



ROAN MAGAZINE

No. 145

November, 1971

EDITORIAL STAFF

A. C. Oatley B. A. J. Smith
E. K. K. Prekopp T. M. Stubbings
Master-in-charge: Mr. N. R. Ballantyne

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Cross-Country Captain A. W. Lee
Football Captain ... P. C. Lancelotte
Swimming Captain ... M. S. Brown
Badminton Captain ... P. J. Bennett

SCHOOL OFFICERS

School Captain ... M. Absolom
Vice-Captains ... P. H. Angus, P. Dew
Sixth Form Committee J. H. Fordham, B. G. Holloway, P. C. Lancelotte, I. Maxwell, B. C. Witchlow, K. G. Bradbrook, M. D. Pendergast, B. Savage, B. A. J. Smith, A. G. Weir

House Captains:

Drake ... I. Maxwell
Nelson ... A. C. Oatley
Rodney ... A. J. D. Simpkins
Wolfe ... B. G. Holloway



No. 145

NOVEMBER, 1971

1971-72 CALENDAR

December 17 and 18	School Concert
December 21	Autumn Term ends
1972	
January 5	Spring Term begins
January 10	G.C.E. begins
January 11	First Years' Parents' Evening
January 31	Senior School Examinations begin (4th, 5th, Lower 6th and Upper 6th)
February 21 and 22	Half-term Holiday
March 1, 2 and 6-9	Careers Interview (5th Years)
March 7	Parents' Evening (4th and Lower 6th)
March 14	Parents' Evening (5th and Upper 6th)
March 29	Spring Term ends
April 17	Summer Term begins
April 25	Parents' Evening (1st Year)
May 2	Parents' Evening (2nd Year)
May 24 to June 2 incl.	Junior Camping Holiday
May 29 to June 2 incl.	Half-term Holiday
May 29 to June 3 incl.	Junior Sailing Holiday
June 12	School Examinations begin
July 12	Summer Term ends
September 4	Autumn Term begins

SCHOOL NOTES

We were all saddened by the death of Mr. Icough, a full appreciation of whose contribution to the school can be found later in the magazine.

We wish Mrs. Icough every happiness in her new house in Devon. As Mr. Icough's successor to the chairmanship of the Governors we welcome Mr. Edgerton, thank him for his telegram of good wishes from Singapore on the occasion of prize day and wish him success in his new office.

At the end of the summer term we said farewell to Messrs. Atkins, Greenberg, Stratton and Oram who had been teaching in the languages department.

We also lost Mr. Cooper, who was appointed to the deputy headship of Orange Hill School, Edgware. In his seven years at the school, Mr. Cooper, in addition to being head of R.I and teaching P.E., organised assemblies, giving to them a new life, vitality and relevance to the boys of the school; ran the Christian Union; was in charge of audio-visual aids; was housemaster of Wolfe and produced their winning house play; and it was his enthusiasm which led to cross-country becoming an accepted major sport in the school. His constant willingness to help was epitomised by his taking over of the complicated sounds for the junior play in an emergency a few days before the performance and his departure and making a splendid job of them. We shall miss him greatly.

We welcome to the school this term four new members of staff: Mr. Burton, as head of R.I., who comes to us, after previous teaching experience, from having taken a degree at Oxford; Mr. Smith, who joins the French department from Bristol University; Mr. Brown, an Old Roan, who joins the P.E. department, from Avery Hill College; and Miss Ley, who comes to us part-time to teach French—she is from the University of Sydney.

As you will have seen in the typed insert in the last issue, the school First XI won the English Schools F.A. Cup after an exciting two-leg final against Rydens School. It was very pleasing to receive so many letters of congratulation from Old Roans from all over the world. In response to requests from some of them the names of the team in the photograph in the last issue are: *back row*: J. Russon, P. Pearce, I. Thorpe, D. Davis; *middle row*: S. Plunkett, D. Henning, P. Lancelotte, Mr. Thomas; *front row*: G. Aitken, J. Hutley, P. Petty (capt.), T. Thurley, T. Puddifoot.

Among other successes, congratulations are due to T. J. Shepherd for gaining an open scholarship to Imperial College, London to read physics; to R. G. Westwood who gained four grade A's at A level; and to M. Penny who played the clarinet with the London Schools' Symphony Orchestra on its recent visit to Chicago and at the Royal Festival Hall.

At the end of last term Mr. Thorp again arranged a varied and successful programme of activities for the Fifth and Sixth forms after the G.E.C. examinations. During these the staff were convincingly beaten by the school at cricket, but held their own at tennis.

Drake retained the Mills Cup, winning football, athletics and swimming, while Rodney won cross-country and Nelson cricket and spoken English.

Our thanks are due to the Parents' Association, who bought the school a lining for the curtains in the hall, which helped greatly

with the lighting of the junior play and will be of lasting help in the showing of films, etc. We also thank the anonymous parent who sent the school a donation after the play, and Mr. and Mrs. Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Harding and Mr. and Mrs. Hutley for donations to the school library on their sons' leaving.

Music in the school continues to flourish and we have had performances at assembly by the junior band, the orchestra and the senior band, and we shall soon have the use of the new music room.

N.R.B.

VALETE

G. L. AITKEN: 6th form committee, 1st XI soccer; M. R. ALCOCK: Film Society committee; R. W. ANDREW: Tennis captain, Film Society committee; D. A. P. ANDREWS: Chess team; R. BAIN: Bridge club president, Wolfe House captain, cross-country captain, 2nd XI soccer, 1st XI cricket, film society president; P. J. BIENKOV; St. Jim; R. M. BROOM: School pianist, school orchestra; A. S. BURGESS: School captain, 6th form committee; G. CALLOW; W. E. CHILD; J. DENNIS: School vice-captain, Nelson House captain, 6th form committee, 2nd XI soccer, 2nd XI cricket captain, badminton president, Film Society committee; M. S. DUNFORD; K. H. E. ETHERIDGE: Business game; J. S. FREUNDLICH: 6th form committee; J. GIRDWOOD: 1st XI soccer, badminton; T. J. GORDON; P. W. HARDING; P. L. HARVEY; D. I. HAWKINS: Business game; D. J. HENNING: 1st XI soccer; J. HOLLANDS; G. HOOKER: 2nd XI soccer, badminton captain; D. HOWARD; D. M. HOY; J. S. HUTLEY: 6th form committee, school vice-captain, 1st XI soccer, 1st XI cricket captain; M. D. LITTLEHALES; D. F. B. LYNES: Cross-country, athletics; A. MADDEN; A. MCPHERSON: St. Jim; N. W. OLIVER: 2nd XI soccer, 2nd XI cricket; P. D. PEARCE: 1st XI soccer; P. J. PETTY: 1st XI soccer captain; S. PLUNKETT: 1st XI soccer, 1st XI cricket, Film Society committee; D. W. PORTER; T. J. PUDDIFOOT: 1st XI soccer; P. H. ROBINSON: President of Aristotelian Society; J. A. H. PUXTY; J. S. RUSSON: Rodney House captain, 1st XI soccer, 1st XI cricket, Film Society committee, athletics captain; C. N. SALTER: School magazine editor, stage scenery construction; T. J. SHEPHERD: School play, orchestra; L. J. SIBTHORPE: 1st XI soccer, badminton; P. N. SNAITH: table-tennis president, 2nd XI soccer; F. W. SPINK: 2nd XI soccer captain, 1st XI cricket; C. C. STRONG; S. TRICE; P. C. TURNER: Chess captain, school play; K. R. VENNOR: 2nd XI soccer, 2nd XI cricket, badminton; R. G. VIDGEON: 2nd XI soccer; M. J. WALPOLE: Drake House captain, 2nd XI cricket, swimming team, school scouts, magazine editor; R. G. WESTWOOD; N. J. WHYTE: Film Society committee; P. J. WILD; I. P. WILLIAMS; J. J. WOTTEN.

SCHOOL BAND

Since the band was reorganised last year there has been a great improvement, and most orchestrations can be tackled confidently. S. Horsburgh has left, but, as Mr. Thomas has coped so well, the loss has not been noticed.

P. Chamberlain and Penny prove themselves to be both competent players, and S. Swann, on piano, is so reliable that the whole band blend better than ever before. Since M. Mills gave up drumming, Mr. Knott has proved his versatility by taking over and showing an immense aptitude; this is his third change of instrument and, I think, the most advantageous.

We went to the Festival Hall to listen to Syd Laurence's band playing a programme of Glenn Miller music. This was most enjoyable and we hope to make future visits.

Last term we played to the physically handicapped club in Sidcup. It began as a concert but ended up as a dance, and the sight of crippled people struggling bravely around the hall brought a lump to more than one throat. They enjoyed our playing and have asked us to go again.

My plea for a tenor sax has not gone unheeded—our Parents' Association has noted our need and hopes to be able to help. A tenor will add depth and balance to the sax section, and would be appreciated more than anything else.

The junior band, which was formed recently, meets twice a week and provides experience for boys who enjoy playing in concert. The enthusiasm is most pleasing and the improvement is a credit to them all. Mr. Bowerman and Mr. Elliott have spent a lot of time playing and coaching, and their interest is very much appreciated.

Following their performance on prize day, the senior band will next play in the school concert and we hope that boys, their parents and friends will enjoy our music as much as we enjoy playing it.

W.E.

CHARITIES

This term the charities interest of the school is being directed to the British Heart Foundation.

During the next twelve months one in every two deaths in Britain will be due to disease of the heart, and many of the deaths will be premature. The British Heart Foundation is the body largely responsible for financing research in this field. Already there is a fine record of achievement, but clearly there is still much work to be done.

The Charities' Committee have no hesitation in recommending the British Heart Foundation to you for your interest and support. It is hoped, in the name of the boys and staff of the Roan School, to send off a worth-while donation at the end of this term.

D. SOUTHGATE.

JUNIOR PLAY

In a circle of flickering red, a frightened boy crouches, eyes searching the surrounding darkness. Out of the night comes the muted ululation of the hunters. The whooping intensifies, and the stealthy run of blood-crazed savages whispers suddenly very loudly as they see their prey and stop their hunting cry. Black and red, fear and violence are almost palpable—it was a very scary moment, and an excellent climax to the play.

The Junior Drama Club's dramatization was remarkable for the naturalness and sincerity of all the boys performing—not only in the major roles. Humphreys, Page, Lade and Barnes as the 'leads' were excellent; but I was most impressed by the team acting of all those little boys who had nothing to say, and who could so easily have lost concentration, thus ruining the cohesion of the action. The acting area included the hall as well as the stage, and the space was most effectively used. Stage setting, lights and 'noises off' created the atmosphere of the desert island superbly, a convincing background for the actors. Some of us cynical schoolmasters might say that small boys in the parts of savages was a piece of type-casting, but I am sure one or two parents must have felt a twinge of alarm at how well their sons reverted to the laws of barbarism.

Congratulations to all concerned, particularly Mr. Ballantyne who goes from strength to strength as a producer. We look forward to the next junior drama production, which is already in preparation.

Those involved were: Acting: S. Humphreys, A. Page, C. Lade, I. Barnes, S. Smythe, J. Pearce, U. Arnold, M. Tomkins, M. Mepsted, P. Real, N. White, D. White, R. Miller, M. Edwards, D. Pollard, J. Oliff, P. McDonald, D. Bruce, R. Duff, A. Fry, L. Mehegan, S. Boswell, H. Baines, R. Firminger, P. Hazelden, S. Brittan, N. Cooke, S. Chapman, R. Dobson, C. Alderton, R. Askeff, P. Ramus, P. Head, G. Bennett and Mr. Hall. Behind Scenes: Mr. Geddes, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Sygrave, Mrs. Roberts Mr. Berry, Mr. Cooper, Mr. James, Mr. Bonner, F. Hillman A. Roberts, P. Appleby, S. Swann, M. Mills, L. Jarvis, B. Burgess, I. Pullen, R. Kay, A. Forward and S. Emeny-Smith. A.K.

LIFE/DEATH

Why have I been nurtured on the myth
That only death is certain?

It's not true you know.

I can only believe in life

And when I discover what it means

I hope you won't mind my living in the sun

Away from the shadow of death, under which

You all huddle together.

T. M. STUBBINGS, UVI.

TASK FORCE

Firstly we must thank Mrs. Fotheringham for her help in the organisation of the school's Task Force. Thanks also to the Headmaster for allowing two of us to go on a holiday for the handicapped at the end of last term.

A number of fifth formers had a most rewarding time in the post-exam period, spending a very enjoyable fortnight helping the elderly in a variety of ways. A number of these boys have continued as regular volunteers.

The friendly atmosphere at the Task Force centre makes for amiable conditions of work. Members of both sexes work in happy unison, providing interesting social intercourse. A hearty and warm welcome is extended to any new recruits from the senior school to act as volunteers.

B.S. and C.D.S.

PRIDE

A small mistake
a misunderstanding,
the wrong word at the wrong time,

tempers fly:
a challenge

The sun forces through the sky, the dawn is breaking,
Two coaches draw up at a desolate field, and in the half-light
shadowy figures come out,
not a word,
A third coach arrives, and three men step out and walk into the
centre of the field.

Two of the other men come towards them.
Solemnly, they draw pistols,
and with heads held high, back to back,
they pace slowly away from each other.
They turn,
fire,
one falls dead.

The other withdraws to his coach and they drive away
his reputation kept.

The dead man is carried away to be buried.

Was life so futile that men died for
their pride?

A. PAGE, IVB

ROAN SCHOOL SWIMMING GALA RESULTS 1971

		One Record Broken					
BREAST	STROKE				<i>Record holder</i>		<i>Year</i>
U.13	1. Debenham, J.	(R)	26.0	24.2	Brown, N. W.	(D)	1970
	2. Crowe, R.	(N)					
	3. Tomkins, M.	(N)					
U.14	1. Brown, N.	(D)	24.7	23.3	Dossena, M. F.	(R)	1967
	2. Berry, P.	(N)					
	3. Lamb, M.	(N)					
U.16	1. Thurley, T.	(W)	24.8	22.4	Dossena, M. F.	(R)	1969
	2. Pike, S.	(D)					
	3. Keable, R.	(N)					
Senior	1. Lee, A.	(D)	55.5	50.5	Smith, D.	(N)	1965
	2. Bennett, P.	(W)					
	3. Baldwin, P.	(D)					
BACK STROKE							
U.13	1. Crisp, M.	(N)	26.6	22.2	Brown, N. W.	(D)	1970
	2. Diplock, K.	(W)					
	3. Elson, M.	(R)					
U.14	1. Dossett, A.	(R)	25.7	23.7	Savage, B.	(D)	1969
	2. Randerson, S.	(D)					
	3. Kay, R.	(R)					
U.16	1. Savage, B.	(D)	25.7	20.6	Guiver, D.	(W)	1967
	2. Keable, R.	(N)					
	3. Slater, D.	(N)					
Senior	1. Walpole, M.	(D)	54.0	46.2	Walpole, M.	(D)	1970
	2. Savage, B.	(D)					
	3. Gillman, S.	(R)					
FREESTYLE							
U.13	1. Debenham, J.	(R)	20.8	19.8	Brown, N.	(D)	1969
	2. Bunton, C.	(N)					
	3. Elson, M.	(R)					
U.14	1. Brown, N.	(D)	18.0	NEW RECORD			
	2. Watchorn, D.	(W)					
	3. Dossett, A.	(R)					
U.16	1. { Brown, M.	(D)	45.4	39.4	Guiver, D.	(W)	1966
	2. { Pike, S.	(D)					
	3. { Thurley, T.	(W)					
Senior	1. Brown, N.	(D)	70.5	61.1	Wilson	(R)	1958
	2. Lee, A.	(D)					
	3. Watchorn, B.	(R)					
BUTTERFLY							
U.15	1. Pike, S.	(D)	24.0	21.2	Thurley, T.	(W)	1970
	2. Debenham, J.	(R)					
	3. Brown, N.	(D)					
O.15	1. Thurley, T.	(W)	21.8	20.6	Walpole, M.	(D)	1970
	2. Brown, M.	(D)					
	3. Walpole, M.	(D)					
DIVING							
U.13	1. Elson, M.	(R)		2.	Carrick, N.	(W)	
	3. Carpenter, K.	(N)					
U.14	1. Brown, N.	(D)		2.	Lamb, M.	(N)	
	3. Wort, C.	(W)					
U.16	1. Thurley, T.	(W)		2.	Pike, S.	(D)	
	3. Brown, M.	(D)					
Senior	1. Witchlow, B.	(R)		2.	Thurley, T.	(W)	
	3. Baldwin, P.	(D)					

RELAYS		Teams	
U.13	1. Rodney 2. Nelson	3. Wolfe 4. Drake	75.4 Elson, M. Powell, D. Debenham, J.
Junior (U.14)	1. Drake 2. Rodney	3. Nelson 4. Wolfe	75.6 Randerson, S., Brown, N., Oliffe, J.
Inter. (U.16)	1. Drake 2. Rodney	3. Wolfe 4. Nelson	72.0 Savage, B., Pike, S., Brown, M.
Senior	1. Drake 2. Rodney	3. Wolfe 4. Nelson	70.0 Brown, N., Baldwin, P. Walpole, M.

TOTAL POINTS			
Drake 126	Rodney 82	Wolfe 56	Nelson 48

TROPHY WINNERS	
House Swimming Champions	Drake
Individual Champion	{ Brown, N. (Drake) Thurley, T. (Wolfe)
Senior Relay	Drake
Junior Relay	Drake
Parker Cup (best in Wolfe)	Thurley, T.

SWIMMING CLUB

The swimming club continues its meetings this year at the usual time of 4.0 p.m. on a Tuesday, at Greenwich baths. We have the services of a good instructor. Under his supervision swimmers can train and improve their technique. There will also be an opportunity for boys to gain A.S.A. proficiency awards (bronze, silver and gold) and others. Those who want to learn to swim are also welcome, provided they inform me first that they are non-swimmers.

The school swimming team is selected from members of the club, and regular training is urged for both present and would-be members of the team.

I should like to thank Messrs. Bonner and James, who ran the club so successfully in my absence. I am glad to say that they are both keen to continue supporting the club.

I hope this year we will have even more matches, and I am looking forward to a successful season.

W. A. EDWARDS.

CRICKET

Captain: J. Hutley

Master-in-charge: Mr. Thorp

An enjoyable and successful season was had by all three teams. The weather was reasonably kind, and the pitches this year were excellent. Indeed, the bowlers were given little assistance from the home wicket and had to work hard for any success.

The First XI were a formidable batting force. Their weakness was in their lack of any really penetrating opening bowlers. P. Lancelotte tended to bowl rather short for much of the season, and I hope he will have learned his lesson by next year. The fielding of the side was outstanding, and many runs were saved because of this.

The Second XI enjoyed its cricket as usual, and towards the end of the season their batsmen were knocking up some very creditable scores.

The most successful team by far was the Junior XI. It would be invidious to mention any names, as their great strength lay in their team-effort. Their superb fielding and batting spirit often helped extract them from some seemingly impossible situations. They finished the season without having lost a single game.

Thanks are due to those masters who umpired, and especially to Mr. Ballantyne, whose enthusiastic umpiring contributed greatly to the juniors' success.

R.T.

BADMINTON CLUB

Masters-in-charge: Mr. Griffin and Mr. Bowerman

The club has had a good start to the year, with many of last year's beginners continuing with the game. As we have no one left from the school team of last year, the club will have to look to the fourth- and fifth-year boys to represent the school. There are also several keen members in the sixth form.

The annual doubles cup will be run as usual again this year and will have the added interest of being far more open to speculation as regards the winners than in the past. All club members are eligible to enter.

Congratulations to Messrs. Jones and Thorp, who passed their badminton coaches' examination this year. My thanks to Mr. Bowerman for his continuing help and enthusiasm.

G.M.G.

CHESS CLUB

Team Captain and President:
K. P. Jackson

Master-in-charge: Mr. B. T. Westmarland
Secretary and Treasurer: K. J. Manning

In the past weeks both the junior and senior teams have done well in the London League, the Kent League and the 'Sunday Times' League.

The strength of the senior team has been greatly improved by the third-year boys becoming senior team members. The junior team was strengthened by the addition of G. Lake, the East London under-12 champion and is well supported by other first years. For this season the senior team will be picked from: Jackson, Wager, Simpkins, Camlett, Bradbrook, Wiggins, Hotchkiss, Prosser, Humphrey and Manning.

The junior team will be picked from: Trew, Gavin, Brockwell, Lake, Blehne, Powell, Mehegan, Windsor, Khan and Phillips.

K.J.M.

ATHLETICS

The athletics team, like many other school activities last year, paid the penalty of losing much interest to our successful football team. Everyone seemed to be 'football mad' and when the cup final was over there was a strong feeling of anti-climax. As most of our best athletes were also in the football team, we were denied their services throughout the season.

Two junior matches which had been arranged had to be cancelled, but the school sports showed that the new boys are both keen and talented. Windsor, Campbell, Diplock and Debenham showed exceptional promise and should excel as they grow older and stronger.

We are pleased to welcome Mr. Brown, who will be taking over the club next season. He is an active and enthusiastic athlete and has much to offer to any boys who are prepared to work at this strenuous but very rewarding sport.

W.E.

SPORTS DAY

Once again we were blessed with a fine day and spectators and competitors alike were able to enjoy an afternoon of keenly contested athletics.

The winners were:—

100 Metres: U.12 CAMPBELL (W); U.13 POWELL (R); U.14 HUMPHREYS (D); U.15 DEMETRIADES (D); U.16 SMITH, S. (D); O.16 PLUNKETT (N).
 200 Metres: U.12 CAMPBELL (W); U.13 NEWBERRY (D); U.14 HUMPHREYS (D); U.15 MAY (N); U.16 BANKS (D); O.16 MITCHELL (N).
 400 Metres: U.15 MEPSTED (R); U.16 SMITH, B. (R); O.16 MITCHELL (N).
 800 Metres: U.15 PAGE (R); U.16 SMITH, B. (R); O.16 DEW (R).
 1,500 Metres: U.16 SMITH, B. (R); O.16 BAIN (W).
 Hurdles: U.12 WINDSOR (R); U.13 MORTIMORE (R); U.14 HUMPHREYS (D); U.16 SMITH, S. (D);.
 Relays: U.13 RODNEY; U.15 DRAKE; O.15 NELSON.
 Field Events: *Long Jump*: U.12 WINDSOR (R); U.16 SMITH, B. (R); O.16 PLUNKETT (N). *High Jump*: U.16 LEASK (D); O.16 THOMAS (R). *Shot*: U.14 ROBB (N); U.16 WISE (N); O.16 WISE (N). *Tug of War*: WOLFE.
 Victories Ludorum: Junior: HUMPHREYS (D); Intermediate: SMITH, B. (R); Senior: THOMAS (R).

Overall result: 1. DRAKE. 2. RODNEY. 3. NELSON. 4. WOLFE.

TENNIS

This season's tennis was promising, but the future is not looking too good. In the two friendly matches we have played against Colfes and Shooters Hill, the team which won was: Lee, Kennedy, Smith, S., Lancelotte, Bennet and Bain. We also did quite well in the Wilson Cup, as we reached the third round, having defeated the Fourth Seeds. The team was chosen from: Andrews, Lee, Kennedy and Horsburgh.

The annual Masters v Boys match was a bit of a disappointment this year as some of the boys were required for a cricket match, but after a good afternoon's tennis the match ended in a draw.

In the summer open tournaments, Lee, Andrews, Kennedy and Horsburgh did very well. Andrews and partner won the Kent under-18 doubles, Lee the under-18 boys' singles plate, Horsburgh and his partner won the North Kent under-18 and under-15 singles, and with his partner won the under-18 boys' doubles.

S.K.

HOUSE CROSS-COUNTRY RESULTS 1971

Junior: 1. TOMKINS (N) 10.44 (race record); 2. NEWBERRY (D) 10.56; 3. MORTIMORE (R) 11.09; 4. DIPLOCK (W) 11.15; 5. SMYTHE (R) 11.28; 6. MEHEGAN (W) 11.37.

1. RODNEY 15. 2. WOLFE 99½. 3. NELSON 185. 4. DRAKE 277

Intermediate: 1. MEPSTED (R) 18.11; 2. PAGE (R) 18.41; 3. MCGANN (R) 18.50; 4. CHILD (R) 19.40; 5. O'CONNOR (D) 19.50; 6. HUMPHREYS (D) 20.01.

1. RODNEY —20½. 2. DRAKE 42½. 3. NELSON 70½. 4. WOLFE 137½

Seniors: 1. BROWN (W) 21.48; 2. SMITH, B. (R) 23.14; 3. FUTTER (N) 23.27;

4. GILLMAN (R) 23.37; 5. SIMPKINS (R) 23.40; 6. MEPSTED (R) 23.43.

1. RODNEY 60. 2. DRAKE 161½. 3. WOLFE 257. 4. NELSON 284½

Overall:

1. RODNEY 54½. 2. DRAKE 481. 3. WOLFE 494. 4. NELSON 540

'THE GOVERNMENT REGRETS . . .'

The government regrets the loss of your son
 . . . brother . . . husband . . .
 Or whatever relative he was to you.
 How can or how do we convey
 This message to the grief-stricken relatives?
 Bluntly? . . . 'Your son's dead'.?
 Subtly? 'Your son's passed away' or 'He's deceased'?
 What ever way it means the same:
 You will never hear his voice again,
 You will never see his face again,
 You will never hear him laugh again.
 He has gone and there is nothing
 You or anyone else can do about it.
 He's dead, like millions of other soldiers
 He's passed away like millions of other soldiers
 He's deceased like millions of other soldiers.
 It all means the same in the end.
 'The Government regrets . . .'

C. WORT, IVB.

JUNIOR BRAITHWAITE 1971

We each had our method of predicting the weather: Mr. Evans wisely surveyed the clouds; Dr. Taylor's theory concerned the position of cows in the evening; most of the boys were certain that if Pinkstone ate yoghurt it rained; I (typical town-dweller that I am) even listened to the Met. Office; and we all got wet or sunburnt as the gods decreed—and we enjoyed it. It doesn't matter about the weather in the Lake district—oh, mist may stop climbing Scafell Pikes, but you appreciate Sprinkling Tarn all the more; you may get soaked on Grisedale, but tea in London never tasted like the one back at camp; your legs may regret wearing shorts on sun-scorched Helvellyn, but the relief of cool calomine makes it worth while.

It was the rain that 'made' Saddleback for us. There we were windswept and dripping, legs aching that satisfying ache that tells you you've made it, eyes ready for the view—and there was nothing—just swirling mist and hand-freezing drizzle. A final wipe of the glasses ('Must be able to see the cairns on the way down') and there it was—the view—not all at once, that would have been too much for mere mortals to appreciate, but in tantalising, fleeting glimpses as the mist parted. A peak appeared here, a lake there—even the odd hint of civilisation to reassure the faint-hearted and remind him of the delights of warm food and dry clothes ahead, never for long—just a hint of one's surroundings, but building up a magical kaleidoscope of interleaving images to store in the memory and bring out on winter evenings by the fireside.

That's the joy of a holiday—Wordsworth had it right—experience recollected in tranquillity—that's what you're after. Photos and cine-films are fun to show the folks at home, but for you, you who had the experience, you who toiled the leg-straining miles to the summit, it's what 'flashes on the inward eye' that counts when time has dimmed the memory of the effort it took to get there.

It was a good camp—we had more good weather than bad. Mr. Evans was more 'cordon bleu' than ever (if that's possible) in the kitchen, the fag groups did their chores cheerfully and well (not that they had much to do with the added help of Mr. and Mrs. Fotheringham, Dr. Taylor and Mr. Watson)—they've never had it so easy—and if the staff failed to win the football for once, well it was nice to give the others a chance!

It was a happy camp—everyone gained his Braithwaite certificate—and we ended with an excellent concert, which brought the camp to a melodious close (when Mr. Hall was singing) or a noisy one (when the rest of us joined in). It may not have been 'the food of love', but everyone would have liked it to 'play on' if it could have prolonged his stay among the peaks and the sheep.

All too soon the final dawn broke, and as it parted the mist over Bassenthwaite the sun saw us up and busy—boiling eggs, folding blankets ('end-to-end, end-to-end, side-to-side, end-to-'), tying knots, packing the coach, and away. More flashes for the winter memory—enough to last us till next year.

N.R.B.

SENIOR BRAITHWAITE 1971

Slowly but surely (as in previous years) the Roan School Senior Braithwaite camp party began to amass early in the morning of 17th July on Euston Station. We were equipped with cases, fishing rods, guitars and other articles of little use.

Despite many newcomers to the camp, the 'settling-in' process didn't take long. Indeed, Steve Gillman seemed perfectly at home from the word go and proceeded to climb into his more conventional attire, quickly and appropriately earning himself the nickname 'the tramp'.

The weather, as a whole, was very changeable, with a few hot days at the beginning and end. This produced some varied colours on the bodies of the people at the camp. The days in between were very wet and drizzly, which made sure that the drying cupboard was very much in demand. It was not only the rain that wet the clothes, but, because there was a small group of people who one evening decided to roll up their jeans and wade along the bed of a nearby stream—to their surprise the stream had some rather deep pools in places—and this provided more clothes for the drying cupboard. Late one night, well after lights-out, the less sleepy members of the camp were given a spectacular display when a thunderstorm swept over the mountain, producing forked lightning.

Many mountain walks were undertaken during the holiday, one of the most outstanding being the Borrowdale Round, which was attempted by a few people. They actually let themselves in for more walking than they expected and arrived back after dinner. Some people preferred to go fishing, but they did not arrive back with very good results owing to the weather.

During the holiday we challenged the local amateur football team to a match. Our team consisted of: Thorpe, Stafford, Thomas, Dennis, Mitchell, Lancelotte, Rodwell, Holloway, Glynn, Gillman, Keetch and Whitmore. Due to our brilliant and sturdy defence, our skilful mid-field and forward line, we achieved the magnificent result of 3-2 to us.

On the whole, the holiday was very pleasant and enjoyable. With the friendly locals, the beautiful scenery, the healthy walks and a crowd of good friends, I think that we will never forget our two weeks at the camp at Braithwaite.

S.G.

SCHOOL SCOUTS—SUMMER CAMP AND AFTERWARDS

Last July, eighteen of us were set down with our equipment near the small New Forest village of Fritham. Those of us in the know were a little disconcerted to find our splendid site, chosen on a preliminary survey, already occupied by another troop of scouts, who had erected an enormous tent, subsequently named by us 'Albert Hall'.

However, in ten minutes a new glade was chosen and up went our tents and work was begun on all those aids to gracious living that we scouts consider necessary.

For the next ten days the weather was kind and our camp proved to be one of the most pleasant I can remember. The terrain in this part of the world gave us the opportunity to try our hand at some orienteering, to undertake some magnificent hikes, and to enjoy the unequalled beauty of the forest.

We had the pleasure of welcoming Dr. and Mrs. Taylor to the camp for a day and Mr. and Mrs. Pendergast and family for an afternoon.

This term's scouting has got off to a good start and the troop has been remarkably successful in winning the district swimming gala and both the scoutcraft and camping competitions. We look forward to a good winter of scouting and to consolidating the undoubted advance the troop has made in the last two years.

We are looking for a good site for next year's camp and would welcome any contacts which readers of the magazine may be able to give us.

The troop would like to record its thanks to Dr. Taylor for his continued interest in our activities and to Mr. Lentle for all the help he has given us at the school field.

D.M.E.

WHITSUN JUNIOR SAILING HOLIDAY 1971

The intrepid, nay desperate, sailors of Roan—Messrs. Elliott, Thorp and Brooks—set out one bright May morn with twenty uninitiated would-be Duke of Edinburgh Award winners. The going was not easy—in the words of British Rail, 'the inclement weather conditions caused an unavoidable delay'; we resorted to the London Cab Drivers' Association and arrived at Paddington in time to catch our inter-city.

We reached Drake's Island around five o'clock; the setting was suitably inspiring—isolation, rugged outcrops, inaccessibility and the excitement of what was to come. The staff on the island were, to say the least, highly organised and instilled an air of nautical awareness into our polluted and numb souls. Watches were drafted, bells synchronised and port and starboard righted. We, in all innocence, were ill-prepared for the rigours of canoeing, mountaineering and sea-sailing. It is to our credit that most of us adapted so admirably—we, the soft town dwellers, soon proved our worth.



BALTIC CRUISE PARTY



NEW FOREST PONY—SCOUT CAMP

(Photo N.R.B.)



ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, HAWES, WENSLEYDALE



AYSGARTH FALLS, YORKSHIRE

(Photos: B.A.J.S.)

'Is there any among us who will not move mountains?' I'm afraid there are: the beam of Brooks ill befits the canoe; breakfast at 7.30 a.m. ill befits us all; and the fresh air is decidedly unhealthy.

We survive; we, the twenty youthful members of our party that is, try everything and anything—mountaineering, canoeing, sailing, even the fried bread at breakfast. We are no run-of-the-mill mortals—we are from Roan.

It is a truly beautiful island—the empty barracks, the view of the sound and the Hoe, wallowing sharks, the galleries of gulls, the early morning mist, the passing submarines, the stars at night—we are at peace with nature. A card from home—one had almost forgotten—'I come from another place', a place where noise, haste and time schedules organise our lives. Is it not better to be free to run up a sail, to hoist a jib, to free a shackle, to abseil, to see a three-master and spot a Painted Lady?

It is not an over-statement to say that all of us enjoyed ourselves tremendously. Most of us will be going again; from the confines of suburban existence it is heartening to know that there are places in our overcrowded isle where those simple pleasures can still be enjoyed; where for once life does stand still, where one can soak up the wind and rain and where there are people who are prepared to accept, help and educate us city dwellers in the joys of the open air. We will return.

HORATIO II.

NORFOLK 1971: THE RETURN OF HORATIO

*'Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrims' limbs affected slumber more'*

It is not easy to adjust to the open-air life—claustrophobia mingles with agoraphobia; there is a world of difference 'tween bus and boat. We arrived by coach and, having distributed the instant mash, scurvy-proof oranges, motley crew and good advice, yet another senior sailing holiday commenced. The old guard were present: Fitz and Beck, Shea and Banner; and 'Old Man of the Sea' Elliott.

To those that do not know—and there are many—sailing is a narcotic, habit-forming drug, something akin to happiness. With a moderate wind and cloudy sky, good companions and the odd cup of tea, sailing offers almost all that man can desire—for a week at most!

We left Potter Heigham and visited, in time, all the old stamping grounds—Acle Bridge, Stracey Arms, Oulton Broad, Beccles, Ramworth, Upthebank, Insomeonesporthole, Rippedsail and We've-runoutofeggs.

Perhaps the most potentially exciting trip is to cross Breydon Water. This year the early morning dash for safety and Burgh Castle was somewhat disappointing. The return trip, however—at four-thirty a.m.—was not so. The sun emerged with us and rose—

tinted clouds provided a backcloth for misty mizzens, molten mud-flats and morning meanderings. To approach Great Yarmouth under sail, having 'caught' the tide and pitted your wits against the unfathomable, is no small delight. To then have bacon and egg for breakfast is next to heaven.

This year we had, for the first time, a cabin cruiser—what a lumbering oaf it is compared to the sleek, natural beauty of a sailing boat. A product of man's ingenuity—the convenience craft, the instant roar, the surge of petroleum power—is it essential to the 'quality of life'? It is on trips like the senior sailing holiday that one realises that there is more to life than planned growth, 'Sunday Times' Supplements, design awards, entry into the E.E.C., the next dinner date. I, for one, only hope that the Broads and the Nor-folk will outlast our technological changes, mass-consumption mania and materialistic demands and that one day, whenever, it will still be possible to see the rat-holes, derelict wind-pumps, reed beds and corn stooks that have meant so much to so many, and mean so much to me.

*'The social friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he!'*

HORATIO III.

BALTIC CRUISE 1971

Twenty boys had, for quite some time, been looking forward to their summer holidays as they were to go on a cruise to Russia on the s.s. Nevasa, leaving from Tilbury Riverside.

Having set sail, the first happening was an emergency stations practice—a most uncomfortable experience for all concerned.

Our first destination was Oslo, where we were greeted by a local boys' band. Our short stay of ten hours was very interesting, including visits to the Royal Palace, the international ski jump and a museum devoted to the Kon-Tiki expedition.

Visby, on the Swedish coastal island of Gotland, was due to be our next port of call, but owing to bad weather conditions this visit had to be cancelled and we sailed to Helsinki instead. Owing to the short time allowed there, we were only able to visit some of the main shops.

After less than a day at sea we arrived at Leningrad. Owing to the strict Russian currency regulations not allowing any currency out of the country and careful checking of passports, it was quite some time before we were able to disembark. The sights that we saw included the Hermitage Museum, Nevsky Prospect and the Bronze Horseman. That night we took the train for a 500-mile trip to Moscow. There we visited the Kremlin, Red Square and S. Basil's Cathedral. The highlight of our stay was in the evening, when we saw a performance by the Wononsher Folk Company.

After the return journey to Leningrad we were very tired and glad to see the Nevasa again.

Our last port of call was Copenhagen. There we went to the town by water-bus and we visited by far the finest shopping centre of our holiday. Our sightseeing, however, only included a visit to Frederiksborg Castle and a modern church, which has the largest organ in Scandinavia. Undoubtedly, the visit to the Tivoli gardens in the evening was the perfect ending to our holiday, and it was with great sadness that we left there the following morning, to the sound of 'A Life on the Ocean Wave', to return to England.

Our life on board was highlighted by winning the award for the best-kept dormitory, coming second in the inter-party quiz—after getting three teams through to the final—and for Phil Prosser coming third in the fancy dress competition.

Finally, we would like to thank Mr. Ellis for putting in a lot of hard work to make our holiday that much more enjoyable.

G.C., K.M. and S.M.

THE FALLEN BIRDMAN

The old man in the cripple chair
Died in transit through the air.
Guts slopped out upon the road.
The driver of the heavy lorry
Stumbled out and cried 'I'm sorry',
To mangled flesh beneath the load.
Humans straggled round the mess
In masochistic helpfulness
As only human beings can.
But something else obsessed my brain;
The canvas, twisted steel and cane,
His chair spreadeagled in the rain
It's like . . . a fallen birdman.

T. M. STUBBINGS, UVI.

IF WE LIVED UNDER THE SEA

If all the men lived in the sea,
What a strange life it would be:
Swimming off to work each day
Avoiding sharks and stinging ray—
Imagine drawing a sales' graph peak
While shrimps and crabs play hide and seek—
And what a drawback it would be
With salt sea in your office tea!
Would it be kind or merely cruel
Having mermaids in the typing pool?
If all the people lived in the sea,
There'd be plenty of room on the land for me.

N. GREEN, IR.

PENNINE WAY 1971

I never cease to be amazed by people. Many have shown varying degrees of surprise at my answers to their stock question: 'What did you do for your holiday?' What reply could be more normal than: 'I walked 270 miles of bog, peat, mountains and rocks'? When they have recovered they invariably demand: 'Why?'

Why, indeed, did I do the Pennine Way—a longish trek from Derbyshire to Scotland? Ask Mr. Ballantyne, Clive Futter and Harry Child and they will be as obscure as myself. Suffice it to say that we're British and it was there!

So there we were in Edale and of course it was raining. This first day over Kinder Scout and Bleaklow introduced us rather too violently to the Pennines (which, incidentally, to those of non-geographical minds is a range of mountains up the middle of Britain). This particular day was not over pleasant in terms of weather; 3 o'clock on 10th August, 1971, saw us sitting in a pond, 2,000 feet up, gibbering insanely in Eddy Waring accents, as we chewed peat-covered sandwiches.

The weather improved from here on, but the bog remained. Mr. Ballantyne acquired a remarkable knack of seeking out each pool of oozing mud and depositing himself therein with unerring accuracy. Day after day, mile after mile, we continued—passing from the brooding black peat to green expanses, blue reservoirs and sturdy grey settlements lying quietly in the valleys. It was a positive pleasure in the evening to descend from the hills to the youth hostels in the valleys and to chat with fellow 'Way Walkers' and to savour the enormous variety of hostels. We met many 'characters': 'Mactavish', a mad Scots warden ('The dog wouldna' eat this, but you're gonnta!'); 'Plimsolls', a superman who ate nuts and walked in plimsolls and swimming trunks; Geoff, an economics master from Sheffield; 'Pip' and 'Deb' two medical students who accompanied us for most of the Way, etc., etc., etc.

The North of England is a compelling area. The people were gritty, hospitable and kind (if we could ever have understood what they were saying). Harry, a northerner himself, spent much of his time delivering speeches about the advantages of the north over the south. But he didn't fool us—north of Watford lie the colonies.

On and on we went, past hundreds of things and people that deserve a mention but which cannot be written about without turning this into a book. We passed the Roman Wall in rain and tramped through vast areas of afforestation to Byrness.

For the last two nights there were no hostels so we spent one camping and the other in a railway waggon 2,000 feet up (honestly!).

And so on to the last day; the view was terrific—on one side bonny Scotland and on t'other sweet England. The wind was incredible—it was an effort to move at all with the fantastic force

pushing against us. Even now Mr. B's sleeping bag is regretting it, as it lies somewhere out on the moors, torn from his rucksack by the gale. However, as we came down for the last time the wind abated, the sun shone and, man, we had made it!

That day we appeared on T.V. ('Look, Mum, that's my back, just behind Bob Langley on the left!') and that night we slept well. I thought back to the start, thousands of cups of tea and inches of rubber heels earlier. We had done our last impression of Doctor Cameron and Janet, sung our last song and dubbed our boots for the last time. The next day was a hectic journey to Edinburgh and home by train, passing what we had walked in three-and-a-half weeks in three-and-half hours. Oh well . . .

I will never forget this trek over glorious mountains, through driving rain and beating sun, past endless miles of sheep ('Mornin' Squires' I said to them all); I will never forget my 270 mile trek over bog and mountain to Kirk Yetholm.

B. A. J. SMITH.

I.L.E.A. MODERN LANGUAGES AWARDS 1971

This year four Roan boys had the good fortune to win one of the I.L.E.A. scholarships. They were Ed Prekopp, for French, and Paul Angus, Andy Simpkins and Paul Turner, for German. These scholarships entail a continuous stay in either France or Germany for ten weeks. This includes a two-and-a-half weeks course in the universities of Boulogne or Salzburg.

On the morning of the 30th of June I found myself awaiting the departure of the Victoria-Dover express, with great excitement and a somewhat heavy heart. Several hours later I was in Heidelberg, having travelled through Ostend and Aachen.

I was greeted at Heidelberg by Herr and Frau Kurtz, my hosts. I was to spend a really marvellous four weeks there. Heidelberg is a beautiful town, surrounded on two sides by rising forests. I was staying with a large family which comprised three charming young ladies and their brother, aged twelve. The Heidelberg Castle, Schwetzingen Gardens and the Corn Market were among the very many interesting places that I visited. I was very sorry to leave.

I arrived at Salzburg on a hot July afternoon and soon afterwards I was walking through the towering gates of the 'Haus Commonwealth'. The first person that I saw sitting on the lawn was Paul Angus. We immediately greeted each other and started a conversation in German which, due to our enthusiasm, rather than to our lack of ability, lasted a mere 25 seconds. We were shortly joined by Andy Simpkins, and for the next hour we chatted about our experiences and met our fellow scholarship winners. The next two-and-a-half weeks brought about a spirit of friendship and an increase in knowledge.

At the end of the course we were all very satisfied at having completely mastered the chief difficulty—the ability to think in a foreign language.

We all went our different ways after Salzburg and I went to Hagen, which is just south of the industrial Ruhr-Gebiet. I stayed with the Familie Steinbach. Once again I was extremely lucky to find such a pleasant family. Thomas, their son, was a very keen traveller and we spent five days touring Holland in his car.

For the last fortnight Thomas had to return to school near Kassel (which is close to the East German border) and it was in the Internat (a small hostel for about 40 boys) that I met up again with Andy and Paul.

In conclusion, I would like to add that the scheme was very worth while and I would recommend anyone with the chance of competing for such an award to do so. You will improve your spoken language and, above all, you will enjoy yourself!

P.T.

THE GHOST

Through the dark and gloomy hall
A figure looms there, black and tall.
This is the Ghost, whom people dread,
Coming from his dying bed.
He passes through the great grey wall
And through the grounds where screech owls call,
Then back again to the moon-splashed mansion
To view the place in its vast expansion.
But then the light peeps into view
And by this light the ghost he knew
His fate, the day, had come too soon
He had to walk the world alone.

T. ORFORD, *IR*.

THE PEACEMAKER

You may see him on the T.V. putting bullets in his brain
Or you'll see him on the front page where he's dying once again.
You will see him all around you and there's stories he can tell
Of how he shot them, how he knifed them, how he battered them
to hell
And his is thus your story, there's no way you can escape
From the stories of his killings, his plundering and rape.
'It's for Peace', they say, who call him up and send him out to fight
You have sent him, you have killed him, you can never put it right.
'It's for Peace', you call him soldier and you train him how to kill
And you watch him on the news and then say he makes you ill.

N. MACKNISH, *IVB*.

CHRISTMAS

The firelight twinkles down the row of seldom-empty glasses.
In the corner the children play with shop-bright toys, frustrated,
by the supine, snoring row of adults, who heave their bloated
stomachs rhythmically towards the streamer-wrapped ceiling.

It is Christmas and the debris of a well-just-one-more-helping
lunch declares it to be afternoon. Smart in regimentals, a toy-soldier
gazes admiringly at the fairy doll crowning the tree with beauty.
Her dark green fairy domain grows trunks of candles which drip
wax towards the tinselled floor.

Suddenly the children rise and reappear as well-packaged, in
scarves and mufflers, as Christmas parcels. They barely pause,
even to echo a 'Yes', to their one-eye-open mother's bleary 'Well
wrapped up?' They troop out and run in slow motion across the
sugar-icing landscape, dodging the snowballs which smack their
faces red as the setting sun. Then they return, fresh and aglow, to
match the fireside and port complexions of their parents and giggle
their way nearer bedtime as kisses exchange lips beneath the
mistletoe.

T. M. STUBBINGS, *UVI*.

AUTUMN

One by one, leaf by leaf,
The skeletons of the trees are shown,
Autumntide drawn from its sheath,
The beer hops now quite fully grown,
The leafy carpet on the ground,
Chestnuts, acorns, fruits abound.
Farmers reaping golden corn,
Leaving bare fields, brown, forlorn.
Orchards robbed of all their riches,
Coming festival of witches.
Misty mornings, chilly days,
Hint of Winter yet to be,
Autumntide its aura lays,
Pledging false tranquillity.

D. PIKE, *IR*.

MR. H. W. H. ICOUGH
1890-1971

**A Tribute from the Governors, Staff and Boys of the School and the
 Old Boys' Association**

The 1971 Prize Day, held in October, was to have been, for Mr. Icough, a very special event this year, marking his fiftieth year as a Governor of the school and his thirty-sixth year as Chairman. Very fittingly it took place in the Borough Hall, built in 1937 when Mr. Icough was chairman of the committee responsible for its construction.

Outside his family, Mr. Icough had three major interests: his church, local government and the Roan Schools. His Christian commitment found its expression through his dedicated service to Greenwich (he was a borough councillor for 40 years), and to the young people of the area through his involvement with the Roan Schools.

He was a man of steady judgment and of consistent purpose. He was characterised by a transparent honesty which derived from the soundness of his character. He was a man to be relied on.

The welfare of the school was of the greatest importance to him and all matters, large or small, relating to the school were dealt with immediately. He worked with great perseverance to persuade the authorities to proceed with projects to the advantage of the school, and his experience in a variety of official positions made him a powerful and successful negotiator.

When the school was damaged by bombs during the war, Mr. Icough was on the scene immediately the news was conveyed to him. Although the damage was considerable, the school was closed for only one day

During the evacuation, despite the difficulty in those days, he was a constant visitor at Bexhill and Ammanford. He entertained the local officials; and smoothed out difficulties which otherwise might have become acute. He was present at sports days and all other important functions of the school. He took a great interest in the boys; and he appeared to them, in their exile, to be a link with their homes in London. He did as much to raise the morale of the Roan party as he did, behind the scenes, to ensure the smooth running of the school in those difficult circumstances.

Throughout the period of educational reorganisation which followed the second world war, he guided the schools at a critical time in their long history; and much of the health and vigour of the boys' school now can be attributed to his wise leadership, and to his loyal support of successive headmasters. But his interest was always more than impersonal—he made it his business to know members of staff and he continued to take a genuine and kindly interest in the pupils and their activities. He never missed a performance of a school play or concert, regularly attended the end-of-term carol service, and in the last year of his life supported the school first eleven at every one of its county matches, travelling even as far as Newcastle to do it.

He maintained his interest in the boys after they left the school and so gave strong support to, and became involved in, the work of the Old Roan Association. He encouraged the Old Boys by making facilities available to them both at the field and at the school; and it was a great delight to him that the Association elected him president last year.

We have not attempted to give an account of all his many achievements nor of all the important posts he filled in his lifetime. Here we wish simply to honour the memory of a good man and acknowledge the school's debt to him.

It has been decided to create some kind of lasting memorial to Mr. Icough. When definite plans have been formulated for this, the schools, parents' associations, the Old Girls' Association and the Old Boys' Association will be invited to contribute.

OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION

President: PETER WILLIAMS, 23 Chapel Farm Road, Mottingham, S.E.9

Vice-Presidents: L. J. BERRY, K. S. BINNIE, W. J. BULLERS, W. L. GARSTANG, W. GOSLING, J. V. LOVELL, H. H. PYE, G. SMITH, H. J. TOWNSEND

Hon. Secretary: G. THOMAS, 27 Cambourne Road, Welling, Kent

Hon. Treasurer: J. WILLIAMS, 101 Winn Road, Lee, S.E.12

Social Secretary: D. A. BAXTER, 66 Mayday Gardens, S.E.3

Magazine Editor: DAVID BRYDEN, 41 Mosslea Road, S.E.20

FROM THE PRESIDENT

I have enjoyed six full and happy months since the honour of presidency came my way. In addition to the routine of committee meetings I was proud to be one of the large contingent of supporters at the two-leg final of the English Schools Cup which Roan carried off with two highly competent displays; and later in the month met and talked with school leavers at an informal gathering at Maze Hill. In June my wife and I were guests at the O.R.F.C. dinner and dance; and the following month we were similarly invited to the school athletic sports, at which an unseen announcer unmistakably identifiable as George Witten supplied the necessary continuity as only he could. Also in July, I enjoyed the privilege of raising and leading a cricket eleven against the school. The unwritten law giving the 'beneficiary' one-off-the-mark was not observed by the school bowlers, but an otherwise high scoring match was appropriately left drawn and I believe everyone thoroughly enjoyed a gloriously sunny afternoon. More recently, the dinner—reported in full elsewhere—proved a most happy occasion and I am reasonably certain that those in attendance derived as much pleasure from the evening as I did. And as these notes go to press, Joyce and I are still enthusing over the hospitality shown us by the John Roan School Lodge on the occasion of their annual Ladies' Festival.

Amid these pleasurable pursuits has been sadness: first George Lee and then Harry Icough were taken from us. Until his death Harry had supported and encouraged me unfailingly, and less than a week before had been a keenly interested spectator at the cricket match referred to above.

I make no apology for the foregoing chronicle of some of my activities undertaken on your behalf, for my purpose is to try to underline the close links that exist between our Association and our school; without this basic mutual understanding and co-operation no Old Boys' fraternity can thrive.

FROM THE SECRETARY

The Diamond Jubilee Year has now run half its course and the functions held so far have been successful and happy occasions. The dinner at the school was very well attended, the improved menu enjoyed and the speeches well received. The absence of the

late Harry Icough was sadly noted but we were glad to welcome the new Chairman of the Governors, Mr. N. A. Edgerton, M.A., A.C.A., who we hope will be our guest regularly in future. The next main event will be the dinner/dance at the Bull Hotel, Chislehurst, on 14th February, and if you wish to attend it would be advisable to inform Del Baxter at an early date because members have to be limited to around the 120 mark.

Our membership has risen slightly during the past six months, mainly from recent school-leavers joining the Association and we welcome these young men who will be the future backbone of the Association. A few members responded to my request to be given names and addresses of ex-Roan men who were not members of the O.R.A. and about eight have joined in this way.

Finally, may I repeat my usual plea for annual subscriptions to be sent to me early in 1972 without reminders, to save postage, etc. Hand your money to the Assistant Secretary Mike West if that is more convenient, or leave a cheque in an envelope behind the bar.

The SOS regarding access to an Adrema plate-making machine was well and truly answered. Bill Rolph (1926 at school) delivered one to us free gratis—yet another proof of the thought and comradeship between John Roan's men.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY DINNER

Held at the School on 1st October

This was the big one. This was where it was at. In the committee they'd been told, 'Change it, make it different, it's the Diamond Jubilee, make it unlike the others'.

This year Del Baxter organised, and we gladly announce that changes were made. But as Molière said, 'Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose'. OK, the tables were laid out the other way and pictures festooned that hallowed, panelled wall from which the spotlights peer, pictures of the Remove of '36 (Were you there?) and almost every one of Lionel Berry's plays were pinned up for posterity.

You can't change an Old Roan and you can't change an Old Roan dinner at the school. Fortunately, George Witten will still bash out the school song on the piano, which will still be vehemently sung by 85 per cent. of those present; those who left just a few years ago will still blush at calling their former mentors by their first names; the 'swingers' of the fifties will have been let out (again) and will pleasurably pass the evening—only to pass out in the morning. Thus t'was and always shall be.

Our honourable toastmaster Stan Berry called us to table at 7.15 p.m. this year with approximately 150 present. Our president, Peter Williams, gave grace and we tucked away at as fine a meal as has been had at the school, until 9 o'clock.

John Cramp was proud to deliver the toast of the school. It fell

to George Witten to reply, and reply he did.

Your humble scribe cannot do justice to George's verbal epistle, merely to say that it was all too short, even though nearly thirty side-splitting minutes elapsed, during which his anecdotes were fast, furious, and—so I'm told—accurate. Surely every Old Roan in the world knows George ('but I've sold my motor bike') Witten and there must be few who do not agree with Mr. Shakespeare's description thereof: 'A good portly man, i'faith and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage' (but George was younger then, but see page 44!).

Finally, Stan was able to claim our attention for this year's guest of honour, another teacher, another personality, Arthur 'Hoppy' Hopwood. A fine foil this pair; George and Arthur have the contemporary history of the Roan School just about sewn up. Arthur reminisced about the past, his own present, cricket of yesteryear, and recent events at the field—all of which Old Roans can be extremely proud. We were fortunate indeed, and so it proved, to listen to two such raconteurs of life at the Roan, past and present.

It fell to our president to terminate the evening's formal proceedings with a report on the current activities of the Old Roan Association. But obviously high on this list was the fact that this year's activities are tempered by the death of our old friend Harry Icough.

Peter reported the strength of the various societies, producing incredulous gasps from those to whom the thought of seven football teams, plus their substitutes, supporters and fans, can even cram into the bar after Saturday afternoon football—but don't forget we now have a new extension! Six cricket teams are fielded every weekend from late April until early October. Oh yes, Peter said, despite being (a) a teacher, (b) employed by a rival company (Colfes), things are indeed looking good for our beloved Association.

To deserved applause, Peter sat down and from 10.15 p.m. onwards, the evening developed its usual bonhomie and ambience, and other such phrases as befit being in the company of so many old friends.

OF JOHN ROAN'S MEN

... wherever men should be

Our Greenwich men are lighting new beacons in the night

Dave Cutting ('43-'47) has come out of retirement to join the board of Sitmak Shipping Line. It's rumoured that Dave only gave up his previous job as personal assistant to a major Greek shipping line so that he could be regularly available for Wednesday afternoon cricket. **Adrian Buckle** ('54-'59) has always been connected with the retail trade and has now obtained a franchise on 'Camping Gas' and tent equipment. Any Old Roan who does it under canvas could well contact him at his East Ham shops for holiday bargains.

Del Dreher ('49-'56) has emerged from the riots of Ireland to cause riots in defences of football teams facing Old Roan's 1st XI. Taking his place in a side of youngsters almost half his age, Del scored four goals in his second and third games back in England and another three in the next. **Jim Bird** ('54-'59), another football and goal-scoring star—though with the 6th XI—has achieved his life's ambition. His lovely wife Bonnie has become a barmaid at a local pub, so we don't see our Jim for dust once the final whistle blows.

Keith Richardson ('56-'62) has moved to Hastings. After two years in Eye (Suffolk) he has now gone to a better job as a medical officer for health in Sussex. He still bowls in his steel toe-cap—and sleeps in it according to his wife Jochi. **Don Boon** ('56-'61), who studied with Keith for his public health inspector exams, has written from Singapore on part two of his world travels. Don and Barbara flew to Canada and spent time in Toronto after their marriage two-and-a-half years ago, and now intend coming home the hard way, via Australia, New Zealand, Africa and Europe. He assures us he'll be back for the 'Wedding of the Year', that of **Tony Rickson** ('57-'64) in April. **John Marsh** ('19-'27) has retired from the electrical engineering business and moved from Guildford to Feock, near Truro in Cornwall. An associate of King's College, London, a Fellow of the Institution of Electrical Engineers and a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, John would like to see the Association publish a directory of members so that contemporaries could be contacted. **Peter Motton** ('54-'61) has written from Nigeria, Tashkent and Geneva. He is a translator with the World Health Organisation in the Swiss capital—he and wife Linda haven't been seen in the U.K. since Christmas, 1969.

John Oram ('56-'62) made the yearly pilgrimage from Milan, with wife Elspeth, to the school field somewhat later this year, but he still managed to help out the cricket club in September, whilst advocating left-hand drive Fiat 850s for quickness round the South Circular. **Norman Haggett** ('37-'41) could never be called a drop-out, though he did have the distinction of shoving our future king from an airplane's fuselage when His Royal Highness was with the R.A.F. recently. Not surprising really; when Norman, as a P.T. master at school, said 'Jump' we all jumped. **Mike Titheridge** ('51-'56) now has three children, which, for some odd reason, has prevented him playing cricket this summer. Congratulations on your recent addition Mike. **Glen Aitken** ('64-'71), one of our newest Old Boys, and surely the star of the school's magnificent English Individual Schools Cup victory in May, has left Chelsea F.C. Since then, Glen, a former English youth international and a great friend of Chelsea's John Hollins, has joined Charlton—and left them. He was last seen in an Old Roan shirt. **Tony Burgess**

('64-'71), the former school captain wishes to point out to us, while on the subject of Roan's magnificent cup win at Walton, that he has now fully recovered from any damages he received upholding Roan's honour that day. **Ron Charles** ('52-'59) and his Lotus Elan are reputed to be making a football comeback; what with the work, the *dolce vita* and the travelling, many of us thought Ron wouldn't be seen in club colours again.

P. J. Barnwell ('23-'31) writes from Cambridge to express his disappointment at the lack of Old Roans at the cricket re-union in June. He took himself off to see the 'Grey Coat Boy' pub behind St. Alphege's instead, and suggests starting a collection of 'Roan' place-names. He sends a picture of the 'Old Roan' pub near Knotty Ash in Lancashire, and notes the existence of an Old Roan Lane, a Roan fell and Roan Edge Quarry in the Lake District, and a High Roans, he thinks, north of York. He's visited Braithwaite three times this year, and has some harsh words on the lack of references to the Hope Memorial Camp in a recently published Braithwaite booklet. He also tells us, in another letter, that **E. R. Murphy** ('26-'33) has moved to Truro—a popular place that—as director of social services at the County Hall. **M. Peacock** ('60-'67) has received unofficial (it should be official by now) notification that he has been awarded the B.Sc. Honours degree in Physics with Electronics from London University. It's all happening really—he's also told us of his June engagement to Jennifer Pilbeam. **Keith Weaver** ('62-'67) has recently been transferred from Southern League football club Folkestone, where he helped them gain promotion to the Premier Division, to First Division Maidstone. Whisper it quietly, Keith has started work—but don't bother to send him flowers. **Val Carr** ('45-'50) has threatened—or is it promised?—to hang up his football boots for good. That's been heard before! Apparently **Mike Callaghan** ('51-'56) will have to use all his persuasive forces to get Val to appear on the wing for the seventh team again. **Alan Smith** ('26-'31) writes from North Epping, Australia, and hopes to be in London in 1973 for a look at 'the old school.' He wonders what happened to 'Chas Lewis'—'**C. L. Tatarsky** to you and me at school'—and a former O.R.D.S. stalwart. Alan would like to see a corner of this magazine reserved for a feature on the school's governors—'As far as I was concerned, governors always seemed to be a sort of mysterious, awesome wonder at a great distance'. Alan's address is 21 Pinner Close, North Epping, New South Wales 2121, Australia.

Arthur Hewlett ('14-'21) tells us, from his Deal, Kent, home, of his everlasting school cross-country record, set in 1920 or 1921. He covered the 7½-mile course in a record time—and played rugby in the afternoon; but the course was then adjudged too exacting and shortened. But his main object in writing is as secretary of the

Ernest George White Society, a post he has held since 1944, having had his first lessons in voice technique from **E. G. White**, an Old Roan himself, in 1925. Arthur has written 'Think Afresh about the Voice', a reappraisal of the teaching of Ernest George White, a 60-page volume—there's a copy in the school library—on the vocal technique in drama, discussion, oratory and song. Arthur, who recently retired from a career in teaching and educational administration, rates White's work as 'pretty certainly one of the greatest achievements of any alumnus of the school'.

R. J. Cutbush ('17-'22) has retired from his post as principal teacher of music at Harlow Academy, Aberdeen, and taken up a part-time organist and choirmaster appointment near his home at 1 Cherington Crescent, Macclesfield, Cheshire SK11 8LA. His wife, née Doris Furlong, was also an Old Roan. **H. Woodthorpe Browne** ('96-'01) is one of many Old Roans who have written to congratulate the school on winning the English Schools Trophy. From Tunbridge Wells he offers his 'heartiest congratulations' on the school's outstanding success, and recalls with gratitude 'the excellent education I received at the school, then in a poor street in Greenwich, but with a jolly good gymnasium'. **R. E. Owen** ('38-'44) sends his congratulations to the school from Oxford where he is senior lecturer at the Polytechnic, and suggests that the school team is offered as a unit to Sir Alf Ramsey for 1974—unless the taking of first degrees intervenes. His interest in school soccer goes back to 1938 when the best part of assembly was Mr. Parker reading out the first eleven results, and his period as non-playing captain of form football in the wartime years at Bexhill and Ammanford.

G. W. Gillam ('11-'15) also sends hearty congratulations as one who played soccer for the school 56 years ago and later captained the Old Roan cricket club. Writing from Seer Green, Buckinghamshire, he tells 'with thanks to all concerned' of how he opened the paper with trembling fingers to read of the school's success.

Dave Lee ('63-'70) is studying building management at Bristol Polytechnic. He writes that his courses comprise quantity surveying, geology, maths, structures and other aspects fundamental to building construction. The lecturers are apparently very informal . . . 'they swear and natter away, and if we get fed up we tell them and go for coffee . . .' Just sounds like our Dave. He's also wangled himself into the Polytechnic football team; surprise, surprise!

Fred Marsh ('20-'25) is the president of Addington village cricket club, a team which the Sunday third eleven beat this year. He was at school with **Alan Pile**, a vice-president of the Old Roan cricket club, but Fred apparently disagreed with one or two of Alan's decisions in his capacity of umpire. Still, all was sorted out before we left the village pub very late that night. **John Dennis**

('64-'71), one of last year's school football first team squad, writes from the University of Aston in Birmingham. He is studying behavioural science; perhaps the Old Roan club would be a good choice for some interesting field work.

Dr. M. A. Phillips ('14-'20), who discovered the M and B drug for curing pneumonia in the thirties, has now developed a substance to provide cheaper treatment for Parkinson's disease; the 'Medical News Tribune' reports that Dr. Phillips is working on improved methods of extracting the substance from the humble broad bean.

We must mention **Captain F. T. Bolingbroke** ('29-'35) at this instance; he is a captain in the British Petroleum fleet and has sailed in every one of their class 'C' vessels, but, for nearly six months this year, he was omitted entirely, due to an error, from their fleet list. However, this omission was rectified in the August edition of their journal, when a suitable apology was printed. At least the Roan Magazine will not be called to task by such an oversight. We congratulate **S. H. Smith** ('23-'28) on the knighthood recently bestowed upon him. He spent all of his life in the fire service and was last seen as a guest at an Old Roan dinner.

BIRTHS

STANBRIDGE.—To Joan, wife of Rod Stanbridge ('56-'62), on 30th July, a son, Christopher Rodney, a brother for Nicholas.

THOMAS.—To Denise, wife of Keith Thomas ('60-'66), on 25th July, a daughter Sally.

SILVER WEDDING

WOOD—LARGE.—On 20th July, 1946, A. M. Wood ('31-'36) to Doris Large, at St. Margaret's Church, Lee.—Many congratulations.

DEATHS

We regret to record the passing of the following Old Roans:

COXHEAD.—On 7th September, 1971, Basil Coxherd ('35-'39).

ICOUGH.—On 12th July, 1971, Harry Icough, in his fiftieth year as governor of the Roan School.

LEE.—On 12th June, 1971, George C. Lee ('12-'15). George was president of the Association in 1950-51, entertainments secretary for over 30 years, and also did much work for the Old Roan tennis club. During his year as president, membership passed the 900 mark, well on its way to the magical 1,000, and an attendance record was set at the annual dance that year, when 343 attended.

STOW.—On 3rd July, 1971, John Waters Stow ('20-'30). Rector of Bishop's Hatfield from 1961.

MARRIAGE

EDWARDS—CARRICK.—On 5th June, 1971, Peter Edwards ('60-'66) to Denise Carrick, at Lady St. Mary Church, Wareham, Dorset.



(Photos by P. J. Barnwell)

THE OLD ROAN 1st XI



K. CALNAN, C. WYTON, K. FARRER, T. BARRY, G. TOWNSEND,
H. HENNING, R. BAIN, G. SAWYER;
G. CHAMBERS, J. HUNTLEY, P. WILLIAMS, J. BROADFOOT



THE SUNDAY III XI

" . . . IN A HIGHER LEAGUE . . ."



THE IV XI

THE OLD ROAN FOOTBALL CLUB

Hon. Secretary: C. Shepherd, 58 Northdown Road, Longfield, Kent

The club is now fielding seven elevens, and with a great depth of new talent and skill in the two premier elevens, the remaining sides have been considerably strengthened. The new season is now well under way, and whilst it is too early to predict success, the club is expecting the premier sides, under the very capable management of Messrs. Broadfoot and Sawyer, to dominate the limelight at the end of the season.

The first two elevens are playing in the newly-formed Metropolitan London Football League and the premier division of the South London Alliance. The Metropolitan league side playing in the Reserve Division II of that league, are currently leading the table with some very impressive performances. The third eleven, an ageing team, of colossal experience are sedately occupied with Division III of the South London Alliance. The fourth eleven and Vic Brooker are hoping for success in the South East London Amateur football league. Divisions III and IV of the Bromley and District League accommodate the fifth and sixth elevens, the latter considering themselves sufficiently strong to transfer from the Beckenham League they so nearly won a year ago. The seventh eleven are engaged in numerous friendlies—how friendly we are not too sure with 'the likes of McQuarrie, Brooks and Thomas playing alongside the new sweeper at the back, Mike Callaghan.

FOOTBALL DINNER AND DANCE

18th June, 1971

The football season ended, the training not yet begun, and with memories of the season past still fresh in the mind some 70 active Old Roan players with wives, girl friends and supporters gathered with the successful Roan School team this warm June evening.

In Bill Gosling's absence the chair was taken by Del Baxter and it was he who introduced Joe Broadfoot to everyone, as it was upon his shoulders that the fate of the evening depended, as many of the arrangements had been left to him. Three huge cups were on display, and it was revealed later that the third had been won that very day by our favourite golfing cabbie, Mr. Joe. We drank the success of the school team in winning the All-England knock-out cup and were also able to congratulate the Old Roan first team in bringing back the Queen Mary cup by defeating West Kent 4-2 on Good Friday.

The fine meal over, Del called upon Joe to give a resumé of the football club's fortunes throughout the season; this was done at an accelerating pace as even Mr. Joe had to admit that there were players in the lower elevens who he had never spoken to—cries of 'you should be so lucky' were heard. Joe himself took pride

in introducing his old boss and golfing arch enemy, Bill McGarry, now manager of Wolverhampton Wanderers, who displayed a fine degree of cynical criticism of 'this ridiculous little man who has apparently done so much . . .'

Other guests included Dave Harper, formerly with Orient and Millwall, as well as representatives of many local clubs. The tables were cleared away and it fell to a new group, called The Uglis, comprising six professional educationalists, to begin the evening's entertainment with a half-hour of smooth standards, until, to deserved applause, they gave way to disc jockey John Brady and the Monster Sound Seven Discotheque, and this was the signal for the younger set to take the floor themselves to perform the moves that perhaps the older members have only seen on Top of the Pops.

OLD ROAN CRICKET CLUB

Hon. Secretary: H. Henning, 61 Ovington Court, Kempton Walk, Shirley, Surrey

First Eleven

The Club first eleven took up in late spring where they had left off the previous autumn, and I have the enviable task of reporting yet another success story. Indeed, 1971 was in many respects the best season ever; let the figures first speak for themselves:

RESULTS		Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
Saturdays	...	22	11	2	9
Sundays	...	18	9	1	8
Mid-week	...	8	3	1	4
Total...	...	48	23	4	21

BATTING	Innings	Not out	Fifties	Runs	Average
K. Farrer	22	5	8	1083	63.7
T. Barry	32	10	7	932	42.3
J. Broadfoot	35	6	9	1128	38.8
G. Townsend	42	3	8	1198	30.7
J. Huntley	32	5	5	827	28.5
K. Calnan	33	6	3	706	26.1
J. Girdwood	15	5	1	202	20.2
G. Chambers	18	2	—	229	14.3

BOWLING	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
G. Chambers	190	59	452	32	14.1
J. Williams	115	23	313	22	14.2
T. Barry	496	125	1308	90	14.5
C. Wyton	303	67	908	56	16.2
K. Calnan	358	88	918	56	16.3
B. Hamer	157	37	444	26	17.0
R. Bain	206	56	563	31	18.1

By an odd quirk the first and last games of the summer were lost. Between these two setbacks we were annihilated by Westcliff in a contest—and the word is used in its loosest sense—which terminated our interest for '71 in the Kemp's Cup, and failed for

once to score enough to prevent Netherne from winning comfortably. In fairness, however, to Terry Barry (the captain for the day), who struggled manfully but to no avail in this latter game, it should be recorded that a fair sprinkling of the top brass had absented themselves in favour of a wedding.

Having (fairly I think) disposed of this slice of the season, I can begin to enthuse. For each game lost six were won—and the batting was, as a rule, more formidable than ever. Graham Townsend scored 1,000 runs for the first time and was also by a short head first past the post. He wanted 17 and Joe Broadfoot 26 when they opened together on 29th August, in reply to 186 for 9 declared by Old Askeans. Both reached the landmark and Joe, never happy with second place, even when, as here, it was by a matter only minutes after a period of months, did the side a great service by going on to a match-winning 91—but victory was achieved only off the last ball of the game. This was our narrowest win. The summer's biggest total, 267 for 2 v Temple Bar, featured the highest individual score—156 not out by Ken Farrer, beating by one his own previous record put up two years ago. Ken reached his thousand in his twentieth innings; a feat never before accomplished by anyone playing only one day per weekend, and his average of 63 has never been approached. If, as seems inevitable, Ken is lost to us as a result of moving away from London, he has set some near-unassailable targets in his last season. Two other centuries were scored: 113 by Ken v Norwood and 117 by Joe v Old Shoots' both suffixed by the cherished asterisk.

Once before, in 1959, we were able to boast three batsmen with 1,000 apiece (to allay your curiosity they were Graham Chambers, John Williams and Colin Trew), but even in that halcyon summer there were not three others close behind. Terry Barry, John Huntley and Dan Calnan in 1971 scored between them almost 2,500 runs—making the overall total of the leading six batsmen only just short of 6,000. Perhaps the most amazing thing was that, to the best of my knowledge, there was no whisper of mutiny from the lower decks, comprising as they did a number of capable performers who last summer were purely decorative. John Huntley began the season in fine style but seemed to lose his touch (on the beach?) in August, whereas Dan Calnan returned from the Isle of Wight at the end of July with a confidence hitherto lacking. From then on he scarcely put a foot wrong, apart from the occasional 'lbw' that went against him; runs came consistently and with assurance and his success pleased everyone. Terry Barry is the prime example of 'the cricketer you can least afford to do without'. If he didn't score a run or take a wicket for a month he could, and probably would, win a game or two by his fielding. But he is so full of cricket that the above conjecture is about as likely as Mike Callaghan taking

3 for 5 in the first eleven (see footnote). This year Terry came within 10 wickets and 68 runs of the double—as near as anyone since John Williams gave up the habit a decade ago. I rate his undefeated 88 at Hayes (in a total of 153) as good as anything I have seen this year—and there have been many good innings.

Turning to bowling, the performances bear a marked resemblance to those of 1970. Pride of place to Terry, who has by no means reached his peak. I think the most genuine compliment I can bestow is to suggest that were it possible for him to field at short-leg to his own bowling he would have taken those elusive extra 10 wickets. Nevertheless, I am sure he feels pleased with his efforts. Chief support came from Chris Wyton and Dan Calnan. Dan has settled into an easy rhythm and gave little away; Chris, when in the mood bowled with considerable fire. Graham Chambers played less than he would have liked, but was frequently the answer to a skipper's problems. Brian Hamer was an invaluable deputy, who latterly won a fairly regular place, with the commendable virtue of being straight. John Williams played all too infrequently, but the side was the better for his presence—and not only as a bowler; finding himself required to bat at Honor Oak, a short straight boundary must have stirred memories for he accelerated from 30 to 90 in half an hour, and a relieved skipper was able to declare with a measure of panache. Finally, Bob Bain—the latest of a regular series of quickies we inherit from the school. In mid-season Bob was drafted into the side and he stayed on merit. He was fortunate to find himself in a winning team and was not over-bowled; but 31 wickets in 20 outings is an encouraging start, and if his enthusiasm survives the winter he should prove an asset.

One can seldom commend, without reservation, the fielding of a side over the period of a full season; but whilst recognising lapses the first eleven have acquitted themselves creditably in this respect. Nothing is, however, more morale-sapping than sloppy fielding—however isolated—and this is one aspect of their personal game that everyone should determine to raise to the highest level. When it comes to making opponents' out-cricket appear inadequate—that is the judgment and stealing of runs—this is something we tend to do very well.

Of future prospects we can justifiably be optimistic. Mike Callaghan has brought a fresh interest to bear upon the task of building rather than retaining a fixture list, and has already worked wonders for 1972. It seems almost certain that the following season we shall be involved (the first eleven at least, probably the second eleven too) in league cricket on Saturdays. Several Surrey leagues are already established and Kentish clubs are following suit. Whatever individual feeling as to the merits of competition of this sort may be, to turn one's back would in effect deprive the club of many

established fixtures; accordingly, our policy is to continue in the highest feasible strata of club cricket, and we have already displayed our interest in participating. Linked with this is the necessity of having call on a home wicket to a greater extent on Saturdays than is possible at the moment. Negotiations are afoot for the lease of another ground to fulfil this need.

These notes would be incomplete without the customary but sincere thanks to Reg Lentle and to the arbiters of fair play, John Cramp and Geoff Sawyer, to all of whom we owe a big debt of gratitude.

It did happen—on 11th September, 1971—M. C. Callaghan: 3 overs, 1 maiden, 5 runs' 3 wickets!

Saturday Second Eleven

Captain: D. R. Cutting

This season's activity does not compare favourably with that of 1970. Of 22 games arranged, 6 were victories (as against 9 for the previous season), 9 drawn, 5 lost and 2 games cancelled due to rain.

An analysis of the drawn games proves the old adage that 'catches win matches'. So often these games could have been won if only the chances offered had been held or, indeed, earlier attempts made to reach the ball. Few players can be exempted from this criticism and such deficiency must be remedied. This apart, the standard of ground fielding was good and some excellent run-outs were obtained, notably those originating from R. Dale, who appeared by his very speed to field both in the covers and in the deep. It must be recorded that his catch to clinch a victory over Old Colfe's was the highlight of the season.

The batting was almost in the sole hands of H. Henning for the first half of the season, whilst B. Endersbee and M. Hooker 'came good' in the later games. Their respective aggregates being 458, 511 and 299. P. Williams, in the four innings played, recorded 145 runs and M. Vamplew passed the 200 mark for the season.

The bowling attack lacked penetration and was in the main of medium pace. The tenacity of B. Hamer was lacking due to his promotion to first eleven duty. The latent talent in the slow bowling of G. Briscoe became evident during the season who, with a total of 29, headed the list of wicket takers. Support in this department was given by A. Jackaman and D. Cutting, each obtaining 26 victims in similar manner to the previous season.

The games played provided some enjoyable cricket, but clearly for next season there must be more consistency in batting, greater 'attack' from the bowlers and safer hands in the field.

Sunday Second Eleven

Captain: D. A. Baxter

The prevailing feature of the team during the season was the fine ground fielding and the high standard maintained in holding on to

difficult chances offered by the opponents' batsmen. A prime notable factor was the standard Roger Dale set in the field and, indeed, expected the same from everybody, with his courageous attitude by sitting on the bat and showing a fine pair of legs when detailed to the outfield. Although he was not successful as a batsman until, possibly unexpectedly promoted to the opening position, whereupon he produced some fine opening stands with the more experienced and studious Steve Rider. It became an exciting combination and it is good to see that their positions are challenged by the bearded Mike Vamplew who played some very useful knocks.

One of the more experienced batsman, Martin Hooker, produced one of his best seasons, showing the tenacity and patience resulting in a season's average of 27.1. His determined approach to the game in the middle order laid many a foundation for the game to be played out with the side taking the advantage in 7 of the 8 drawn games. It was extremely good to see Brian Endersbee turning out when he was able. His memorable brave knock, full of character and aggression, against some extremely hostile fast bowling on a very lively pre-lunch wicket against Thornton Heath will stay in the memories of those players who had the pleasure to witness it.

The most promising feature of the season was the success of two new entrants into the side on a permanent basis — James Russon and John Girdwood, both of whom had served a 'term' of apprenticeship in the Sunday third eleven. James, a fine natural hitter of the ball, displayed some classic hitting against Downham and Bellingham, 61 not out, Gaflac 41 and Blackheath 78. More exciting cricket will be seen from this lad in the future, who also displays the art of bowling medium slow twirlers with distinction. Now John Girdwood is a near opposite in his approach to the game. Showing perhaps more patience than necessary (not a bad fault) and determination to stay at the wicket for one so young is unusual. His technique is of his own making—that must surely produce a very good player in the future. His season average of 24 runs showed that even after a poor start to the season, he has the ability to get his head down and work for his runs. Well done, John.

Little can be said about Brian Hamer, a valued asset to any side, that is not already realised by other players. He displays a most keen aggressive attitude in his cricket—like the horse of Troy—full of explosive elements; fortunately his energies are directed at the opposition. His long spells with the ball although not producing the figures that might have resulted, nevertheless, played an important role in the attack. His unselfish attitude towards his own batting, that of being contented to go low in the order, thus giving other players a chance, has not gone unnoticed, and it is hoped that he may be persuaded to 'reconsider' being upgraded so his talents may be fully exploited.

Having dealt basically with the batting strength, in turning to an inventory of the bowling, the outstanding performer was the giraffe-like Rod Stanbridge, who was required to maintain a high standard of length and direction throughout the whole season—which he did most admirably. Not to be outdone, his constant pleading with the 'skipper' to bat higher, although not taken too seriously by both parties, may, indeed, be a spur to maintain a standard by the middle-order batsmen—note the averages. However, his bowling is his notable feature; the animal-like approach to the wicket shows venom in every step and a final twist of the arm blades, that produces an extremely high action, gave him the reward of 40 wickets at a cost of 13.87 runs. Well done, Rod.

Of those who used the ball to an advantage, word has already been written about James Russon, Brian Hamer and Rod Stanbridge—but what of the most talented player, Graham Johnson (not the Kent one!)? Due to filming that took up two-thirds of the season Graham did not play regularly until August. However, his welcomed return assisted the side to maintain an opening attack of some credit. He is undoubtedly a fine asset for any side to acquire. In addition, his after-match bar impersonations will remain in the memories of those who had the pleasure to witness the act. Hope to see more of you next season Graham.

The wicket-keeping position throughout most of the season was held by Tony Rickson who, like John Oram before him, was blooded in the third eleven, and now in his second full season with the second eleven, showed the ability of being safe and confident, and could well follow John's footsteps of winning a place in the club's best sides, mainly by hard work and determination. Good luck, Tony, for 1972.

Fine supporting roles were offered by Viv Lawrence and the occasional games offered to boys at school, namely Ian Thorpe (wicket), John Hutley, Phil Lancelotte, Chris Rodwell and Stuart Plunkett, gave great satisfaction to those who had the pleasure to take part in the games with them. The club is indeed fortunate to have players of this calibre available to call on.

With the introduction in 1972 of many more all-day games, it is foreseen that results will be obtained. In half-day cricket, with sometimes little under two hours batting after tea, a side set 150-plus is pushed at second eleven level to achieve this object; and indeed as it is the distinction of the present side to have depth in its batting order, it is not an easy problem to bowl a side out that is determined to 'stay put'.

It is foreseen that this prescription may produce attacking cricket, for during last season some of the most entertaining and exciting games were derived from all-day matches, namely Norwood, Worcester Park and Thornton Heath.

RESULTS

Fixtures 21. Played 17. Won 5. Lost 3. Drawn 8. Rained off 5.

AVERAGES	Batting		Bowling		Average
	No. of innings	Average	Wickets		
Baxter ...	13	53.14	Dale... ...	14	13.71
Russon ...	9	38.50	Stanbridge ...	40	13.87
Stanbridge ...	7	28.00	Russon ...	13	13.91
Hooker ...	14	27.11	Hamer ...	16	24.87
Girdwood ...	8	24.30			
Rider ...	10	16.70			
Dale ...	13	15.0			

Sunday Third Eleven

Captain: M. C. Callaghan

Result-wise, in comparison with recent years, this season was a poor one, but still on the credit side with 7 wins and 5 defeats. In addition, weather cancelled 4 others, the highest total ever in one year.

It was very much a season for rebuilding the side, with no less than a dozen former players in the higher elevens. Our batting was terribly brittle and early-season relied entirely on Jim Russon and Dave Lee to score runs consistently. When Jim moved to the second eleven and Dave went to 'seed' after his Rumanian holiday (ask his fiancée the reason), the only batting of note came from the schoolboys Terry Thurley and Chris Rodwell. Fred Jacobs was an asset with the bat but was available too rarely. Fred Fuhr played some useful innings without ever suggesting permanance. Keith Weaver always looks capable of scoring more runs than he does and Roger Larkin was too inclined to hit to the one side! Simon Perry had a wretched time with the bat and only showed any degree of his usual form in September after a late holiday. He had to make his mark behind the stumps, collecting 17 victims (9 stumpings and 8 catches), including one leg-side stumping off Doug Weaver that will not easily be forgotten.

Bowling was in a much healthier state and was the prime reason for obtaining any victories at all. Doug Weaver bowled magnificently, his 44 wickets being a record haul for the Sunday third eleven. He was well supported by Dave Bryden, who was frequently warned for shoulder-charging opposition opening batsmen. Chris Rodwell collected 20 wickets at a very economical cost and will surely be in the second eleven next season. 'Ada' Larkin bowled usefully with limited opportunities, due to lack of runs in the bank. Keith Weaver can turn the ball prodigiously and in his first season of regular bowling he gained control of line and length and took 22 wickets (including a match-winning 7-47 against Old Shooter-hillians. Nor must we forget Jim Russon's performance against Hildenborough, when he took 5 wickets for 1 run.

The fielding was well below par and, following the example set by the captain, an incredibly high number of catches went down,

Doug Weaver being the only player to claim a blame-free record, whilst Dave Bryden took two brilliant catches from his own bowling as obviously he thought no-one else was to be trusted.

Highlights of the season? On bank holiday Monday from the depths of 16-7 against Dorset House the guesting 'bear', Del Baxter, scored a maiden 'ton' with 115 not out. At St. Mary Cray on the Sunday after the Isle of Wight tour we were rescued from 39-8 by Terry Thurley and Doug Weaver to 92 all out; St. Mary Cray then managed to reverse 65-1 to become 84 all out as Chris Rodwell took 6-36. The last match of the season saw Jim Russon race to a century completed by a six over long on.

It only remains to thank Alan Pile for umpiring, Terry and Pat for scoring and Ann Weaver for allowing Doug to play every single match.

AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENTS

A very detailed and interesting letter arrived in July from H. A. DADE ('07-'14), 10 Benson Street, Benalla, Victoria, Australia 3672. He writes: '... I remember vividly being told at school that the object of education was to enable us to live a full life. This dictum made a great impression on me. I could imagine how true it could be; it created a state of mind, always present in the stream of consciousness. Its effect has been great. I remember, also vividly, my first lesson on my first day at Roan. It was Latin and it gave me a great thrill to be learning the language of the Romans, whose influence on our civilisation had been so great. I could dimly understand the power of the tool which was being placed in my hands. I have always been thankful and shall be to the end of my life for this source of enjoyment.'

Mr. Dade, now aged 76, goes on to narrate his distinguished career, whilst lamenting the disappearance of the teaching of Latin; how many Old Roans would agree with that sentiment I wonder? However, Mr. Dade is of the opinion that it was not taught in a very digestible form.

'It was not until several years after leaving school, when my war service was over that I began to realise clearly the excellence of my old school. My time in France during the first world war and in several long leaves from Africa was made much more enjoyable and profitable and I was continually congratulated on my pronunciation, so perfectly taught by dear old Froggy Llewellyn.'

Sport in that far-off era differed so much from today's school first eleven's essentially professional attitude in their quest for further glory. Mr. Dade goes on '... Games were organised, of course, but not rigidly. There was no shortage of good players to make up the various teams. Indifferent performers like myself played when they were needed and I had much free time for my other pursuits. The games which I really enjoyed were not organised,

such as "pick-up" games of football which we were allowed to have in Greenwich Park, near the vicarage gate. These were really good fun, which is what games should be. When sport is organised it becomes a bore or a sort of business, losing all its charm. To me nothing is more revolting than the gladiatorial combats which are now staged for hundreds of thousands of onlookers, such as Australian Rules matches . . .'

Mr. Dade's first ventures into his chosen profession—biological research—began, like the countryside, at Kidbrooke. He organised the field club at school, which is no more, and set up tanks and vivaria in one of the classrooms. These early beginnings led to 14 years in Ghana studying crop diseases, to be followed by many years at the Commonwealth Institute at Kew, until in 1962 he followed his son and family to a new life in Australia.

Mr. Dade, still a very active man, continues to give a great deal to life, and concludes his letter: 'My purpose in writing to you is only to record my deep appreciation of what the school did for me in laying my foundations'. This is a sentiment with which all Old Roans agree and it is gratifying to peruse such eloquently expressed sentiments in so interesting a communication.

Another letter from the Antipodes arrived in October; it is from LARRY ENGLAND ('38-'43), who lives at 3 Harwick Close, N. Ringwood, Melbourne 3134. His travels started when he went to South Australia in the fifties and went to training college to become a teacher. He visited us last way back in 1966 during the course of a six-month holiday, and is now a library adviser to a territory about the size of Kent. All of his contemporaries will be delighted to hear of the birth, 18 months ago, of a daughter and are welcome to send their congratulations to the above address.

OLD ROAN BRAITHWAITE CAMP 1971

Only seven attended the second Old Roan camp held in recent times. With our membership of over a thousand, there appears to be some room for improvement.

The seven who did make the trip up to Braithwaite enjoyed themselves a great deal, with varying amounts of expenditure of energy. Walks completed ranged from nightly expeditions to the Coledale Inn (the return journey is tricky in the dark!) to the famous Borrowdale Round—accomplished solo by Jim Batt. Peaks climbed by members of the camp included Grisedale Pike on the first full day. The next day was taken up by an assault on Pavey Ark by the 'Jack's Rake' route, which entails traversing the face of a 400-foot crag. From there the party went to Harrison Stickle and then on to Pike O'Stickle. The following day a party went to Helvellyn, ascending by Striding Edge. Although on a damp drizzling day the walk was enjoyed by all. On Thursday the highest

mountain in England Scafell Pikes was tackled from Wastwater. There is a saying in the area that Wasdale has 'the highest mountain, the deepest lake, the smallest church and the biggest liar in England'. We found the first three items, but could find nothing to support the fourth part of the saying. On the last full day, Friday, while the other members of the camp were inspecting the pubs of Keswick under the pretext of shopping for presents, Jim Batt fulfilled his ambition of doing the Borrowdale Round. Since it is definitely not a route to be recommended for solo walkers, Jim probably holds some kind of record.

If this chronicle of events seems too strenuous to some, let us not forget that these were walks undertaken by the younger Old Roans—all under 25. The sole representative of the 'older generation', Syd Palmer ('25-'30), who attended his first Braithwaite camp in 1926, after having conquered Grisedale, was content to take things at a more leisurely pace and take strolls on the flat with any others who were having a rest day. The camp was visited during the last few days by Brian Chamberlain, who attended last year but was unable to get away for certain this year. Brian stayed with friends in Braithwaite village.

No details of next year's camp are available at the time of writing. This depends on you. Surely there must be many hundreds of Old Roans who have happy memories of times spent at Braithwaite—why not revisit it? The camp has changed in comfort quite considerably over the past years and electric light, heating and cooking make life, if not as comfortable as at home, at least easier than in the past.

A meeting of people interested in a camp next year will be held at the pavilion at 9 p.m., Thursday, 16th December. If you are unable to attend the meeting please write to Tony Slaney, at 1 Bushmoor Crescent, S.E.18; or to Alan Palmer, 42 Elliscombe Road, S.E.7. We can also be contacted on many club nights at the pavilion. Please get in touch with us as early as you can so that we can have some idea of numbers, as it may not be worth holding another camp on such a small scale as the last.

ALAN PALMER.

THE 1971 CRICKET TOUR TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT

Fifteen players enjoyed a week's cricketing holiday, sponsored once again by Alcoholics Anonymous. Despite the unprecedented absence of Geoff Sawyer, other dedicated devotees to duty ensured that a few ales were devoured and in moments of spare time some cricket was played.

Result-wise it was the most successful tour ever, with four wins, two draws and a single defeat.

The Saturday game against Newport started by losing Graham

Townsend second ball; then Tony Rickson and Terry Barry added 50 for the second wicket before Old Roan slumped to 56-6. Rain then intervened and prevented the likelihood of defeat. Despite unsettled conditions, the weather was to be kinder for the rest of the week.

On Sunday, against Northwood, Terry Barry's skippering brought out the best in his bowling and his 6-29 dismissed Northwood for 128, despite a fine innings of 42 by the captain of the Isle of Wight eleven, Mike Ribeiro. Old Roan won comfortably, thanks to Dan Calnan, opening the innings, scoring 72 and leaving the finishing touch to Terry.

Bembridge School eleven amassed 97 on Monday and Roger Dale took 6-26; but Roan, however, could score only 59—most batsmen contriving strange dismissals. Morning rain caused a late start on Tuesday and the return match against Northwood was limited to 35 overs each. The usual defensive field operated in this cricket restricted Northwood to 130-8 and Roan passed this total with 5 overs and 6 wickets to spare.

Shanklin batted first on Wednesday and declared at 159-6, their opening batsman Moorman scoring 86 not out after being dropped before scoring. Dan Calnan and Brian Hamer bowled virtually unchanged with little reward on a perfect wicket. Roan's task of 160 in 110 minutes appeared a stern one, but after Terry had given a firm foundation (39) Dan, taking full advantage of a short-leg boundary, scored a rapid 46, and John Hutley (24 n.o.) continued the momentum to achieve the first victory over Shanklin by 5 wickets and with 5 balls to spare.

Despite a poor start on Thursday v Bembridge School, Roan reached 137-8 (Jim Russon 46). Bembridge made no attempt for victory and the game petered to a tame draw.

No recent tour has been complete without a Friday victory over Wembley Park, but this year we struggled to reach 111. At 54-2 Wembley Park looked like achieving their first win, but Dan Calnan took two wickets in his first over and after some alarms Roan won by 12 runs, and the final heavy celebrations began.

The tour for 1972 has already been arranged and is already certain of continuing support.

JOHN ROAN SCHOOL LODGE No. 5085

Secretary: W. Bro. G. P. Marsh, 33 Rennets Wood Road, S.E.9

Another year of Masonic life began on Tuesday, 26th October, 1971, when our Master, Douglas William Frooms ('26-'31) installed as his successor Horace Charles Samuel Abbott ('34-'39), and he in turn appointed his officers for the coming year. The Ladies' Festival was held on the 16th October at the Marlowe Rooms, Sidcup, when Douglas Frooms and his lady received their guests:

a thoroughly enjoyable evening to round off a very successful year in office. Future Lodge meetings—Tuesdays—are the 23rd November, 1971, and the 22nd February and the 25th April, 1972, at the Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2. Old Roans seeking information regarding the Lodge, please write to the Secretary, as above.

The Lodge of Instruction, which celebrated its one thousandth meeting last year, marked by a well-supported dinner at the Roan School sports pavilion, Kidbrooke Road, S.E.3, the normal venue, meets on Tuesday evenings, September to May. Secretary, W. Bro. V. T. J. Penfold ('27-'33), 11 Studland Road, Hanwell, W.7.

JOHN ROAN SCHOOL CHAPTER No. 5085

The Chapter has held three meetings since the report which appeared in the last issue of the Roan Magazine.

In May we warmly welcomed F. W. Clifton ('26-'30) as a new member, and the September convocation was devoted to the installation of the principals (A. J. Jarrett, A. H. Baker and H. J. Cowie) and the investiture of the officers for 1971-72.

Convocations during 1972 are being held at Freemasons' Hall on Tuesday, 23rd May; Tuesday, 27th June; and Monday 25th September.

Any Old Roan mason who may be contemplating joining the John Roan School Chapter is invited to communicate with W. F. Dines, 41 Walnut Way, Buckhurst Hill, Essex ('phone 01-504 5620).

AVAILABLE FOR CHRISTMAS

Old Roan accessories make admirable Christmas presents, but unless ordered early, delivery for the festive season cannot be guaranteed. Ties, however, are always in stock and at the moment one tie chain and three pairs of cuff links (all with Roan Crest) are available at £2.25 and £3.40 each respectively (excluding postage).

A. H. NOT A. R.

Many thanks to the Old Roans who wrote to point out the error made in the last magazine in the article 'Sixty Years of Old Roan Association'. The initials of Mr. Hope, headmaster from 1916 to 1930, were given as A. R., whereas they were, of course, A. H. This silly mistake is very much regretted.

OLD ROAN DIARY

1971

Saturday 20 November Football Club Discotheque Dance, School Field.

Friday and Saturday, Old Roan Dramatic Society production, 'The Amorous Prawn', at the School.

Friday 24 December Grand Christmas Draw at the Club.

1972

17 March Annual General Meeting at the Pavilion.
7.15 p.m. for 8 p.m.

FROM DEC. 1947 NO 97—CHOICE CHAUCER

Instead of the customary photograph for an Old Roan Flashback, we reproduced for your edification and bemusement this description of an ex-president of the Old Roan Association originally published in 1947.

You are asked to supply the names of (a) this worthy gentleman and (b) the author of this piece, whose initials are K.M.B.

Last in this compaignye, wel skilled to rule
A Northern carl was ther, of Hart le poole.
His speech was gentil, never harsh ne sour,
Worthy of Englissh to been professour.
Ful stout he was, and in good point, y-wis,
A bettre-covered wight ther nowher is.
His eyen twinkled in his heed aright;
And oft, between his lippes, both day and night,
A brenning weed he held for al to see.
He was al mirth and gamesome jolitee,
Yit tragyk actor was he of grete note.
Wel coude he singe and pleyen on a rote.
Ful big he was of brawne and eke of bone;
To climb on Skye and Skiddaw was his wone.
A moustache on his upper lippe he hadde.
His greatest oath was but 'by Crikey, ladde'.
He was ful fond of cricket on the green,
And when he played, of calf was much y-seen,
For shortes hadde he, since he liked hem best.
Tranquil him never liste been ne reste.
To liven in delyt, whan that he coude,
Was al his lust. Tea lovde he and 'good food'.
But chiefly lovde he hye philosophie,
Music and drama, song and poesie.

K.M.B.

What's a 17 year old want with a bank account?

To keep your money safe, for a start. (Like it's easy to lose old socks, but how many banks get lost every year?) And to get yourself a cheque book. With proper identification (such as a personal letter, passport, or even driving licence) you can pay by cheque practically anywhere, and at any time you're short of ready cash.

Your cheque book makes it easier to keep track of your money, too—it guarantees you statements whenever you request them.

If you're going on to college, an account with Barclays can help you budget, so your grant doesn't run out before the term does.

Or if you're going straight out to work, you can have your salary paid directly into the bank—no fear of losing your hard-won earnings.

Finally, you may want an account with us because it's just plain sensible. You don't have a fortune now, but you've got a lifetime of earning ahead of you. Thousands and thousands of pounds. Managing that money – making the most of it – can become pretty complicated. Eventually you'll appreciate the help your bank manager can give you. Call in at your local branch today and have a chat. We look forward to seeing you.

BARCLAYS

a good bank to get behind you



