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THE OLD ROAN MAGAZINE



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WELCOME

‘Here’s to old John Roan...’

2020 has certainly been a very strange and difficult year for everyone. Here’s hoping Old Roans wherever they may be, in the UK or across the world, are keeping safe and can look forward to a brighter 2021.

In the meantime, welcome to another Old Roan Association magazine bringing you news, updates, some memories and latest activities from Old Roans at home and abroad.

Congratulations to Trevor Puddifoot, our new 2020/21 President, who sets us off looking forward to his term ahead of past President Richard Rice who shares his reflections.

We have a detailed update on the progress of the John Roan School, including how it has been coping with the pandemic and its production of a virtual Founder’s Day concert. Thanks to Head Cath Smith for her news and personal view.

2020 is the centenary of the Old Roan Cricket Club! Read about a special celebration game at the School Field in August, how the club came to be formed and what playing for Old Roan has meant to two stalwart players.

Other items discover the fascinating links between Founder John Roan and the Roane family in Surrey, show how Tony Slaney’s legacy continues and describe the war/peace-time

memories of Old Roans Olive Ballard and Pip Wedge.

Sadly too, of course, there are tributes to a number of Old Roans who have now passed away.

My thanks to all those who have helped produce this my first magazine as editor – especially David Horsburgh, Jan Farmer, Monty Smith, Bernie Hampton, Dan Calnan, Graham Johnson, John Huntley and Claire Foley.

Don’t forget – keep your contributions to the magazine coming, whatever they may be. Send to oldroankgb@gmail.com.

Best wishes,
Keith Bradbrook (1966-73)

- Post your Old Roan news to the Association’s Facebook page. Search [oldroanassociation](https://www.facebook.com/oldroanassociation).



*Cover photo: Jumping into the future!
John Roan School students in Greenwich Park.*



TREVOR PUDDIFOOT

Old Roan Association President 2020/2021

Every now and again, when the dog and I leave Greenwich Park from Vanbrugh Gate, I glance back along Maze Hill.

Particularly on a quiet sunny afternoon, as it was in 1964, I sometimes remember the walk along there with my Mum and Dad as an 11-year-old. It was for an interview with Mr Garstang about joining the Roan School for Boys. The hair was brushed and I was spick and span.

We weren't very well off, but as kids we didn't really know it. So, to get into Roan was a big thing - particularly for me as they played football. I was the only boy from Fosdene Primary School in Charlton that made the cut that year.

The interview was friendly, the confirmation duly arrived in the post and I was on board.

My late sister, Bernice, made it into Roan Girls three years after my start, so we eventually scored a family win double.

Many people you talk to will tell you that they didn't enjoy their schooldays very much, but I can say that I did. The cocktail of decent education, down to earth mates (where did all the posh boys go to school?), great sports, good teachers, extra-curricular activities and Greenwich Park worked very well.

I did reasonably well with O and A levels, but have more reports stuffed with 'could do better' than you could shake a stick at. Never mind.

The education was important but the moulding of characters was too. There was something about the school back in those days that managed to cover both sides well. Alfie Knott telling us young boys in Monday morning assembly that the older boys had managed to turn a half time 5-0 deficit into a 6-5 win by sheer determination and grit was educational in its way.

I was fortunate enough to be part of the English Schools football cup winning team in 1971, which remains one of my best life-moments, and which allows me to say that I once played at The Valley in a competitive match. For a Charlton supporter that is a thing. The semi-final hotel in Newcastle where I met Mott The Hoople and got my name (and Phil Lancelotte) on the door to go and see them at The Mayfair Ballroom that night is another of those moments.



Trevor at the River Ale House in Greenwich

The Old Roan Club was a good part of my social life for a few years after that including playing football, bar stints, a period of bar stewardship, running numerous discos (occasionally upsetting Reg Lentle) and the never to be forgotten Punch Promotions. Terry Chance's Freddy Mercuryesque renditions of Bat Out of Hell as he swept the bar floor at the end of the discos will linger in the memory for ever and a day.

As many of you will know, I now have a micropub in Greenwich called The River Ale House, which has two ex-teachers as regulars and quite a few Old Roans have decided it is quite a nice place to be. I think it's the beer that does it but I could be wrong!

Probably like the rest of you, I have never actually counted the number of Old Roan friends that I have. It is a very large number. Some I would know in passing, others very closely indeed. Somehow, when you have shared experiences and memories that span half a century or more with so many people it means so much. We are all incredibly lucky to have



Trevor with Old Roan friends: (l-r) Bernie Hampton, Trevor, Monty Smith, Brian Hamer and Ian Clatworthy

each other, and all thanks to The Roan School.

- As things currently stand it is impossible to be certain about future events during my presidential term, but broadly it is hoped that we can organise something around the 50th anniversary of the 1971 Schools Cup win in May next year, and hope too that the Reunion Dinner in November next year will be able to go ahead as normal. I was able to attend the centenary cricket match at the field in the summer immediately after being elected and enjoyed that afternoon's proceedings.

Trevor Puddifoot (1964-71)

1971 – Trevor's Winning Year

As our new President Trevor Puddifoot says, he was part of the breakthrough Roan School team which won the English Schools' Football Association football trophy in 1971 – an amazing feat matched by the Roan teams in 1977 and 1978 (see next page).

Trevor played right back, part of the team's strong defensive line, and even now regards his and the side's achievement as a landmark in his life.

'Everything about that cup win was a thrill,' Trevor said 'A privilege to be part of a team with such talented players and led so well by Barry Thomas and Joe Broadfoot.'



Trevor (top right) celebrating the English Schools' win after the final



The winning Roan team of 1971: Back Row (l-r) - Jim Russon, Phil Pearce, Ian Thorpe, David Davis; Middle Row (l-r) - Stuart Plunkett, Don Henning, Phil Lancelotte, Barry Thomas (Manager - teacher); Seated (l-r) - Glenn Aitken, John Hutley, Paul Petty (Capt), Terry Thurley and Trevor Puddifoot

And the 1977 & 1978 Winners!

Over 100 Old Roans attended the Roan Football Celebration Dinner at the National Liberal Club back in June 2017 to celebrate the three victories of the English Schools' Trophy in 1971, 1977 and 1978. Many players and supporters from all three teams attended the event together with representatives of the John Roan School and the John Roan Foundation.

Graham Johnson acted as Master of Ceremonies for the event, and there were speeches by the two team coaches, Barry Thomas (1971), from France via video-link, and Bernie Turner (1977 and 1978).



Reunion - Cup winners of 1977 and 1978

RICHARD RICE 2018-19 President

My journey to becoming President of the Old Roan Association

I doubt there are many of you reading this who have not crossed under the Thames via the Blackwall Tunnel. I mention this because you will undoubtedly have noticed the imposing if somewhat grim red stone building on your left, just before you enter the tunnel from the South. These were the offices of the Molassine Meal Company and this was where I spent my early childhood. Above the offices were four flats which could be had for a discounted rent if you were an employee. My father had joined the firm as a truck fitter having learned his trade as a driver mechanic during the war (8th and then 7th armoured divisions). My mother worked as a lorry dispatcher in the offices below our flat.

My father attended night school to learn electrical engineering and became the firm's electrical engineer. My mother had to give up her job in the office in order to look after myself and my brother but took an evening job as a cleaner at the Glenville's factory just a little way up Tunnel Avenue. And it was up Tunnel Avenue she walked with me when I started at Annandale School aged five.

The second bore of the tunnel had just been completed but not the Southern Approach Road.



Richard Rice

So, Tunnel Avenue was still, as its name implies, the road to and from the tunnel. Lead free fuel, catalytic converters, exhaust particle filters, indeed any concern about air quality still lay a considerable time in the future. Breathing on the walk to school was best to be avoided. Fortunately, despite off-the-scale lead exposure, your future president turned out to be a genius.

Annandale was followed by Sherrington Road Junior school where my genius was temporarily in abeyance and I narrowly

avoided being sent to special school. Fortunately, it returned just in time for the 11+ exams.

'What secondary school will you be attending?' asked the headmaster.

'Eaglesfield?', I replied in a querulous tone (it was the only secondary school I had heard of and most of my friends were going there). 'No', he replied, 'You must go to The Roan Grammar School.' Ian Rickson was the only other pupil from Sherrington to go to the Roan that year (apparently, he has made quite a name for himself in the theatre).

As someone who has spent almost his entire professional life in education, it pains me that when I ask most people about their schooldays they say they did not enjoy them. I loved my time at the Roan. Trips to Braithwaite engendered a lifelong love of hill walking.

Some lessons were boring but many were interesting and in my very first music lesson Mr Donald 'Donny' White asked the class who wanted to learn a musical instrument. I put up my hand (I had learned that, along with being a genius, putting up your hand was the way to get ahead in school).

'What instrument do you want to learn?', asked Donny. 'Clarinet.' I replied. It was the only instrument

I had heard of and then only because another pupil had bought one to 'show and tell' at Sherrington.

Music became another lifelong passion and playing in the school band run by maths teacher, Bill Ellis, ably supported by deputy head, Alfie Knott, introduced me to swing music. Seven happy years passed for the last of which I served as Vice Captain of the School.

Then it was off to the University of Southampton to study physics. It would not be true to say that I discovered beer at university, but I did deepen my acquaintance to a considerable degree. Having fun seemed far more important than studying and, after three years in which I cut as many lectures as I attended, it took every ounce of my genius to scrape a 2:2.

What next? I was used to having two months off in the Summer. Four weeks annual leave did not appeal. There was only one thing for it. I would have to train to be a teacher. How hard could it be?

It turned out to be very hard. The three years of physics seemed easy by comparison, but one decision was easy. By this time, I had been grant supported by the Inner London Education Authority in both the sixth form (another claim to humble beginnings) and during my degree. If I was going to teach, I would teach in

the ILEA. I entered Goldsmiths College for my teacher training.

Part of my training at Goldsmiths was based at Deptford Green School and it was here that I met future head of the head of The John Roan School and my predecessor as president of the Old Roan Association, Des Malone, who was head of science at the time. Naturally, Des was impressed by my genius and offered me a job at Deptford Green where I subsequently started my teaching career.

I spent a total of ten years at Deptford Green, six years as an Education Advisor for Greenwich LEA (the ILEA was, alas, long gone) and five years as an Advisor for Newham LEA interspersed with a year in industry and another teaching at Northbrook School.

After Newham, I retrained for school senior management (I had been out of the classroom for eleven years) and then needed a job as a school senior manager.

I knew that Des was now head of The John Roan and they were advertising for an assistant head. Surely my old mate Des would give me a “shoe-in” for the post?

No. I had to interview like everyone else and I suspect I was not Des’ preferred candidate. Still, genius will out, and I got the job and started what turned out to be the last five years of my education career at my alma mater.

I am often asked if working at the school you attended is a strange experience. The answer is ‘no’. For teachers, a school is a workplace and it is a very different experience from being at school as a student despite the surroundings being the same. However, one thing was the same. Once again, I thoroughly enjoyed myself. Working with Des and the team he created was great and the final honour, the icing on the cake if you will, was being asked to succeed him as president of the Old Roan Association after my retirement from teaching.

OLD ROAN MEMBERSHIP

Our records show that a hundred current recipients of this magazine are lapsed members. This is not a financial burden as, thanks to Tony Slaney’s legacy, the Association is in a very sound position. However, if you would like to renew by standing order our bank details are:
Sort code 20 98 57 / Acct No. 90678112. £5 per annum.

If you no longer wish to receive the magazine would you please advise the editor or any member of the secretariat (see Old Roan Association page).

FROM THE ARCHIVES

The Roan Magazine 1928

The March 1928 issue of the ‘Roan Magazine’ had wonderful news and a special ‘pull out’ piece of history for the Roan School.

‘The great day, long hoped for and patiently awaited, has come and gone,’ the magazine’s opening announced, ‘and the translation of our School is an accomplished fact.’

The ‘news’ was the formal opening of the Maze Hill school on 10 March that year, and the added bonus for readers was a commemorative, double-page, black and white print of the school’s plan.

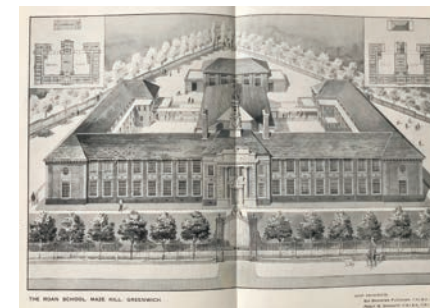
Drawn from an elevated view from the Greenwich Park side, so taking in the complete frontage of the building and its ‘tri-angle’ site, the plan overlooks the whole school and includes two square insets detailing each of its floors.

The magazine was understandably jubilant at the Roan School’s new home.



The cover of the March 1928 Roan Magazine

‘We have at last exchanged a habitation where we were “cribbed, cabined and confined” for one where we enjoy in



The plan of the new school

abundance light and air and space. Here our spirits are more buoyant and our intelligence more keen.’

The magazine’s report of the official opening went on:

‘The School was formally opened on Saturday, March 10th by Mr H.A.L. Fisher, Warden of New College, Oxford, and a former Minister of Education...

‘A large company of guests had been invited to be present, including the masters and their wives, a large number of boys, a selected number of Roan Girls and representatives of the Old Roan Association.’

For the large majority of Old Roans today, the Maze Hill building has remained a fixture of our Roan schooldays’ experience. But there was a time when it was first an idea before, in March 1928, it became a reality.

THE JOHN ROAN SCHOOL

The progress of the John Roan School has always been of central importance to the Old Roan Association. The school and schooldays are what binds us all and everyone in the ORA has been a pupil once – though some of us more years ago than perhaps we care to remember!

So, it has been difficult over the last three years or more as the school – students, parents, staff and governors alike – have faced very challenging times.

This edition of the magazine gives a full update on the major issues the school has been dealing with and how, after a great deal of hard work and renewal, it is beginning to experience real progress and achievement.

Like every organisation, this year the school has also had to contend with the pandemic which, specifically, has affected all aspects of education. It's heartening to know the school has been dealing with the Covid crisis with the same determination as it has for its other challenges.



The School's Progress

Over the past few years the school has had something of a turbulent time. Its leadership has changed a number of times and there have been two periods of significant strike action by staff. This has undoubtedly had a negative impact on the provision of education as well as on the reputation of the school in the community.

In June 2017, the local authority worked with the governing body to find a solution to support the school's improvement. Working with a local academy trust, University Schools Trust, the school was provided with some additional leadership support as well as local authority resources to develop and implement an improvement programme. However, the headteacher left in December 2017 and the school found itself once again without leadership and struggling to get back on track.

The governing body appointed Cath Smith as headteacher in February 2018, due to start the substantive role in September 2018, but in the interim working with the school four days a week. Ofsted inspected the school in March 2018 and placed it in category: an inadequate school with serious weaknesses. This triggered, through law, an Academy Order and the named



academy trust for the school was University Schools Trust (UST).

Ofsted noted that the behaviour of the students was very poor, that they were not being taught well and that key factors such as absence and exclusion rates were far too high. There was a high-level of staff sickness absence as well and morale in the school was very low. Both UST and the local authority worked hard with the school's leadership to address the areas of weakness but at the same time needed to manage considerable opposition to the Academy Order from both staff and parents. There were more strikes that summer and through into the Autumn term of 2018.

By December 2018, UST had decided to withdraw and the Department for Education had to seek out an alternative academy trust for the school. The Department for Education, in discussion with the local authority, also decided to remove the school's governing body and put in place an Interim Education Board (IEB) to provide more specialist leadership support to the school.

Strikes against the forced academisation of the school continued in the Summer Term 2019 once the new academy trust (United Learning) was announced, with a total of 19 days of strike action having taken place during that academic year. Where possible, the school did remain

partially open on each strike day allowing students in exam years in particular to continue to study. The negative impact on the students however cannot be underestimated as there was considerable unrest and instability in the school throughout the year.

In September 2019, ending a long period of instability and uncertainty, the school formally joined United Learning – a group of over 80 schools across the country that includes independent schools and grammar schools as well as comprehensive schools in both primary and secondary sectors.

Firmly within Greenwich and for the children of Greenwich, the school has kept up its connections

within the local authority and is now benefitting from a strong network of schools within United Learning. This has included subject advisors working closely with the teaching staff to ensure good planning, assessment and teaching in all subjects in all year groups. There is access to a wide range of high-quality teaching resources and top-quality advice and guidance from the Teaching and Learning Team at United Learning.

Throughout the academic year of 2019 – 2020, the school made significant progress. The behaviour and attitudes of the students are transformed. It is now a calm learning environment with a well-respected and understood behaviour policy that supports and maintains disruption-free learning. Attendance rates have risen significantly and are now at national average levels. The absence rates of staff have also declined and there is a much more stable group.

The improved behaviour in classrooms has enabled staff to focus on high-quality teaching and the net result has been much happier and higher performing students in all year groups. Although there were no formal exams this year, the mock exams and internal assessments clearly showed that the students were making great progress and that the school was on track for much improved results this summer.

Beyond the formal classroom, the school has also been working hard for some years now on its wider pastoral curriculum. This ties in with the school values of PRIDE – students and staff at The John Roan School are Proud, Respectful, Involved, Determined and Excellent.

There is a Personal, Health, Social and Economic Education (PHSE) curriculum delivered by form tutors and Heads of Year through assemblies and tutor time activities. There are also five days each year where the normal timetable is collapsed to allow time for workshops, visiting speakers and visits that enable students to develop in these key values. These 'Pride Days' are well planned whole-school events that are enjoyed by students and allow the school to focus on learning in different ways. In 2020 – 2021, the school will further develop these days and the associated work in form times to achieve accreditation as a school that delivers high-quality Character Education across all areas of the school. This will tie in the student leadership activities and the Duke of Edinburgh (DOE) programme as well as public speaking events and participation in inter-school debates etc.

The school community has been finding moments to come together to mark particular events. The Remembrance Day event is held on the playgrounds at 11am on



the 11th November. Students read to the whole school and another student plays the Last Post. The sound travels across the houses and streets and it is possible to hear both parts of the school listening thus bringing the whole school together if not in body then certainly in sound!

Stephen Lawrence Day is marked around the memorial garden at Maze Hill. Other key events are noted in different ways and through pastoral programmes. Even during the lockdown period, there have been shared assemblies helping students to navigate the challenging period following the death of George Floyd and the subsequent global protests as well as to note the significance of Windrush Day.

Student leadership programmes have grown from strength to strength with young students as School Ambassadors, trained to show visitors around the school – always much praised by those meeting them. Year 9 and 10 students are developing sports leadership skills enabling them to run sports sessions for primary school students using the sports hall. An active group of community leaders have very strong links with the community hub, Mycenae House, and some of the local care homes. Until the pandemic, they were regularly participating in and running events for local people and had just started a lunch club in the school

for some of the lonelier local people – coming in to have lunch and a chat.

Students have had great success in local competitions with both its debating clubs and with individual participation in speaking competitions- including 2nd and 3rd places in the Jack Petchey 'Speak Out!' Regional Finals, an event that had to be run on Zoom rather than at Maze Hill.

Braithwaite remains a key part of the school year and students continue to go up to stay in the wonderful Lake District setting each year.

The United Learning strapline is 'Best in Everyone' and to this end, each year they ask for nominations for awards from across the Group. Students are nominated for their work and contribution to their subjects with categories for staff and team awards too. With great delight, the school had a winner this year. Elly Porter, a new history teacher, was awarded the 'NQT of the Year' – a wonderful achievement and a great finish to the school year. Credit goes to all those who worked with her and the award not only recognised her top-quality teaching but her wider contribution to the school as well.

Elly also organised a Shadow General Election, using her A Level politics group as candidates for all of the main parties. They invited in local politicians for lunch



time talks and the BBC political correspondent, Iain Watson, to talk to students and inspire them to think creatively about their own futures.

As the school has settled down more, it has been possible to develop links with external organisations able to come in to work alongside students providing them with different perspectives and great role models. One, Morgan Stanley, providing specific subject support to computer science students. Its volunteers met with Sixth Form students after school to go through past papers and help explain new concepts. This was so successful their input was extended to a breakfast club once a week with Year 11 GCSE students - up to 20 students coming in to school early to do additional work on their computer

science studies with the Morgan Stanley volunteers. Once visitors are allowed back in to schools this can be picked up again.

There is no question the school is now looking firmly and proudly forwards and upwards. It is well-placed to make rapid and sustained progress in all areas – perhaps best-evidenced when the school was partially closed for the pandemic. In very little time, and working from bedrooms, kitchens and garden sheds, the teaching staff moved from classroom to online teaching. They overcame a reluctance to use new technology and moved to providing lessons online, recorded and live through software new to them. Staff volunteered to come into school to support the programme for vulnerable students ran on site throughout the lockdown period, and, once open to more students, staff were keen to come back into the buildings to teach again. Networks of staff developed online and great camaraderie was evident despite the circumstances.

Just two years ago, there was a reluctance at the school to change and to accept help. Now, there is an openness to new ideas and to learn from others. Change is rarely easy to accept and rapid change is particularly challenging. The school has had a lot of changes to manage but the turbulence of the past few years does seem to have subsided and the divisions within the staff are also less evident.

A Personal View

John Roan School Head Cath Smith

I joined the school as a consultant on two days a week release from the school in Tower Hamlets where I was Headteacher - a short-term arrangement designed to provide The John Roan School with some additional capacity in leadership and enabling my deputy at the other school to gain some headship experience. Within six months, I was hooked and persuaded to stay on at the school! The students were key to this. They are such lovely people - always friendly and approachable and desperate to do well and to be successful in life. The past three years have not been easy, but I do not regret my decision to come south of the river and work here.



Cath Smith - with students

The school is a vibrant and mixed community - more so than many other schools I have worked at. The ethnic, social and gender mix of the school is good and it is lovely to see how well students integrate and get on with each other. Even in my earlier days, there was a sense of pride from many for being a part of the school. Whilst a significant minority were resentful of the poor experience that they were getting, there were many more who were just putting their heads down and getting on with it. They all deserved so much better and over the past couple of years we have been increasingly able to provide them with this.

It was very interesting to see how quickly the school transformed with a new and clearer behaviour system - lessons calmed down, corridors were quieter and students told me again and again how much easier it was to learn now. This enabled staff to teach more creatively, to focus on their lesson rather than on behaviour management and out of this has come a much more purposeful learning environment for the students.

We have fabulous support from many of our parents. Supportive, questioning, and constantly looking for ways to help the school to improve its reputation, the John Roan School Association (JRSA) is active and holds well attended meetings and very well supported events. In the summer of 2019, parents volunteered to support after-school revision sessions, coming in as 'Study Buddies' enabling students to stay on after

school and prepare for their exams. One parent also provided last-minute support to students going in to their French and Spanish oral exams!

The local community of schools in Greenwich has been amazing. Almost immediately, I was welcomed in to their fold and the network of support that has come from colleague headteachers continues to be a great resource. Primary school headteachers are keen to support the school, despite needing to offer considerable reassurance to parents who have known only of the school's recent poor reputation. Local secondary headteachers are always on hand

United Learning subject advisors have helped and supported. They have not come in and criticised but have focused on finding ways that work for the school to adapt enabling staff to feel empowered to embrace change, try out new ways of working and to improve the quality of provision for the students.

Working with the John Roan Foundation has also been an important part of my role. I have learnt much about property management after attending their meetings and have been very impressed with the determined approach that they took throughout the process of our academisation to preserve the aims and principles of the John Roan legacy. The history of the school and its traditions have been well considered in the transfer and I would want to thank the Trustees on behalf of all of us at the school for this.

We still have the green blazer, the John Roan crest and, of course, the name of the school. The Foundation, through its income from property, continues to supplement the school budget considerably. Their commitment to music and sport as well as to ensuring that those less well-off are able to participate in activities with their peers is to be admired and is absolutely in tune with the founding principles of the Trust.



The Pandemic

How the school has coped

When the announcement was made on a Wednesday evening in March that schools were to close to all but the most vulnerable students on the Friday and exams were cancelled, the school and students had no time at all to prepare.

On exams, there was no idea what would be in their place or what the school could say to the students. Everyone was in shock and just doing their best to second-guess what would now be needed to prepare for whatever process there would be instead.

Teachers are used to students asking questions, but not so used to not knowing the answers at all. It was also important for the school to say goodbye properly. Two cohorts of students had just found out with less than 48 hours' notice that they were about to leave school and many would not be returning. A plan was hastily put together to have a leavers' event and, on the Friday afternoon, an assembly for the students in years 13 and 11 with some cobbled together slides of their time over the past few years at the school, some readings, some awards and a hygienically wrapped cup-cake each.

There were tears and many hugs (perhaps the last time people hugged for many weeks?) and the



staff formed a clapping corridor for them to leave the school through, but that was it. Mid-March and total uncertainty for so many young people.

With everyone in shock, it is unsurprising that it took quite a while for the school to get properly online. A system was in place to set work for homework but it rapidly became hard to navigate when all lessons were posted on it. Teachers were finding themselves home schooling their own children as well as setting work for their classes. People didn't necessarily have good laptops or computers at home and were struggling to set work. Some other schools were further ahead in terms of software than John Roan and everything was a huge challenge.

Gradually, the school settled. New software was installed and staff, trained remotely on its use, became more confident in using the technology and keeping in touch

with each other through Skype and then Teams. After a while, people were regularly in meetings with their departments, other teachers and, of course, their classes. But this didn't happen instantly and there were certainly some staff who found it easier than others.

It soon became very apparent that some students were really enjoying the ability to get on with their work in the quiet of their own homes, using good computers, with good access to printers, broadband and parents who were able to support them. Others, however, were not so fortunate. Some were unwell, afraid, isolated and/or increasingly disengaged. They were not even looking at the work that was set and certainly not doing it. Some were doing their very best but were sharing computers with siblings or parents who were also trying to work from home, or were doing all of their work on their phone. Several sixth form students were writing essays on their phones.

The gap between those who were well set up for home learning and those who were not was a growing divide and one that, in many cases, had a clear link to wealth. Head Cath Smith took this problem to the JRSA and the John Roan Foundation. Both pledged to help raise money to buy in computers to support students and from this rose the 120 Challenge - an enormously successful campaign that raised a considerable amount of money as well as bringing a

scattered community together at a challenging time.

United Learning could provide new laptops for schools to loan to students - at the low cost of £120 per device (paying the other £120 themselves). The John Roan Foundation would match-fund any monies raised and the JRSA set an ambitious target of £14,400 to be raised by staff, students and parents undertaking challenges that linked to the number 120. It only took a month to raise the £14,400 and together with the match-funding from the Foundation and some computers that came through the DfE scheme, the school now has over 250 laptops and has issued them to 187 students so far.

This campaign provided much needed and well-deserved positive publicity for the school. Many inspirational stories from the fundraising campaign show how committed people were to meeting the needs of students.

Throughout the main school closure, the school continued to provide for the students of key workers and those most vulnerable. Starting



with just 9 students, provision grew to accommodate over 30 students each day. These students were supported by a large number of volunteer staff who came on site day after day to support them in their online learning, provide PE lessons and at times to teach them cookery and other activities.

Despite all of the challenges, the school was able to open back up for students in years 10 and 12 in June and then to invite other students in for 1:1 meetings during July. This re-engagement was incredibly important as by then many young people, even those who had managed to keep up with their work, were losing out on the other elements of school life - contact with teachers, with peers, the ability to ask questions and have new concepts explained face to face.

Trying to keep a sense of staff community going at a time when everyone was in their own homes, the weekly morning staff meeting was maintained - even the start time of 8.15am. Each week, well over 100 staff logged in to the 15-minute briefing by Cath Smith online. With videos largely switched off, no-one will ever know whether people were listening in from their beds or their desks, but staff will remember some of the early days' gaffes when people didn't realise that their microphones were still on or that they could be seen on screen etc!

Often lost in discussions about reopening and school closure is the

work by non-teachers. Huge credit must be extended to the support staff who have worked tirelessly throughout this pandemic to prepare the school for the changed way of life. The IT team has propped up a whole new way of working, helping staff and students with the required adaptations. They have also prepared many laptops for students to borrow and sent out hundreds of password reminders!

The premises and cleaning teams have also adapted and prepared the school in accordance with all of the changes to guidance, updating risk assessments, rearranging furniture, ordering gallons of sanitiser, many different notices and stickers and so on.

The full reopening of the school from September presented its own challenges. Nonetheless, Cath Smith and all her team know how important it is to provide John Roan students with a good education and are doing whatever they can to put measures in place to do this.



Virtual Founder's Day 2020

Lockdown... no John Roan Founder's Day 2020?

No way! The school pulled out all the online stops on 10 July this year and released an amazing virtual Founder's Day concert which we can all still watch - check it out YouTube.

Introduced by Head Cath Smith, the virtual Founder's Day included wonderful performances by students across the school - solos, ensembles and readings - proving there's a wealth of talent at the John Roan School these days.

'It has always been important for the school community to take a moment each year to stop and remember our Founder John Roan,' said Cath.

'We may not be walking through the park today, and we may not be squeezing into the church, and we may not be wearing our blazers, but we are marking the most important day of our school year.

'Today we find ourselves looking back over 343 years of course but also of the last four months. In that time, students, staff and parents have had to dig deep but we have hung on to the key values that are central to the life at our school.

'It is the hope for our futures that we are celebrating today in the name of John Roan.'



Cath Smith introduces...



Cath also paid tribute to the legacy of John Roan which, through the John Roan Foundation, continues to provide significant contributions to the life of the school with bursaries and grants, support for trips and sports, John Roan Exhibition grants to students at university and, very appropriately to the virtual concert, resources for music provision.

The scope of the performances (below) in the concert is very wide and impressive.

Chase Music - Stephen (year 8) on clarinet, Imagine - sung by Ida (year 7) with Ville on guitar, Autumn Leaves - Simon (year 11) on piano, Founder's Day - a poem by Ella

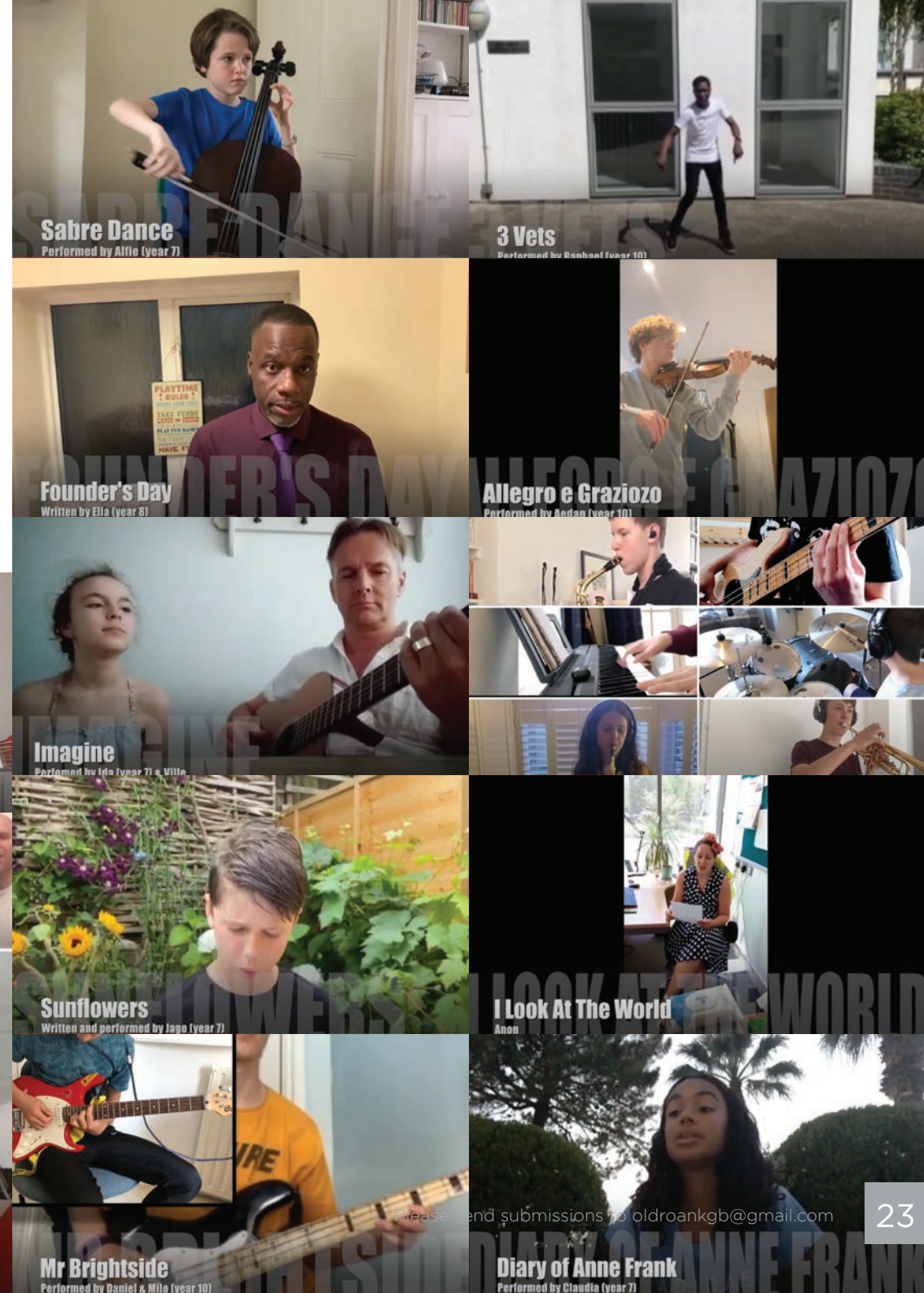
(year 8), Hope for the Future – Paul McCartney cover by Paul, The Future We Want – a poem by Macayla (year 9), Allegro e Grazioso – Aedan (year 10) on violin, Sabre Dance – Alfie (year 7) on cello, Say You Won't Let Go – Kaylah on guitar, Sunflowers – a poem by Jago (year 7), Here Comes The Sun – by the KS3 Band, Mr Brightside – by Daniel and Milo (year 10), Diary of Ann Frank – read by Claudia (year 7), What a Wonderful World – sung by The JR Lockdown Vocal Group, I Look At The World – a poem, Anon, 3 Vets – dance by Raphael (year 10), Tequila – played by the FJS Band, Linda Nelson (Chair) – greetings

from the John Roan Foundation, Bridge Over Troubled Water – sung by The JR Staff and Parent Choir.

The concert wrapped up with a 'Thank you' to parents, staff, the music department and students.

So, no 'real-life' Founder's Day in 2020 but through the virtual concert there is a lasting John Roan Founder's Day bursting with life! Congratulations to all involved with the production.

Check the video out on YouTube. Search 'John Roan Virtual Founder's Day 2020'



LONDON INTERNATIONAL YOUTH SCIENCE FORUM (LIYSF)

Every year the Old Roan Association and the John Roan Foundation sponsor an outstanding 6th Form science student to attend the prestigious Forum. Here are the reports of their experiences from attendees Roberta Dunn (2019) and Eldona Kupa (2018).

LIYSF 2019 By Roberta Dunn

I felt honoured to be given the opportunity by my school to participate in the 61st London International Youth Science Forum. I can truly say this experience was entirely unique and has changed my life. LIYSF gave me the chance to enhance my scientific knowledge that I would not have been able to do otherwise. The world-renowned lectures offering a unique outlook on topics from Artificial Intelligence to Quantum Mechanics.

One of the highlights was visiting the Cambridge Biomedical Research Centre, where I got to look around the Epidemiology Unit. I was particularly intrigued as it confirmed my interest in pursuing medicine and allowed me to look at the impressive facilities they have to offer. My visits enabled me to develop my friendships further and explore pockets of the UK.

I loved the diversity of LIYSF - with 500 people from over 70 countries, it offered an experience like no



Roberta (right) at Stonehenge

other. There is not a moment when you are not completely and utterly submerged in a variety of cultures. On the first day, I was slightly nervous but greeted immediately by welcoming smiles from the staff and other participants. Little did I know the significant impact these people would have on me.

I think LIYSF offers an experience like no other - at what other time can a group of young people from across the world, with a common interest in science, come together and collaborate?



And with Forum friends! (front, second left)

I would like to thank The John Roan school for providing me with the funding to be part of this extraordinary experience, and to LIYSF for holding such a unique and life-changing event. I can honestly say it was a once in a lifetime opportunity.

LIYSF 2018 By Eldona Kupa

In the summer of 2018, I was given the amazing opportunity to attend the international 60th Youth Science Forum - the two-week residential based at Imperial College London.

The London International Youth Science Forum (LIYSF) 'aims to give students a deeper insight into science and its applications, for the benefit of all mankind.' However, unlike most programs, LIYSF doesn't restrict itself to a country but brings together people from all over the world. I was fascinated to see that more than 70 different countries were being represented, and cultural differences not ignored but celebrated. Standing in the same room as hundreds of intelligent minds from all over the globe, it was clear that despite all our differences, one thing connected us all - science.

The theme of the Forum was 'Science for the Future'. Through the lectures and workshops, it became evident just how complex

and yet beautiful the science of our world is. I had the chance to meet leading scientist from some of the most famous universities/organisations in the world and had the privilege of entering discussions with people who have given their life to their field.

My favourite visit was the School of Pharmacy and Pharmaceutical Sciences and Brain Research Imaging Centre in Cardiff University.

LIYSF solidified my love for science and my decision to pursue studying it at higher education.



Eldona in Oxford.

THE ROANES OF CHALDON

and their connection with our Founder John Roan



BY DR IAN C
BROWN (1951-59)

I lived for my first
30 years in Maze
Hill, Greenwich, just
below the school,

and most of the next 50 in the
village of Chaldon, Surrey.

Chaldon lies just outside the
London boundary but inside the
M25. It is not very well-known,
except for a rather special
mediaeval wall painting in the
parish church. In fact, when we
purchased the house, I did not even
know how to pronounce the name
of the village! It is 'Chaldon' as in
'chalk', not 'Chal' as in 'shall'!

During 46 years of residence in
Chaldon, I have stood many times
in the central aisle of the church,
explaining the famous painting to
visitors. I suddenly realised recently
(when the carpet has been taken
up because of a damp problem)
that I was standing on the tombs of
the family who founded the Roan
schools. That seemed certainly true
because the coats of arms are very
similar to that of the school. Roan
has an 'e' on the end in the Chaldon
records but this is not a problem -
so it did in the parish registers of
Greenwich, with other variations as
well, like 'Rone'.

After being very much a Greenwich

man, I am now established in
Chaldon and it seems very strange
that a connection between these
two, rather random, places was
made not just by my own family
(our children were both born
and had their births registered in
Greenwich) but by the Roan family
as well as my own.

So why did some of the Roan
family of Greenwich come to
Chaldon and what relation were
they to our Founder? Having
researched this question, I
offered to give a lecture on it to
the Chaldon History Group. As
it happened, I gave the talk in
mid-March 2020 and I have not
attended a public meeting since -
for my wife and I, being a bit old
and vulnerable, lockdown began
the next day. The little church had
been packed for my PowerPoint
presentation and two other Old
Roans, whom I did not know,
turned up and, at the end, the
three of us sang the school song!
One of them brought along some
Roan memorabilia, including a Prize
Giving programme from 1951.

The Roan Family of Greenwich

The Roans served the Royal family
in the times of Elizabeth 1, James
1 and Charles 1. They worked in
the old Royal Palace of Placentia
in Greenwich and life at court was
organised like the Army or the Civil

service with many departments,
structures and hierarchies within
these departments.

Our Founder, John Roan, and
his family held such positions as
'yeoman of the Scullery', 'yeoman
of his Majesty's Greyhounds' and
'Sergeant of the Poultry'. Sergeants
of the poultry, with sharp knives,
were responsible for discipline and
control of staff (there are stories
of amputations of ears for stealing
chicken!).

Below is my simplified version of
the family tree of the Greenwich
Roan family. It appears that our
Founder's grandfather came from
Northamptonshire with his three
sons.

John Roan (senior), our Founder's
father, had a coat of arms awarded
by 1619 and its official description
included the following:

'3 stags in pale trippant ppr
(proper) Or.
Crest: a stag's head erased proper

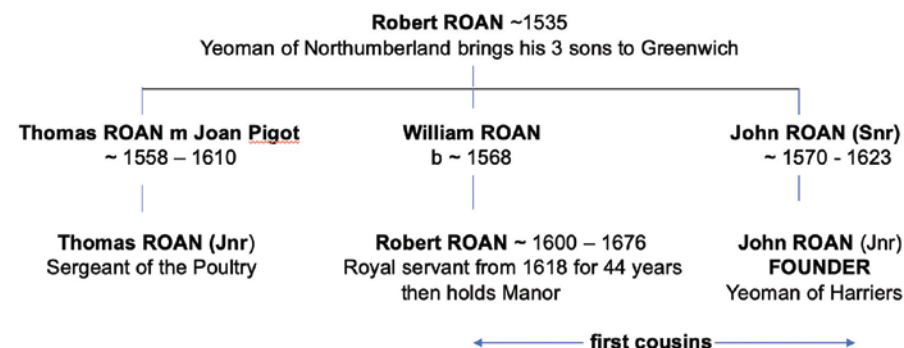
holding in its mouth an acorn or
leaved vert'.

Proof of Chaldon connection (i) using heraldry

Heraldry has a language of its own
in which I do not claim to be fluent.
But it was necessary to understand
some of it in order to establish the
link with the Chaldon Roane family
who had a similar coat of arms.

So, in the above description:
Pale = in the middle third of the
shield viewed vertically,
Trippant = walking or trotting
usually with one of the forehooves
lifted while the remaining three are
on the ground,
Proper = as it appears in nature
(‘proper’ does not denote a
particular colour),
Erased = as if forcibly ripped from
the body,
Or = gold (not an alternative here
but the colour of the acorn and
stags),
Vert = green.

FAMILY OF JOHN ROAN (~1602-1644) – FOUNDER



The school's own Arms were officially granted on August 8, 1927. They contain some extra features not on John Roan's original grant of Arms. For example:

'fourteen mullets Or' = 14 gold stars (probably added to represent the connection with Greenwich Park and its Royal Observatory which the 'new' Maze Hill school building would now face. The Observatory was not there in John Roan senior's day). 'An anchor fessewise, stock to the dexter, vert.' = a green anchor lying horizontally, with its bottom part that digs into sea bottom, to the right.



Many of you will have worn the 'stag's head erased proper' on your blazer badge (and cap, if you are old enough!) and I remember the full image on every exercise book! So, there is no doubt that these emblems originate from John Roan of Greenwich.

Proof of Chaldon connection (ii) using wills and other historical records

My task for the historical lecture was to establish the connection between the two families. But I have no qualifications in history. Although I left over 60 years ago, I am ever grateful to the Roan School for my education. George Witten inspired me in English – that's why I am enjoying writing this article. Mr Morey inspired me in Mathematics – I went on to obtain three degrees in that and teach it to undergraduates for 53 years. But in history, I am afraid Mr Binnie failed to inspire me so I did not even take it at O-Level.

I felt my talk might not be academically robust enough for the historical society, so I went armed with a large EXCEL spreadsheet I had created of the Roan Family tree. In particular, I had the name Jane PIGOT as the wife of the Founder's elder uncle. This proved to be a break-through in proposing (if not legally proving) the exact relationship between the Greenwich and Chaldon families as we shall see later.

It has been known for nearly a hundred years that the families were related. A school historian¹ mentioned this in his book of 1929 but he said it was 'very difficult' to place Robert Roan of Chaldon in the family tree.

The evidence for the Chaldon Roanes and the Greenwich Roans

being branches of the same family is very strong because of the similarity of the coats of arms. See the photographs of their tombs in the central aisle of Chaldon Church. Even the stag's acorn, carried in its mouth, is visible if you crawl on the church floor.

Additional support for this conjecture comes from the fact that Robert, the first Chaldon Roane, left money in his will to the poor and his 'kindred' in parishes in Northamptonshire. These are near where the grandfather of the Greenwich School Founder John Roan came from.

A Robert Roane is mentioned in the will of the Founder's father but is this the same Robert Roane who appears in Chaldon? I believe there is strong evidence to answer yes to this and that he is the first cousin of our Founder John Roan. This is because I noticed that Robert, in his will bequests, spoke of 'a China bason was my aunt Piggots'. So, his aunt was our Founder John Roan's aunt – making them first cousins. As with Roan(e)s, there is



a variation in spelling but this is not an issue because spelling variations of names were common at that time (1600s).

In Greenwich, Roan without an 'e' has become literally cast in stone. It is so spelt on plaques on the outside wall of the parish church and also near 'Roan Street', Greenwich where a plaque marks the site of the old school. The name of the charity and of the schools has always been spelt 'Roan'. In Chaldon, however, the 'Roane' spelling has dominated as it written in stone on the tombstones inside the church.

The Roane family of Chaldon

Four members held the Manor of Tollsworth in the Parish of Chaldon from 1662 to 1724 (photo left).

Robert Roane had served in the Royal Palace at Greenwich since 1618 - a good job before the Civil War but not so in the Commonwealth period! With the restoration of the monarchy, Robert asked for the 'restoration' of his palace job in 1662 but the palace was falling into disrepair and, apparently, he did not get it. Instead, Robert married a rich widow, Patience Lambert² (on 18.9.1662 in Chaldon Church) and acquired the Manor of Tollsworth.

The stories are fascinating but all that is needed here is identification of the Roanes with burial inscriptions inside Chaldon Church. The four Roanes who held the Manor

were, with approximate dates:

1. Robert Roane (I), (~1604 – 1675)
(Manor 1662 – 1675)
2. Thomas Roane (I) (~1650 – 1689)
(Manor 1675 – 1689)
3. Robert Roane (II) (~1690 – 1713)
(Manor 1690 – 1713)
4. Thomas Roane (II) (Manor 1713 – 1724 when he sold it.)

Roanes 2, 3 & 4 above are respectively: Son, Grandson and Great-Grandson of the first Robert Roane.

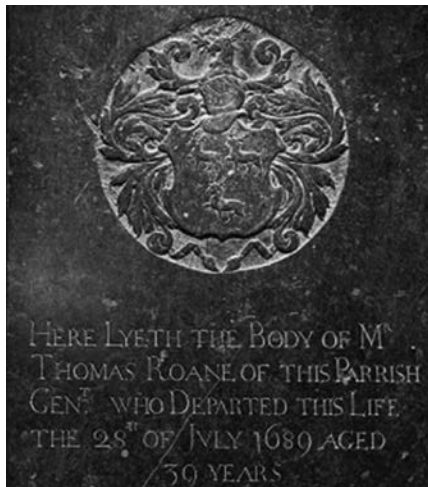
ROANE Memorials inside Chaldon Church are (see illustrations):

1. Thomas (I), died 1689, aged 39;
2. Elizabeth died 1701, aged 30. She was Elizabeth 'BARTTELOT'³ who married Robert Roane (II) in 1691.

Thomas (I) was the son of Robert Roane (I) who had another son Charles who emigrated to Virginia, America and has hundreds of descendants across the USA – several becoming very famous. Robert also had a daughter called Lucy who married into the Chetwynd family and became the ancestor of many peers of the realm.

The Greenwich Roans and their descendants have influenced many parts of the world. In the words of the old school song, Old Roans 'look forever forward, seaward, landward free'.

Let me conclude, as we did at the historical meeting, with the words from the old school song: 'Here's to Old John Roan'.



¹ Kirby, J. W., History of the Roan School and its Founder, The Blackheath Press: London, 1929. I have this book in my possession, inherited from my father who attended the school in the 1920s. ² The Lamberts were a rich Royalist family who, like John Roan, became impoverished in the Civil War. It may be that the families met through their similar politics and sufferings during the Civil War. ³ The stags on the tombstone of Elizabeth Roane do not look very 'trippant'! Emblems from her own family, the Bartletts, share the shield space. Why there should be three left-handed gloves is another story! But there is enough detail in these tombstones to be reasonably convinced that they belong to our Founder's family.

THE ROAN THEATRE COMPANY

Like everything else in 2020, The Roan Theatre Company's productions have been hit by the pandemic and only one was able to go ahead as planned – 'Atrocity', at the Greenwich Theatre Studio with three performances from 29 January to 1 February.

Company Chair Graham Johnson said, 'Hospitality and Entertainment have been hit particularly hard. Theatrical productions have been cancelled or postponed, and this applies to both professional and amateur companies. Thus, the RTC has had to shelf plans we had for 2020.

'We were lucky to be able to perform 'Atrocity' just before lockdown. I'm really pleased with the response we got from our audiences, and absolutely delighted that Helena Houghton received a NODA award for her portrayal of "Kit" (see below).

'The Bob Hope Theatre isn't presenting any productions in 2020, but has plans, subject to there being no further restrictions, to present some in 2021. RTC, as a guest group, have a May slot pencilled in. Let's hope the pandemic has subsided sufficiently by then so that live entertainment can be enjoyed once again in venues throughout the country!'

'Atrocity'

Occupied France, early 1700s. A Bristolian innkeeper and his young, artistic daughter are summonsed to the theatre of war. What can they give to the occupying forces? Atrocity follows the lives of those engaged in war, and those who witness it. The story leads to an horrific denouement – a play by Charles Evans.

With thanks to Robin Kelly, the official National Operatic and Dramatic Association (NODA) adjudicator, for selected use of his review.



A five strong cast presented this intriguing and challenging play and the intimacy of Greenwich Studio was perfectly suited to the intensity of the subject matter. Suspense

and tension were maintained throughout with powerfully understated performances by the five – John Adcock (Thorn), Helena Houghton (Kit), Stuart Mitchell-Smith (Brown), Leonard Quaife (Miller) and Joe Wilkins (Cross).

Direction by Graham Johnson and Teresa Wilkins succeeded in paring down performances to match the intimacy of the space.

The play raises significant questions as to what constitutes an atrocity, together with what the appropriate response should be and the position of those who are witness.

A set comprising basic furniture against a black drape surround ensured that attention was

focussed on performances. There was also the technical challenge of gunshot apparently emanating from an otherwise inert rifle which was ingeniously satisfied.

As an inn-keeper with an apparently unsophisticated yet prodigiously talented artistic daughter, John Adcock (Thorn) captured the essence of his bombastic character; blustering his way through conversation with the sinister Brown, frequently reversing his position whenever challenged. He bullied and expected to dominate his daughter, whose talents were both a mystery and further challenge to his assumed position of male superiority.

As the sole female in the cast, Helena Houghton (Kit) was superficially unsophisticated, apparently deferring to her father, but nonetheless an exceptionally intelligent artist who was wise enough to know how to behave in order to survive within the restrictions of male dominated society. However, finding escape in her art, the respect afforded to her by Brown encouraged her to assert herself, confident in the value of that art. This was a complex character to which Helena brought both intensity and curious lightness of touch – an extremely intelligent portrayal. Stuart Mitchell-Smith (Brown) has form in urbane characters with an underlying suggestion of menace. The understated way in which he was able to turn Thorn's own

arguments around, the respect he affords Kit for talents her own father has no understanding of and the skill with which he exploits and manipulates them made for another outstanding performance

The concentration of Leonard Quaife (Miller) was unrelenting. Maintaining the ramrod physical presence of the professional soldier, his impassive countenance gave little away – until the process of creating imagined battlefield tableaux began. At this point, his frustration at the unwanted task of supervising Cross became increasingly apparent. He communicated a sense of repressed violence with the suggestion that this would have satisfaction before the play's conclusion.

Although initially presenting as likeable rogue (albeit with a historical offence occasioning his close supervision), Joe Wilkins (Cross) gradually emerged as considerably less deserving of

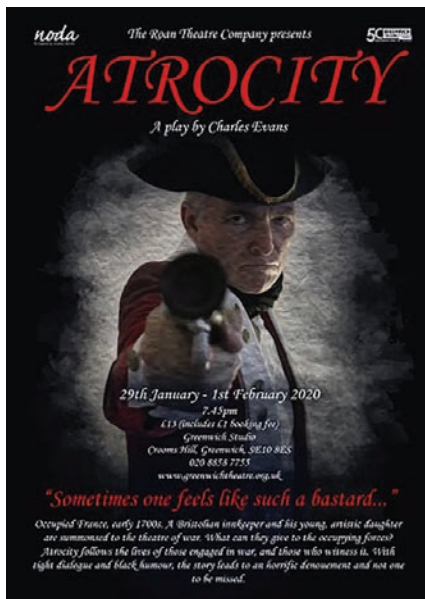
- Helena Houghton's outstanding performance in *Atrocity* for the John Roan Theatre Company won her a National Operatic & Dramatic Association (NODA) District award.

Helena picked up the Sybil Conway Award for Best Female in a play.



sympathy. His inability to accept responsibility for his actions, justifying them as some kind of humanitarian gesture, created a rather less than endearing character. Joe maintained this pretence of amiable rough diamond to the end, his fate leaving the audience simultaneously shocked and yet still unsurprised (leaving further layers of moral ambiguity).

Arranging a period appropriate wardrobe is never easy. Jacky Webb and Alistair North succeeded in dressing the cast of five with costumes which (to an untrained eye) met both military and civilian requirements.



MARGERY BERRY

Graham Johnson pays tribute to a major figure of Roan dramatics

I am sitting here in these dystopian times of Covid-19, looking through some old photographs and programmes regarding past theatrical performances of the Old Roan Dramatics Society (subsequently renamed Roan Theatre Company).

Most of the photos and programmes date back to the 1950s which, I imagine, pre-dates the Roan school years for some of you (though not, by any means, all!). Featuring in many of the productions was the subject of this piece, Margery Berry, who, sadly, passed away earlier this

year. Unfortunately, her funeral took place during lockdown, so the family were only allowed 10 attendees. I was very honoured to be invited by Peter, Margery's son, and was pleased as Chairman to be able to represent the theatre group which had meant so much to Margery.

Her full involvement in the group during the 1950s and 60s is confirmed by her name frequently appearing in the cast lists of that time. In those days she was Margery Smart, entrusted with both large and cameo roles, and, it seems, equally comfortable in comedy and drama. My first experience of working with her was in Terence Rattigan's "Flare Path", where she played the wife to my high unpronounceable character Count Skriczevinsky. Over the years, we regularly reminded each other of our "marital" status. In real life, of course, she was married to Stan, himself an ORDS stalwart, and someone who immersed himself in Old Roan events at the Club.

In recent years, Margery was an enthusiastic supporter of the Roan Theatre Company. "Good evening, husband" she would say as I picked her up from home to take her to the Bob Hope Theatre where the

Roan Theatre Company would be performing. We would invariably reminisce about past productions and players; they are moments I treasure.

With her passing, I thought we had said goodbye to the last link back to the 1950s. In fact, I recently had the pleasure of talking to Wendy Berry (Lionel Berry's daughter, no relation to Margery) and she put me on to another 1950s regular, Jill Page. Having spoken to Jill, she had many memories of those times and the people involved in the group, including, of course, Margery. Our plan, when social distancing is a painful memory, is to chat about the programmes and photos that Peter Berry so kindly bequeathed to the group. I'm looking forward to meeting Jill, hoping that she'll be able to put some names to the faces of those who trod the school stage boards



Margery Berry and Graham Johnson

all those years ago. That may be an article for a future edition of the magazine.

Incidentally, some of the faces are easily recognisable, being Roan teachers. No doubt most of you are familiar with the names of Alf Knott, George "Shag" Witten, Bob Hoare and, perhaps less well known, Chris Hodson.



Margery in a 1950's Old Roan production



*1954 "Hawk Island" - ORDS
Cast member Margery Smart (3rd from r) - as she was then*

REUNIONS FOR 1965-72

Boys

The boys of 1965-72 got together for another reunion in August 2018, this time in Bristol with 'old boys' travelling from Kent, London, Gloucestershire, Devon, Sussex and Dublin.

Lunch was enjoyed at 'The Hole in the Wall' pub just off Queens Square and the day included a walk around the city centre. The group also visited the M-Shed on the Bristol Docks where they were able to absorb some of the history of Bristol. Putting culture to one side, the group managed to visit several other public houses during the remainder of the day!



Left to Right: Laurence 'Spot' Hughes, Steve Gillman, Alistair 'Mitch' Mitchell, Neil Harvey, Martin Mills, Adrian Oatley, Trevor Talbot

and Girls!

The lovely ladies of 1965-1972 met again in April 2018 at Carluccios in Smithfield for another reunion.

Lots of catching up - news of grandchildren, retirements, travels to exotic places, new volunteering roles and much more, all washed down with plenty of fizz and cocktails. Plenty of reminiscing about school days too, friends and teachers remembered and generally a good time with lots of laughter throughout.

The reunion moved on to the common room at Barts and The London School of Medicine and Dentistry in Charterhouse Square (Cheryl Mason's workplace) for more of the same.

If you are a Class of '65 girl and would like to join in next time please contact Daryle Bradbrook via the Editor - oldroankgb@gmail.com



Left to Right: Lynn Hayward (Robins), Veronica Davies (Hills), Judy Lyons (Howell), Gill Croxon (Shaw), Frances Morris (Rowan), Cheryl Mason (Thorogood), Daryle Bradbrook (Hayes), Hilary Riley (Lawrance), Jean Marsh (Learmouth), Janet Livermore (Bell)

FACEBOOK MEMORIES

Derek Carter (1945-52) posted memories of his Roan days on the Old Roan Association Facebook page (search Old Roan Association) - liked and loved over 20 times! If you want to post your news, memories or to try and get in touch with old school contacts, try the ORA's Facebook site.

For Derek's recollections of his school years, including those of 'Old Ma' Craddock, see the News of Old Roans section in this magazine.



MICK SMITH'S 60TH CELEBRATION

Birthday football match at the field

To celebrate my 60th earlier this year, I invited a number of current and ex-teammates to join me in a birthday football match.

Despite the wet weather we'd been having in the early part of 2020, the sun shone on Sunday 1 March and the Quaggy pitch was just about dry enough to play on.

Over 40 players took part in the match and a similar number of people came to watch. One team comprised of my 'current' Super Vets' team, the Old Tamponians, which was started by Graham Lawrance back in the '80s. The other team featured mainly ex-teammates who dusted off their boots for the special occasion.

The match turned out to be a very watchable game, with the result a highly competitive 1-1 draw. It looked like my invitation team would win until the Old Tamps were awarded a last minute penalty. The shot was saved by the keeper but the ball comically re-bounded off two defenders and went into the net!

All participants and spectators reconvened in the bar, where drinks, food and music was provided.

Old Roans players included Alastair Mitchell, Len Sales, David Sommerville, James Podger, Guy Wilkins, Simon Pannell, Keith Tebbutt (and his son, Joe), Chris Parker (and his son, James), Trevor Puddifoot and his son, Joe. Special mentions go to Doug Weaver, who

played alongside son, Mark, and also Steve Nelson, who played with son, Matthew, as well as grandson, Charlie - not something you see every day.

We also had two women players - my sister, Christine May and Annabelle Rose.

Amongst the spectators were Shirley Nelson, Linda Nelson, Robin Brown, Jean Wilkins (Guy's mum), Viv Lawrence, Anne Weaver and son, Stuart - plus a whole host of other well-wishers.

Best wishes were also received from a number of Old Roans whose bodies wouldn't allow them to take part or were away on holiday, including Bernie Turner, David Campbell, Neil Campbell, John Stanford, Matt Podger, Mike Heselden, Simon Ditchfield, Richard Thomas, Ian Daniels, Andy Daniels, Adrian Finn, Tim Fish, Ray Mills, Peter Edwards, Simon Perry, Don Boon and Mick Roberts.

All in all, it was a lovely way to turn 60!

Mick Smith



Mick (far left) with team-mates for his 60th



Trevor Puddifoot with his son, Joe



Mick with the opposition

FOOTBALL GLORY DAYS COMING BACK!

Roan Manager Tom Lawrance on a winning team

For the first time in living memory, the Roan started the 2018/19 season fielding only one Saturday side, having struggled for some years to keep two to three sides running. The decision was taken to concentrate on having one strong team rather than spreading ourselves thinly over two. Competing in the Bromley and South London Alliance (formed by the amalgamation of the Bromley and District and SLA) the season started

very slowly - taking until November to register our first league win against old foes Eltham Town.

Club Legend Ryan Martin once again fit, and with some old heads returning to the fold, we quickly gained momentum. Nine consecutive league wins followed putting us firmly in the title race. A loss against a title rival Old Colfes saw us fall just short, but we won promotion to the Premier Division as well as the Presidents Cup (a trophy we had won the season before), so the season still went down as a success. Special mention to goal scoring phenomenon Patrick Brennan who amassed an impressive 25 goals in eight games at the back end of the season.

Having played so well, we went into the 19/20 season hoping to make a real impact on the Premier Division. We started badly with a 3-2 defeat at FC Greenwich on the opening day, but this proved to be our only league defeat of the season! A string of big wins against close rivals, as well as cup victories against teams from the Kent County League, saw us start 2020 top of the league and in three cup quarter-finals.

Patrick Brennan was joined at the top of the league's goal scoring charts by former Roan student Terry Stark, who would both go on to score 30 and 28 goals respectively. All was set going into February for a trophy-laden season, but, due to Covid, it became clear we were looking less and less likely to complete it.

We built a four-point league lead with only three games to play - dismantling rivals Bermonsey Town 7-1 including the goal of the season by Terry Stark, a wonderful first time volley from 30 yards, as well as a harsh red card for goalkeeper Ben Sales. We backed this up with a 4-2 win in the Queen Mary Cup quarter-final, but sadly it was to be the end of the season - officially called off in March with Roan sitting clear at the top and in two cup semi-finals. We were all understandably disappointed, but not deterred.

For 20/21 season, as of October, we have won eight from eight, sit top of the league and have progressed in all three cup competitions. And I'm pleased to say that we now have six former Roan Students (Terry Stark, Tommy Taylor, Billy Barnes, Jacob Spong, Samuel Spong and young goalkeeper Jaivin Carpenter) in our squad.

Hopefully the glory days are returning for the club!

OLD ROAN GOLF SOCIETY

The Old Roan Golf Society continues to enjoy successful Summer and Winter events with individual and team competitions.

Despite the pandemic, the Summer 2020 event, as usual organised by Tony Nuttall, went ahead with just a few restrictions at Sittingbourne and Milton Regis, but the Winter day at Addington Palace proved a victim of the November lockdown. It has been rescheduled for April 2021.

The latest results for 2019 (Captain Wayne Hunt) and this year (Captain John Dennis) were:

Summer 2019 - Sene Valley
Winner - Peter Osborne (40pts);
2nd Jim Douglas; 3rd Jeff Matthews
Winning Team - 73pts, Richard Thomas, Tim Fish, Peter Osborne, Paul Witchalls
Nearest Pin - 5th Andy Daniels, 11th Ben Sales, 16th Keith Bradbrook
Winning Guest - Elliot Bradbrook (37pts)

Winter 2019 - Addington Palace
Winner - Andy Daniels (42Pts); 2nd Andy Wishart; 3rd Robin Faithorn
Winning Team - 87pts, Wayne Hunt, Tony Sproul, Jim Douglas, Jeff Matthews
Nearest Pin - 7th Patrick Gregg, 12th Ian Daniels, 15th Robin Faithorn

Summer 2020 - Sittingbourne and Milton Regis
Winner - Dave Nuttall (43pts); 2nd Wayne Hunt; 3rd Andy Wishart
Winning Team - 91 pts, Wayne Hunt, Tony Sproul, Jim Douglas, Jeff Matthews
Nearest Pin - 4th Andy Farrington, 11th Pete Osborne
Winning Guest - Barry May (33pts)



Sporting red and blue Old Roan Golf Society 1986-2020 tops are Paul Witchalls (left) and Richard Thomas (right).

SOME ANSWERS...

But mysteries continue!

A Roan School prize from 1890, a beautiful wooden jewellery box... the last edition of the magazine uncovered a Roan mystery. What was the story behind the prize? Who won it?

Well, some good clues have been brought to light since. Perhaps we are nearer the truth... but not all can be revealed just yet.

And the story teased out news of other similar prizes to the jewellery box. See Ian Brown's item on two similar types of prize in his possession - this time impressive and inscribed wooden writing desks.

To recap. The story told of two pictures of a jewellery box, inscribed 'ROAN PRIZE 1890 E.A.P.' that were sent to Hilary Haslam but with no clue to who the winner was or any background to the box.

Now, quite independently, Anthony Payne from St Bees in Cumbria has made contact. Following the death of his mother, he came into possession of a fine wooden writing desk slope with the inscription 'ROAN PRIZE E.P. 1893'.

Anthony has always assumed EP was his grandfather, Edwin Frederick Payne, born 1880, whom, he believes, went to school in Greenwich and went on to be a master tailor in Deptford.

But Anthony also revealed that his grandfather had two elder sisters, Edith and Ethel - so perhaps one of them was the 'E.A.P.' recipient of the original 1890 jewellery box.

To confirm if the sisters were indeed Roan pupils some research has to be done in the Metropolitan Museum archives where the admissions are kept. Since lockdown, that's not been possible.

So, for now, the mystery continues... but maybe not for long!



Anthony Payne's 'E.P. 1893' desk with inscription

Old Roan Magazine 2020

MORE ROAN PRIZE BOXES

From Dr Ian C Brown (1951-59)

I have two similarly inscribed Prize boxes in my possession, both inherited from my grandfather, both portable writing desks rather than jewellery boxes. The larger walnut one was a Roan prize awarded to my maternal grandfather, Alfred Gillard, with the inscription 'A.G. ROAN PRIZE 1880'. A smaller darker coloured one was presented to his sister, my great-aunt, Lilian Gillard, and inscribed 'ROAN PRIZE L.G. 1891'.

Around this time, my grandfather lived at Tabor Cottages, Orchard Hill, Greenwich, with his parents and siblings. He was born in 1867 and 'Aunt Lily' in 1878, so they would have both been about 13 when they won their Roan prizes. I do not have any record of the dates they attended.

Both boxes were damaged by burglars when I lived in Maze Hill for my first 30 years and one has a secret. If you touch the small square compartment a little drawer springs out in the section beneath! The burglars knew about this and took cash inside.

I noticed in the last magazine issue an obituary for Quentin Wilson. I was in the Roan Christian Union with him around 1957. I recall 'missionary boxes' being issued for boys to collect cash. The burglars found my box inside the Roan desk,

split it open, took the silver and left the coppers! So both my family heirlooms are slightly damaged.

Seventy-six years after my grandfather, I won a couple of Roan prizes of my own. These are books with a sticker inside containing the familiar coat of arms and the signature of the then headmaster, Mr H. W. Gilbert. Readers who go back 64 years may wish to be reminded of that signature which appeared at the bottom of every school report.

My memory of the 1950s is that, apart from silver cups for sport, every prize-winner got books. Evidently, around 1880-1891 prizes encouraged writing rather than reading and, in addition, girls might even get a jewellery box.



Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com

PAINTED HALL CEILING

Fitting tribute from Tony Slaney's legacy

Many of you may know about the extensive restoration and conservation work done on the ceiling of the Painted Hall of the Old Royal Naval College in recent years. This involved the construction of scaffolding to enable specialists to get close enough to operate. The public were also able to ascend and have a guided tour of the area and a number of small groups of Old Roans took advantage of this once in a lifetime adventure.

It was a fascinating experience to be within couple of feet of the painting itself, to hear how it was constructed, details of the painter in charge and, to modern eyes at least, the hidden symbolism of this great work.

When a conservation appeal was launched whereby individuals and organisations could sponsor a square foot of ceiling for £75 to be looked



after in perpetuity, the Association thought this would be a great way to spend some of the funds remaining from the legacy of Tony Slaney and we accordingly contributed £4,500 for sixty square feet.

A combination of the amount of our donation and our connection to Greenwich entitled us to a place on the roll of honour, a tablet in Portland stone, alongside many of the richest and best-known charitable donors in the UK. We were also offered a free guided tour which about twenty-five of us took advantage of and we were able to take numerous photos, many of our President, Claire Flynn, complete with chain of office, beside the plaque.

The entrance areas to the Painted Hall are much changed and there is no longer free access and the ability to wander around at will. However, I would thoroughly recommend a visit should any of you happen to be in the Greenwich area with a bit of time on your hands.

Monty Smith



LINDA'S ART SHOW

Climate change and new for old!

Linda Karlsen, former Deputy Headteacher at the John Roan School, held her latest art show earlier this year in Whitstable where she now lives.

Linda, who started off as an art teacher in Hackney, works in pen and ink and acrylic and has created a series of works based on climate change – her drawings being sold as fine art prints. Another major piece of work, 'Old Masters New Mistress', was based on old paintings of London with new buildings over-laid to show how the city looks today.

'I spent five years at art school from 1966-1971 gaining a first in Fine Art,' says Linda 'and I continued practicing throughout my teaching career. When I retired in 2006, I moved to Whitstable to focus full time on my own work.

'Over the past ten years, I have participated in the annual Whitstable Open House exhibitions and had five shows at the Fishslab Gallery in Whitstable. I was very pleased to sell a lot of work at my one-woman show in January.'

Linda, who was ORA President Claire Flynn's Guest of Honour at the Association's Annual Dinner and Reunion last November, has continued her relationship with the school as a Trustee nominated Governor for the past five years.



Linda at her Whitstable one-woman show earlier this year

Please send submissions to oldroankgb@gmail.com

OLD ROAN CRICKET

2020 is the centenary of the Old Roan Cricket Club – a hundred years of playing the great game – and to mark the achievement a centenary match was played at the School Field in August.

The Club's centenary may have coincided with the year of the pandemic but, Covid-19 or not, nothing was going to stop it staging a special game to celebrate hitting its own century.

Old Roans a'plenty, including many who have graced the creams for

the Club over the years, attended the match at Kidbrooke on 16 August, no doubt musing on the cricketing glories they have seen or taken part in across the decades.

Taking to the hallowed School Field wicket were two Roan teams – led by Captains Len Sales and Ian Daniels – packed with varying degrees of talent and Cricket Club seasons under their belts. All there to have a great game of cricket and to pay tribute to the longevity of the Club and the huge number of players and teams who have



Centenary match players at the School Field

CLUB HITS 100!

honoured it over the past 100 years.

For the record, it was a 30-over game with Len's team hitting 181 for 8, and Ian's responding with 120 for 7. It was an old-fashioned match where teams had to bowl each other out to win, so it was declared a draw – perhaps an appropriate conclusion bearing in mind the occasion.

Len's team included: Ahmed Khan, Shakeel Ahmed, Steve Rogers, Jo Franklin, Eva Sales, Dan Lewis, Matt Pendergast, Tony Nuttall, Dan Sales, Keith Barron and James Lewis.

Ian's team included: Gary Baxter, Dave Nash, Pete Manners, Lucien Howlett, Tony Sproul, Les de Hoog, Sam Morgan, Nick Riley, Raj Prabhaker and Andy Daniels.



Len Sales at the crease

Viv Lawrence and Laurence 'Spot' Hughes were the umpires.

- The Club has now decided to have an annual 'centenary' game to be called the Charlie Williams memorial match in honour of Charlie, a successful 2nd X1 player many of the Ian Daniel's team played with, who sadly passed away last year.

The Club's Formative Years

An Old Roan magazine article in 1981 by the then Secretary Heinrich Henning charted the beginnings of the Old Roan Cricket Club.

'It could be argued that the cricket club not only preceded, but was instrumental in the formation of the Old Roan Association itself. The idea of an association was first explored when a team of old boys met and defeated the school eleven in July 1911. During tea the then Headmaster, T.R.N. Crofix, suggested that a meeting be held at the school to discuss the formation of an old boys association. The meeting was held and the Association born.

'There was, however, no regular cricket side. Occasional games against the school were played but with the advent of war the situation was hardly conducive to regular fixtures...

'With the cessation of hostilities, there was a brief mention of the formation of a cricket club in 1920. An AGM was called, a 10 shillings subscription levied and a joint secretarial team of the brothers E.G. and H.C. Wall appointed. However, there are no details of any matches which may have been played.'

The article tells that subsequent negotiations for a 'home' cricket pitch initially fell through but arrangements were made for a series of matches on opponents' grounds.

From a meeting in April 1922, the Club originally intended to field one side but such was the enthusiasm it was possible from the outset to arrange fixtures for a second eleven. First eleven results for that 'first' season were held to be very satisfactory. 15 matches finished, eight won, six lost and one drawn. L.R. Watts was singled out for special mention for 'his very fine play with both bat and ball'.

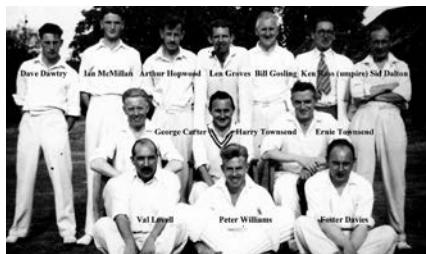
* What are your memories of the Old Roan Cricket Club? Send them to the magazine at oldroankgb@gmail.com



1935



1950



1949



Mid 50's



1959



1985



1982



2006

What the Club has meant to me

As the Old Roan Cricket Club reaches its centenary, two club stalwarts – Terry Barry and Graham Townsend – share their memories of playing and reflect on what the club has meant to them.

TERRY BARRY (1956-63)

My memories of Old Roan cricket start in the early 1950's when as a young boy I would accompany my father to cricket, riding on the top frame of his bicycle. They finish some 32 years later with me as Captain of the brilliant Sunday 1st XI of 1984. I still have the fixture list

of that year, with my handwritten notes indicating a W, D or L plus how many runs, wickets and catches. There are a lot of Ws - 13, along with 3 Ds and only 2 Ls. A good season to end on.

What does it all add up to? I would say 3 main things, the three f's - family, friends and fun.

First, for me the Old Roans were an additional and an alternative family in which I grew up. For better or worse, this experience had a say in shaping who I am now. As a young boy, the school field would be a source of fun and play, climbing trees and having adventures with the Townsend children, Graham and Marilyn and Pat Smith, the daughter of Freddy Smith.

I played in my first adult game aged 10, when the 2nd XI were one short and I got to field. I remember Freddy Smith standing over me, catching the ball just above my head as a skier descended towards me in the covers. In my early teens, I scored my first 50 on the perfect batting wicket at Bembridge School on the Isle of Wight Cricket Tour. I made my debut for the first XI aged 14 away at Honour Oak and caught out in the deep the legendary and cravatted Maurice Alexander who said "Well caught,



Teammates - Terry Barry (2nd left - middle row) and Graham Townsend (2nd right - middle row)

young man" as he left the pitch.

The Club became the centre of my social life and characters like Mike Callaghan, Simon Perry, Keith Oliver and Don Boon became my friends. On the cricket field, whilst still at School, myself, Ken Farrer, Des Grimble and Dick Richardson became regulars in the first XI when (Uncle) Peter Williams became Captain. Often, I would go straight from an all night party to play an all day game on a Sunday. How did we do it? In the 60's, there were legends in the team with the unique Graham Chambers, the star of the show, along with the last hurrahs from John Williams and solid performances from John Huntley and Alan Dawe. Being a junior in such impressive company was very character forming. Later, we were joined by Graham Townsend who was to become my lifetime friend and partner in crime including numerous raids overseas to the Isle of Wight.

The second thing for me was the friendships which I developed and enjoyed. I've mentioned Graham T but there was also Fritz Henning and Dan Calnan whom I'm still in contact with in our 70's. There was nothing to beat turning up at the field on a Sunday morning with the sun shining, seeing Fritz reading the Sunday papers with a pint and Len Groves cleaning the pipes behind the bar, awaiting the arrival of Geoff Sawyer and their walks around the boundary like elder statesmen looking on at the game. It made us players feel we had an audience to play for - a level

to reach to meet the standards of the previous generation. There was always a sense of camaraderie with no room for egos and plenty for fun and mischief especially from the likes of Chambers!

At the centre of it all was Uncle Peter, organising us, picking the team, getting someone to make the lunches and teas, getting volunteers to put out and collect the boundary boards, move the sight screens and the bringing and maintaining of the communal kit with Joyce his wife, the scorer. Also enrolling great umpires like John Cramp and Keith Ratcliffe, collecting the tea money, the subs, and organising the beer kitty. And then captaining the team with his methodical reasoning of every angle and state of play, to ensure we all had a go at playing the game and also beat the opposition or at least not lose.

And lastly there was the cricket itself which at times was brilliant. There was the rivalry with other local old boys teams like Colfes, Shoots, Askians, and Brocks. The prestigious games against Midland Bank, NatWest Bank, and Kent League teams like Holmesdale, Canterbury, Ashford, Gravesend and Bromley. My favourite games were against Broomhills with Trevor Bailey in attendance and their contingent of Essex 2nd XI players and Reigate Pilgrims full of Surrey Championship players from the Priory, and all played on the quintessential English countryside ground with a wonderful pub thrown in. Heaven!

We had some very good players throughout with the stars at various times being Len Groves, John Williams and Graham Chambers, then Ken Farrer followed by Graham Townsend, Joe Broadfoot and then Naz Kahn. Alongside these 'stars' we had some very good players in Chris Rodwell, Dan Calnan, Fred Spink, Brian Hamer, Peter Williams, John Huntley, Alan Dawe, Des Grimble, Dick Richardson, Mark Squires, Ray Hutchins and Graham Lawrence. My best pick first XI which covers the middle third of this century of ORCC would be in batting order:

Farrer
Townsend
Kahn
Williams J
Broadfoot
Chambers
Barry
Calnan
Williams P
Groves
Grimble

With Fritz Henning compulsorily in attendance every Sunday as 12th man, Joyce Williams as scorer, John Cramp as umpire and Peter Williams as Captain and wicket keeper. The first 9 in the order have all scored first team centuries, we have a bowler who once took all 10 in a match (Chambers v Midland Bank), and it's a team which would be a match for anyone in club cricket. Oh those endless happy summer days and glorious memories - the Golden Age of Club and Old Roan Club cricket.

GRAHAM TOWNSEND (1961 - 67)

My first memories of Old Roan cricket were as a small boy in the early 50's going to cricket with my Father. Over the years, 7 members of my family played for ORCC, with my Father Harry being Captain of the first team for many years during the 50's and 60's.

I was lucky enough to play with many great players with special mentions to Ken Farrer, John Williams, Terry Barry, Joe Broadfoot and Naz Khan.

The Old Roan 1st eleven in the 70's many view as one of the finest in the club's history. During this period, we were capable of beating any team including the Kent League sides. The cricket we played was of a high standard under the captaincy of Peter Williams. We had an excellent batting line up with a talented and well-balanced bowling attack.

The one thing that stands out for

me - we never felt that there was a score we could not reach and always believed we could bowl a side out.

Much fun was had on and off the field, the social side being a key element with the likes of Ron Parker and Graham Chambers keeping us all entertained in the bar. In those days of course, prior to the breathalyser, socialising with the opposition led to many a late night.

This feature of the game was particularly demonstrated on cricket tours to the IOW and Kent. Looking back I am truly amazed that we managed to survive these tours with escapades too numerous to mention.

It was a pleasure and a privilege to play cricket for Old Roan with many lifelong friends being made and much fun had on and off the field of play. The camaraderie, memories and magic moments will stay with me forever.

Boys of 1971-1976/78

A 50th Anniversary Event will be held in 2021 for the boys (and partners, family and teachers) who started school in September 1971 - or who joined the same academic year subsequently up until 1978.

The event is on Saturday 11th September 2021 at the John Roan Club. Further details - Michael Smith on 07711 328231 or mb.smith@btopenworld.com.

MISSING PUPILS... & HYMN BOOKS!

A letter from former Roan teacher Terry Hall

Dear Editor,

I was pleased and interested to read the twenty five pen pictures by members of the Class of '66-'73 in Issue 10 of The Old Roan Magazine. Nine of the contributors were ex-pupils who were in my first ever tutor group and others were some of the ex-students whom I taught during my time at Roan. It would be great to learn what happened to others in this year group. I have checked my old 4H form list to see which of their names didn't appear in the pen picture feature in the hope that they, along with others from their year, might be persuaded to contribute brief accounts of their lives since 1973.

The missing names (along with the condition of their school hymn books in 1979!) are:

Kenneth Clayton	Good
Peter Cox	Quite good
David Davis	Lost
Dave Garnsworthy	Cover slightly loose
George Gash	Good
Alan Hewitt	Fair
Philip Prosser	Cover slightly loose
Stephen Hoy	Cover almost off (surprising that he was accepted into the priesthood!)
Philip Knight	Lost
Stephen Martin	Lost
Roger Mepstead	Good
Paul Mitchel	Good
Andrew Palmer	Old copy but ok
Michael Penny	Cover coming off and slightly defaced
Bill Savage	Cover almost off
Malcolm Simmonds	Fair but slightly defaced
Gareth Toogood	Fair but cover coming off
Jeffrey Vaughan	Fly sheet defaced
Danny West	Old copy in pieces

The only person whose hymn book was in very good condition (possibly due to lack of use?) was Gary Rimmer.

TERRY HALL, member of staff 1968-74

FROM WARTIME INTO PEACE

Memories of Roan Schooldays

Two Old Roans share their experiences – Olive Ballard (Olive Gilbert as she was then) tells of her Roan years when the school was evacuated to Wales and then back at Devonshire Drive. And Pip Wedge on his 'Roan' days in London at the South London Emergency Secondary School when the terrible Doodlebug bombs were falling.

Olive's Memories of Roan 1944-50

Olive Ballard, Olive Gilbert as she was at Roan, looks back at her school years

I was delighted to read the article by Krista Partridge in the last edition (Issue 10) mentioning some of the teachers I had known. I had not expected to see any such mention as I was at the Roan School for Girls from 1944 to 1950.

My mother paid for a summer term at the school in 1944 knowing that I would pass the scholarship. Her reason was: 'Olive, we have got you through the war till now and we are not going to risk these new V2 rockets'. So, I was sent on the train, all alone, to get to Ammanford in South Wales which was where Roan girls had been evacuated. I was met by a teacher when I arrived and taken to stay with the park gardener and his wife and, later, moved to stay with the local coal merchant. Both were experiences full of memories, some good and some not so good.

Some of the older girls had already found Welsh boyfriends and intended to stay and get married when they left school! I remember walking to the ramshackle prefabricated building which housed two of our classes, a free-standing heater in the middle of the room, with the local children shouting at us 'little cockeninnies'.

Most of the teachers in my time at Roan were, as Krista stated, elderly ladies who had lost boyfriends in the war. I had piano lessons in a local chapel with Miss Wenden, the music teacher who inspired so many pupils and who had a very big influence on me, giving me a lifelong love of music. Miss Mackintosh, who taught French, was very severe and strict but she was a good teacher and laid the foundations of my love of languages.

Ammanford, a small town, just inland from the south coast, had a central park with a bandstand and we all gathered there to celebrate

VE day. It was magical. The local MP spoke from the bandstand and on every mountain surrounding the town bonfires were lit in celebration. A night to remember.

When I got back home, I started at Devonshire Drive taking the tram there and back from Catford each day. Miss Wenden, actually a violinist, passed me on to Miss de Guingand for my piano lessons. Later on, I joined the team who played for assemblies. I had to go earlier and sit outside Miss Barnsdale's office until she called me in to announce the hymn for the day. I then had to face walking past the whole school, seated cross kneed on the floor until I reached the piano. I used to get picked to play Jerusalem with its particularly difficult introduction and dreaded the marches I had to learn to play for everyone to march out of the hall to.

Miss Wenden used to take groups of us up to London to the special children's concerts - these were amazing experiences - and, of course, we sang in her choir. I sang alto and learned to read music. I would have loved to become a musician but the limited piano skills I had along with a lack of a second instrument meant it was not to be. However, all of my four daughters became musicians and I met my husband through a mutual love of Bach!

I remember Miss Wilson. One particular memory was of her giving us something to read while

she sat and stitched a ladder in her stocking in front of the whole class. She was particularly keen to make ladies of us and gave us lessons on how to introduce people to one another, especially our parents to the teachers.

Miss Mackintosh continued to teach French and she was responsible for my getting an LCC scholarship to study in Paris - a very rare achievement in those post war days. She had been joined by a French lady, Mrs Pledge, married to an Englishman who had joined the great escape from the Nazis with her baby son the day before they entered Paris. Her story was both terrifying and amazing. The Nazis had knocked on her parents' door the day after they had entered the town demanding to know where she was. Mrs Pledge arranged for me to lodge with her mother in Paris as she knew the money I would have would not have been enough for any other lodgings. We remained friends until they both died.

The story of Miss Marsh being driven to tears was true as one of my sisters was in that class! She had real remorse as an adult!

Because of my family circumstances, I could not go to university so the school arranged for me to attend the bi-lingual secretarial course run by the French Institute in South Kensington for a year, again funded by scholarships. I then obtained work in a French bank

in London. Later, after marriage, children and a move to the depths of Staffordshire, I studied and gained an honours degree in French and German from the University of London. I started teaching as an unqualified supply teacher but ended up as Head of Modern Languages in a local

comprehensive school. Choirs have been my lifelong joy and I still sing in the Lichfield Cathedral chorus as well as our village community choir.

All thanks to those dedicated teachers of so long ago. I wonder if anyone reading this will still remember those days?

Pip's Doodlebug Days by Pip Wedge

Pip Wedge (1938-44) was one of the younger students when the Roan School was initially evacuated to Ticehurst on September 2, 1939. He sent this article on his experiences after his return to Greenwich in 1944.

Pip has spent his career in broadcasting. Starting in London, after 10 years in 1964 he moved to Canada where he worked as a producer and has lived ever since. He has been a major figure and influencer in broadcasting, was made a Member of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters (CAB)

in 2006 and is currently the Executive Director of the Canadian Communications Foundation. Having now entered his 90's, Pip continues to watch cricket at his club in Toronto but his own activities are now confined to lawn bowling and bridge. You can learn more about Pip's life in broadcasting at www.imdb.com (search Pip Wedge).

I was fifteen years old, a schoolboy in South London, and about to sit my General Schools Exams. It was late June 1944 and VIs had been dropping on London for a couple of weeks. The South London

Emergency Secondary School, operating in the buildings of Alleyn's School, Dulwich, had been closed down because of the flying bombs, and we fifth formers, just finishing our secondary school years, were only in the school for the exams.

These were held on the first floor in our form room which had big windows and nothing much in the way of blast protection. Before each exam, we were instructed to continue to work even after an air raid warning sounded. Should a doodlebug be heard approaching, we would be instructed when to duck under our desks and wait for it to - we hoped - pass us by.

The exams stretched over several days. Each day without fail the sirens would go, and each day there would be several occasions when we'd hear the two-stroke drone of a V1 heading in our direction. The invigilating master would give the signal and under our desks we went. We were too preoccupied in praying that the buzz-bombs would keep going to have time to exchange notes on how we were doing with the English Literature or Latin paper. Mercifully for us at any rate, they all did, though a few crashed close enough for us to feel the room shake.

One of my vivid memories is of our English teacher, one William Hutt, nicknamed 'Polly'. He was about six foot three with straggly hair and a shaggy moustache which gave him a very lugubrious expression. But he was a brilliant teacher and cultivated in me a love of the works of Hugh Walpole, Tennyson and Matthew Arnold which has stayed with me to this day.

Our invigilator for several exams, when the first sounds of a doodlebug were heard, he would stand up, slowly and deliberately, extend a very long forefinger toward us and then downwards, with the admonition "Down!".

Down under our desks we went and meanwhile Polly would step to the side of his desk away from the windows and lower himself so that his back was against the desk, his legs stretching out for what seemed like yards and yards toward the classroom door. This exercise he somehow completed with his hands in his pockets.

Once Hitler's latest unwanted present had buzzed by, Polly would elevate himself and extend the imperious pinkie toward us and upwards. "Up!!", he'd say, and up we'd get and get on with our exams. His whole manner was so calm and reassuring it made this bizarre routine seem perfectly normal.



Pip Wedge (left) during his Canadian Broadcasting Career



Pip Wedge

I don't recall we were given any extra time to compensate for these interruptions. I do remember some of us taking the trouble to learn the French words for things like "air raid", "siren" and "bomb" in case they came in handy during our oral French exam. But as luck would have it, they took place without an air raid to disturb our syntax.

And so the days passed. The exams finished and we ended our school years with no graduation ceremonies, no farewell parties, just quick goodbyes. I heard later that one of our number who had taken the exam with us was later killed by a flying bomb on his home. I suppose that was the law of averages catching up with us. He had, I remember, carved a beautiful model doodlebug out of balsawood. Maybe that was one graven image too many...

Studying for the exams hadn't been made easier for any of us by the advent of the VIs. I was a Civil Defence messenger and on duty many nights and weekends leading up to and during the exam period. On Friday 23 June 1944, my father, my uncle and I were standing outside our house watching the bombs coming over when one of the horrid things not only seemed to be coming straight overhead but its engine suddenly cut out. The three of us tore down the basement steps and skidded along the hall on top of one another as the Earth shook and our ears were shattered by the sound of the explosion.

The bomb had fallen on Forest Hill Station, three hundred yards down the road, and we were soon down there helping dazed victims off the platforms and carrying stretchers away from the scene to waiting ambulances. Three people were killed and 18 injured.

Many, many years later, I learned that the authorities had calculated, after about a month of flying bomb attacks, that the 'ground zero' aiming point for the bombs had been Tower Bridge. Yet, in fact a plot of where the bombs had all fallen to date put the real 'ground zero' as our school in the Alleyns' buildings! Not only that, but those same authorities went to great lengths to try to convince the Germans that their bombs were in fact falling where they were supposed to so that, by their keeping the same distance settings, the bombs would fall short of Central London and thereby cause less loss of life.

Somehow, I'm glad I didn't know that at the time!

NEWS OF OLD ROANS

JOHN E BILES (1946-51) says thanks for the last magazine. Since he has turned 85 the only name he recognized was that of Alfie Knott - 'A Prefect when I was at school, although most seem to remember him as a teacher. Just to let you know that I'm still alive and kicking.'

PAUL DINNAGE (1959-65) recalls watching JOE BROADFOOT play for Millwall at The Den probably along with MICKEY BURT, BILL GIRDWOOD and other soccer-obsessed boys in the 1959 intake. He remembers playing basketball with JOHN MALPAS and music in a band with JIMMY KNELL for a few years after leaving school. Jimmy introduced him to the music of Charlie Parker which led Paul to a lifelong obsession with modern jazz. He remembers school holiday visits to PETER OLIVER'S home in Charlton to listen to his collection of Eddie Cochrane and other rock and roll records. ALAN BROWN lived quite close for a while and he remembers JOHN PAGE, CHRIS GOVE and RON SECKER very well. Other names that sprang to mind were COLIN BREMNER, ALAN GROVE, BOB KEANE, JOHN LEAVER, ROD IVEY, PETER TOMKINS and JOHN CLEMENCE.

For most of his working life Paul had little contact with Old Roans until working with Greenwich Council he ran into JOHN LEACH, FRITZ HENNING, STEVE NELSON,

BOB LEACH and STEVE OFFORD, who was a Councillor with an important housing role and became Mayor of Greenwich.

During 2016, Paul re-established contact with TONY HOWITT and MICK FRIDAY. Soon afterwards, he wrote to Jazz Journal Magazine in connection with the 25th Anniversary of Eltham Jazz Club and was then contacted by KEITH STRIBLEY who he hadn't seen since 1964. They met up at Eltham Warren Golf Club, now the venue for fortnightly performances, where they have sometimes been joined by other Old Roans who live nearby. He mentions a well-known saxophone player named JULIAN NICHOLAS who in a feature in Jazzwise Magazine explained that he was persuaded to take up full time music by the inspirational music department at The John Roan School.

In August 2017, BILL WHITE sent Paul a photo of his first year class with BENNY FENTON as form master. Paul managed to name most of his classmates but as in those days they all had hair and it wasn't grey he doubts if he would know them now.

ROGER COOPER observes that as he gets older and nearer to his maker he seems to get more and more nostalgic. Some call this 'the older I get the better I was'

syndrome! He stumbled across the ORA website whilst trying to remember the school song and saw names from the 1959 to 1965 era he can still remember; JOHN MALPAS, JOHN MARKS, GRAHAM GREEN, MICKEY BURT and not least BOB BURTON and the many hours spent playing billiards and snooker at his parents' place. Roger is still in contact with PHIL HARRISON. Their joint claim to fame? Having to repeat the fifth year due to a rather poor GCE performance the first time around despite which they both went on to have successful careers. Now based in Havant, Roger is retired and living the dream playing guitar in a band and making sure the groupies don't scratch the van with their zimmer frames! PAUL DINNAGE thinks the band is 'Free From Gravity' - information gleaned from a blog also involving PHILIP MOORE and DAVE CLIFTON. Roger has been active on the OR Facebook page posting a picture with BRIAN 'ARTHUR' SMITH and a series from the Norfolk Broads sailing camps in 1964/1965. Along with RICHARD SMITH, he also remembers the school caps with the enamel house badges and the shared experience with many of the pain if you were whacked on the head. Geography teacher 'HANK' HANKINSON is fondly remembered.

ALAN PATTERSON (1964-69), a cousin of BOB BURTON, also spent many happy hours playing snooker under the watchful supervision of their grandmother and remembers

ROGER COOPER being there. At Roan from 1964, starting in NIGEL BALLANTYNE'S form 3b, Alan had a career in Banking and IT before early retirement in 2009. He is now an active member of the Morgan Sports Car Club and runs the website for the local South East Centre. He asks that if you see a red Morgan around the South East countryside give it a wave as it might be him!

SIMON PERRY (1956-60) is one of those who leaves the golf course, which during the summer he graces with GRAHAM JOHNSON, ROD STANBRIDGE and CHRIS WYTON, to head for the warmth of the Southern Hemisphere to keep his and his wife Jackie's tans topped up. Recently in New Zealand, they linked up with CLIVE FUHR who in the past was variously known by his second name of Fred and as 'Fingers' because of his goalkeeping exploits. He was also a decent centre-half and cricketer. Clive gave them a lengthy tourist trip around Auckland before taking them to their accommodation which Simon described as a comfortable home stay/converted garden shed in Devonport. Of late, however, Simon has been laid low with a ruptured achilles tendon.

DAVE BRYDEN (1954-61), a regular contributor from his home in France, may now be a French citizen. Otherwise his life includes singing in a local choir, teaching at a local college and as a member of the local village committee. His

monthly visits to daughter Amanda and family in Dover and quarterly to son Matt and family in Somerset do not give much opportunity to divert to London. He also visits Melbourne annually to see his other son Jonathan, who some of you may see playing Wayne Baxter in 'Neighbours', and his family. He keeps in touch on line and via Facebook with DON BOON, MIKE CALLAGHAN, FRITZ HENNING and a few others.

DR. SUSAN BOTHAM, widow of DR. RICHARD JAMES BARTON (1957-64), has very kindly sent us an Old Roan tie in pristine condition to go with the blazer badge sent earlier. The notepaper is 'from Dick's den' designed by Richard with nature and humour related reliefs.

HARRY FLACK (1945-50) also caught up with the website and noticed the current House names. He recalls Nelson, Drake, Blake and Collingwood from his time but not the others. He has lived in Buckinghamshire since 1963 and has been married since 1957.

DEREK CARTER (1945-52), a regular correspondent living in Canada, has responded to Harry and provided further information from those years. In 1945, there were two female teachers, one he remembers as 'Old Ma' Craddock. To him they both seemed very old and stern. He recalls several masters - Lepinniere (French), Harry Hall (German), who also

organised the orchestra and from whom Derek bought the violin he has to this day. Also, Trott(i)er (Music), Dalzell (Art, preceding Eric Geddes), Davies (Physics) who he believes had been a commando during the war and imparted two maxims to impressionable young minds, 1. You don't get punished for doing something - you get punished for being caught doing something! 2. Do unto others before they do unto you! Good advice for a commando!

Derek has fond memories of 'Chips' Carpenter', such a nice man and old as the hills; so old that his degree was a Math Tripos from Cambridge. It was he that brought Derek's Maths ability to light enabling him to get an 'A' level after only one year in the VIth and which served him well throughout his working life. Others he recollects are Tommy Holt, 'Shag' Whitten, Lionel Berry, Messrs. Morey, Milne and Peddie (Yooou boy! Come herrre!) wearing a gown covered in chalk and maybe other things. And who was the woodwork teacher who was 'Hoppy' Hopewell's sidekick?

Derek also remembers the immediate post war years when with food rationing still in place pigs were kept at the north end of the school. The duty master fed them with leftovers from the kitchen.

HARRY FLACK subsequently responded remembering that Mr. Lupinierre was hopeless at

keeping order in class in contrast to Mr. Milne (English?) when every boy leapt to his feet and silence descended as soon as he entered the room. He remembers a second ex commando, Mr. Checkersle, with something of a short fuse and a tendency to throw the heavy wooden blackboard rubber at any pupil who provoked him.

Derek further advised not recalling Mr Checkersle but that Trottier also had the habit of throwing things, in this case a wallet of keys, at any inattentive boys. He had a lengthy phone chat with another classmate, DR. DAVID HAMBLE CBE, and was also for a while in postal contact with DENNIS LEIGH, a retired CoE Reverend, but this has tailed off. Also, several years ago by phone with FRANK BULLOCH, the cross-country champ, in Canberra Australia before, very strangely, Frank said he had decided to become a recluse and didn't want to be contacted by anyone.

KEN HERBERT (1952-57) spent many years working in the Ministry of Defence then as a contracts manager for a small roofing company before changing course as the owner of a record shop at the time CDs were coming in. He then became area sales manager for Marshall's plc (the hard landscaping products manufacturer based in Halifax not the aircraft refurb outfit in Cambridge). In retirement, he concentrated on raising funds for the school his disabled son attended -

approximately £50,000 per year - but was subsequently 'advised by some scalli' that he had Parkinson's. Upon enquiring about a cure and what had caused it, he was met by almost total ignorance. Ken wonders whether since it is non - catching and 'they' don't know how to cure it 'why the bloody hell tell me'!

Classmates he recalls were CHAS BLACKMORE, MICK PRICE, CLAUS HENNING, GORDON JACQUES, PETER JOHNSON and MIKE COLEMAN. Only Mike seems to be a member of the Association. From other streams, he remembers RAY OGILVIE and BILL STERLING whose brother Alan, his oldest friend, went to Shooters Hill Grammar. Staff he recollects are Gus Gilbert, Eric Geddes, Lionel Berry, Alf Knott and Messrs. Hoare, Whitten, Hankinson and 'Snóz' (Westmorland).

IAN CLATWORTHY (1958-65) compiled a 'Bucket List' with some foreign travel involved and realised from this that he needed a new passport. This proved more difficult than he thought because his most recent passport sent with his application expired in 1984!

GEOFF BENNETT left in 1976 which he remembers as the last year of the all boys' school. He remembers Dr. Taylor, Alf Knott, Chris Dolan, Gordon Brooks, Bill Ellis and Marcus Barber and being taught by them with varying degrees of success. He had a long

career in the Army, is now fluent in five languages and has three degrees to his name. Sporting wise, he recollects DAVID CAMPBELL leading the school football team to glory in the English Schools Championships and an invincible cross-country team including KEITH DIPLOCK and MICKEY WELLER.

He reflects 'It is fair to say the paths we travel in life aren't always the ones expected, least of all by our peers. However far we may roam, certain anchors keep us grounded and give us a home. The school, although I for one may not have realised it at the time, is one of those anchors.'

RAY STONE and DAVE CLIFTON posted on the OR's Facebook page a photo of their class year of 1959 and JOHN POOLE (1959-64) a back and front image of a 'Black Cat' cigarette card with brief details of the school on one side and the cap and button on the other.

BARRY STICKINGS MBE remembers, he thinks in 1979, the light aircraft crashing into the School Field as he was playing football in Sutcliffe Park. He was one of the first on what was a horrific scene and was subsequently a witness at the Coroners Court inquest. He joined the police force in 1986 and was able to view the court papers. Coincidentally, his Sergeant at the time had been the first officer on the scene and had spoken to

Barry then. Also playing in Sutcliffe Park was KEVIN CHEESEMAM who was looking at a team mate taking a throw in and saw the plane crash behind him. SUE COLLIER was living nearby, heard the tremendous noise and recollects the ghoulish stories about what was later found.

PATRICIA COOLE (1960-67), now living in Yorkshire, is in touch with CAROLYN GREEN and last met JEAN MACDONALD a few years ago. She remembers JANICE COLEMAN and MARCIA (?).

RENEE AHLUWALIA remembers Braithwaite in 1981/1983 walking those beautiful fells in glorious sunshine or great downpours of rain with teachers in charge, Jim Upton, Leslie Neville and Pete James.

From Devonshire Drive she recalls - ELLA KIRBY, KATE VANSVERRY, HELEN WEBSTER, MALA SOWAMBER, AMANDA LIVERMORE, MARIA MOLYNEAU, CATHERINE MATHIESON, SOPHIA BRANSON, LOLA NATHANAIL, DAWN SNELL, JENNY HEWITT, JACKIE ELLIS and SHANE TOBIN.

From Maze Hill - DAVE ROONIE, CHRIS McINTOSH, DAMON BRAMLEY, DANIEL BROOK, EMIL TCHOREK, SIMON HAWKES, MARK BOODHOO, STEVE WHITING, PHIL AHMET, TOM BUTT, DOMINIC SWAN, COLIN ORFORD, SEAN DELANEY and many more. Anyone else out there she wonders?

SUE COLLIER remembers Renee well and is intrigued by the names she mentioned. She asked if anyone remembers the production of Alice she did with VAL POCOCK. JULIE CORDERY played Alice and JOANNA MAYS sang and played Humpty Dumpty!

CLAIRE LUND was in the same year as Renee and has lots of memories. She also remembers the Alice production and that of 'Oliver' and remembers that Miss Collier was her Form Tutor for a couple of years.

SAMANTHA FAIRBANKS remembers Renee and Claire from the same year and Miss Collins as the French teacher. Now living in Western Australia, Samantha believes that SHANE TOBIN does as well although they have not seen each other.

HEATHER PEYNADO sends best wishes to the class of 1978 especially PEARL, CHRISTINE, JANE and RHONDA and the First Eleven Hockey Team.

MERCIA STOREY (now Phillips) (1962-68) recalls SUZANNE KENNELLY and JANICE COLEMAN as well as DEIDRE THOMAS, JULIE JENKS, SHEILA PRAGNELL, JEANETTE MACDONALD and CORRINE DIVINIA. Staff at the time were Miss Barnsdale as headmistress, succeeded by Miss Chamberlain, Mrs. Lister, Mrs. Palmer, and Mrs. Leach, all Music teachers, Miss Pigeot (Physics), Miss Clipsham (Science), Miss

Hope, Miss Haigue, Mrs Jefferies, Mrs Pope and Mr Roberts. Mercia so regrets no longer having class or other photos from that era and wonders if anyone out there remembers her and could help her out with other memories.

ANNE TITE (now Puzey) (1967-72) remembers a school trip to Switzerland in 1971 staying in Montreaux. Does anyone remember her?

DENISE BARNSTABLE (1969-74), now living in Pennsylvania, remembers ANN BRENGLERMAN very well and an excursion into Epping Forest and performing a little play in the classroom. Denise has such fond memories of her time at Roan and remembers many teachers, in particular Miss Vincent who she loved and was terrified by at the same time, her personal favourite, Mrs. Pollock, and she still thinks of Mrs Barker whenever she is cooking Yorkshire puddings.

ROD STANBRIDGE thought he had long since retired from football and cricket but in summer 2017 whilst watching one of his sons and a grandson playing for Chelsfield CC a crisis occurred so Rod had to play. Placed in a fielding position where nothing much would normally happen, Murphy's Law kicked in and the ball seemed to follow him everywhere! Rod is now fully recovered and happy in the memory of three generations of the Stanbridge family playing in the same game.

OBITUARIES

'BILL' WEDGE (1932-38)

Survivor of the renowned war-time 'Channel Dash'

John Francis Newdigate 'Bill' Wedge, who died on 13 January this year aged 98, was born and brought up in Forest Hill, South-East London, the eldest of three children with sister Pat and brother Philip ('Pip'). All three have lived into their 90's. Pip survives him.

His father John Frederick was a merchant seaman, apprenticed in a sailing ship at the age of 16 running from Chile to Australia taking nitrates out and wheat back. Later, he worked on cable-laying ships around Africa and in the Indian Ocean. Nicknamed Bosun or Bosun Bill, from an early age his son was nicknamed Little Bill, and later just Bill.

His mother was the seventh child of a family who owned tobacconist shops. With fair curly hair she was nicknamed Bubbles, later changed to Bobbie. Growing up, there wasn't much money in the family but Bill was a bright child and won a free place at Roan, which in his words 'was throughout a great joy to me' - the teaching, the scout camps and the sports.

At 16, he left Roan and after studying for banking exams joined Barclays at 17. It was 1938 and he



knew war was coming, so he joined the Royal Navy Volunteer Force (RNVF) as his father had done in WW1.

Called up the day war was declared, Bill signed on as a signalman having been a short-wave enthusiast in his mid-teens, exchanging messages around the world and listening to US, Cuban and South American music stations during the night hours. It required six months training at the old Butlins holiday camp at Skegness, so it wasn't until April 1940 that he joined a ship - a minesweeper in the Thames Estuary, based in Sheerness.

Bill arrived just in time for the three events that determined Britain's future in the war and for which his minesweeper provided a grandstand view. First, the 'armada of little craft

returning from Dunkirk', for which his minesweeper was critical in keeping open the coastal waters. Then the Battle of Britain, when Bill was able to observe the dogfights in 'cloudless and beautiful' skies. And third, closely following, the Blitz, with waves of bombers overhead on their way to London.

By 1941, Bill was commissioned as an officer and joined the destroyer HMS Worcester at Harwich as a signalman, office man and, in battle, in charge of the pom-pom anti-aircraft guns. It was primarily a convoy escort for coal and other ships sailing from Newcastle and Scotland to London. However, in February 1942, it saw real action in the renowned Channel Dash.

Three German warships, the battleships Scharnhorst and Gneisenau and cruiser Prinz Eugen, were anchored at Brest but were damaged by RAF bombing and needed to return to Kiel for repairs. Their break-out was expected - Bill and HMS Worcester were on 'quarter of an hour's notice for steam' for ten days - but the three warships reached the Straits of

Dover without detection. HMS Worcester was already at sea on gunnery practice, and, swiftly joined by others, it was in the centre of five destroyers steaming abreast of the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau and thus the main target of the enemy.

The Worcester was the last to attack and was hit repeatedly, lost power, drifted to expose its port side, and received more hits. Heavily damaged, on fire and with the bridge destroyed, both boiler rooms were flooded and it seemed ready to sink. But, gradually, power was restored and it sailed back home with twenty-six crew dead.

Bill survived but 'very foolishly' had taken the cotton wool from his ears to hear orders better and was partly deaf in his left ear for the rest of his life. In his 90's, he became the last surviving participant of the Channel Dash and was honoured as such at the 75th remembrance in 2017.

With Worcester being repaired, Bill was sent to the Clyde and Scapa Flow but then on anti-submarine training and was appointed to Atlantic convoy duty. His first task was to collect his ship from New York where he spent five weeks waiting. Being a jazz and big-band fan from his teens, he visited all the clubs (charging half-price or nothing for servicemen) and saw Ella Fitzgerald, Mel Powell, Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong and Fats Waller. He was 22 and in heaven.



The Telegraph's major obituary of Bill

Reality soon intervened and by September 1943 his ship HMS Garlies started escorting convoys, at sea for three weeks at a time and based at Belfast. The ship also hunted submarines and was part of longest U-boat chase in the Atlantic war - 38 hours. He said of his service in the Navy that, while he was permanently sea-sick for only the first six months, he was scared for the whole of it.

In 1944, the patrolling switched to the English Channel, tasked with preventing U-Boats attacking the Normandy invasion. By Christmas, although the war was winding down, U-boats were still a threat and two destroyers which were sailing alongside Garlies' group were torpedoed and heavily damaged with loss of life.

Much more pleasantly, during this time Garlies put into Devonport to refuel. A harbour boat secured alongside and Boat Wrens were invited on board for a drink. One of them was a brown-eyed brunette called Jackie Roberts and he was to remember her 'vividly'.

After May 1945, Bill continued in the RNVR for a year, initially assigned to a destroyer based at Devonport. He couldn't believe his luck. He looked up Jackie, saw her almost every day thereafter, though she was engaged to an American tug skipper named Bing, and when they shared a train back to London on home leave persuaded her to break that engagement and get

engaged to him instead. They were formally engaged six weeks later and married in 1946.

Throughout the war and for the rest of his life, Bill wrote poetry. He'd been introduced to it at school and loved Rupert Brooke. He wrote beautifully evocative poems about his war experience and poems such as 'Action Stations' (written on his minesweeper in 1940) and 'Escort Duty' from an Atlantic convoy were included in anthologies of war poetry for many years. His most moving poem is to his childhood friend Ralph, a pilot who flew on many dangerous missions until he finally was lost over Malta.

Bill re-joined Barclays in spring 1946. It seemed dull and uninviting compared to the Navy, but he and Jackie were due to be married and they needed a steady income. Later, he would say he re-joined because he thought the bank finished at 3pm and he would have plenty of time afterward to write his poetry.

He was assigned to the Earls Court branch, then at various branches in central London - Oxford St, Langham Place, Minories and at West End Foreign in Pall Mall where he became Manager.

In 1970, he moved on to the International side of Barclays, responsible for correspondent banks in Asia. By nature diplomatic, interested in meeting people and easy to get on with, he liked

entertaining, whether at home, when the banks visited Britain, or in Asia.

Bill travelled extensively throughout Asia, Jackie joining him on occasions, and his travels also enabled him to pursue his passion for birdwatching. His most satisfying moment was the opening in 1980 of the first Barclays presence in the new emerging China, which he had been cultivating for many years. Retiring in 1981, at 60, in all Bill was retired for longer than he had worked and he had many hats.

He was very involved in Asia-related societies in London. At Barclays, he had represented the bank on the Indonesian, Malay Singapore and Anglo-Thai Associations, and was on the committee, and sometime Chairman, of the British Philippine Society; he also initiated the British Asean Dinner. In retirement, he continued with the Philippine Society and was also Treasurer of the Royal Society of Asian Affairs (RSAA) for 15 years and an active member of his beloved Oriental Club.

Locally, Bill was a Commissioner of Income Tax for South London, hearing appeals against income tax assessments. He was active in his local church, All Saints Carshalton, being on its church council for twenty years, and later with the Sutton Probus Club.

He also found time to travel with Jackie throughout Asia (and

elsewhere), sometimes on RSAA organised trips, at other times on trips where he was invited by old friends in Asian banks.

But Bill's real love was his family. He and Jackie, who survives him at 94, were married for 73 years and they had three children, Lesley, Jonathan ('Jono') and Philippa. There are seven grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren (two of them born in the last six months of his life).

Adored by his grandchildren, to whom he was 'Pops', he and Jackie were always welcoming, keen to hear their news and never judgemental. In his 80's, he became the hub of emails from the grandchildren when they were travelling; they emailed him and he passed them on to members of the wider family. They said that he showed more interest in what they were doing than anybody else.

Bill had a long life, well-lived, and he will be missed by everyone who knew him.

RON CROMPTON
(married to Bill's eldest child, Lesley)

BILL WEDGE AT ROAN - FROM HIS 'MEMOIRS'

'Several grammar schools offered a limited number of free places. I sat for Brockley County and for Roan and was offered interviews by both. Roan was an ancient foundation and, although they didn't play rugby there, I preferred it to the

fairly newly established Brockley. I was duly seen by W. J. Potter MA.

All I can recall of the interview was being asked to read the poem beginning "At the corner of Wood Street". Anyway, I passed - and fortunately my parents were able to obtain a grant from the Officers' Association which enabled them to buy me the uniform, including the blazer with the metal thread worked stag's head rather than the cheaper woollen pocket badge (family pride!).

Roan was throughout a great joy to me. I started in September 1932 in Mr Lee's third (the top of the three) with some thirty others, including Ken Bartlett, Ken Wheeler and Reg Wilcox who became lifelong good friends. Lee was very much involved in the administration of the Hope Memorial Camp. Hope was the previous headmaster who had died a year or two previously. He was known as The Ancient and was a great eccentric who founded the camp and who gave rise to the many anecdotes, which Lee delighted to relate.

I enjoyed sport at Roan. I had a few sprint "firsts" when about twelve or thirteen and broke the junior hurdles record. I played U/14 and 15 cricket but I wasn't very good and ultimately became Captain of a rather poor 3rd XI. In my final year, I played in every match of the 2nd XI at football as centre forward, on Saturdays and Wednesdays, and scored 34 or 35 goals. I was



Bill (b-r) on an Old Roan reunion in 1993

also awarded my school cap as left wing of the 1st hockey XI.

At Whitsun 1933, I went with Mr Lee's party up to Braithwaite, sleeping on the floor of the huts, sliding down the hill (The Howe) of the campsite on our enamelled metal plates, going on walks, eating enormously and washing greasy plates in the beck, first wiping them with clods of earth and then rinsing in the running stream.'

ALAN WEIR (1936-42)

The last edition of the magazine included news of the death of Alan Weir, an incredibly active member of the Association over many years across many fields.

Alan was Old Roan President in 1978-79, Vice-President in 1989, a life-long member of the Association, a member of the John Roan Lodge for 46 years and a past Trustee and Treasurer of the Hope Memorial Trust - he loved everything to do with Braithwaite.

Joining the John Roan School Lodge in 1972, over that time

Alan served in all lodge offices becoming Master in 1981-82 and was a Provincial (Country) officer of West Kent. When he retired from teaching, he also joined St Augustine's Lodge in Hertfordshire.

There have been a number of profiles of Alan in the magazine over the years. On becoming President, one explored Alan's special personality.

'Always available when there is a job of work to be done, Alan infects all those around him with his bubbling enthusiasm... by nature an optimist, with a number of fellow-cricketers, he has stood looking from the pavilion window at the floods of rain teeming down from a leaden sky and cheerfully remarked, 'Clearing-up shower'; we'll be playing in an hour'. He was often right!'



Alan Weir

A great number of Old Roans and those associated with the school will have special memories of Alan. Here, sharing theirs, are OR Mike Callaghan, then Jim Upton, John Roan School teacher from 1976-1996, current Treasurer and previously chair of the Hope Memorial Trust.

MIKE CALLAGHAN -
Our paths first crossed in 1950 when I attended Halstow Road Primary School in Greenwich when Alan became my Form Master and he exhorted that I needed to work harder if I was to achieve my 11-Plus. Presumably I did as I not only passed but gained entry to the Roan School which was a significant moment in my life.

It was another 10 years before I met Alan again when he played cricket for Old Roan 2nd XI. I remember him as a hard-hitting middle-order batsman with a penchant for the extra cover drive, often lofted, which resulted in an early dismissal but, equally, very quick scoring. He was often accompanied by his parents, George, a bit of a curmudgeon who Alan had to becalm, whilst his mother, Daisy, sometimes used to assist with cricket teas.

Some years later I was to play with Alan in the Saturday 3rd XI captained by Frank Barnes and containing such luminaries at the end of their careers like Len Groves, Bill Gosling and George Carter amongst many.

Like his father, Alan did not suffer fools gladly. I recall umpiring whilst Alan was batting and he was subjected to leg before appeals for three consecutive balls. The first two were so ridiculous they did not warrant a reaction from me but were met with a look of indignation from Alan. The third was plumb and I had no option but to raise the finger. Before walking off, Alan had a few "words of advice" to the bowler for the unseemly appeals and then the bowler had words with me for rejecting the first appeal.

I last met Alan in November 2014 at the Opening Ceremony for the renovation of the Maze Hill site, when we exchanged reminiscences of our days at Halstow Road.

JIM UPTON -
I first met Alan when I became a trustee of the Hope Memorial Trust in the nineteen-eighties. Alan was treasurer and had been for a number of years before then and he continued as treasurer up to his death in 2018. I worked most with Alan during the rebuilding of the camp in 1989 followed by the extension in 1993. Alan managed the fund-raising and financing of the rebuild brilliantly ensuring the finished result was just what was needed and within the budget. On the long journeys to Braithwaite for the November committee meetings, Alan always kept us entertained with his stories of his trips to the camp in the past. His love for the Lake District was great and he

cared for the people who had been connected with the camp. The trustees made a point of attending the local Service of Remembrance at the Braithwaite and Portinscale War Memorial and Alan always laid the wreath with dignity on behalf of the camp, often in the pouring rain.

Alan was a true gentleman, he worked hard for the Trust, giving time and expertise generously. I doubt if anyone had a longer association with Braithwaite and his spirit will be at the camp for a long time.

JIM BIRD (1954-59)

Jim was one of those rare people referred to by many as a legend. Little is known about his school career but Simon Perry remembers that on the day following the death of Buddy Holly in an air crash Jim turned up at school wearing black drapes, shirt and slim tie, drainpipe trousers and oversized shoes. Perhaps surprisingly, he was not



Jim Bird

sent home. But after five years, Jim had the obligatory chat with the then head 'Wally' Garstang and by mutual agreement left education for the world of work.

He was also courting Bonnie, usually involving motor bike and pillion trips into the Kent countryside for picnics and a bit of sunshine. They married young and later had a daughter Rita.

Unusually for a former grammar school boy, Jim chose a career in industrial pipe laying which took him all over the country. He soon obtained his HGV licence giving him an extra string to his bow. Jim's employers won a contract for work at a new nuclear power station being built near Hartlepool and needed him there. Normally fearless, the word 'nuclear' put Jim off so he decided at the medical he would tell the truth about drinking and smoking, as everybody did in those days to the purveyors of life insurance!

Having admitted to smoking thirty a day 'Capstan Full Strength' and often managing eight pints of beer daily, throwing in for effect 'sometimes more at weekends', he was stunned to be told that all things considered he was in remarkably good health and had got the job. As it happened, it turned out to be a rewarding time and he remembered the area with affection, always looking to see how Hartlepool Town football team had done.



1971 - Old Roan 4th XI
Jim Bird (back row r) - Old Roan 4th XI

As the 1965 leavers joined the Club and started playing football, they soon linked up with Jim, four years their senior but seemingly much more worldly-wise. Importantly, at the time he also had transport, often work related, and we thus arrived at grounds in all sorts of vehicles.

Jim was a talented and versatile footballer who could play in any position. When in goal, he gave himself the epithet 'Brickwall Bird' and if playing as a striker he was 'The Greenhithe Goal Machine'. Jim chose to play a bit below his standard because for teams playing at the lower levels the availability of decent beer was deemed as important as the quality of the pitches.

The social side of things was even more important and Jim, partial to the odd pint sometimes followed by a scotch or two, was brilliant company, a great raconteur and wit and a master of the one liner. A particular favourite was on a cross channel ferry when a very earnest

young woman insisted on being told what we all did for a living. 'I'm in sewage' said Jim. Thinking this must be unusual, the interrogation continued until Jim eventually advised that he was 'Mainly on the Production Side'.

After about thirty years of pipe laying and providing us all with great fun, Jim decided to switch careers and purchased a fish and chip shop in Gravesend. Despite the time and effort required to run a successful small business, Jim still occasionally managed time to socialise with his old mates and a great time always ensued.

Eventually, Jim and Bonnie left the world of fish and chips in favour of something more rural and they settled on the Lake District, an area Jim was familiar with from school trips to Braithwaite. Obviously, a farewell event was needed and a pub crawl around Gravesend was organised. Despite the weather being so foggy that visibility was little more than twenty yards, a large group of Jim's friends attended from all over London, Kent and Essex. These large turnouts were repeated whenever Jim was able to make a trip to the London area, with a tremendous sense of camaraderie within this group.

Jim had battled cancer on and off for about thirty years but in the end even Jim's willpower and constitution were not enough. On the plus side on our hospital visits

it had been interesting to note how much progress had been made in the treatment of the disease. Seven Old Roans made the long journey to Workington for Jim's funeral and at the end of the return journey four found themselves at Cannon Street station facing a conundrum. We were tired but a new Wetherspoons had opened on the station. Should we try it or get the next available trains home? A voice said 'What would Jim have done?' So, we trooped into the pub subsequently getting our penultimate trains although perhaps in part only because the bar was closing.

Many emails have been received quoting individual memories and referring to Jim's legendary status and especially his humour. There was a constant theme to these messages which can perhaps be summed up thus:

'Farewell Jim and thanks for all the laughs'

Monty Smith

GRAHAM BRISCOE (1962-69)

Graham Briscoe died in December 2016 after a long battle with cancer. His funeral was an opportunity for many Old Roans to reunite and fondly recall his sporting skills, intelligence and relaxed attitude to life. He was a good friend to many at the Club who will particularly remember his dedication to Tottenham Hotspur and cheerful presence at the bar. The same



Graham Briscoe

phrases were repeated – languid, relaxed, kind, calm, guile, cultured left foot, reminiscent of Bobby Moore.

ROGER DALE remembers his good friend:

Graham was a consummate, multi-talented, elegant sportsman. Of medium height, he exuded a calm, almost languid, presence on both the cricket field and the football pitch. At times, one felt he could have achieved greater heights had he pushed himself a little more. His sporting philosophy was that of a gentleman amateur rather than a driven professional.

As a cricketer, he was comfortable in all three disciplines - batting, bowling and fielding. He was a stylish, right-handed, middle-order batsman. More at home playing the ball safely along the ground, he could play the bigger shots should the circumstances dictate. Although not the quickest mover, he was prepared to run hard if need be. He was a somewhat reluctant

bowler but, when called upon, he turned the ball prodigiously as a slow left-armer, bowling either over or around the wicket. His 'Chinaman' would often bamboozle the most well-set batsman. He was a safe and reliable fielder with the best pair of catching hands, especially in the deep.

As a footballer, Graham possessed what might be best described as a cultured left foot. He could use his right foot but much preferred to switch the ball to his left before stroking it sweetly to a team-mate. He always seemed unflustered and somehow manufactured that bit of extra time in which to play the ball. Free kicks awarded to the centre or right side of the penalty area were Graham's province.

As a friend, Graham was steadfastness personified. He would stick by you through thick and thin, and, if he had to be critical, he found a way of doing so gently. He was generous and kind in both thought and deed. My trust in him was such that I invited him to be best man at my wedding in 1978. A role he undertook with his usual grace.

KEITH BARRON on Graham the sportsman:

I began playing for the Old Boys cricket way back in 1977, under the captaincy of Del Baxter, Sat 2nd XI and played a few games that year for the Sun 2nd XI where I first came across Graham's left arm guile. Other contemporaries of that

team would have been Del Baxter, Alan Dawe, Graham Chambers, Martin Hooker, Viv Lawrence, Rod Stanbridge, Fritz Henning, Simon Perry, Freddie Jacobs, Chris Wyton and Andy Bloyce.

I remember Graham being a pretty sound batsman. However, he was never too sure of himself and his lack of self-confidence probably prevented him playing at a higher standard more than he did.

I also think it is why he turned to umpiring at an earlier age than he should have. This was to the team's benefit of course, as he was a considered umpire too, never rushing to a decision and certainly got more right than wrong.

Strange as it seems, Graham does not figure in the 1st XI career averages. Probably only because he did not meet the qualifications of amassing more than 1000 runs or taking 100 wickets.

Above all else, what I remember about Graham was his camaraderie in the bar after the game, mostly talking about his beloved Tottenham Hotspur.

I did not play much football with Graham, as he was always a better player than me. I do remember watching him several times playing for the 3rd XI at the club. He always appeared to have plenty of time on the ball, and reminded me of Bobby Moore!

GILL LIMBRICK (nee Whitta) (1968-75)

Gill's husband Andy informs us that Gill Whitta, as she was known at Roan and by the girls she kept in touch with, sadly died this year on 14 February.

ANN SCOTT

Ann Scott, who was the last Head of the girls' school from 1975 before the Roan schools' amalgamation in 1980, died on 3 October last year. After leaving Roan, she went on to be head of a girls' school in Tunbridge Wells. Her daughter Hilary says Ann was passionate about education, particularly the education of women, and will be much missed by her family and friends.

NIGEL BALLANTYNE (1963-2001) Boys school teacher

ANDY PAGE (1968-75) adds a story on Nigel (obituary last edition):

So sorry to hear about Nigel. A personal anecdote of him shows the wonderful nature of the man. Around 1972, someone suggested (not Nigel I think) that we should enter a grammar schools road relay race for mixed age teams. The only trouble was it was in Batley, Yorkshire and no-one had worked out how far away that was. Nigel was undeterred. He got us all up at the crack of dawn and off we went on a cold Saturday to run this race in soot-drenched Batley which had

no flat bits at all. Everyone was frozen, but Nigel, brilliant as always, encouraged us continually and ran from different vantage points as we completed each lap. We came third I think and won a duffle bag each. I wish I could recall the other runners.

I can still see Nigel's battered old mini emitting sparks with a full load up the M1 as I was with the other driver following him that day, my Dad, whom we also sadly lost this year. He was another person of unique selflessness and generosity. God bless them both.

DAVID HUTLEY (1968-75)

A tribute to David was included in the last edition of the magazine. Keith Bradbrook (1966-73) adds another:

David was one of the nicest people I have ever known and an incredible sportsman. He and I played football for Old Roan and Sunday teams for many years and he was always utterly fearless, tenacious and fair. Simply a brilliant defender you could depend on with your life.

A great family man, a truly genuine person, because I was a little older than David, I always thought of him as the 'young boy' – someone with great zest and huge talent. His passing was a deep shock for many Old Roans. A man of great character, who has left many footballing memories.

PETER ALAN TRAFFORD (1928-38)

Peter was born in 1920 in Humber Road, Greenwich, and in 1928 followed his older brother Leo into Roan in Eastney Street, Greenwich just before its move to the Maze Hill site. He was a keen sportsman winning a number of school medals for athletics and competing in inter-schools' competitions. He was a member of the Scouting Association and went to Braithwaite which clearly made an impression on him.

In 1939, Peter won a scholarship to study medicine at St. Thomas Hospital, Lambeth. The war broke out at the same time and he was in the hospital as a student in the first week of the Blitz in September 1940 when it received direct hits destroying three of the eight blocks. After qualifying in 1942, he worked at the Woking War Hospital, a large converted workhouse.

Here, Peter met Josie, a staff nurse on the surgical wards and they



Peter Trafford

married in July 1944 just after D-Day. The war in Europe had ended when Peter was called up into the Royal Army Medical Corps (RAMC) and sent to occupied Germany. Here, he witnessed what he described as the chaotic situation of occupation, seeing the destruction of the towns with relatively untouched rural areas, extreme poverty and hardship.

Peter befriended local foresters, was invited on hunting expeditions and also went on skiing outings, on one occasion 'borrowing' an army ambulance as transport for which he was reprimanded!

In the exceptionally cold winter of 1947, he requisitioned tinned food, including peaches and spam, from the overstocked NAAFI and took it to the German parish priest to distribute. At this time, he made a life-long friend of a young German, Walter Janzen.

During his time in the army, Peter gained experience in general practice with army families, and developed an interest in obstetrics looking after the wives of men and officers. In 1946, while he was in Germany, Anthony was born. Soon after Josie moved out to join him in 1947, Jane was born. He returned to England in 1950 working in Aldershot and son Damian was born in Frimley.

Peter once opened the batting for the RAMC before leaving the army to enter General Practice

and in 1953 settled in Evercreech in Somerset where he worked until 1968 and the five children grew up and went to school. There was a large house and in time a tennis court. For several years, Peter captained the Evercreech cricket team and also played for the Wells Wednesday team.

In 1968, Peter made a change of direction, going to prison on Dartmoor - as Medical Officer. He developed a keen interest in all aspects of the service and was sent to do his Specialist Psychiatric Training at Broadmoor. He passed his Diploma in Psychiatric Medicine becoming a Consultant Forensic Psychiatrist and was posted to Winchester, then soon after to a Senior Medical Officer post based in Bristol where he and Josie stayed until his retirement in 1985.

Peter founded the Prison Medical Officers Association, becoming its president. He organised conferences including one for an international organisation of prison medical services and campaigned for better treatment of mentally ill offenders, sometimes incurring the displeasure of his employers in the Home Office.

Peter and Josie bought a caravan and started travelling more before and after retirement in 1985 when they moved house to Wells and celebrated Golden and Diamond Weddings and memorable birthdays. Peter published his book - Love and War - using the letters

his father had written to Pat before they were married, written during his time in the trenches in France.

He and Josie were very involved with the parish, and the National Trust (Branch President), organising weekends away for members. He was also President of the Wells Branch of the Royal British Legion for a number of years.

Josie died in 2014 after being cared for by Peter who subsequently moved into Abbeyfield houses in the town where he started a new phase of life.

About 12 months ago, his health took a serious decline and he moved to Torr Wood Care home. He was pleased to see visiting family and it was always a pleasure to see him and be regaled with stories of his life as a student, a young doctor in training, his time in the army and in General Practise.

Peter had a remarkable memory for people, names and places, and loved to revisit places he had known. It was a pleasure to accompany him to the Old Roan Dinner centenary at the Painted Hall in Greenwich.

He attended his last Remembrance Day service with the British Legion in Wells in November 2019, celebrated his 99th birthday and Christmas and saw the start of his 100th year. He died on 14 January this year with three of his children present.

He is survived by his five children, 14 grandchildren and 19 (of 21) great grandchildren.

Damian Trafford

BARRY PIKE (1958-65)

Barry was a part of the 1958 intake, a group which showed varying levels of commitment to their studies. He claimed that he did little work but still always managed to excel in every exam. Maths and the Sciences were his natural forte but his considerable intellect meant he took great interest in many other subjects. We particularly remember an Art Appreciation lesson where Barry opined that Turner could have been a great artist had he not chucked several buckets of water over his nearly finished paintings.

In 1965, after seven years of work and fun, most of what was by now a large group of close friends, which they remain to this day, meandered off into the world of work. Many were to play an active part in the sporting and social activities of the Club and Association for many years to come. A few, including Barry, chose to go to university for what he subsequently described as a three-year holiday. Nonetheless, he still continued to pass all exams with ease and left with an excellent degree.

He found a job particularly suited to his talents with the CEGB, then responsible for the UK electricity power supply, working in the new

world of computers. Staff evening football was a feature of the company and, showing prowess from his school days, Barry excelled as a centre half and even more so in the post-match celebrations. Speaking to his work colleagues, they confirm he managed to pretty much coast through working life but having elements of genius about him was always able to make significant contributions to problem resolution.

It was here that he met Bhavna Mehta who shared his interests in skiing, walking and yachting. They spent many happy years pursuing these hobbies in the Alps and the Mediterranean on occasions crewing on large fast yachts.

During his career, Barry's relationship with senior management was marked by what could perhaps be best described as 'full and frank discussion'. He seems to have found out about a very generous retirement and redundancy package intended for these people and managed, not without something of a struggle, to get himself included in it. Thus, well before the age of fifty and with future financial security reasonably assured, he entered the world of retirement.

In March 1989, Barry somehow found himself at a dinner dance which just as mysteriously was attended by a large number of his former school friends. With most of them keen to avoid the dance

floor, they soon bumped into each other and Barry said 'You don't remember me do you?' bringing the immediate response 'Of course we do - you are Barry Pike.' Who could forget that tall, angular, sandy haired figure with his distinct mannerisms.

Friendships thus re-ignited, Barry threw himself into all the group's social activities be they lunchtime and/or evening get togethers or day, weekend or longer trips away. Barry shared their interest in the protection of England's heritage particularly where it involved Real Ale and the traditional pubs in which it was usually served. This group's preservation technique involved spending lots of time and money in these establishments.

This environment was ideal for discussions on a wide range of subjects from the home life of the Aardvark to the merits of the Zonal Marking system and Barry played a huge part in this. His usually well thought through arguments were interspersed with off the wall stuff which led to much hilarity and some ridiculous, or perhaps not, solutions to some of the great issues of the day.

In 2003, Barry and some other members of the group decided that over the next five years they would join organised 90th anniversary coach tours to the major First World War battlefields. The fact that many of these were centred on Belgium with traditions of producing great

beers may have been a factor. These were hugely entertaining trips during which, in Old Bill's Bar in Ypres, Barry displayed unexpected expertise at table football. Barcelona, Budapest, Krakow and Prague were among many other trips.

Quizzes! Barry was the Bobby Charlton of our teams; always the first name on the team-sheet! However difficult the quiz conundrum, Barry with his huge fund of knowledge was always the go-to man.

On a memorable evening in Llandudno, with the team not in peak condition, Barry was able to list the titles of all Shakespeare's plays for over forty points, and then answer the designed-to-be-impossible question to win the accumulated fund. The peeved locals were assuaged by the return of half the money and the other half paid for our beers for the rest of the trip.

We could go on and on but perhaps best to sum up:

Farewell Barry. Thanks for being a great companion to us all and for the entertainment you provided.
Monty Smith

PAUL GROOM (1966-73)

After leaving Roan, Paul had a brief stint working at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine as a lab technician before joining the Metropolitan Police in 1974. He



Paul Groom

completed 30 years in various roles in uniform and as a detective. On receiving his long service award after 22 years, he realised that perhaps he should start preparing for life after the police and so he embarked on and completed a degree in Maths and Computing with the Open University.

Paul's overriding passion was art. Never without a sketch book and camera on holidays or out walking locally, he would translate his photos into pictures on his return. He was accepted as a contributor to an exhibition at Dulwich Art Gallery and was amazed and delighted when one of his watercolours was sold. Many of his friends have his artwork hanging in their houses.

On a trip to Italy, Paul was frustrated at speaking none of

the language and so enrolled in evening classes and achieved a GCSE and was continuing to A level in Italian.

Paul loved music and would listen to anything from Puccini to Pearl Jam. He was always a great supporter of his son's band, was their 'roadie' for the majority of his gigs and was the unofficial 5th member of the band.

Paul died in September 2012 and his greatest joy were his two children – Richard and Jessica who both have two children themselves.

With thanks to Paul's widow Jane

DAVID BUCKLEY (1948-53)

David was at Roan from 1948 to 1953 and after National Service with the RAF embarked on a life-long career in insurance. His involvement with Old Roan began about twenty-five years ago when Terry Blanchard, an old school friend who had recently gate-crashed a meeting of an older Roan generation at Chartwell, contacted him with the idea of arranging a reunion for their school year. David and Terry along with Alan Dawe and John Cramp met in Bromley, set the wheels in motion, and agreed that at the very least the four of them would meet on the appointed date later in the year at the school playing field.

David was a born organiser and using Association and other sources, notably the Saga magazine and Friends Reunited,

was able to contact most of his year group and about twenty five turned up at the club on a sunny summer Sunday afternoon. This became a bi annual event and was later extended to include other year groups. David also organised a table for the annual October Reunion Dinner.

Often, it is only at funerals that we learn of the contribution former pupils have made to their workplace, their community and society in general and this was certainly true of David. His genius as an organiser, his willingness to get involved, unbounded enthusiasm, ready smile and cheerful disposition led to friends and colleagues volunteering to help without really realising what they had done.

A major annual event in support of the Harris and St Christophers Hospice was the Bluebell walks around the Kent countryside, the longest of these being eight miles. David would mark out the course, arrange the checkpoints and for them to be manned, supported by the Rotary Club, of which he was a very active member, and persuade the Rotarian ladies to supply tea and cakes in village halls and elsewhere en route.

He was also the Club Quartermaster responsible for the storage and safety of everything ranging from collection buckets to the Christmas sleigh and of course David played Father Christmas much to the delight of local children!

He was Front of House Manager for the Phoenix Drama Group, Past President and active member of the South Crofton Social Club and for several years captain of their badminton team. He was also a founder member of Darrick Wood Badminton Club and its chairman for many years. A crisis occurred when the Club lost its playing facilities but David leapt into action. Working tirelessly, he found alternative, larger, facilities and developed increased membership to cover it. Without David's efforts, the club would almost certainly have folded and the members are supremely grateful for what he achieved.

In 2000, David started a U3A Golf Group and the membership, now exceeding forty, are grateful for his foresight and enthusiasm which enabled the Club to thrive. He also played tennis and cricket where his batting action was similar to his golf swing! David with his wife Patricia visited his golfing chums as part of his 80th birthday celebrations where they handed out prosecco and cakes. This group are arranging to have a David Buckley Memorial Trophy to be used in competitions raising funds for St. Christophers Hospice.

There have been many tributes from David's work colleagues with a common theme. He was a true gentleman, a delight to work with, calm, kind, helpful and ever cheerful. David and Patricia were able to join them in March 2017 for

their annual lunch and as part of his 80th birthday celebrations.

David's was a life truly well lived and he has left a huge gap but many happy memories. As Terry Blanchard says 'We owe him a lot'.
Monty Smith

JACK WHEELER

Jack Wheeler died on 7 September this year at the age of 88. John Huntley (1951-56) remembers a hugely talented and great sportsman:

Jack was the powerfully built figure always front and central in school football and cricket teams because he was captain of everything athletic. An outstanding sportsman, I am certain he had a Kent trial at cricket and was offered a contract but he was already firmly established with Commercial Union Assurance which was a more secure future than the relatively low levels at county cricket, except for the exceptional few.

A commanding figure as captain and dominant as a player, I saw Jack play many times. My brother Alan, a contemporary at Roan, often told me that his regard and respect for Jack were of the highest order. Until relatively recently, Jack, my brother and a couple of sporting Roan contemporaries used to meet up for a round of golf and I joined them on occasions to walk the course. Jack could still drive further



Jack Wheeler (seated centre) Roan School cricket first XI

than anybody. He partially lost sight in one eye in a badminton incident but was still able to score well as his cricket career continued into his dotage.

He achieved high status in the insurance industry but when his sporting and commercial career was finishing he became an international expert on Japanese gardens. I was coaching cricket for many winters at Judd School in Tonbridge and I had to deliver something to Jack at his enormous house in a private road in Sevenoaks. It was early autumn and still light and he took me on a tour of his garden which was open to the public on a few days each year. Jack was a multi-talented affable individual.

BETTY BICKERDIKE, NÉE PARKS (1946-53)

In 2000, Betty tracked down a group of us who had all been Roan girls together and instigated our annual lunches. Beginning with seven of us, with networking, it

grew to about twenty, and now, as the years have taken their toll, we're back to seven again. They are happy occasions, held firstly at the Royal Naval College (special as the location of our Founder's Day Services) and more recently at the Clarendon Hotel, Blackheath.

Betty was our co-ordinator - making sure we all knew the date and gathering information from those who couldn't come to share with the rest of us - and the same friendly smiling person as she had always been. She lived near Reading, not London, but not an impossible journey. Sadly, following a recurrence of breast cancer, Betty died at the end of July and we shall all miss her enormously.

Seventy-four years is a long time to know someone and amazingly Betty had not changed a lot. She had the same auburn hair, same smile, same twinkle! A good friend, with a sense of humour and of justice, taking an interest, even if it was not her particular priority. Bright - she was awarded the Roan Exhibition in our year - but not a swot. After studying History at London University, she went to Nottingham for her teacher-training. She had always wanted to be a teacher and it was a career which she enjoyed.

In Nottingham, she met John Bickerdike, who lived there but who, strangely enough, studied Civil Engineering at Newcastle

with my husband although we only discovered the link much later. John and Betty married in 1962 and had 58 happy years together. They had two sons, David and Michael and, in due course, three grandsons - David and Lesley have twins, now aged 20, while Michael and Claire, who live in New Zealand, have a 13-year-old.

In retirement, Betty and John continued to lead very busy lives, enjoying holidays at home and abroad, exploring and following other interests. John says the term 'lifetime learning' could have been invented for Betty as she followed courses in art, languages and literature, gained an OU degree, sang with the Bracknell Choral Society and was involved in local social projects. She was full of life and had much to give. She and John were keen photographers so here she is (photo) camera in hand.

LIZ CHALMERS,
née Rider (1947-53)

PAMELA DAVIS, NEE CROSS (1946-51)

Pam, who passed away in April this year, became a pupil at The Roan School for Girls having passed her 11 plus in 1946. She always said she enjoyed her school days immensely and was especially proud of being in the netball team. After taking her O levels she went to the City of London College for secretarial training as so many of girls did in those days. She said her most satisfying job was being a school

secretary where her talents as an organiser were well used alongside her caring nature.

Pam met her future husband Brian at a Roan School dance and they were married for 63 years, starting their married life in Welling. They had two daughters, Michele and Stephanie, and three grandchildren. Due to Brian's job, they moved around the country but the most memorable posting was to Cyprus, during which Turkey invaded the island, and Pam told tales of them helping with the Greek refugees from the North. From that time onwards, she loved to revisit Cyprus regularly and meet up with the Cypriot families who became their friends.

In retirement, Pam was instrumental, together with Betty



Betty Bickerdike

Bickerdike (nee Parks) - see separate obituary - in setting up successful twice-yearly lunches for old girls from her year, resulting in "girls" who had not seen each other for years renewing friendships.

Pam was always a very positive, get up and go person and she never flagged. She was very involved in the Wokingham Women's Institute and was chairperson for several years. Never one to sit at home, she filled her days with outings and friends, she was very proud of her family and is sadly missed by them as well as her many friends.

Barbara Jelley (nee Swift)

GEOFF BUDD (1945-50)

His wife Hazel has written that he had been unwell for some years but retained his lovely nature and deep Christian faith. He always looked forward to receiving the magazine and looked back on his time at Roan as a very happy one. It was perhaps the nearness to Greenwich Park which helped to develop his lifelong interest in nature, especially birds. He used to go on expeditions with John Burton, who visited Geoff and Hazel in 2011/12 and is mentioned in John's book. After leaving school, he went on to the London Hospital, studied dentistry and practised in Tunbridge Wells with a special interest in orthodontics.

ROBERT ARTHUR WILLIAM FOREMAN (1939-44)

His son Christopher writes that he believes his father, born March 1928, was evacuated to Cornwall from Catford during the war. His earlier professional years were spent as a highways engineer working for a number of local councils. He was a Fellow of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors, an Associate of the Institution of Civil Engineers and latterly was an independent and highly successful consultant traffic engineer.

ARTHUR HUDSON (1942-47)

Arthur, widely known as Nobby, possibly due to his ginger hair, joined the NPI after leaving school and some years later moved to Tunbridge Wells as the company relocated. He quickly became associated with Tunbridge Wells Cricket and Football Clubs, playing for them with distinction and subsequently taking on many voluntary roles including bar steward. Kent CCC also played at the ground and over a period of thirty years or so Nobby greeted many groups of Old Roans welcoming them into the beer tents which otherwise were not usually available to visitors. Post-match, his huge knowledge of the best places to visit, which also came in very handy if the weather turned, often led to the Londoners rushing for the last train home. Hugely entertaining, with a vast

sporting knowledge and fund of stories, trips became more to meet up with Nobby than to see some cricket. When returning to Tunbridge Wells, ORs remain welcome in those same tents and raise a glass or two to a man proud of his roots in New Cross who often described himself as the only labour voter in town!

VERNON 'VIC' LAYSON (1940- 45)

Mick Armson, who knows Jan Farmer well and whose two children went to the John Roan School, of which he was a governor for six years, knew Vic as a friend and wonderful neighbour for thirty years. He often talked of his school days and that he was not evacuated during the war but along with other local secondary school children went to Colfe's. Mick delivered the eulogy at the funeral during which he wore Vic's ORA tie.

WILLIAM MURRAY (BORN 1901, DIED 1972)

His nephew Paul Bates writes that a family house clearance he was involved with shows that William went to Roan at some stage. Paul has very kindly forwarded memorabilia including menu cards for pre and post war ORA reunion dinners and a number of old magazines all now stored in our archive.

While little is known of his early life, William was an engineer, very

entrepreneurial and became a successful businessman. In 1942, he set up his own company Filton Ltd manufacturing rotary unions and swivel joints. The company remains in the family and in January 2017 celebrated its 75th birthday.

PETER GIBBS (1955-60)

The ORA representative on the Trustees for many years and a long-time attendee at the reunion dinners. He was active in community life, particularly the Blackheath Society and could occasionally be found with friends in the Park Tavern in Eltham.

ALAN PENNEY (1947-51)

Another long-term supporter of the reunion dinner who in retirement took up lawn bowls. He became a fully qualified coach, served on the Kent Committee and also represented them in county championships. He was an ever-reliable attendee at the David Buckley get togethers.

MARTIN PINK (1945-53)

Spent much of his adult life working in Germany but often managed to get to the David Buckley reunions and occasionally the ORA reunion dinner.

DR ALAN JOHN SHOWLER (1942-49)

Died on 12 September last year aged 88.

DEREK SMITH (1946-52)

Died in New Zealand, where he lived.

CHRISTINE SMITH

Served for many years as Chair of Governors and then Head of Special Needs at The John Roan School.

COLIN ANDREWS (1949- 50)

KENNETH F. BISHOP (1934-41)

RICHARD BRUCE (1956-61)

STUART BRAIDFORD

ALAN BURGESS (1945-52)

MISS. MARGARET S. CHAMBERLAIN , Headteacher Roan School for Girls (1962-68)

MISS. JOSE P. COLLINS, Staff Roan School for Girls (1965-84)

COLIN G. COOPER (1953-61)

JOHN W. DOWNS (1941-48)

GORDON CLIVE EASTER (1943-48)

RONALD ETTLING (1945-49)

ROY EVENDEN (1942-47)

EDWARD GOULD (1954-61)

DR. BENJAMIN GREEN (1930-38)

GEORGE J. HOLMES (1945-49)

MRS. JOSEPHINE E. HOOK (1934-39)

JAMES G. HULFORD (1927-35)

MRS. AGNES JONES (1934-42)

ARNOLD JAMES PESTON (1938-43)

TERRY RUMBLE (1946-54)

ANTHONY WESTERN (1949-54)

HAZEL YOULTON (1935-42)

IAN P. WILLIAMS (1964-71)

DENNIS W. WILLSHIRE (1942-48)

OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION

President 2020-21	Trevor Puddifoot
Past President 2019-20	Claire Flynn
Past President 2018-19	Richard Rice
Secretariat:	Neal Haslam, Ian Clatworthy, Bernie Hampton, Monty Smith, Mike Titheridge
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School Liaison Officers:	Viv Lawrence, Chris Strong
Other Committee Members:	Dave Andrews, Dan Calnan, Alison Chumley-Towner, Hilary Haslam, Brian Hamer, David Horsburgh, John Leach, Mick Roberts
Club and Society Representatives:	Graham Johnson, Trevor Talbot (Theatre)
External Examiner:	Dan Calnan
Magazine Editor:	Keith Bradbrook Oldroankgb@gmail.com
Next Annual General Meeting:	26 May 2021, 8pm

