Act. The Roan School for Girls became an



Reunion of Devonshire Drive Girls Cont.

LCC Maintained Grammar School and the Preparatory School was closed. We left school either in July 1951 after O



Levels or two years later in 1953, from the Upper VI.

In our time, the school retained much of its pre-war ethos: the genteel, middle-aged staff were all unmarried. Miss Barnsdale, the Headmistress, was a slender, elegant woman, who depended on her staff to exercise discipline about the school: not a very difficult job really, as we were mostly well-behaved. The most frequent scolding we had concerned talking too loudly in the library.

Of course our memories of school life and the staff who mattered to us differ. For me, Miss Wretts-Smith, who taught us Latin, will always be remembered for her ability to write the stems of Latin words on the blackboard in white chalk with her left hand, while at the same time she added the correct grammatical endings in red with her right. On Friday afternoons in Year 2 she let us illustrate

scrap books with drawings of Roman soldiers and gods. She taught us Latin songs too, with carols in three voices. Her lessons were always a challenge, but her severe demeanour was only a front for what I afterwards realised was shyness.

Another teacher who hid her gentle nature behind a shield of severity was Miss Marsh, who taught French. I learned much later that she had found class discipline difficult in her earlier years at Roan and had to be rescued, in tears, by



the more confident Miss Hough. The photograph of 5L in 1951 shows Miss Marsh who was our form tutor that year.

Miss Hough herself was our form tutor in the Lower VI in 1952, shown in the class photograph. She was the Head of history, who enlivened her lessons by retelling past events as compelling narrative. Who could forget her habit of keeping her hankie under the leg elastic of her pink knickers?

Gentle Miss Bayley, seen with us in the photograph of the Upper VI in 1953, was Head of Maths and infinitely patient.



Invigilating exams in the school hall, she would sit knitting snow-white baby clothes. Miss Wilson, Head of English, an elegant woman who, alone among the staff, wore short skirts to show off her shapely legs, often knitted men's grey socks throughout her lessons. This habit stimulated enjoyable gossip among us about a romantic liaison with the recipient. Miss Wilson read our Chaucer set texts aloud in the original mediaeval English so beautifully that we could understand the lines without any further translation.

Miss Watling and Miss Kennet, the games staff, were popular with all of us, although not all of us were rewarding pupils; for the former members of the school games teams in our lunch club, however, good memories of their enthusiasm are the rule.

So when we meet, we reminisce about those years taking pleasure in remembering past times and past friends. Having mostly celebrated our 80th birthdays in 2015, we are allowed to dwell on the past a little – indeed the common fear of dementia in old age makes refreshing our memories very nearly obligatory!

But we do not simply swap memories of our years at the Roan school when we meet: there are accounts of holidays in the UK and abroad to share. Cruising is a favourite way of taking adventurous holidays: only this winter two of our number followed their long holiday in the Antipodes and Asia in 2014, with a sun-seeking trip to Antigua. Another member of the group still enjoys skiing trips to the Alps and motoring holidays in Europe are popular with us too.

Many of us had happy marriages as well as interesting careers, so family news is shared too: we talk of our children, now perhaps middle-aged, and of the much-loved grandchildren who play a big part in the lives of some of us. Then there are our hobbies and past-times to give an account of: the books we've read, the films we've seen, the theatres, garden centres and National Trust properties we've visited over the year.

But in April, we'll be back in Blackheath, remembering our schooldays together and hoping to continue meeting for some years to come.

Betty Bickerdike (née Parks)

(I have used members' maiden names to give a degree of privacy to current members)



Addendum

A fellow Roan friend suggested that Miss Wilson married John Wyndham when she retired, but I am not entirely confident about this. The web gives Wyndham's wife's name as Grace Isabel Wilson with the marriage taking place in 1963, but I cannot find any confirmation of this in Ancestry. The date would fit and we have all believed the story over the years, but ...

Sadly, too, there is news of ill health which has meant that quite a few of our friends are not able to make the sometimes long journey to Blackheath. Some members are now widows and there have been deaths too among the former members of our group: Eileen Barnes, Shirley Ann Sullivan, Shirley Cozens, Barbara Hooker, Nanette Smith (who was a member of the production teams of many good films made in Hollywood) and, in 2015, our friend Molly Miller, whose gentleness and courage during a long decline made her death a sadness to us all.

Just had a note from Rita Bassett in my year about Roan girls, 1951/3 vintage.

Thank you for reminding me of Miss Watling's name - it has eluded me for years and I always remember the beautiful pleated divided skirts that she wore. Another name that has gone is that of the domestic science mistress who called all of us 'Girlie' in spite of the hairbands with our names, that she made us embroider.

Reunion of Roan Girls of 1952

Our first reunion was in 2000 with just 6 Girls. Since then we have 'found' 43 of the original 100 intake of 1952. After losing several friends, we all decided for the reunion to become an annual event. For the past 5 years, we have met in Trafalgar Square followed with a lunch in an adjacent Italian Restaurant. Again in 2015 we all enjoyed a memorable time. It is strange as soon as we met, the chat starts and the 55+ years since we were in Devonshire Drive just disappears.

This year's reunion will take place on Wednesday, 18th May, 2016. If there are any other 'Old Girls' who started 1952, and would like to come and join us, we would be delighted to welcome them. For further details, please contact Joy Argent (née Ruston) telephone 07787 555083 or Beryl Chipchase (née Mason) telephone 01932 784633

Best wishes
Joy Argent (née Ruston)



21st May, 2015

L-R on upper steps: Gwendoline Dyer, Joy Ruston, Angela Packham, Janis May, Gillian Graves, Maureen Maloney, Ann Barnes, Diane Spencer, Margaret Gow, Valerie Bonner, Judy Squires. Lower step: Eve Elson, Susan Pocock, Beryl Mason

Roan Girls School Evacuation:

Edna Pullen (38-43)

My mother Edna Pullen (nee Jenkins, Roan School for Girls, 1938-1943) recently died. Three or four years ago she wrote down her memories as an evacuee, initially to the South Coast, and then to Ammanford.

Keith Pullen 1968-1975

September 1939 – Outbreak of War Imminent

Prepared for evacuation. My sister and I. I was 13 and at Grammar School. Sister is about to start at same school. Roan School for Girls, Greenwich.

Went to school each day in the lead up – were prepared to be sent off when war was imminent – Rucksacks. Gas masks. Food pack provided – can only remember the chocolate and Horlicks tablets which were in the standard food pack for the journey.

Loaded into trains – destination unknown.

Arrived at Battle Station, Sussex – taken by bus to various villages in Sussex. Taken to "Guestling" Village Hall where local people were gathered to select their evacuee. Sister and I taken by a lovely, childless, middle aged couple, "The Smiths". He was a minister in the local chapel.

Small terraced cottage – white wood clad – 2 up 2 down – no indoor toilet or bathroom. 7 "The Thorne" Guestling. Big iron double bed – feather underlay

– (luxury) – chest drawers, wardrobe and wash stand.

Only about 15 girls in this village – no school – taken by pony and trap to the local vicarage for lessons. An idyllic place to spend the war – as we thought.

Not to be – we were there just 2 or 3 weeks before it was decided to get all the girls to Bexhill-on-Sea. Billeted with young family – very good. The "Bardens" – Were there few weeks – Mrs B heavily pregnant – moved to Miss Scotchmer – boarding house off seafront – Dreadful place – she was like an old witch – together with parrot who got the butter ration whilst we ate the margarine. 3 of us in this billet – Audrey Linton same age as my sister Brenda. Roof up in the loft of this old Victorian house.

We had to dust the stairs as we came down in the morning – why? – the house wasn't exactly spotless. After complaining to our parents, Mum and Dad came down by coach to visit. They were most unimpressed, in fact quite dismayed. My

Roan Girls School Evacuation - Cont.

father told us years later, that he was sorely tempted to take us back to London and into the "blitz" rather than leave us there!

The morning after their visit sister Bren was upset and didn't come down for breakfast – such as it was! The old witch retorted "It's because you're Mum and Dad were here yesterday. This is what's upset her – well they will maybe get killed in the London blitz – she will have reason to be upset then!"

Shortly after this we were moved to the home of a charming couple, Mr and Mrs Clark. He was a teacher and they had a teenage son. This was home from home but unfortunately we were only there a matter of weeks before the possible invasion of our island was imminent and we were on our way to South Wales.

1941. We're assembled at a place called "Llandilo" in Carmarthenshire, together with the Roan Boys School. Alec attended this school but I didn't know him during evacuation. I did know of "Peter Gill" however. He used to be involved with the Roan Girls!!

We were taken to various distribution centres in Ammanford. My sister Bren and I didn't get selected for some unknown reason – probably because we needed to be kept together. Ultimately we were taken to the home of an elderly lady quite late at night. I remember waking

up the next morning to the sound of the local children on their way to school, all chattering in a "foreign language" – we had never heard the Welsh language being spoken until then.

We only stayed with the elderly lady that one night as a neighbour was complaining that she had agreed to take 2 evacuees and she hadn't got them.

Off we went to Mr and Mrs Williams – a couple in their 60s. Mr Williams, ex miner, now suffering with silicosis and Mrs Williams, a Christian lady who was very much attached to the Church and the clergy – the Williams home always had a young curate as a paying guest. This billet turned out to be "The Tops". The Williams were childless having had a stillborn baby in their early years – Immediately we knew them as Auntie and Uncle and our 2-3 years with them was a wonderful experience. We were both confirmed by the Vicar of Ammanford. We went to school in converted laundry "Tyr y Dail" and some lessons at Amman Valley County School.

I remember the cold wet winters and hot dry summers – walking up the mountains. Riding our bikes to school and around the country picnicking in the fields and picking numerous blackberries alongside the River Amman. Auntie made pies. Sometimes we were accompanied by the curate – one particular one was a conscientious objector who had started

doing forestry work and ended up as a Methodist minister.

We had a great time with the young curates who were forever in and out of the Williams house. When I returned to London at age 16 having left school, one curate visited me in London – a complete surprise – he had ideas that he would marry me in a little while.. Ha Ha – not for me!

Mr and Mrs Williams had a large garden. "Uncle" grew all his own vegs also fruit trees. They kept battery chickens at the top of the garden. At the time I didn't realise what an inhumane practice this was. The building at the top of the garden also housed a pig. Hence there was no shortage of food in the Williams household – rationing was a laugh!

I can always remember the occasions when the pig was to be killed. The squealing as its throat was cut – with a butcher in attendance of course. Auntie always made faggots that day and it was our job to take them around to share



Roan Girls School Evacuation - Cont.

with the neighbours. We usually got a few pennies from the recipients!!

I left school summer of 1943 at the age of 16. Sister Bren came home to London for summer hols. then returned to Wales. Flying bombs and Rockets started attacking London soon after my return to London. Feb 1945. News that brother Ernie (RAF) was missing presumed killed.

I got a job in T C and M Co, Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Co. Ltd. in the laboratory (cable factory) where I met Alec when he was demobbed from Royal Navy. Married 1951.

Bren and I kept in touch until first Uncle – then Auntie died. We took Ian as tiny baby to visit them in Wales.



A Roan Family through and through

Additional information from Keith Pullen – Edna's son

Our Mum, Edna Dorothy was born to Eric and Rhoda Jenkins (our Grandparents), on 12th December 1926. She was brought up in Heathwood Gardens, Charlton, with her elder brother Ernie and younger sister Brenda.



Although she never knew him at the time of the evacuation, (though she knew his best friend Peter) Mum married Roan School old boy and fellow Ammanford evacuee Alec Pullen in June 1951. Mum and Dad bought their first home in Kidbrooke (very handy for the Old Roan club!). My brother Ian was born in April 1955, and I followed in June 1957. Naturally we both attended the Roan School as well. Ian was at the school from 1966 to 1973, and was of course all that time a classmate of Brian (Arthur) Smith, whilst I was at the school between 1968 and 1975.

After Dad changed jobs, Mum and Dad moved across London to Thames Ditton in 1975, and in 1989 after Dad had retired, they moved to Sandwich on the Kent coast. Sadly, Dad died from cancer in 1993, just a week short of his 68th birthday. In recent years we have also lost our Auntie Brenda and also our "Uncle Peter" (Gill), who emigrated to the USA in the 1970s. And Mum died peacefully on Friday 22nd January, from complications bought on by dementia.

We are still in touch with Peter's widow, our "Auntie Joy" now living in California. We have also contacted two former evacuees, Olive Deyes (formerly Bonner) who still lives in Blackheath, and who sent Mum the team picture of the evacuees a few years back, and also Pam Wilson. Pam and her Mum used to lodge with our Grandparents, and to this day Pam still lives in Heathwood Gardens.

Mum mentions returning to Mr and Mrs Williams with Ian as a baby. But Ian and I both vividly remember returning again a few years later, we recalled, as part of her eulogy "On one trip to Wales, we turned up at Mr and Mrs Williams house. They were in the garden. Mrs Williams looked at mum blankly, then suddenly a massive beam filled her face. 'Edna' she exclaimed, and the two rushed towards each other and embraced."

Keith Pullen 1968-1975

The Great War 1914-15

Since August 2014, commemorations have been taking place to remember the events of World War One, or The Great War as it was known before we had World War Two.

The impressive War Memorial plaque outside the hall in Maze Hill commemorates 123 "old boys" and staff who died during the conflict. There are 7 sets of brothers, two members of staff, and two who should not be there as they died many years later!

During the first year of the war, 15 lost their lives. The first 3 to die, all on November 1st 1914, were Lionel Purvis (1881-89), age 41, and Cyril Seaton (1889-95), age 36. Both belonged to the London (Scottish) Regiment, and were killed at Messines Ridge during the first battle of Ypres. Reginald Reed (1898-1903), age 26, a Leading Seaman on HMS "Good Hope", sunk during the Battle of Coronel off the Chilean coast.

The next casualties were in March 1915. On the 10th, Harry Winter (1903-5) – the last name on the Memorial. He was 24 years old, a Rifleman with the Londons – Queen's Westminster Rifles. Roy Stone (1911), age 19 was with the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. Both were killed during the battle at Neuve Chappelle.

April 1915 saw 3 more deaths. On the 22nd, Clifford Roughton (1905-7), age

23, a Canadian serving in the Canadian Infantry; Raymond Storer (1908-9), age 21 on the 26th. He was another Rifleman with the London Regiment. The son of a market gardener and fruit grower, he himself worked for a diamond merchant. He was killed during the 2nd Battle of Ypres. Also on the 26th, Edward Coombs (1906-9), an Australian serving with the Australian Infantry. He was 21 years old, and died in the ill-fated Dardanelles Campaign, at what is now known as Anzac Cove. He had been born in South Africa and prior to his enlistment, was a Bushman in Perth, Western Australia.

In May, the first of the 2 members of staff were lost. Frederick Tyler, age 46, a Colour Sergeant with the Royal Marine Light Infantry. This distinguished-looking gentleman was an "Instructor in Physical Exercises" and secretary to the Headmaster. He left a widow and 5 sons when he was struck by a sniper's bullet on 6th May, again at the Dardanelles. On 26th, Harold Banks (1903-7) died at Festubert. Aged 23, he was also with the London Regiment.

There were further losses in July 1915. On the 7th, Francis Rowell (1909-11), age 19 and a Rifleman with the Rifle Brigade. John Parker ((1903-7), age 25, a 2nd Lieutenant with the Royal Flying Corps (later to become the RAF) died from wounds on the 21st. He chased an enemy aeroplane into German-held territory, and having been wounded 4 times, was

forced to land behind enemy lines. News of his death was learnt through the German Flying Corps, a member of which dropped a message in the British lines conveying the news that Parker had died in a German hospital. The message read, "On the 21st July 1915, a Voisin biplane with French colours was forced to descend at Bapaume, after a desperate fight in the air. Observation Lieutenant Parker, of the Royal Lancaster Regiment was wounded four times and succumbed to his wounds the same day... The German Aviators pay a tribute to the highest admiration to their opponent defeated in honourable fight."

At the end of the first year of hostilities, 3 more "old boys" were lost. On the 15th August, Edward Nott (1894-97), another Rifleman with the Rifle Brigade. Aged 32, he was described in the "Kentish Mercury" as "...a warm-hearted, loveable man of fine physique, ever ready to help at any charitable concert with his humorous sketches, an excellent cyclist and walker, and a prominent member of the Woolwich Orchestral Society." On the 21st, William Sinclair McGlashen (1896-

1902) and Harold Denne Champion (1899-1903). Both lost their lives in the Dardanelles. McGlashen was with the County of London Yeomanry. Champion, aged 27 was a member of the Berkshire Yeomanry. He was recommended for a DCM for "killing 5 Turks single-handed". However, he was killed when he was going back to pick up stragglers. As the award cannot be given posthumously, he never received it.

So, the first year of the war which was going to "be over by Christmas (1914)" was dragging on. The second year would see many more losses. Part 2 to follow!

Dates in brackets refer to the years attending the school.

Marian Darragh. (staff 2003-2013)

Sources: CWGC records, "Old Roan" magazines, School admission books, Local newspapers, Australian Roll of Honour, Canadian Virtual War Memorial. and De Ruigny's Roll of Honour.



H. D. CHAMPION.
Killed in action April 26th, 1915.

H. T. STORER.
Killed in action April 26th, 1915.

By the end of August 1915, after the first year of war, there had already been 15 Old Roans killed.

The second year of war was to see a further 26, some from the battle of Loos, and some from the notorious battle of the Somme, which started on July 1st

Starting in September 1915, there were 7 casualties.

First, on the 9th, Gurney White Buxton (1883-86). He died of dysentery, aged 46, in the Dardanelles. Douglas Rowe (1907-12), aged 19, shared the same fate on the 22nd. Both were serving with the RAMC. Buxton was a doctor; Rowe was with the East Anglian Field Ambulance.

Albert George Hatcher isn't on the memorial, but he died on the 18th. He was 21.

Reuben Frank Meader (1907-12) was another 19 year old. He lost his life on the 25th.

The 27th September was a bad day for Old Roans. Edgar Stanley Mace (1903-11) and James Bede Ritson (1907-8), both aged 21 were killed in the battle of Loos. Henry Joseph Tritschler (1911-13), only 19, died from wounds.

In October, only one casualty is recorded. Arundel Mosely Penberthy (1903-7). He was 24 and died in action, again at Loos on the 13th.

So, on into 1916. On January 17th, 20 year old Alan Robert McClure (1905-9) was killed by a shell when he was asleep in a dugout, and in March, Francis William Hamilton (1909-10), aged 19 or 20, died after an operation on the 3rd – he had been wounded in the throat. Francis Joseph Barnes (1887-96) went to Canada and served with the Canadian Militia. He was in England when war broke out, so enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers. However, he fell ill from exposure while training on Salisbury Plain, and he died on the 4th. He was 36.

In April, on the 10th, Malcolm Edward Ball (1897-1901) died from wounds during operations on the Tigris. He was a 30 year old doctor also serving with the RAMC. Thomas Archibald Grant Styles (1909-11) was killed in action on the 19th. He was 21.

Charles Henry Thompson (1897-1901) was a 30 year old bomb officer when he was killed on the 3rd of June. Reginald Malcolm Elson (1909-11) died when HMS "Hampshire" was sunk on 5th June. He was 19. Lord Kitchener, the Minister for War also lost his life when the ship went down – there were no survivors. Percy Edward Millard (1889-94) went to Canada, and served with the Canadian Infantry. He was reported missing, presumed killed on the 6th. He was 37 years old, and a farmer before the war. John Mascal Hicks ((1903-5) isn't on the memorial either, but he died on the 29th,

The Great War 1915-16 - Cont.

of wounds he had received at Vimy Ridge on May 21st. He was 25.

The battle of the Somme began on 1st July 1916, and on that day, 3 Old Roans were among the dead – Cyril William Hedley (1911-14), who had survived Gallipoli; Frederick John Huskinson (1903-7), who had been wounded at Ypres, and James French (1908-12), who had also been at Gallipoli. Frederick was 26, but Cyril and James were both 19. Also on that day, Cyril Lesley Potts (1900-02), aged 28, died of wounds received in France, in St. Georges Hospital, Waterloo (London).

On the 23rd July, Roy Alfred Forbes (1910-12) was killed while manning trenches at Hebuterne on the Somme. He was another 19 year old. Then, on the 26th, Stanley Noakes (1896-1905), who had only been in the firing line for 2 days, was killed, aged 29. His younger brother, also a Roan boy would be killed in 1917. After two years of war, sad news from the various fronts was a regular occurrence. It would get worse.

Marian Darragh. (staff 2003-11)

Dates in brackets refer to the years attending the school.



Sources: CWGC records.
 "Old Roan" magazines.
 School admission books.
 Local newspapers.
 Australian Roll of Honour.
 Canadian Virtual War Memorial.
 De Ruigny's Roll of Honour.

Roan Trip to Germany 1952

a testament to all language teachers!

Back in the late Forties/early Fifties Mr Winter, our German teacher, used to organize a two week visit to Germany for his Roan students and the students he used to teach in the evenings at Goldsmith College. In 1952 I badgered my parents to cough up the requisite 18 pounds. They said they would but I was going to have to find a part time job to earn my pocket money for the trip. I found myself a paper round (6 days a week, morning and evening) for 10 shillings. I managed to save up £5 and was itching to leave.

The end of the school year in July eventually arrived, having seemed to pass excruciatingly slowly and it was time to pick up my bag and take the bus to Lee Green where Mr Winter, Mr Hankinson and our coach were waiting to take us to Dover. I had never been to Dover before, let alone boarded a cross-Channel ferry and nor, I suspect, had any of the other boys – European holidays were beyond the reach of most families in those days, only 7 years after the end of World War II.

The Channel was dead calm that day and three and a half hours after we steamed out of Dover we were disembarking in Ostende. We took the train to Brussels where we changed again for the Basle Express.

Our seats were made of wood – no upholstery in sight – and we were to occupy them until around 8 a.m. the next morning. They were not in the least comfortable and none of us slept more

than an hour or so at a time before waking up and blearily looking out the window to see if we could work out where we were. Breakfast awaited us in the Basle station buffet. I remember how we fell upon the marvellously crusty rolls, butter and cherry jam. We were all pretty much famished and the rolls tasted better than any other rolls we had ever eaten. Along with them we were served café au lait and we all felt pretty well set up after we had finished tucking in. We were served by a Swiss lady who was very friendly and kept producing more rolls and jam whenever our plates were empty.

After breakfast we were free to explore the city – with the strict proviso that we had to be back at the station for our bus to Kandern in the Black Forest by mid-afternoon. We fanned out in all directions and one of the sights I found was a waterfall which dropped its waters into the Rhine. Very spectacular for a schoolboy who had never seen a real waterfall in his life before.

The time until we caught our bus passed quickly – Switzerland seemed a magical place to me as I wandered around, neck swivelling constantly. We crossed the border into Germany in late afternoon and drove on to Kandern. However, the bus didn't stop in the village but took a road that led out into the forest. The route we took twisted and turned as it climbed higher and higher on what seemed a dizzying rollercoaster ride. When it emerged from the darkness of the pine trees we found ourselves in a

pleasant valley that sloped downwards to the youth hostel where we were to stay for several days. We were welcomed in but there seemed to be some kind of problem as the supervisor was talking apologetically - did we discern it correctly? - and earnestly.

Mr Winter soon explained it to us: there had been a mix up in the bookings for that night and there were no rooms for us. They were, however, offering blankets if we would sleep in the barn. Well, at the age we were it just added to the adventure so we all willingly agreed. A relieved supervisor served us our evening meal of garlic sausage and rice. This was a novelty, as in Britain rice was only served as rice pudding, a dessert. No one would ever have dreamt of serving it as part of the main course. Travel is indeed educational. In youth hostels it is the custom for guests to do the washing up after meals and Mr Hankinson volunteered us for the job.

Once that was over most of us were ready for bed as nobody had had a good night's sleep on the train the night before, so we retired to the barn where, covered in blankets and straw, we settled down for the night.

I, for one, slept deeply, and as far as I recall so did everyone else. Breakfast was typical, rolls, butter cold meats and jam. Mr Hankinson once again volunteered us for the washing up which we finished off before we departed for a trip to Schauinsland, a hill which, as its name implies, gives a magnificent view of the surrounding forests once you have ridden the cable car to the top. Another first for

me - never before had I ridden in a cable car.

We enjoyed dinner that evening, secure in the knowledge that for the first time since leaving home we were going to be sleeping in beds. But before we got our heads down for the night Mr Hankinson once again volunteered us to do the washing up. This was getting seriously tiresome as all the other youths staying were getting a free ride and we were becoming the drudges of the hostel system.

This hostel had one notable feature - there were no showers. Instead, a pipe had been rigged to collect water from a little stream that ran down between the hostel and the road. The pipe was kept level where the ground dropped away, and the end lengths had been perforated, so there was a shower, cold stream water only, except one had to wear swimming trunks.

The next day was more or less free so several of us teamed up to walk down to Kandern and do a little exploration. Kandern was a lot smaller in those days so it didn't take long to explore it. Another boy and I stopped off in a gasthaus and I sampled my first glass of white wine. I remember that I enjoyed it, but that may well have been because German wine was seriously sweet in that era and a lot of it still is, which is why I avoid most of the Rhine-Hessen and similar wines to this day.

In the afternoon we made our way back to the hostel to goof off for a while until someone suggested we walk down to

the little hamlet about a kilometre down the valley. Someone mentioned that the stream that constituted our shower carried on down to the hamlet where it opened out into a pool where we could swim. Accordingly, we all donned our swimming trunks and with our outer clothes on top we set off down the valley. One of the things we noticed that fascinated us was the the road surface was banked on the outer edges of the curves on that twisty little highway.

When we reached the hamlet we saw that, indeed, there was a pool where we could swim, and in the middle was a raft: its lone occupant was a kid some years younger than us. As we stripped off our clothes I noticed that the raft was drifting close to the spot where we were changing so without further ado I stepped off the bank and onto the raft. It immediately proceeded to sink below the surface. The kid began to scream and yell. I thought I was in danger of starting World War III so I stepped smartly off the raft to find that the water was waist deep and cold. Nevertheless, I was soon joined by the rest of our group, leaving the grizzling kid to his raft.

By the time we were too cold to stay in the pool any longer we all dried ourselves off and by unspoken agreement went into the adjacent gasthaus. Here, at that time, I had my first full glass of beer. Unlike in Britain most of the beer sold in Germany is lager of the Pilsener variety. My first taste was not promising and I began to wonder how I was going to be able to finish it and not lose face in front of my

contemporaries. I worked at it manfully and finally finished off the glassful, but to this day I'm not a great beer drinker (probably a bitter disappointment to my Dad), although I admit to a partiality to a good malt whisky.

Mr Hankinson volunteered us to do the washing up again and discontent was beginning to grow.

The next day we moved on to another town (whose name now escapes me) where the youth hostel was situated in a castle that sat high on the cost of a hill with views over the surrounding countryside. This was another first for most of us - never before had any of us slept in a castle.

Predictably, Mr Hankinson volunteered us for the washing up again and all of us began to feel very indignant. Nobody minded doing our fair share, or even a bit more, but to be constantly clearing the tables, washing up and drying was becoming a burden.

Eventually, we went to see Mr Winter when Mr Hankinson wasn't about and put it to him. We didn't mind at all taking our turn at the chores, but we were becoming dishwashers to the Jugendherberge movement in general. We realised that Mr Hankinson meant well but we felt he should curb his enthusiasm and let other guests in the hostels take their turn. Mr Winter said he understood and he would have a chat with Mr Hankinson. He must have been very diplomatic as we now only carried out the work when it was our turn and Mr Hankinson didn't appear to bear a

grudge, remaining his usual amiable self. There was to be no further bother for the rest of the trip.

Our next destination was Heidelberg where we stayed in a hostel near the centre of town, close to the River Neckar. We went up to the castle on the heights above the city which gives a wonderful panorama of the town's situation and the surrounding land. Nobody can visit this castle without visiting the world's largest wine barrel, so large that there are steps for visitors to climb to the top where there is a wooden railing to stop the careless from tumbling off. Next to the barrel is a wooden box mounted at about head height. It has a door at the front which curious visitors frequently open to see what lurks within. The opening door releases a fox's tail with a brass bell fixed to its tip, the whole of which is mounted on a spring. The fox's tail springs out, the bell ringing frantically, with the visitor's curiosity satisfied with a jolt.

From Heidelberg we were transported to the Rhine where we boarded one of the boats which act as buses on the river. Our destination was to be St Goar, which took us most of the day and proved a fascinating journey as we saw so many of the places which play parts in German folklore - the Mauser Turm, the Lorelei, the Rhine Gorge. The boat stopped regularly with people getting on and off like a public transport service. We hadn't realised how many people used these boats, but we saw women getting on board at one of the stops with their full bags of shopping, staying on for 20 miles or more before disembarking when

they reached their destinations. It was an absorbing day watching the hustle and bustle of river life.

At St Goar a bus transported us up the hill to the hostel near the ruined castle that overlooks the town. The next morning, we discovered that there was a beer festival at the castle so we climbed the rest of the way up to the castle to view this (to us) curiosity. We sat at a table watching the waitresses carrying up to 15 steins of beer at a time, unloading them at tables before going back to the bar for another 15. By this time my money was beginning to run low, so my beer intake was restricted.

After dinner a number of us went down to the town where a number of logs had been placed in the river to act as the outlines of a swimming area. The Rhine became very polluted later on as the German Wirtschaftswunder got under way and their industry went into overdrive, but in 1952 it was safe to swim in it, and we did.

From St Goar we travelled by train to Brussels for the final few days. Of course, we were no longer in a German-speaking environment but a French-speaking one. We had the time free in Brussels as there were no visits arranged. We even went to the cinema when we discovered that in Belgium films are always shown in the original language with French and Flemish subtitles. The film we saw that afternoon was "Retreat Hell!", a drama, based on a true story, about the Korean war.

We spent the rest of the time in Brussels exploring the city, trying the Pilsner beer (still wasn't keen) and generally doing what teenage boys do.

All too soon we found ourselves on the Cross-Channel ferry for another smooth crossing and then we were all saying our goodbyes at Lee Green, knowing that we would all be meeting up at school in September.

That evening there was a series of powerful thunderstorms across the south of England. In Greenwich the rain was torrential and accompanied by strong winds and almost constant lightning. Next morning it was all over the news that the Devon villages of Lynton and Lynmouth had been inundated by a tremendous flood that had poured down the Devon hillsides, wrecking the villages and resulting in a number of deaths.

Did the trip help to improve my German? Not really, as like many people, I was reluctant to make a fool of myself by using my imperfect knowledge of the language to communicate with native German speakers.

The following year I walked out of the gates of Roan for the last time. I may not have known much about life, but I knew for sure that I would never again need to wrack my brains to work out the accusative, nominative, genitive or dative cases in German. Ten years later I was working in Germany.

I enrolled in a language course in the evenings and was surprised at how much

of it came back to me. My pronunciation was good and many nouns and verbs were lurking in my brain, just waiting to be released.

And 9 years after that I was in Luxembourg, where I was to spend the rest of my working life - polishing up my skills in French until I became fluent in that language also. (My job required me to have a working knowledge of either German or French: I managed to master both to give my career prospects a boost.) At school I was a long way from being either Mr Winter's or Mr Milne's star pupil, but the quality of their teaching meant that when push came to shove I was able to build on what they had taught me and master both languages.

So to all language teachers I can say that when those moments arrive when you think you are banging your heads against rocks, take heart. Those students who leave you disheartened may well benefit from your skills. You may not have realised it at the time, but you were carrying out that most rewarding of tasks - sowing seeds. It might have taken nine years for those seeds to germinate within my head, but the flowers of that germination have flourished ever since.

Thank you, Mr Winter and Mr Milne.

William Bray (Bill) (48-53)

John Burton's Memories

Inspired by John Basing's Article

I was delighted to read John Basing's reminiscences of his years at the Roan School, much longer than mine and covering the period when I was a pupil. I don't know if he was able to attend the reopening ceremonies of John Roan School on 4 November 2014 and the Association's annual dinner on 7 November, which I made a point of coming over from Germany to attend, but if he did I'm sorry that we did not manage to meet, as I would have much enjoyed comparing our experiences. As it is, I am most grateful to him for putting me right on some points where my memory proved to be inaccurate. The diary I've kept since 1942 primarily covers my natural history observations and enables me to recall them accurately. However I didn't usually record other, everyday, events in it, so, except when I did so, it doesn't help my memory in the same way.

John is undoubtedly right that our memories can play tricks. As he was, for example, in the Roan versus Blackheath Harriers and finished the mile race in second place behind Sydney Wooderson, not Alfie Knott, he was obviously the best person to know and I congratulate him on his achievement and his own half-mile record. I was much less interested in athletics than football and I might well have been in a distant part of the field, perhaps even watching a hovering kestrel, as was my wont!

As regards the football house match in which I scored what I believed was the winning goal for Drake with what was for me a rare header, which knocked me all but unconscious, I'm quite prepared to believe that I was wrong about it being the winning goal but I certainly remember being told by team-mates that I had scored. I'm naturally interested to learn that John feels certain that he was playing in the same match. As I believe I played an otherwise undistinguished part in the game, I'm not the least surprised to hear that he doesn't remember me, just as I can't remember him or anyone else in that game.

After reading his article, I telephoned my friend, Keith Hyatt, another Old Roan and a member of the Association, who left school, a year later than John and I, and he told me that he remembered John as Head Boy in succession to Alfie Knott.

My 'grouse' about team selection during the time I was at the school, I did not mean to attach blame to whoever was the school football captain at the time and certainly not Alfie Knott. Here, I must confess that my memory may be somewhat muddled. In 1948 I'm pretty sure the first team captain, was, in fact, Daltry, one of our then star players, who, like me, was in the 5th Form; I don't think it was John Basing and certainly not Alfie. I can remember Daltry asking me to come along on occasions as travelling

John Burton's Memories cont.

reserve. Perhaps nobody else was prepared to do so. On one occasion, at a school in Chelsea, while watching the 1st team playing, I was asked by some from the host school if I would be prepared to referee a junior match on a neighbouring pitch. I reluctantly agreed to do so as I had never before refereed a match and, consequently, I made quite a mess of the job, my decisions being greeted with howls of protest. Anyway, I was not thinking only of myself but other players who, rightly or wrongly, I thought deserved a chance in the 1st XI.

Without doubt I was a very run-of-the-mill footballer, although I improved after leaving school and played occasionally in regimental games during my National Service in the Army. The last match in which I ever played (as a substitute), a charity one, was at Whitsun 1976 for Radio Bristol against a Show Business XI managed by Lonnie Donegan. When I came on, I played alongside Gary Mabbutt, then playing for Bristol Rovers, but subsequently for Tottenham Hotspur and England. His father, Ray, who also formerly played for Bristol Rovers, is a friend of mine. I set up the match for Radio Bristol and edited the matchday programme, which I still possess. In the Army, I took up hockey and continued to play this game in my university days at Oxford and subsequently for a couple of clubs in the Bristol area until the end of the 1960s.

I enjoyed reading John's memories of the Roan's masters of the period, particularly of 'Drip' Mitchell and to learn that he eventually became Head of English at another school in the Home Counties. I was never taught by Mr. Witten but I can remember him walking along the corridors between classes rehearsing out loud his lines in a play or perhaps it was a poem.

I envy John his eight years at the school compared with my three. I wasn't able to sit the entrance examination to Eltham College due to illness (yellow jaundice) and for some reason which was never properly explained to me, I was not able to sit when I recovered. We lived at Mottingham at the time and my opportunity to gain admittance to the Roan did not come until we had moved to Charlton. I was not evacuated and lived in the Greenwich area throughout the war.

I hope that, although in our eighties, John and I might still have an opportunity to meet when I'm in the U.K., and discuss and bolster up our memories of those delightful, but now long ago, days; perhaps at a future dinner of the Old Roan Association.

John Burton

In the Bottom of the Drawer

Surprising what kind of things you discover when decide to update your record system, or in my case lack-of-system. I have a garden studio and was getting rid of an old chest that had become the repository of all sorts of things that I hadn't looked at for year. Down the bottom I came across a letter that was stamped: Wellington NZ, 11.45, 30 September 1965. More than fifty years ago – that's History.

I knew straight away what it was but what memories it brought back! I was suddenly transported to a different world. I had been lucky enough to win a Commonwealth Scholarship which took me to NZ for three years and my wife and I went out, by ship, in August 1964 as newly-weds. I'd left the Roan in 1959 and now five years later decided to write a piece for the Roan Magazine extolling the many virtues of the old school. It would have appeared in the 1965 edition but in those days unless it was urgent anything bigger than a letter went to and from NZ by ship, so the magazine didn't arrive till the autumn. Well, I have to say I was chuffed to see my piece but soon enough the magazine went into a drawer. Little did I know that I wasn't the only recipient of a Roan Magazine in the leafy Wellington suburb of Kelburn that week.

A couple of weeks later the missive in question turned up in the letter box at the bottom of our path. I didn't recognize the hand and was intrigued, as I climbed up our steep path, as to who might be writing to me from the neighbourhood: we didn't know many locals – and if it was an acquaintance, why didn't they just phone? I sat down with a cup of tea and went through the mail, leaving the mysterious item till last. I opened a typed letter from an address about 150 yards away and to my amazement it was from a fellow old Roan, a man by the name of Walter McLay. He wrote that he was intrigued to hear that I was pursuing research at the Victoria University of Wellington and, as a fellow Old Roan, he wished me very success. My wife and I were invited round for tea the following week.

So far so interesting, but now for the really fascinating bit. We probably wouldn't have many mutual acquaintances, teachers or boys; since he had been at the Roan from - wait for it - 1882 – 1884. Think about it: that's more than 120 years ago. Now that surely is History! Gladstone was Prime Minister when Walter was at The Roan and General Gordon was still alive and well in Khartoum. And that was well before the small matter of two World Wars and West Ham winning the FA Cup for the first time (1964 if you're interested).

As you can imagine it was a real pleasure to talk to Walter, who was a fit ninety-six, and his daughter, who was seventy. It transpired that Walter, a chemist, had worked with the great Rutherford before he went over to Cambridge to split atoms. His daughter gave us a good insight into what it was like to grow up in New Zealand in the first half of the twentieth century. She had an extensive knowledge of British history and knew all the counties and county towns. 'That's what we were taught in those days', she said, 'nothing about our own country'.

Well, so much has changed, As I write, the decision as to whether New Zealand will ditch its national flag with the union jack in the top left-hand corner for a much more modern job with a silver fern is yet to be decided. I hope they don't... but sooner or later they will. When we were there New Zealand was like rural Scotland with a cuisine to match, though the weather was better. Now it's a vibrant cosmopolitan society with food and wine to die for. Mind you, some things never change. Those All Blacks were unbeatable in those days....

Stephen Ingle ('52-'59), Dunblane 2016.

Born in Woolwich made at John Roan

It's great here on the Isle of Wight now that Spring is on the way and today is a particularly sunny one – bright and frosty.

As an Eltham boy born and bred, it's good, occasionally to remember times gone by and I was prompted to record some of those memories first by the receipt of the last Mag and more recently, by a chance contact from Phil Moore, Moore PG, who joined the school the same year as I in 1958. He kindly sent me Stag Lists for that year when we were both in Third Form, him in Alpha and Wolfe and me in A and Nelson.

I remember quite a bit and each memory prompts another.

Geography lessons with Snoz, next to the staffroom- couldn't see in as much too smoky--, copying his beautifully drawn maps and colouring in --- quite popular again now, I believe. With Ben Fenton--- "Badgers Green Sir! " What again? Maths with the Mekon -Mr Garbutt--- overlooking the park upstairs where "trouble loomed ahead and John Loomes kept his head down" Science with Bounce -nuff said -and with Harry Green who drove an Austin Seven which Keith Jenkinson covered with mud one sponsor day so he could clean it .Mr Hodson dealt out our detention cards at the beginning of the lesson and if we asked Mr Geddes to look at our art work someone else had rubbed it out.

On arrival to school we would throw our caps over the wall so our mates could have one on entry and so prevent a prefect's detention. That was the first time I saw a Healey 3000 when a parent dropped off his son. Metallic blue and cream it was!

I remember copying our reports for Mr Hoare, our tutor, on the last day of term before, pirates in the gym with Bill Ellis and final assembly, singing the school song with breaking voice. Some of us changed into scout stuff before packing the lorry in the playground and getting in the back on top of the rucksacks and kitbags for our journey down to Maiden Castle for summer camp.

New staff brought new ventures. We built a sailing dinghy from a kit with Joe Corney, trailed it to the Isle of Grain, launched it at high tide and dragged it miles back through the mud as the tide receded so quickly. We went to the Broads, camped at Stalham, rented half deckers, played mop tag in the boats and stuffed the smallest crew member into the forward locker and fed him biscuits. Trips to Braithwaite were marvellous. The train journey, the first views, Cat Bells and Maiden Moor on the first day --- are we nearly at the top?"

Oh such jolly times! Nigel Ballantine came to scouts and also helped with the cross country. I can smell the leaves in the park now and picture that last pull up to

Born in Woolwich made at John Roan Cont.

the finish strait with Phil Hook in front of me yet again!

School seemed to go on forever but the 6th Form was soon on us. The card game in the Prefect's room which lasted for days as each went to a lesson and someone else took the hand. I remember Mick Baker and Chris Pratt being particularly good card players.

At lunch time whereas we had pelted each other with stones in the Dips on the Heath in the Third and Shell in the 6th we went down to The Yacht for a swift half. By then many of us had joined the Club and followed up cold Wednesday afternoons playing House soccer on the Quaggy pitch with pleasant beery evenings in the bar.

A final memory is of School and House plays when George Witten would cajole me into a costume and give me some minor part with lines he had made up --"Hiya hiya cataweeke "I had to chant in "The Merchant of Venice" and of the school orchestra where as long as my bow was in time with the other violas that was fine with Gel Elliot.

Hey Ho it's a wonder I learned anything but I surprised myself and will always remember so many people fondly from those formative years. It's good to feel part of John Roan's tradition, to have made good friends and to know that the school and Club flourish. Floreat Roana!

Ian Poulter 58-65



All Roan School glee and members of the same team— 21st Greenwich, these young men made their way to Cardiff to receive their Queen's Scout certificates from the Chief Scout. They are: left to right:

QUEEN'S BADGES FOR FOUR

Michael Miller, 17, of Gervase Road, Belvedere; Christopher McCarthy, 17, of Sandring Road, Lewisham; Ian Poulter, 17, of Hatfield Road, Eltham; and Norman Leach, 17, of Kidbrooke Park Road, Greenwich. (K/569).

The Roan School Made Me What I Am Today

I drive past the Hope Memorial camp, in Braithwaite, about once a week on average so my memories are rekindled both then, and on visiting other parts of the Lakes.

At the age of 10 I was given a copy of Arthur Ransome's Swallows and Amazons by an uncle and aunt who continued the diet annually. Consequently, I gained an early interest in the Lake District. A few weeks after starting at Roan, in September 1948, my sister caught scarlet fever and I was bundled off to live with my grand parents. However, I was not allowed to attend school until my sister recovered. On my return I found that I had missed out on two things. In French everyone was making strange aaah, eeee, iiiii, owe, oooh noises and names had been taken for a camp in the Lake District and there were no places left. I was devastated by one discovery! My parents promised that I would be able to go the following year.

On my first trip, in 1950, the train terminated at Windermere, where the staff and most of the boys transferred to an old coach. The luggage was put in the back of an open, drop-sided lorry. The four smallest boys were deployed to keep an eye on the luggage by sitting on it, one in each corner, above the level of the lorry sides. I was on the rear, nearside and I clearly remember becoming very apprehensive as we went up the long, steep climb of Dunmail Raise and all of

the luggage gradually moved towards me.

My home was in New Cross, where I had lived during the war. A land mine had wiped out a church and about 50 houses next to us, so our side garden gate led onto two large bomb sites. By the time I went to Roan those sites had just been built on, but I still passed many bomb sites on my way to school, including two at the other end of my street. It is not surprising that I fell in love with the Lakes immediately.

I returned to Braithwaite every year until 1955, when I left school, and was given a standing invitation to return as a 'member of staff', which I did whilst in the R.A.F. I was the third boy to be awarded the Braithwaite badge, which I treasure and still have with its 'citation'. I also have the staff signed copy of our predicted and actual times for the Borrowdale Round which counted towards it.

We were very fortunate that the village seemed to adopt us. The cook was a Mrs. Barnes, who lived the other side of the beck. When she retired in the mid 50's, Little Mo (Miss Connolly) the school cook took over. A charming, retired couple, the Easts, lived in the house nearest the camp. Their side door was always open and just inside was a little rack with small packs of sweets for sale. They knew that kids from the camp would often be around before the village shops opened

The Roan School Made Me What I Am Today Cont.

and after they had closed. The first time I met them, they asked where I lived and then amazed me by asking if I went to New Cross speedway. As I did, we had a common interest and the start of a long friendship. The "Breth't and Thornth't" Youth Club made us most welcome on Tuesday evenings every year and, depending upon the season, we played the village at cricket or football. I used to take my football boots with me just for that one match, which shows how sad I was/am. It was interesting that the village football eleven gradually increased in number as the game went on as chaps came home from work and joined in, still wearing their work clothes and boots. Once we were kicking a ball around as we came out of the lower of the camp gates and, of course, it soon went into the beck. We rushed through the village, recovered it as it appeared after the bottom bridge, and were just starting to play again as the village bobby came home from work on his bike. He gave us an exaggerated, cheerful wave as he swung right and careered up his garden path. We quite expected him to fall off.

Towards the end of my first camp we had not had suitable weather for climbing Scafell Pike so, on the last day, Mr. Mitchell offered that opportunity to the 6 boys who had not been before. The cloud base was on the deck and when we got to Seathwaite Farm we could barely see the buildings as we walked between

them. Visibility got no better, but we made it to the top and could still not see the farm buildings clearly on our way back.

Each year we returned to camp my group got permission from the staff, as soon as we had put our luggage in the hut, and rushed up Kinn to let the Lakes know that we were back. The staff gave us an excellent grounding in appreciating both the area and how to explore it. Sometimes there was a choice of 2, occasionally 3, walks and we signed up for whichever we fancied. As we became more experienced we were encouraged to lead walks and to plan our own with a minimum of 3 boys, "One to be the body, one to stay with the body and one to go for help". Only tops over 2,500 feet counted towards the Braithwaite Badge. Some days were spent 'peak bagging'. It was possible to do 10 in one go on the Helvellyn range. At the 1954 summer camp, bad weather forced us to leave out a couple of tops whilst doing the Coledale Round. Colin Bull and I were in the school cross country team, so on Sunday morning we put our plimsoles on and ran from camp, along the Force Crag mine road, up Grassmoor and Wandope and back to camp where we ate our sandwiches. Then, joined by 3 other lads, we walked to Keswick and caught a bus to Scales. From there we went up Saddleback (Blencathra), descending over Blease Fell and walked all the way back to Braithwaite; a distance

of 9 miles in the morning and 13 in the afternoon.

As some days were quite energetic, we introduced 'rest days' by way of variation. Once, we put our plimsoles on and walked 20 miles over Newlands Pass and Honister Pass, returning to camp via Grange and Swinside. One very wet rest day we caught the bus to Wythburn and walked around Thirlmere. About lunchtime we came upon a foresters' open fronted shelter, alongside the road, made of sheets of corrugated iron attached to a wooden framework. It was a chance to eat our sandwiches in the dry. Courtney Hockaday (Chock) was first to step onto the floor, which was covered in a thick layer of pine needles. There was a squawk. He was over his shoes in water; the pine needles were floating on about 10 cm. of water retained by the framework. We decided to eat our sandwiches outside in the pouring rain and then walked back to camp via St. Johns in the Vale, 14 miles in all. On another occasion Brian West, Bully (I think) and I went rowing on Ullswater. As we walked through Glenridding on the way there, Westy said "Look, a Jaguar XK (something)". As he did so, two very smartly dressed gentlemen emerged from the building on our left and one said "No it's not. It's an XK (something else)", before getting into it. It was Donald Campbell! We hired our boat and rowed around until we landed on a very small, rocky island for lunch. Two of us then got back into

the boat and Westy pushed the bow off from the island. As we started moving he said "O.K. I'm in. I'm in, I'm in, I'm in". I turned to look over my shoulder, and all that I could see was his head and an arm over each side. He looked like a figure head that had been attached to the outside of the bow facing the wrong way. I got us back among the rocks so that he could get off and he managed to squelch aboard at the second attempt.

Life in the Lakes was certainly very different from that at home. We were waiting in Keswick at 8.15 a.m., at the end of a long queue, for the first Borrowdale bus of the day (an old, small coach), which started from the main square. A deep, low voice behind whispered "Walk to the cemetery", repeated even more forcibly the second time. We turned round; it was a bobby. We said "We're waiting for the bus". He whispered the instruction even more forcibly, so we walked. The bus, jam packed with people, arrived shortly after we got to the cemetery. I was last to get on and it proved almost impossible to close the door behind me. Presumably this was Cumberland's way of obeying traffic laws. A few miles down the valley the bus stopped, with not a house in sight, and the driver said to me "There's a box under the front seat, put it on the wall. They'll collect it later". I got out and someone passed me the cardboard box, with groceries in, and on the wall it went. At Rosthwaite the bus stopped outside

the Post Office shop. "Look under the next seat". A bundle of newspapers appeared. I put them on the step, the shop not being open yet.

I think that, generally, we were well behaved because we did not want anything to happen which might upset the staff and affect future camps. On one occasion one of the boys, Cr..., had not returned from seeing a girl home by the time we should have been in bed. We felt that he had let the side down. We made a body bulge in his bed, out of spare clothes, after someone sprinkled sugar in it. Then put the lights out early. The latter should have made the staff suspicious, but it didn't. After the staff check I got Cr...'s case, opened the hut door slightly, and balanced the case on top. Shortly afterwards we heard footsteps, the door opened, and there was a crash. It was not Cr... but Mr. Hankinson, standing, silhouetted in the moonlight, with his glasses awry. He went back out and closed the door, without a murmur, before going to the kitchen door which was used by the staff at night. We did not even know he was coming. He had driven up with his wife to stay in the village for a few days and had just dropped in, much as the case had. Nothing was ever said about the episode by the staff but we did not let Cr... off lightly.

On one particularly hot day we decided to climb Skiddaw by the shortest route, i.e. a straight line. We started at the station,

as we could not walk through people's gardens, and then aimed at the summit; taking our shoes off to cross the river and becks. We arrived on the summit ridge via Mill Beck and rushed over it to look for shade. The wind was so cold that we rushed back and sat in the sun.

In contrast, about 6 of us got permission to go up Grisedale Pike at night in order to watch the sunrise from the summit. One of the lads had a new, tiny Optimus? stove which could boil one cup of water at a time, so we left at 1.30 a.m. and took our mugs, some water and coffee. As soon as we got to the top, the stove was lit. Unfortunately, before the first mug was ready, it started raining; so as each coffee was made the mug owner drank it and then started running back down to camp. We never did see the sun all that day!

In the R.A.F., in 1956, I spent 9 months on an Air Radar course at Yatesbury, Wiltshire. During that time, I met about 16 Old Roans, one of whom was Ted (E.J.) Sampson who was an instructor on the Wireless course. I often travelled back to camp with him, from his home in Hither Green, on Sundays. In 1958, having been posted elsewhere, I knew he was taking part in the Commonwealth Games, where he broke the European record for the 440 yards in 46.5 secs. A few days after, with a large rucksack and an enormous saddlebag and two spare

wheels attached to my bike, I cycled the 22 miles to Crewe, having decided to take my bike to Braithwaite. At Penrith I caught the local train and travelled in the guards' van. When we stopped at Braithwaite, the van was not in the platform and I had great difficulty getting my unwieldy luggage down. I cycled rapidly to the East's, explained that an Old Roan was competing soon, and asked to watch their TV. They joined me and about an hour later, after watching Ted's race, I rode the last few yards to camp. Ted won silver in the 4 x 440 yards there, and gold in the European Championships 4 x 400 m. later that summer.

When I married, in 1964, there was no way I was going to waste a holiday, so our honeymoon was spent in the Lakes and my wife became a fell walker. At the end of our first day's walk I took Mary round to the East's to introduce her. It seemed the natural thing to do. When we moved to Keswick in 1994, I had only missed going to the lakes in 2 years since 1950 (but went twice in latter years to make up for it). I told you I was sad. Looking for something to do, in order to put something back into the place, we got onto the newly formed fund raising committee for Keswick Mountain Rescue Team's new base and joined the Mountain Rescue Search Dogs. We train weekly with the local dogs, often on Grisedale Pike, Hobcarton Pike or Cat Bells, and monthly with the whole group,

for a weekend, at venues all around the Lakes. Mary and I sit or lie out on the fells, whatever the weather, hiding to order for periods of up to 6 hours at weekends. I have also been buried in a 'grave' under 5 ft. of snow, for periods of about 3 hours, when doing annual avalanche training in the Cairngorms and been winched by a Sea King helicopter from the crags on Dale Head at about 2,000 ft., after training, to test a new piece of kit, a beacon, for downed R.A.F. air crew. My instructions from the R.A.F. Training Officer were to hide among the crags and only 'expose myself to them' if the beacon did not work. I have bodied about 1,500 times so far and have served on the committee twice recently, the first 'body' to do so; hence the dogsbody of the title.

Fortunately, equipment is somewhat better now than we had for School camps. We used to sleep on the floorboards in a bag made with 2 blankets, a sheet and blanket pins. The staff slept on 'Safari' camp beds (made of a sheet of canvas and metal rods) in their hut, but when I slept in there I dismantled it after the first night and slept on the floor. On the fells we wore old shoes, shorts and a jacket if it was cold or wet. In the wash hut there were galvanised bowls and cold water. In fine weather we sometimes sat in the middle of the beck to wash, as the water was no colder. We used to marvel at how clear the water was. Three years

ago, at a symposium, I found out why. There is concern about what is getting into Bassenthwaite Lake and tests have been made on Coledale Beck. It has been found that minerals leeching out of the now disused Force Crag mine need to be dealt with. (E.g. They can reclaim 11 kgs. of zinc per year). No wonder the water was, and is, so clear; nothing can grow in it!

There were 2 camps each year, at Easter and summer, and which one Years were invited to depended upon exams, etc.. My last camp, in the Upper 6th, cost £6 15 shillings (£6.75) for the 2 weeks, including train fare and a coach trip. By that time I owned a cotton anorak, with a hood, which cost £1 8s. (£1.40). Two of my saddest memories are of boys having to go home because they were ill; John Cramp, with asthma and Chris Watson with German measles. Chris was sleeping next to me at night! Most of the camps I attended were run by Mr. Morey and Mr. Brooks. At 'lights out' on one occasion, the latter had the temerity to say "Goodnight Nobby" to me as he walked past, and, before my brain got into gear, my mouth had said "Goodnight Chunky". I owe so much to the School, and particularly the staff. I am sure that we all said "Thank you" after each camp, but in those days one just did not express feelings; particularly to staff.

Postscript

The Borrowdale Round, pioneered by Mr. Hall and J.P. Watson, was a walk of just over 20 miles (32 km.) over 12 mountains and the total height climbed was over 7,500 ft. (2,300 m.). My group of Crowe, Hutchinson, Lock, Millross and Taylor left camp at 7.25 a.m. and arrived back at 6.55 p.m. having walked for 9 and a quarter hours. It meant catching the first Borrowdale bus out from Keswick and the last one back.

Memories of the Benefit Readings:

Do people remember the 'benefit' readings? During the first two terms a member of staff would do the bible reading in assembly on Wednesday and the same prefect would do the rest of the week, so that we each got a go. After the exams, just before leaving, we each did a reading for just one day and at the end of the assembly Basher would tell everyone what we had got up to in our time at Roan. (Hence the term 'benefit reading'). An excruciating, embarrassing experience. Among other things he described me as "... a mop of hair with a grin underneath". At the end of assembly, I was off of the stage and back in my Form room before anyone else had time to draw a breath. Thanks for all you do for the O. R's, I wish that I could take part.

*Terry (Nobby) Blanchard
1948 - 1955*

LIYSF – 2015 – Matthew Barrett

In July 2015 young scientists from across the world gathered in Imperial College for the prestigious London International Youth Science Forum. I was privileged to be sponsored by the Old Roan Association and The John Roan Foundation to represent John Roan and the English contingent.

Initially, not knowing what to expect I was quite nervous, wondering if I would be totally out of my depth and not able to communicate with anyone. How wrong could I be! After a typical London commute – no one making eye contact let alone speaking to one another – I was greeted by a plethora of friendly staff members (all of which were previous attendees of the LIYSF) who directed me to the college and got me talking to other new arrivals straight away.

When I arrived at the college I was bewildered by the number of people there who had travelled from across the globe and here was I – a local who had literally travelled a few minutes to be there! I was shown to my room in the halls of residence, which was located directly next to the Royal Albert Hall. Before I could even get my key in the door I was greeted and introduced to members of my hallway who immediately made me feel at home.

I quickly got to know the people on my floor, who came from as far away as China and Australia. Everyone spoke perfect English so communicating was not a problem. We all became firm friends and,

as a 'local', I became the resident tour guide for the fortnight. I tried to show my new friends places and events that most tourists would not see. We also were given lots of opportunities to bond through visits and social events organised by LIYSF, including the theatre and a time trail treasure hunt across the local area.

Over the two weeks I attended lectures and demonstrations by eminent scientists not only at Imperial but also at other prestigious research departments at Queen Mary's University and King's College. The most inspiring visit was to the Nuffield Research Centre at Oxford University where we were shown electrical stimuli affecting a brain as well as a brief introduction as to how the brain works. I also got to see cutting edge technology, including trying out glasses that are being developed to help the blind see. Some of the young scientists attending also made presentations, including one 17-year-old from India who was working on a cure for HIV! The forum concluded with a key note lecture by Professor Lord Winston, which brought to an end an amazing two weeks of inspiration, fun and learning.

Having arrived not knowing what I would achieve, I left with not only with a new sense of what I wanted to do with my scientific career but also with a new group of global friends.

Matthew Barrett (2008-15)



Roan Theatre Presentation Of Dad's Army

A Tony Slaney Memorial Production

The Roan Theatre Company presented the legendary adaptation of Dad's Army with all the favourite and much loved characters vividly portrayed. We all remember the phrases which have found a home in our language. Who can forget 'Don't panic!' 'You Stupid Boy' and 'Don't tell him, Pike'? Like all of us, I can remember the 'Dad's Army' episodes in the late sixties and seventies with these wonderful characters - Captain Mainwaring, Private Frazer, Pike, Jones, Walker, dear old Godfrey and others memorably brought to life on TV. I must confess that even now if I want of piece of nostalgia I can always find an episode on the many channels which now inhabit our televisions.

And so it was with some trepidation that I bought my ticket at the Bob Hope Theatre to see the Roan Theatre production by Jimmy Perry & David Croft of 'Dad's Army' - how could this be any better than original? How could the Roan Theatre Company produce anything at least as good as or better than the fondly remembered characters? I was not disappointed - they were all there, brilliantly portrayed by the stalwarts of the Roan Theatre Company. The play takes place in 1940 (with the fear of invasion ever present) and is divided into four episodes 'The Deadly Attachment' and the 'Floral Dance' directed by Trevor Talbot who also played the role of

Captain Mainwaring and the other two episodes 'Mum's Army' and 'The Godiva Affair' directed by Graham Johnson who also played Lance Corporal Jones.

Trevor Talbot was Mainwaring personified - it was a brilliant piece of character acting and Trevor has missed his vocation in life - he carried the play ably assisted by Graham Johnson as Corporal Jones whose dithering, elderly, mishaps were outstandingly acted and of course his loyal platoon. The platoon were all brilliant - they brought the characters to life with all their silliness, stupidity, tomfoolery and bad leadership from Mainwaring. The audience loved the characters and especially the U-boat crew episode which led to typical slapstick comedy with our home front heroes bravely manning the front. Leonard Quaife cleverly played the scary U-boat captain and the officious town Clerk in The Godiva Affair. I can hardly believe it was really like this, but apparently the author Jimmy Perry served in a similar platoon during the war and based 'Dad's Army' on some of the antics of the real life platoon. Like all good situation comedy it's based on some truth and strikes a chord with the audience.

Rob Pearson as Sergeant Wilson was beautifully acted as the polite, other worldly and slightly upper class character who can't quite believe he is here but had better do 'his bit' while avoiding getting

Roan Theatre Presentation Of Dad's Army Cont.

his hands dirty. Private Frazer acted by Alan Walter was a suitably eerie Scot with his woe betide warnings which terrified the platoon. Godfrey played by Richard Rickson was a really excellent portrayal of an old soldier who really shouldn't be left in charge of a gun. Leaving only Pike played by Oliver Wills and Walker played by Stuart Mitchell-Smith who delivered excellent performances as the 'wide boy' Walker and the slightly effeminate Pike who is ruled by his 'mum'. Can anyone tell me how Walker managed to avoid conscription? Or was it another ruse? Ray Stone as the Chief Warden Hodges and Steve Morley as the Verger were both true to their characters and outrageously amusing (if there is such a phrase) and both entertained the audience with aplomb.

The Deadly Attachment was a comical Episode to open the evening and captivated the audience with its mixture of comedy and slapstick. Episode Two 'Mum's Army' and Episode Three likewise were amusing and saw excellent performances from the female contingent of the Roan Company; Francine Gardner, Andrea Gambell, Glynis Watson, Isabel Trafford, Maddy Tunstall, Rosalind Fogden, Jean Wilkins all gave comical performances which delighted the audience. I should not forget Joan O'Donoghue who as well as being an excellent teacher at Roan also gave a debut one-line performance - never mind Joan better luck next time!



Finally 'The Floral Dance' episode encapsulated all that is comical, slapstick and funny about 'Dad's Army' and was beautifully executed and performed by the company. A fitting finale for an enjoyable evening. The Roan Theatre Company is fortunate to have the services of David Horsburgh as musical director, plus taking memorable acting roles as the vicar in the Godiva Affair and The Floral Dance.

The production team led by the excellent Ray Stone should be congratulated for the well-executed set designs with film archive of the Second World War from the Imperial War Museum and British Film institute giving a background to the performances and reminding us of the reality of war.

Jan Farmer

Roan Theatre Company Dad's Army



Pictures from the production

YODO You Only Die Once Review

"YODO" (You only die once) is the first production written, directed and performed by a member of the Roan Theatre Company. Stuart Mitchell-Smith joined us in 2004 as the lead role in "David Copperfield" and, following his successful direction of two futuristic Alan Ayckbourn plays in 2013, has provided the RTC with a full length play. It is a confident and accomplished debut.

After the excitement of our first production at the Bob Hope Theatre ("Dad's Army") in May we were back on home territory at the John Roan Club which provides an agreeable studio space for smaller and more experimental productions. We are fortunate in having the experienced services of Ray Stone as producer and Dave Townsend as set designer.

The play deals with themes that have long interested Stuart including parallel worlds and the after life. He creates an after world that runs alongside and within the real world where the dead can interact and influence events and the living. His main success is in creating an easily recognisable alternative world and he populates both with good characters and clever dialogue. It was fun, thoughtful and imaginative and told a good tale.

Francine Gardner gave us another fine performance as the young media presenter who dies in the first act and spends the rest of the play manipulating the plot from the other side. Three leading actors made their debuts for

the RTC. Frankie Rockett was excellent as the sexist television presenter who is found out and exposed by the band of spirits. Heather Claisse gave a confident, controlled and stylish performance as the experience spirit forever costumed in her WW2 uniform with clipped military diction. Daisy Claisse gave the performance of the evening as the spirit of a young girl who had died as a result of the presenter's actions. Daisy was helped by some good writing – a quiet introduction and a thrilling revelation after the interval – and we look forward to future performances from all three newcomers.

Jack Woolf was busy and energetic as the technical manager in the real world. A trio of RTC veterans completed the cast with Stuart playing the programme producer, Glynis Watson supervising the band of spirits as the wise old head and Richard Rickson shamelessly stealing the show – not to mention the red knickers – as the Hooded Man.

Congratulations to Stuart and this fine cast and crew for such an enjoyable evening.

Our next production will be "Great Expectations" at the Bob Hope Theatre from May 25-28, 2016.

David Horsburgh

Roan Theatre Company YODO



Photos by kind permission of A View for a Room Photography

News of the Old Roan Girls

ANN BRENGELMAN 1969 to 1970 attended Roan as a first former visiting from California and describes herself as a red haired yank. She is now Ann Gray and has great memories of Ms Vincent who was thought of as a bit nutty but a great teacher, Ms Barber and Ms Gatwick (Scatty Gatty). She visited Greenwich at the time the School was being converted to apartments and cried the whole day. She has made contact with ANN BROOKS and would to track down her 'bestie' JULIE SECKER if anyone has any idea where she is.

ANN BROOKS 1969 to 1974 nee HAZELTON remembers DENISE BARNSTAPLE whose cousin Ann she believed worked as a chef on the QE2. She is still in touch with VALERIE HOBBS now Mrs Stevens from whom she gets all the news of children Michael Miriam, and David all of whom went to Roan and are fine and dandy. Ann would love to hear from anyone who remembers her.

DENISE YARWOOD also 1969 to 1974 nee BARNSTAPLE has discovered the website and is delighted to know that Roan is still an active and vibrant institution. She would love to hear from any former girls or faculty from that time.

SHEILA CLEARY left Roan Girls over thirty seven years ago and her summary of elements of her life journey is unedited!

I loved Miss Vincent. She was a scream. The only teacher who could handle me. I remember going to Switzerland on a School trip and being up to real scandal. I think they were glad to see the back of me although they never had the heart to actually expel me. I recall Mrs Scott telling me I was the sort of girl who beats up old women and leaves them to die! This was after I punched Vijay, a brilliant very Ghandi groove Indian girl who was brilliant at maths. If you're reading this Vijay I would like to ask you to forgive me for thumping you. Glad to inform you that I now teach Art and English in France. Spent six weeks in an orphanage in Lebanon this year with pupils who had been thrown out of every school. The boys would discuss weapons and run riot.

At Roan I loved the beautiful library and it gave me a love of books (spent a lot of time there after being thrown out of class). No doubt some of my old class would remember me. After being the school yob I have transformed into classic, cultured sophistication far from the 'psycho granny killer' label stuck on me by the headmistress. But the rebel spirit lives on and I have redirected it into martial arts (Wing Chun, Kung Fu and Aikido). My old Grandmaster Austin Goh recently wrote his biography (My Journey) that has a chapter on me and says that I was the first woman to be taught outside of China.

KIM TAYLOR 1979 to 1984 also remembers the sad day when the School doors closed for good. She also has the final photo taken outside of the School steps of the few remaining girls. She remembers CAROLINE VANSVERRY.

CAROLINE VANSVERRRY also 1979 to 1974 was in the last intake for separate boys/girls schools before amalgamation into the junior and senior sections in Maze Hill and Westcombe Park. She remembers the last School photo taken on the front steps of the School when there were only approximately sixty five girls left in that grand old building.

MEENA PARKASH thinks she left just before the School turned into a sixth form and remembers Grant, Manoj and Mr Turner a maths teacher. She also remembers Caroline Vansverry and wonders if Caroline remembers her or either of her two sisters.

SUZANNE KENELLY 1958 to 1966 would love to hear from Roan girls of that time. Names that spring to mind are Margaret, Marion, Pat, Liz, Gillian, Pam, Rebecca, and Mary.

CAROL MANNING 1979 to 1984 would like to get in touch with any of the last Roan Girls who attended Devonshire Drive before it finally closed its doors.

JACKY MYERS cannot quite believe the

association is still going strong. What an achievement! She states.

JAN PRICE now Hill 1958 to 1963 would love to hear from former Devonshire Drive pupils.

JANICE COLEMAN 1960 to 1967 would like to make contact with others of those years. She was head girl in her final year.

CHRIS EVANS asks if anyone knows the whereabouts of Sarah Garstang, Jane Rice and Jean Mathews.

SAMMY FAIRBANKS was at Roan Girls until 1982 and is now living in Perth, Western Australia but still misses the English Christmas. She remembers a Katherine Vansverry but not a Caroline Vansverry. Her teachers were Dr Dolby for Physics, Miss Riddle for Biology, Miss Collins French, Miss O'Dell for Music, Mr Williams for Maths, Miss Styles for Religious Education, Mrs Hall PE she thinks Miss Goring for Geography (mainly Mount Kilimanjaro), Mrs Sutton and Miss Canavan-Jones aka Mrs Miles-Brown. She is sure she would have thought of a few others as soon as she signed off!

TONI THOMSON 1949 to 1954 left in form 5L when her parents moved to the Midlands. She is still in touch with Diane Macdougall, but hasn't seen anyone else

since going back to the School to receive a 5th form prize, so it would be fantastic if anyone was able to get in touch. Toni remembers Hazel Poore, Maureen Page, Beryl Rainbow, Glennis Heard, Jean Hunter, Jill Brown, Pauline Lee, Avril Davies, Barbara Rook, Tich Beaver, Joyce Leng, Margaret Simpson, Jean Chadwick, and Brenda Knowles - she could go on! She now lives in Brighton.

PAM LINZELL now Shemmings was at the Roan Girls in Ammanford from 1942 until the end of hostilities and then Greenwich until 1947. She sends regards to all and wonders if anyone is in touch with former classmates Connie Jones, Betty Chipchase or Claire Evans.

BRENDA BLACK 1959 to 1964 says hello to anyone who remembers her. She loved walking from Devonshire drive to Founder's Day to see what the talent was like from the boy's school! She still remembers the school phone number - Tideway 1066. Proud to have been a Roan Girl she still watches the splendour that is Greenwich Park while the BBC covers the London Marathon.

HEATHER PEYNADO recalls five wonderful years at Roan finishing in 1978. Now residing in the USA she would love to hear from PEARL OLSEN or JANE WATTS. Heather adds:

'Roan and Greenwich will forever remain a part of my soul! I can say after

over thirty years that being a Roan Girl has contributed greatly to the enrichment of my life having lived outside of the UK for the majority of those years! Time and again the mere whisper of a memory, inflamed by some little spark around, me brings me back to our Christian assembly morning after morning; Founders Day Services at St. Alf's; competent teachers of sound character; hockey in winter, lest I became too soft - constantly reminding me that being a good sport was far superior to winning! When it came to 'A' levels - studying in the Sixth Form Garden during the Spring was somewhat ethereal - lest I became insensitive - are mere whiffs of the tapestry woven at Roan Girls School'. "Hello people" will have special significance to those graduates of 1978. So Hello Y'all from Florida, USA. Viva Greenwich! Viva Roan!

MAGGIE LANCASTER 1964 to 1967 has fond memories of her time at Roan girls and wonders whether any from that era are still in touch. She asks have they gone to ground or do they lead such busy lives there is not enough time in the day?

Much of what follows has been taken from the Guest Book message facility on the Association web site, indeed we have gone back many years to extract some of this information. Should you notice something attributed to you which you cannot recollect submitting this is a likely explanation. The Guest Book allows exchanges of messages to be posted on it but does not reveal, for Data Protection reasons, email addresses unless they are given in the body of the message. It is also likely that a number of these messages come from non-members of the Association who we have no means of contacting.

In the future we will advise those in the same year and anyone specifically mentioned of individuals seeking to renew contact. It will then be up to them to proceed if they wish to do so.

It is essential that for this to work well we need to have an up to date database for members. So PLEASE WILL YOU ALL MAKE SURE THAT YOU HAVE PROVIDED US WITH UP TO DATE DETAILS.

You can advise any member of the Secretariat whose addresses appear earlier in this Magazine.

If you did not receive an email in February regarding this Magazine then it is likely that we do not have an up to date email address for you.

Clearly much of the following discourse could be entitled Does Anyone Remember Me?

ANDY PAGE has recently retired and reports that he was drawn to Cross Country running at School and is still at it forty years later albeit a bit more slowly. His brother JERRY 1970 to 1977 was more interested in music, became head boy, but has also now taken up running. They thank Nigel Ballantyne for stirring an interest in this and both now live near Bedford. Andy has a sentimental trip to Braithwaite in mind and plans to relocate to North Yorkshire.

IAN BROWN 1951 to 1959 retired in January after fifty three years teaching maths to undergraduates, the last twenty of them at Regents University. He thanks Mr Morey for starting an interest and enjoyment in maths and sends greetings to RON CLATWORTHY.

MICHAEL SMITH 1973 to 1980 sends warm greetings from eternally blessed Cancun on Mexico's Caribbean Sea and invites anyone visiting that part of the world to drop him a line should you want to meet up or see some of the off beat parts of that beautiful paradise. Alternatively stop by at the little bit of Britain that is the Great British Tea Room, Cancun. Email cuppateacancun@gmail.com. Having hung up his corporate finance boots he is semi-retired and particularly thanks Derek Evans for inspiring him to be the very best at Spanish, a talent that has certainly paid off over the years. He will always be grateful to a wonderful teacher and the very best Scoutmaster you could wish for. Saludos y un abrazo.

FRITZ HENNING is another who prefers to avoid the British winter and

reports he is snug and warm for a few months in Penang.

RON PARKER has been living in Spain for many years and was visited in February last year by JOHN HUNTLEY who reports that although now well into his eighties and not very mobile Ron maintains all his marbles and his impish sense of humour. John remembers Ron as a pretty useful first team swing bowler great value in the bar and on tour. With Graham Chambers in the same team there was never a dull moment.

ALBERT BERRY 1945 to 1950 remembers enjoying the study and companionship offered by the School and being middle of the road academically. He also remembers his first trip to Braithwaite which gave him an enduring affection for the Lake District to which he returned many times. He now lives in Perth, Western Australia, a sunny city although occasionally too hot for him. The degree he obtained from the Open University in Milton Keynes proved to be a great help in his work in Australia. Overall he feels the Roan School was good for him.

TONY HOWITT 1958 to 1965 has recently retired, just rediscovered the website, and has seen the photo of his old mate Brian Hamer which brought back fond memories of Christmas at Brian's parents' house and visits to the pub across the road. Tony now lives in Derby, an excellent place for good Real Ale pubs, so a visit has been arranged on March 22nd. As well as Brian, Monty Smith, Barry Pike, Bernard Hampton and Alastair Mitchell will be going and as

well as Tony we will be linking up with Fred Cook, Brian Goddard and John Girdwood who all live in the Midlands.

JIM BIRD has made a rare trip south to see friends and family and a get together was arranged for Friday 4th March in the Daylight Inn, Petts Wood. As well as the Southerners from the Derby trip Mike Titheridge, Brian Matthews, Ian Clatworthy, Keith Waterton, Dave Andrews, Trevor Puddifoot, Mike Callaghan and some non-Old Roans attended. Jim said he had a wonderful day a sentiment echoed by the rest of us.

DEREK CARTER 1945 to 1952 was visiting North Carolina in March 2014 and hoped to combine this with a visit to IAN L SMITH 1946 to 1953? who contributed to this magazine some time ago. Unfortunately Ian was in poor health so this was not possible. A week or so later it was back to his home on the shores of Georgian Bay, Ontario and the remnants of a brutal Canadian winter. It turned out to be the first winter in twenty years that lakes Superior, Ontario and Huron had frozen over completely while strangely lakes Michigan and Erie had little ice coverage. That's global warming maybe! Derek is a regular correspondent and we wonder whether he would like to expand this into an article for a future Magazine. He adds 'Roan forever! - the best days of my young life'.

TONY RUBIN 1967 to 1972 remembers playing football for the Old Boys 3rd Eleven downwards as a seventeen year old along with STEVE MARDLE and KEVIN HUTCHINGS. For the last two years he has been a question writer

for both University Challenge and Only Connect on BBC2 his name often appearing in the credits. I suppose many of us set ourselves a weekly challenge to answer say fifteen questions from the former programme.

PETER WALKER was at Roan from 1945 to 1952 when he left for Imperial College, London. He worked for Dupont for thirty five years, retired in 1995, and now lives in Hockenden, Devon. He has lost touch with all class members apart from Rev. KEITH POUND and ROY JACOBS.

GARY BARWELL like many of us fortunate souls has been awarded the Order of the Early Bath accompanied by a large wad in something similar to the large brown envelope of yesteryear! Also like many of us a chunk of the contents was spent on a celebratory Caribbean cruise.

Following over thirty six years service in law enforcement with HM Customs and Excise, HMRC, SOCA The Serious Organised Crimes Agency and latterly with the National Crime Agency he is now a self-employed part time mental health advocate. A member of a couple of social clubs he would love to join other Old Roans in similar activities to include a beer or two of course. Remembering the ORA dinner dances where he showed his classy dance moves along with close friends STUART CLAY and MARTIN MUSCAT perhaps he will take this to another level and appear on our TV screens?

DEGS BELDHAM remembered by

some as Ernie. His son has been in touch with an admission that he once borrowed his father's old school scarf and promptly lost it. He was hoping to replace it as a surprise birthday present for his dad but we were unable to help him as we have no idea where one might be found. We still have a small stock of Association ties.

TERRY MULLARD 1952 to 1958 remembers the CLATWORTHY brothers and was probably in the same form as RON who went on to become School Captain. Terry will try to produce something for a future magazine.

The younger brother IAN is vividly remembered by KEITH PULLEN 1968 to 1975 from a couple of seasons of Sunday third eleven cricket under the captaincy of MIKE CALLAGHAN widely known as MCC. In particular Keith remembers an umpiring stint where a particularly loud and obnoxious opposition bowler managed to persuade him to trigger Ian lbw, a decision he has regretted all these years. However, Ian thanks him for it as having already passed his half century he was knackered on a hot day and desperate for a beer or several. Those Sundays are worth an article in their own right, not for the faint hearted or sober.

Keith reports the recent death of his mother EDNA DOROTHY PULLEN nee Jenkins, a Roan girl probably between 1938 and 1943, and the widow of ALEC PULLEN 1937 to 1944(ish). Edna was evacuated alongside her late sister MURIEL (BRENDA) NUTTALL also a Roan girl who unusually never attended the physical School buildings being an evacuee throughout this period of her

education. He is in regular contact with his Brother IAN and hopes to reconnect with old school friend STEVE EDLEY. Keith has also seen Old Roans LEE WELLBROOK, NICK BIDGOOD and ARTHUR SMITH at venues local to him.

ROGER TANNER 1962 to 1968 asks if anyone is out there and remembers him. This is partly in response to a message from ALASTAIR RHODES sending Christmas greetings and mentioning the really good old days.

PAUL WILSON 1968 to 1974 is now the President of Brockleians Rugby Club, just down the road from us, where he can be found most Saturdays and invites anyone to pop in and he'll buy a pint or three! He remembers 'Bill' Garstang known as 'Wally' to a previous era and the remarkable Dr A J Taylor.

COLIN BENTLEY 1953 to 1958 has been living in New Zealand for the last forty years and is still trying to decide if he likes it out there. He recollects success in Cross Country and Basketball and like many others remembers with particular affection Bill Ellis and Alf Knott. He has eight half yearly magazines from his time at Roan which anyone is welcome to borrow and wonders if any of his old mates are 'still out there'.

JOHN HUBBARD started in 1975 and remembers Mr Hoare the French teacher who gave him the nickname Francois possibly because John was born in France. He kept in touch with SIMON MILLS, JIMMY CAMERON, and SIMON CUFFE for a while in 'certainly the best times of a life time'. He is now based in

Bournemouth.

PETER CROCKWELL left Roan in 1963 and went on to Imperial College, London. He began work in the Midlands for BSA, then Su Carburetors and finally with Land Rover from 1979 until retirement. He says hello to friends from the past and remembers finishing with TERRY BARRY in the annual sixth form cross country race.

DAVID CROCKWELL, brother of the above, thanks JOHN MARKS 1959 to 1967 for his message and also CHRIS COVE and JOHN MALPAS and would love to stay in touch with other old buddies such as ALAN BROWN, JOHN PAGE, GRAHAM GREENE, PETER OLIVER, ALAN SIMMONS, RON SECKER, JIMMY KNELL etc. David remembers it all like yesterday, remarks that although suffering from Multiple Sclerosis for his sins most of his bits still work, is retired, and now lives in Somerset. John Marks describes himself as having been the tall spotty nuisance and now lives in Cambodia but returns to the UK regularly.

JOHN MALPAS also found it incredible to see those names from the past and would love to make contact with old friends and colleagues. He has been roaming the world for the past forty years and now finds himself in Hong Kong. Reminds us he was the tall gangly guy into basketball.

GARY PENDERGAST, one of a family who went to Roan, has retired to Revelstoke, British Columbia, Canada, after thirty years as a teacher and

Headteacher. Very much enjoying his new life he returns to the UK a couple of times a year to see his five granddaughters. He sends best wishes to anyone who remembers him and remarks that 1963 to 1970 was a great time to be at the Roan school.

PETER BAILEY. 1944 to 1949 wonders if there may be some oldsters who remember him with the nickname of 'Gollywog' and asks that any left about out there contact him at g3pjb@milnet.uk.net. He has spent twenty five years in the motor trade followed by twenty years with British Rail keeping the signals displaying the correct colour! He thanks the School for what it taught him, although not fully appreciating it at the time. The flying bombs and rockets that prevented him from fully attending to his homework in Greenwich Park at lunchtime are a lasting memory. He now lives in Swanley, in Kent.

DENNIS WARLUM also remembers the war years, bomb damage to the School leading to a whole day off, and evacuation to South Wales. A female art teacher gave him a love of painting and drawing which he later pursued to Paris and elsewhere and still enjoys. Leaving Roan in 1947 he became an electrical engineer, emigrated to Australia, is a naturalised citizen and has lived there for nearly fifty five years.

BOB GOWLETT 1959 to 1966 advised of the death in January 2011 of a very good friend of his PAUL CLEMENTS which some of us knew about but may not have been reported in the magazine. Paul was at Roan from 1957 until 1962 when his family moved to Leicestershire. He was

an exceptionally talented sportsman who played football for England at amateur level in the 1970's and professionally for Wigan Athletic. His brother TIM also attended Roan. Bob kindly arranged to send flowers on behalf of all those who remembered Paul at School.

Many of us also knew of the death of DAVE LEE 1963 to 1970 in December 2011. COLIN WESBROOM after a gap of almost thirty years met Dave in September 2009 and reminds us that as well as being a talented sportsman he was a great bloke. Dave attended the fiftieth anniversary celebrations of the Old Roan Club in 2006 but as he spent much of his working life in the Middle East opportunities to meet up with Old Roans in the UK were rare.

LAWRENCE BOWEN also attended Maze Hill during the war years and remembers Mr Poyser, Miss Sewall and Mr Gilbert as head but the only classmate he can recall is ANTHONY KING. He left for South Africa on the cessation of hostilities and gained a Certificate of education there.

Dr JOHN RAWSTRON 1946 TO 1948 became School Vice Captain remembers Alf Knott persuading him to play Rugby for his team Park House and singing with Alf's sister Audrey May. John also recalls Mr Gilbert and Mr Witten and thinks Mr KIRBY may have come back to teach Latin. He comments 'How lovely it is to know that there is an Old Roan Association'

MIKE WALPOLE retired to the West of Ireland after thirty years service in the Metropolitan Police, is married with a stepson, and is also caring for two horses, a donkey, a dog and a cat. The Social Secretary of the Association for many years he is an irregular visitor to the UK but misses Charlton Athletic FC, Real Ale and the Old Boys Club.

PAUL DEXTER and GRANT PIZZEY 1976 to 1981 remember School and Old Boys football, MARTIN WILSON and ANDY DANIELS in goal.

ANDY WREN 1976 to 1983 sends greetings from Ezo, West Equatoria, South Sudan a part of the world from which he has contacted us in the past. There is a Bangladesh peacekeeper presence in the area so there is a source to play a form of competitive cricket. He is pleased to see that MARK SQUIRE is back in touch and hopes that Orpington CC have not been able to find him. Andy seems to be engaged in an unusual line of work in areas most of us are unfamiliar with. An article for a future Magazine when he has time would be most welcome.

ROY WILLIS 1974 to 1981 remembers LES DE HOOG and IAN DANIELS and more specifically the school band playing Glenn Miller, Hollywood Musicals and the James Bond themes. Perhaps a forlorn hope but he enquires if anyone knows what happened to the sheet music. CHRIS COVE 1959 to 1963 is retired and living in Brighton and is still in touch with DENNIS MORSON.

BOB BURTON, RAY STONE, DAVID CLIFTON, TERRY MARSHGREEN, COLIN and IAN MILNE all from the 1957 to 1965 era are back in touch with each other. RICHARD THORPE became Ian's bridge partner who he seems to remember was interested in sailing along with his elder brother COLIN.

PAUL LACEY was only at the school from 1964 to 1967 when his family moved to South Africa but reminiscing forty six years on just happened to be talking about school house names, he was in Rodney. He remembers a few names but doesn't suppose he would recognise many faces.

STUART PLUNKETT 1964 to 1971 remembers being a member of the team which won the English Schools Senior Football Cup in 1971 specifically team mates Glenn Aitken, John Huttley and Jim Russon. He spent many happy years at the Club and as well as playing Football and Cricket for the Old Boys he can still, surprisingly perhaps, recall some of the Committee members.

NIGEL TAYLOR 1962 to 1970 feels he has long since lost touch with everybody and asks that if there are any of that year out there they drop him a line. He maintains very infrequent contact with BOB COOMBER and recently discovered CLIVE 'FRED' FUHR in New Zealand and ALI RHODES in Australia.

BARRY CHENERY 1951 to 1959 is still in touch with BILL WHITE and wonders if any of his contemporaries are around and remember him. He has scanned a school photo but cannot find his 'ugly mug'.

ROGER NIGHTINGALE 1950 to 1957 would like to correspond with anyone that attended the school when he did. He is a Canadian citizen having lived there from 1974 to 1988 but now lives in New Zealand.

NICK WELLS GASTON 1970 to 1976 remembers particularly his form master Terry Hall a great bloke who really took time with pupils and organised trips to the Greenwich Theatre and Sunday rambles. He would love to hear from anyone still in touch with Terry as well as from any of his former classmates.

GEOFF SANDERS 1961 to 1968 has spent twenty two years in the Army and since then has worked in the NHS. He is looking for IAN NICHOL, PETER COATES, WILLIAM (BILL) GOAD, BRIAN GODDARD, FRANK? GOSLING, STEVE RIDFR, and CHARLES SMITH. (some well known members there) and wonders if anyone else recollects Alf Knott's "Brawny British Builders" presumably from a theatrical production!

GEOFF BENNETT 1971 to 1977 following spells in the Army and living abroad lost touch. He asks anyone who knows him to make contact especially his old friend Nick Kay.

DAVID BALLARD 1974 to 1980 like many of us has always been proud of having attended Roan and of having made it to a Grammar school from a working class background. He looks forward to the possibility of catching up with former school chums.

MARK GOULD 1982 to 1987 asks if anyone from those years is in touch.

ROBERT V TAYLOR 1951 to 1957 has vivid memories of his School days and keeps in touch with COLIN CALEGARI. His elder brother MIKE was at Roan four years before him and his younger brother GEOFF three years after. Mike was in the same year as GAVIN REID who became Bishop of Maidstone and met Robert during a visit to his home village. Robert remembers several trips to Braithwaite and still has his Braithwaite badge. His best friend at school, ALAN BELL went on to become a TV producer heavily involved in programmes such as 'The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy' and 'Last of the Summer Wine'. They lost touch after Robert's wedding to a girl from Eltham Hill Grammar which remains a single sex school.

BRIAN CLARE 1945 to 1951 began with Mrs Croucher as form mistress. In 1946 he made his first trip to Braithwaite with Kenneth Binnie at an all-inclusive cost of £4.00 and recollects sleeping on the floor and being split into groups of six for the various chores. Of the many things he is thankful to the School for Braithwaite stands out. He returned there with his two daughters in 1976 and has returned at least once every year since then now with his granddaughters.

CHRIS WHITE 1971 to 1978 and his older brothers COLIN, ALAN, DICK and DAVE all went to the school and asks anyone who would like to get in touch with any of them to contact him. He would love to see some of his old pals, maybe at the Club, but working abroad at the moment makes that difficult. Dr Taylor and Alfie Knott were at the helm and Chris was in the squad which won the English Senior Schools Cup at Stoke City's old ground. He has lost all his medals and memorabilia so if anyone has any spares!!

TONY FRY 1968 to 1975 now lives in Southampton and remains in touch with several old friends. He is still trying to act with the Southampton Operatic Society of which Terry Hall was apparently a member pre Roan. He thinks this should please Trevor Talbot. Having obtained a BSc from the Open University he was seeking to upgrade this to a BSc Hons Psychology. For some time he worked for John Denham MP is married with a young son and would welcome anyone getting in touch at Anthony.lehrle.fry@ntlworld.com.

Other names that have come to light are NEAL PATTENDEN 1971 to 1977, DON PLIMMER 1949 to 1954, MALCOLM SIMMONDS 1966 to 1970, ANDY MURPHY 1972 to 1979 who mentions BOB HEARNDEN, MIKE TAYLOR started 1947, NICHOLAS BRANNON, RUSS JACKSON, ROB POOLE, BARRY GARWOOD, TRACEY THOMPSON, JOAN M KENWORTHY, AND SIMON MOFFAT.

If any of you have recollections of ROBERT SYDNEY TILL 1912 to 1982 who it is believed attended Roan in the early twenties or TERESA COLLINS who attended from 1965 to 1976 please let a member of the Secretariat know as family members are seeking information on their early lives.

And finally we were contacted by someone who had bought an old piece of furniture to say that he had found in the back of a drawer a Roan School report, upper fourth form, for A S WRIGHT dated Christmas 1905. This has kindly been forwarded to us but the name does not appear on our records. This is a really long shot but are you a descendant or do you know of anyone who might be? We have undertaken to provide our correspondent with any information we are able to dig up.

Further News and Enquiries from Old Roans

The following are extracts from emails I was copied into: if anyone has information regarding the persons mentioned please email me at janfarmer27@gmail.com and we will put information on the ORA website.

I spent this afternoon with Les & Chantal Wybourn and Martin Pink and they asked me to send their best regards to you all.

Martin Pink told me that he was in the prep year at Roan when he was 10 so you probably knew him well at that time. Martin also mentioned that someone named Alan Penney had contacted him on some high-flyers' on-line chat room – could that have been you, Alan, our own cuddly AP?

Les is well and amazingly upbeat, despite suffering three strokes in recent years. He and Chantal are staying in sunny Catford until the end of September, then back to sunnier Lyon.

Martin didn't receive this year's Roan Magazine. He lives in Germany but has received previous years' issues. It may be because there was a postal strike in Germany at the time. Anyway, I said I'd scan the magazine and send him any items containing any news of scandal, murder, incest, etc. among the 1946 intake. Offhand, I can't remember too much in those categories.

We talked about Dave Picton. Does anyone have an address for him?

Ted Brading

I know that Phil Abel went into his father's 'Lorry' business, I also remember someone saying Derek Kiernan had passed away.

John Searles also died some years ago. I came across Derek Colnet (fast bowler at cricket) on the Bowling Green, he lives in Chislehurst.

Just returned from Burwash where I played snooker with Dennis (Roy) Wiltshire, look forward to seeing Ken Quinn and John Hazell at the Old Roan re-union Dinner at the school Pavilion.

David Picton lives in Essex, John A'Court in Devon

Colin Snell I worked with in the 'Drawing Office' at GEC Avionics, Rochester.

Alan Penney

Phil Abel and Brian Stockwell I remember well. I went camping with Phil and often cycled with Brian (with Catford CC). Where are they all??? I know that Ron Noakes stayed in touch with Derek Kiernan for a few years after we all departed.

Ted Brading

Further News and Enquires from Old Roans Cont.

I was in the prep class in 1945 and remember Martin, in fact 8 of the 'B' class came out of the prep class into the main school in 1946.

(they were G Matthews, J A'Court, P Franks, D Kiernan, P Abel, B Stockwell, B Baldwin and myself)

C Clancey, D Oakley and G Meekums were some in the 1945 prep class that joined Martin in the 'A' class.

Glad to hear that some 80 year olds are still keening well, and keeping in touch with each other.

John Hazell

Interesting email, however my 80 year old brain can only remember Alan Penney, John Hazell, Ken Quinn and Dave Picton. I was at Roan from 1946 to 1952

Alan Penney did organize a great small reunion for me, John, Ken plus my wife and I as we passed thru' Gatwick about 5 years ago at the "Bell" ! We have lived in Canada for the last 57 years

*Brian Maunder
Vancouver*



Re-Union Old Roans 1947-51

Further News from David Bryden

Just a few words about my ongoing French life if you want to add it to News of Old Roans

Having left Roan Grammar School in 1961, 'retired' in 2000, moved to France when 60 and then gone back to teaching by commuting to London every week during the 'noughties' I thought I had retired again in 2010. But no! I was invited to join a local FE college only 15km from my home in Wambercourt and, since then, I am engaged to teach, supervise, comment on and adjudicate the English language work of 25 - 30 undergraduates each year. I have also become an assessor for the English language part of the baccalauréat.

Apart from this, although my French pop band Salut is no more, I participate in a local singing group and was elected a conseiller municipal (village councillor) 2 years ago where I assist in local elections, join the discussions on what we can do to improve the village and generally play an active part in the life of our 'petit village fleurie'. Just about now, in Spring I need to think about tackling the large garden now with its long grass and overhanging trees and, as my French compatriot Des Grimble in Ain will tell you, get rid of dozens of moles and the damage they cause!

In December we had our 26th Christmas lunch for those of us mostly in the 70

plus bracket and as usual it was held at the Café Rouge in Greenwich. John Bruce does the organising and among the select group were John Hester, Dave Bryan, Graham Johnson, and Simon Perry. Des came over from France, Adrian Buckle made in across the Thames, John Dennis, Chris Hall and Mike Callaghan were there too as was doyen Richard Humphrey (1951-1958). We would welcome any others to our gathering in 2016 especially if your life was affected positively having known Alf Knott - the original reason for our get-togethers, in his company all those years ago.

Like Pete Thompson in Spain, Des and I are obviously concerned about the EU referendum; the sense of unknown, should UK have foolishly decided to leave the EU. Now as French residents of long standing our entitlements may not be affected but our UK pensions may well be. Still life over here has so many other benefits (as I have written about before) that all in all, non je ne regrette rien!

David A Bryden

Obituaries

Ann Fahey (Nee Nash) 1934 -2015

It was with great sadness that we learnt of the death of Mrs Fahey in February this year. Mrs Fahey - or Miss Nash as most of us knew her - joined the Girls School in 1957 after graduating from Queen Mary College in 1956.

She taught History at the School until 1966 at which time she left to start her family. She had the ability to make History an exciting and enjoyable subject. She was also much admired by her pupils for her beautifully manicured nails and her very high heels!

Although she did not return to teaching Ann marked History exam papers for a number of educational organisations. She was also a governor at her local school and was an active member in the local community. She also enjoyed many holidays abroad with family and friends.

In recent years a number of former pupils had met up with her for lunch where we enjoyed her company as friends rather than teacher and pupils.



Despite suffering from a form of non Hodgkins Lymphoma for a number of years and, in the latter months of her life broken bones due to a fall from her loft ladder Ann always maintained a cheerful and positive attitude to life. She is, and will be, greatly missed by all who knew her.

Cynthia Loveday Ryan MBE (Nee Fisher) 1922-2014



Dates at school: '35-40

Died on 11th April 2014 in the United States aged 92

Cynthia's daughter tells us how proud she was to be a Roan Girl and she certainly went on to have a very rewarding and notable life in the States.

In 1984 Cynthia was awarded the MBE for services to the British community in Houston. She received many awards for medical papers on cancer patients and research.

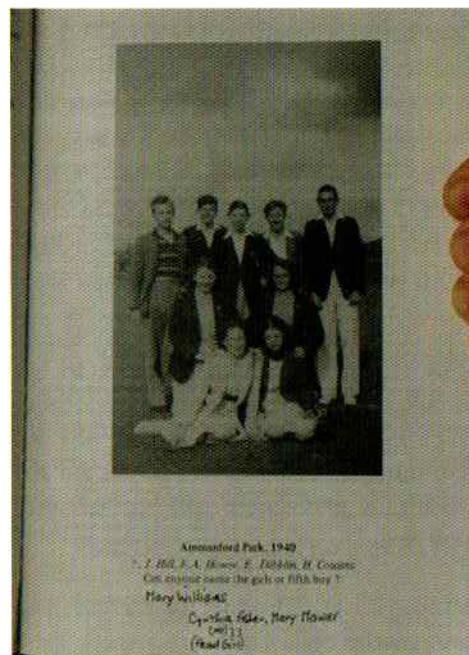
In the July 1985 magazine there was a picture printed asking if anyone could name the Girls and the 5th boy. Cynthia managed to help with this and she was in fact one of the Girls in the front row dressed in white.

Her daughter sent other pictures of her mother, one of which was in her uniform. If anyone would like to know more about Cynthia Loveday Ryan we can put you

Obituaries

in touch with her daughter via Hilary Haslam

Hilary Haslam



Christopher John Hamer 1947-2013

John, as he was more usually known, was a Derbyshire lad who was at Roan from 1958 to 1965 and although on the science side of the room his great love was Geography in all its myriad forms. After leaving Roan he returned northwards to Sheffield University obtained his degree in Geography and went on to become a senior town and country planning officer in various areas before settling in Carlisle.

This was an ideal location as the great leisure love of his life was climbing and mountaineering. From this base he climbed all the Munros in Scotland and of course the Lake District peaks some of

Obituaries

Colin Trew

them many times and in all seasons of the year often with his wife Betty and various trusty family dogs. His range extended greatly beyond this and exchanges of Christmas cards would show John at the summit, often above 20,000ft, of a peak somewhere in the world whereas ours showed a portly red clad figure or similar. Tragically he died in a fall while climbing the Cullins on the Isle of Skye when very poor weather conditions unexpectedly set in.

There was a huge attendance at his funeral at Carlisle Crematorium, perhaps two hundred people, and the service showed what a contribution he had made to his local community. He organised and led walking, climbing and cycling trips for people of all ages and abilities throughout his local area. In his professional life he was clearly held in the highest regard not just by those he worked with but by those seeking various permissions and a few instances were recounted of his skill at finding solutions acceptable to all.

About eighteen months earlier John made a rare trip South and a large group of the 58 to 65ers were able to meet him for a very pleasant afternoon, which led on into the evening, in the Park Tavern in Eltham. Plans were made for another gathering but-----

Monty Smith and Bernie Hampton

It is ironical that Colin Trew died in May last year not very long after John Williams. Both played cricket and football for the O.R. and often shared holidays together in their bachelor days including the notorious Old Colfeian Easter football tours.

Veronica and I attended his funeral in Basingstoke and we were glad to be able to represent a period of his life which the other mourners had not all shared.

Colin attended the School in the 50s and was a particularly successful athlete as a sprinter which his later well insulated frame might belie but the Old Roan Archive does show him in the School Athletics Team like a lithe greyhound. He was also a fine league table tennis player. However, those that played cricket and football with him would agree that his great worth as a team player was based on solid effort and a high level of application and concentration to justify his automatic place. I recall Brian Endersbee during those trivial après cricket match discussions applying the qualities of alcoholic drinks to members of our side. Graham Chambers was, inevitably, a sparkling champagne; John Williams a vintage wine but Colin was exemplified as a full bodied rustic stout.

Without the innate ability of some, Colin made himself into an obdurate, competitive opening bat and with Peter

Williams they could blunt opening attacks and give a solid start on which the later stroke makers could capitalise. He had the gift, which many with more talent do not, of playing within his own limits. He was a competent fielder in most positions.

Colin had strong views on the game and the perils of life in general and was easily wound up in the changing room or anywhere by the more mischievous of us. His loudly conveyed diatribes were always very funny and usually began with. "I'm not kidding you boy but!"

I recall going on tour in about 1960 in his first car, a 1947 Austin10, It got us around but the ineffective brakes and other shortcomings prompted enough invective to make a docker blush.

At the funeral the tributes spoke of this mild-mannered, easy going individual and I mused as to whether I was at the right funeral. I also wondered if they had ever shared a cricket or football dressing room with him.

With characteristic tenacity Colin played football the same way as his cricket and was a very effective wing half or whatever the term is now. He was an inspiring skipper and playing under his leadership was no place for prima donnas or those not able to put in the effort that he did. Lack of effort provoked some of his withering advice.

I knew Colin worked in the Insurance Industry but some of the contributors from the Insurance world recounted just how influential he was and internationally known and recognised as a leading figure

in the global insurance market.

He was a great social character, and a very useful player, and administrative contributor to the O.R. Sports Clubs his passing deprives us of another whose presence in the 1950s/60s. Makes my contemporaries reflect on that era as a golden age.

Innings	Highest score	Runs	
382	109	6865	
Avge.	100's	50's	Catches
20.2	2	28	115

John Huntley

Colin Reginald Bull 1948 to 1955

Colin who died on 26 November 2015 was the eldest of four brothers and is described by Roan contemporaries as 'one of my heroes' and 'the brightest spark in our year'. They also particularly remember that he lived above Ladywell Fire Station and that his father, who had been a firefighter during the War and subsequently became one in civilian life, would occasionally let them slide down the pole into the station itself.

Colin was clearly multi-talented and from a very early age, possibly because for a time he lived near Hanwell, later to become Heathrow, was fascinated by aviation. Most unusually he became an RAF pilot while doing his National Service and subsequently considered joining the RAF but was told by the Headmaster that he was far too bright to be a pilot!

Thus he found himself at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, studying law, qualified as a Barrister in 1966 and followed this by taking a Master's degree in Commercial Law at the L.S.E.

Colin worked in the City of London as an in house lawyer and as an investment and pensions adviser in various life assurance companies. He loved his work, took pleasure in resolving difficult financial problems, and built up strong relationships with many clients. By nature extremely methodical, very disciplined, thorough, tidy and organised as well as exceptionally courteous and thoughtful he was ideal for this field. Independent and self-confident Colin was also an articulate, thoughtful and sociable person who took great delight in the arts in general and especially in the English Language. He loved nothing more than conversation with friends and family but was also happy alone with a good book, the newspaper or listening to classical music or old old-time jazz. He had been the first in the family to own a record player, his early collection consisting almost exclusively of Glenn Miller records which were played daily.

In August 2008 he suffered a massive stroke and spent four and a half months in hospital with severely curtailed communication skills. Especially frustrating though it was not being able to convey his thoughts and opinions as clearly as he wished he worked extremely

hard at the extensive speech therapy prescribed. The senior therapist became a close family friend and remarked that there was no doubt that Colin was a great intellectual whose knowledge, insights, and opinions were always worth hearing.

Topics as varied as wine and vineyards, art, cosmology, British and ancient history and geological features were covered and considered to be the tip of the iceberg in terms of his wide ranging knowledge.

Colin recovered sufficiently to be able to enjoy his garden, walking, his other main interests and regular attendance at art galleries and restaurants. He and his wife Ingrid were able to attend the Centenary dinner of the Association at the Old Royal College in Greenwich.

Colin was a decent sportsman and his close friend Terry 'Nobby' Blanchard, now living in the Lake District, remembers them both as members of the School cross country team who were pretty evenly matched so ran in company and paced each other especially in large events. One such event at Parliament Hill Fields involved hundreds of competitors in atrocious conditions, ankle deep mud instead of streams and very cold where they managed to finish together just outside the top hundred. They were both Braithwaite regulars and cycled together a lot on Sunday afternoons. Terry remarks that it is at times like this that he regrets being so far from 'base'.

Obituaries

As a pilot Colin told that his most exhilarating moments were those when, flying solo, he would skim across the top of a cloud base with the sun above lighting up the clouds. Although missing his physical presence many of his friends and family can in their minds picture him joyously doing just that.

John Williams

My fading cerebral facility and others of a similar scarcity will, hopefully, still recall the award at the annual prize-giving of the Thompson Memorial Prize for outstanding achievements to Roan School and Old Roan sport. It commemorated the short lives of the Thompson brothers, and, particularly, George, whose legendary athletic prowess in all sports in the immediate post WW1 era within the school and the Old Boys prompted the legacy.

If such a worthy tribute were ever to be resurrected in these "Prizes for All Days" then John Williams would have to be the only contender. His recent death closed the chapter on the finest O.R. cricketing all-rounder of the post WW2 generations and his record stands comparison with any contemporary club player in the close environs.

When O.R. club cricket recommenced after the war it was formed around the pre-conflict stalwarts of Len Groves, Harry Townsend, Sid Dalton, Tommy Holt and the newly arrived Peter Williams and younger brother John. Both "Bros" were below average height and stocky but with their supreme hand/eye co-

ordination; their lack of the contemporary ideal athletic physique did not detract from their all round ability to excel at practically any sport to which they turned their hands. It was cricket to which they principally applied their talents. John was always the more accomplished of the two and became a mean wicket taking offspinner. He was not a big turner of the ball but extremely accurate with a range of variations sparsely used to deceive from his otherwise unerring line and length. His nearly 2000 wickets each cost 12 runs and each occurred in less than 5 overs. He conceded 2.5 runs per over. His best analysis of 9-40 was achieved after a murderous hundred and brother Peter took the other wicket with Alan Dawe in temporary tenancy behind the timbers.

By contrast, his batting was pyrotechnical. Possessed of a sound technically orthodox base, and after a few overs of familiarising himself he could launch the most demoralising blitzkrieg on hapless bowlers. Your scribe witnessed his highest score of 148 no against Midland Bank who were a powerful side in the 1950s/60s. Chasing their substantial total on a big ground which had hosted county cricket John almost single handedly won the game in the final over. It was a display of straight power hitting which made long-off and long-on look like close fielders. John's demeanour after one of his many powerful innings was almost one of embarrassment at the congratulations and adulation from we lesser mortals. Whilst many of us in the side would reap maximum acknowledgement from our scratchy 25 gleaned from agricultural mis-hits over midwicket, John would often

subside into a corner rather than bathe in the limelight of his innings, often preceded by one of his many "fivefours". He was a very safe pair of hands close to the wicket and particularly so to his own bowling.

John was also a lively left winger (remember those?) in the O.R. first eleven in the 50's. He was a very capable golfer and racket sports performer and reached bowls with the same display of natural ability.

John played some representative cricket in the 1950's but rather than pursue his talents further, John became a partner in Harry Townsend's Accountancy Practice. Harry, of course, skippered the first team for many years. Subsequent marriage and family curtailed his playing career but he continued to support the ORA and Club and Kent Cricket through acting as Treasurer on numerous committees.

A club cricketer supreme and those like your scribe who had the privilege of sharing the field, dressing room and bar with him will always remain indebted to have had that opportunity.

Batting: Innings Highest Score Runs			
	572	148*	15452
Av.	100's	50's	Catches
34.4	10	95	214

Bowling: Overs Runs Against		
	8697	21867
Wickets	5wkts/inns	Av
1817	153	12.0

John Huntley

Obituaries

Malcolm John Waterton

Malcolm joined the Roan School in 1956 from Timbercroft primary school where he was described as lively, popular, friendly, cheerful, one of the brightest children in the year with a good sense of humour.

Standard progress at Roan was then made until an unusual comment in a Christmas 1958 report reading 'He has done some very good work, but his conduct, attitude to authority and general air of mutinous detachment must undergo drastic revision' followed in July 1959 by 'Quite good generally but sometimes far too fidgety and frivolous. He needs to pull his socks up giving the staff more of his attention rather than the view from the window or that provided by his fellow pupils'

We recollect a close friend whose staff report from his immediate superior at work circa 1980 which under the heading 'Commitment and Motivation' read 'Occasionally allows work to interfere with his social life'. Could anyone write anything like that these days.

Malcolm was however academically gifted, particularly on the science side, and went on to the University of London where he became a Bachelor of Science, Engineering, Civil Engineering Group. He had held a lifelong ambition to be a civil engineer, had achieved his goal,

Obituaries

and became a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1971. He spent most of his working career in the water industry on tunnels and reservoirs, for a period doing a daily commute from Falconwood to Reading! Then a few years on the Jubilee Line before retirement in 1996.

Malcolm joined The Association and Club straight from school and soon linked up with Geoff Sawyer, Len Groves and Mike Callaghan sharing their interest in Kent County Cricket, Old Roan and School football and darts on a Friday night. These were soon to be heady days as everything except darts went through a long period of success helped by a ten year influx of talented sportsmen and socialisers from the School and the advent of limited overs cricket. Who can forget those coach trips, organised by the then groundsman Reg Lentle, to Cricket as far away as Moreton in Marsh, Gloucestershire, and following the 1971 School senior football team in an overnight journey to Newcastle.

Malcolm was not with us on that trip as his friendship with Geoff and latterly with Barry Thomas meant that he accompanied the School team by train. A possibly undeserved victory through brilliant goalkeeping, obdurate defence, luck and a single goal was cause for great celebration all round. It has been said that Malcolm's decision that the luggage rack of the train was the most comfortable

place to spend the journey home went some way to convincing John Girdwood, John Huntley, Phil Pearce, Paul Petty, Trevor Puddifoot, Jim Russon, Fred Spink, Terry Thurley and others that the Old Roan Club was the place for them. What a contribution they made to those glory days that followed.

Holidays. Isle of Wight Cricket Tours, football to Dusseldorf and Strasbourg, Narrow Boats on the Canals, Braithwaite, The Isle of Man, Majorca, what fun we had on these and many more. Latterly, more sedately, Cracow, Prague, Budapest, Bratislava, Barcelona and even a couple of cruises and more time spent with his brother Keith and sister in law Cath to whose families he was very generous.

Malcolm was an integral part of a wonderful period in many of our lives and his death on New Year's Eve 2014 from complications arising from treatment for stomach cancer was a huge blow. However, as you can perhaps guess from the above, the blow is softened as every time we think of him some hilarious incident or another comes to mind.

Monty Smith

Obituaries

Colin Goddard (1958 - 1963)

Colin died on 11th April 2015 at Tonbridge Hospital, Pembury, Kent, of chronic heart and kidney failure.

He was the third of my three brothers to go to Roan. When I became the fourth brother to follow the well trodden path, Colin was in Remove and he proved a useful deterrent to anyone in Shell who thought that they might like to try to 'tag' me or something similar. He did not excel academically at school but, in the summer of 1962, he found that he could run and, with encouragement from Colin Moran and Will Easterling, he went on to run for the school in athletics and cross country and to win the 880yds and the mile at the school sports days. Running became his life. He joined Kent AC and ran for them for many years at longer and longer distances, including the marathon. He took me along with him to Kent AC but I couldn't match his levels of application and determination.



Colin did not join the Old Roan Association until quite late in life but I was so proud to have him next to me, alongside our two older brothers, at the ORA Centenary Dinner. He was overjoyed to have the opportunity to have a conversation there with Bill Ellis.

I personally owe so much to Colin for his kindness and help throughout my life but perhaps his greatest kindness to me was to let me play football in the park after school with him and his form mates and so become lifelong friends with many of his fellow Removes, including ORA greats such as Monty Smith, Ian Clatworthy and Bernie Hampton.

I miss him.

Brian Goddard (1961-1967)

Richard Hitchin 1948-2015

Dick Hitchin was one of that quite large group which included Tony Slaney, Ray Stone and Bob Burton who joined the Old Roan Association and Club directly upon leaving school in 1967. Indeed Dick was secretary of the ORA for a period before Tony began his epic stint.

He joined the Civil Service and continued working in a part time capacity until shortly before his death. However, it is for his services to education in Kent that he is primarily remembered as a long serving governor at the Charles Dickens

School, a Kent Governors Association representative, and an elected member of the Kent County Council School Funding Forum.

John Dennis (1964-1971) is also very active in these areas, chairing the Forum, and writes that as well as missing him and his camaraderie very much he was moved to send a note to the other members saying 'His contributions, particularly the acerbic ones, will be missed very much indeed'. The school in their newsletter lamented the death of Richard and wrote of a man devoted to the school whose passion and dedication shone through.

Alison Coppiters, nee Pendergast (1972-81), sister of Garry (1963-70) and Martyn (1966-73) joined over one hundred others braving the biting wind at the funeral of an obviously well-loved man and reports that his attendance at the Roan School, running the cross country and taking part in dramatics productions was mentioned as well as visits to the 'Plume of Feathers' a route taken by many. This clearly set a precedent for the rest of his life as one of the floral tributes was in the form of a glass of Guinness!

Alison adds that there were two photos in the order of service, one taken quite recently and the other as a boy in his Roan school tie. She was pleased to have been able to attend as a part of the Old Roan family.

Monty Smith

Dr Richard James Barton

We have been advised by his wife Dr Susan K. Botham of the sudden death of Richard from a heart attack on 7th January 2016 aged seventy. He was at Roan from 1957 to 1964, and went on to the University of Birmingham graduating with a B. Sc. in bacteriology followed by an M.Sc. in virology. From there he progressed to the University of Reading where he met his future wife and took his Ph.D. in virology. He was instrumental in establishing their virology department before moving on to the Glasshouse Crops Research Institute based in Littlehampton. Eventually he specialised in viruses of mushrooms and was heavily involved in the work to help the Australian Mushroom Growers Association overcome virus infections in their crop.

In retirement he spent many happy hours at the South Downs Planetarium using the Foulkes Telescope system to gaze at and photograph nebulae. He was also a member of the South Downs Astronomical Society which reflected his love of the subject. His wife believes that this was very likely kindled during his time in Greenwich and she reflects that he was very proud of his time at Roan.

Richard, obviously known as Dick, is remembered by his contemporaries as a quiet, well liked, bright and conscientious lad who excelled at exams. They were

not at all surprised to learn that he went on to have a distinguished career in the scientific world.

Dr Botham has very kindly sent us a Roan School sixth form tie in pristine condition.

Monty Smith

Deaths

Sadly we have to let you know the deaths of the following Life members:

Clarice M Smith nee Wiggins '26 – '31, on 4th August 2014 aged 99 years 315 days.

Malcolm J Waterton '56 – '63, on 31st December 2014 aged 69 years.

John Williams '39 – '41, President 1973, Treasurer '65 – '78 and Cricket Vice President,

On 14th January 2015 aged 84 years.
E. Ann S. Fahey nee Nash ex staff '57 – '66 aged 80 years.

Also Donald Durban CBE died 2013 former Deputy Chief Executive of Trusthouse Forte PLC, a Fellow and, from 1986 to 1988, Chair of the Association

OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION ANNUAL RE-UNION DINNER

Late October every year

Please see The Old Roan website for further details

To reserve a place please contact
Monty Smith at montague10@btinternet.com

(Please indicate who you would like to be seated with)

Magazine Editor: janfarmer27@gmail.com
Old Roan Association website: www.johnroan.co.uk
Roan Theatre Company: www.theroantheatrecompany.com
The John Roan: www.thejohnroan.greenwich.sch.uk