



OLD ROAN

Chronicle

Vol. 12

July 1992

OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION

PRESIDENT

Linda Nelson
109 Holburne Road
Blackheath
London SE3 8HH
Tel: (081) 856 3201

VICE-PRESIDENTS

Mrs. M. J. Barber
G.C. Carter
J.V. Lovell

L.J. Berry
Miss M. S. Chamberlain
Mrs. B. A. Scott
P. Williams

V.E. Brooker
Mrs. M. Jeffrey
A.G. Weir

HON. PRESIDENT

Christopher Deane
The John Roan School
141 Maze Hill
Blackheath
London SE3 7UD
Tel: (081) 858 8981

SECRETARY

Tony Slaney
3 College Gardens
North Bradley
Trowbridge
Wiltshire BA14 0S
Tel: (0225) 754976

CLUB CHAIRMAN

Mike Titheridge
31 The Chase
Bromley
Kent BR1 3DE

Tel: (081) 460 1719

TREASURER

Neal Haslam
34 Heversham Road
Bexleyheath
Kent DA7 5BG
Tel: (081) 304 3053

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Dave Andrews
143 Lyme Farm Road
Lee
London SE12 8JH
Tel: (081) 852 4075

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Kay Wilkins
1 Lynwood Grove
Orpington
Kent BR6 0BD
Tel: (0689) 878603

SOCIAL SECRETARY

Deb Wallis
27 Stathaven Road
Lee
London SE12 8BZ
Tel: (081) 852 4048

EDITOR

David Horsburgh
32 Merlin Grove
Beckenham
Kent BR3 3HU
Tel: (081) 650 5112

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

G.A. Johnson
M.S. Smith
T.J. Puddifoot
D.W. Boon
D.M. Wright

S.C. Nelson
F. J. Hornblower
A.S. Berry
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Linda Nelson, Old Roan Association President. 1992-93



No. 12

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THE 1992 "CHRONICLE"

This issue of the "Chronicle" deals largely with the Roan Schools during the first half of this century. The "Newsletter" last December requested reminiscences of the early years of the Old Roan Association and we now print some of those articles. Older members of the Association should find these memories enjoyable and we hope that younger members will consider them of interest.

The Editor welcomes more contemporary material and, as always, articles on the Girls' School. Unused material and photographs submitted for this issue may be printed in future publications. One article that is being developed at present is the history of the School Band started by Bill Ellis in the late 1960s. Contributions for this article are welcome. The list of Roan Exhibitioners should be printed in the next issue and any recipients of this award are encouraged to contact the Editor with an outline of their subsequent careers.



The Roan Theatre Company — Olde Tyme Music Hall

*Standing: Alf Knott, Trevor Taboi, Chris Knott, Richard Rickson, Graham Johnson, David Horsburgh
Seated: Barbara Roe, Joan Stanbridge, Beryl Knott, Teresa Wilkins*

FROM THE PRESIDENT

What a year I have ahead of me! Not only does life begin for me this year, but it begins with me having the great honour of being your President.

On January 13th, when Graham Johnson asked if I would accept the Presidency, I was really knocked off my feet . . . oh! I wasn't sure, . . . I would want to make a good job of it . . . oh! did I have time . . . I'd think about it. The next morning my mind was so occupied preparing my speech for the reunion in *October* that I locked my keys in the car, missed my train, ran for the next which then arrived 15 minutes late! All this and I wasn't even President yet but my subconscious had obviously decided to accept. Such an honour could not be refused.

Since leaving school (and before) I have enjoyed being part of the Old Roan Association and Club. There is a comfort in the knowledge that I have always been able to go to the club and enjoy a drink with friends. This is almost unique for "Old School Girls" as most other associations only meet once every 5-10 years for cheese and a glass of wine. I feel it is a great shame therefore that we do not see more of our female members making use of the club.

Hopefully things may start to change. Netball is beginning to take off down the club with two teams playing regularly. This we will look to expand and hopefully encourage the girls from school to join. I am looking forward to going back to school during the coming year (although sadly not to Devonshire Drive) and meeting our future members-to-be. I hope to help my brother, Stephen, with the organising of reunions for those who left school 5 years ago and, with university or college completed, to bring them back to the fold. It is encouraging to see more pupils taking part in the club's activities — a result of hard work by Stephen and others - and we must continue to build on this.

Some years ago the club was bustling with families on Sunday lunchtime. Mums and Dads enjoyed a drink with old friends while the children made new friends and had plenty of room to run around. It is an atmosphere that I hope to recreate over the coming year but one which I can only achieve with your support. Hopefully by the time you read this we will already have enjoyed one successful Sunday when "Mr Zap" entertained the children with his magic and we entertained ourselves in the bar already planning the next event.

Just to finish, but most important, don't forget the reunion dinner in October and the dinner dance in March when I look forward to socialising with you all. The dinner dance this year was held at the Crest Leisure Centre in Kidbrooke Park Road, a great improvement on recent venues, and was a very successful evening. Let's have a repeat performance next year.

Linda Nelson May 1992

FAMILY FUN DAY

There will be a family fun day at the Field on Sunday 19 July. Attractions include a Bar-b-que and a Bouncy Castle

Details will be advised at the Club. Come along for a lunchtime drink and enjoy a leisurely afternoon while the children are entertained.

LINDA NELSON - OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT

Linda Nelson is the 68th President of the Old Roan Association but only the second female to hold this prestigious office. The appointment of Linda has created a number of firsts for the post. Along with her elder brother, Stephen, she is one half of the first brother and sister partnership to both be elected President. Linda is the first President to have her christian name included on the Presidents' Board in the Old Roan Club's lounge and, interestingly, hers is the last name before a new board is commissioned. Hopefully, future Presidents will continue this practice. What was A.D. Reid's (1928-29) first name?

Linda is also the first member of the Ladies Keep Fit Club to be elected and, if that is not enough, she was the first, and so far only, female to be bar steward at the club and the first lady to clean the beer pipes! Are there any other volunteers out there? And, yes, there is more! Did you know that Linda, along with Lenny Sales, was the first winner of the Old Roan Golf Society trophy (playing off a handicap of 46!).

Anybody who knows Linda will be aware of her enthusiastic support of the school and the Old Roan Association. She probably wears her Roan tie on more occasions than her male counterparts and she tells me that she still has her school blazer and those wonderful bottlegreen knickers tucked away in her wardrobe.

Linda was at the old Devonshire Drive school from 1963-70 when Miss Chamberlain was headmistress and confirms that the highlight of the year was always Founders Day when they could "meet the boys." Having mentioned the Devonshire Drive school, Linda wonders if any of her "old girls" are concerned like her about the resident ghost "Nelly Noakes" wandering around the empty corridors of the vacant building? She must be getting lonely!

I am sure by now you have worked out that Linda will be celebrating her 40th birthday this year so maybe the old saying "life begins at 40" takes on a new meaning as she embarks upon her presidential year.

On leaving school Linda and a friend cycled to Greece where they stayed for 6 months. Brother Steve reckons that she came back looking "like a bronzed Amazon with muscles in places where young ladies should not have them", however, this has proved quite useful when Linda has to maintain order amongst her keep-fit girls, but more about that later!

Linda's introduction to the Old Roan Association obviously has its links with Steve who is known to occasionally frequent the club premises. But, like most Roan girls, she was initially attracted to the place by the superb and extensive facilities offered to female members!!! I am pleased to say, however, that despite that, she was not put off and has been a regular member ever since.

Linda is a project accountant with Shell UK and no doubt her "A" level in needlework tipped the balance at her interview for the job. She has been with the company now for 13 years and, of course, receives all the luxuries of a top oil executive such as luncheon vouchers and the occasional trip to an Aberdeen oil platform

Linda has always been at the centre of things at the club. She initiated and continues to organise the annual "Bardon" trip when a crowd of rapidly maturing Old Roans spend a weekend making fools of themselves taking part in a whole range of fringe sporting activities such as croquet, clay pigeon shooting, skittles, beach cricket, archery and a bit of drinking.

The more active and attractive members of the Old Roan Club will also be indebted to Linda for running the Ladies Keep-Fit Club on Monday evenings. This long running club has proven to be highly successful but is still open for new members - so if you are sitting reading this journal thinking "I really must get some exercise" then put on your leotard and skip on down to the club any Monday night and prance away to Michael Jackson and Tina Turner (or even Bill Haley on request).

Linda's theme for her presidential year is families. She is particularly anxious to attract families down to the club premises on Sunday lunchtimes when parents can relax over a drink or two in the knowledge that the kids are safely charging around the playing fields. She has already booked a childrens' entertainer, Mr.Zapp (not Mr.Dap), which proved very successful (if you like animal balloons) and other events are planned for future months.

If you do pop down as suggested you will no doubt get the chance to chat to Linda and her partner George and, of course, to Linda's delightful 7 year-old daughter, Elisabeth

I am sure it is clear by now that Linda is a very popular member of the Old Roan Association and very active in the club social scene. I was, therefore, delighted to see Linda appointed as our new President not just because it is about time we had another woman but also because she thoroughly deserves it and will serve us well for the year

D.Boon

SECRETARY'S REPORT

The Annual General Meeting was held on Thursday, 26th March 1992, with a slightly higher turnout than last year and was able to start on time. More members are requested to make the effort to attend and show your support (or otherwise) of the committee and President.

From the inside front cover you may notice that there is no Assistant Treasurer. The former Assistant Treasurers are unable to spend the time required to carry out duties or attend meetings and stood down. However no volunteers have stepped in. The job entails helping in quarterly (preferably monthly) stock/cash reconciliations of the club. At present this task has been taken on by Monty Smith and Steve Nelson, both of whom are well occupied in other O.R.A. capacities and at work. A volunteer is sought and someone from outside the current committee is invited to contact any member of the committee for further details. New, particularly young members, are always welcome to join the small band of stalwarts who keep the club going, which is still run almost exclusively by volunteers.

The following membership figures as at 31st December 1991 were reported at the A.G.M.:

	1991	1990
Life Members	610	636
Fully Paid Members	348	364
Junior Members	26	21
Honorary Members	2	2
Associate Members	34	28
Honorary Member (Old Roan Club)	2	2
Fully Paid Affiliated Club Member	16	12
Total:	1,038	1,065

As can be gleaned from these figures there was a decrease in the number of life members of 26 whilst the overall total reduced by 27. With life membership now costing £150.00 it is perhaps not surprising that there are few new life members, although this year two members have transferred from ordinary to life membership. Of particular note have been the deaths of Tim Garstang (Headmaster 1959-68, President 1964-65 and a Vice-President) and Gordon Smith ('26-'31, President 1961-62 and also a Vice-President).

On a more positive note the number who pay by Banker's Order is still slowly increasing. Ten years ago there were only 113 Banker's Orders received. Last year there were 293 (48 of which were donations) which I hope indicates a long term commitment by the individuals to the Association. Subscriptions were last increased in 1987 and it would be nice if the annual fee could be held at £5.00 as long as possible because it takes time to persuade "customers" to increase their subscriptions.

Membership is a matter of personal taste. I recently received a letter from a (former) member stating than on moving out of the area the facilities would not be used and membership would not be renewed. I have written back pointing out that only about half of the membership live in South-East London, Bromley or Dartford postal districts and less than 200 take any part in the activities or use the facilities other than the publications. This is a fact that must always be born in mind. The Association is not just Club-based.

To answer a query. Would members please note that membership cards are not normally sent to those who pay by post or Banker's Order until the next general mailing such as the "Chronicle". If a card is required earlier, please forward a stamped addressed envelope to the Secretary.

It is pleasing to note the number of boys from the School is increasing in both football and cricket. There are also two netball sides closely linked with Old Roans, although full affiliation may depend on the Ground User's Committee. This new organisation has been prompted by L.M.S. (Local Management of Schools) which has resulted in schools seeking to maximise their assets. Hopefully both will remain and become full affiliated in the same way as cricket and football are at present,

T. Slaney May 1992

TREASURER'S REPORTS

OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION

It cannot be denied that 1991 was a difficult year, and many treasurers will refer to the effects of the recession. Whilst we are not immune from these effects, particularly with regard to the trading affairs of the Club, the accounts of the Association are something of a balancing act and we need to take a longer-term view rather than just look at 12 months in isolation.

Let me therefore confirm that we have no plans to increase the annual subscription, currently £5.00, in the foreseeable future. Although this is the mainstay of our income and it has declined since the previous year, more members are paying by Banker's Order. It is the

most efficient method for an organisation such as ours and makes administration easier for our hard-working Secretary. I hope that more members will choose this means of payment to ensure their subscription is not overlooked.

Together with 2 new Life-Members and interest on our deposit account, total income was up slightly at £2,712.

Expenditure increased, entirely due to the additional costs of a bigger (and better) "Chronicle" last year and sufficient contributions to warrant producing a "Newsletter" shortly before Christmas. The Editor has already questioned whether our available funds should be solely used in maintaining the quality of publication of the "Chronicle". Of course, if anyone wishes to make a donation in return for advertising their business to members I would be pleased to hear from them.

A loss of £898 was carried forward to the Accumulated Fund, which shows a year-end balance of £11,695.

The only change seen in the balance sheet is that our deposit account has decreased due to the need to fund the deficit on the current account. Overall, a satisfactory situation.

The audited accounts were approved at the Annual General Meeting as presented. Copies may be obtained from me upon request.

N.S.Haslam May 1992

OLD ROAN CLUB

During a year in which all small businesses faced many problems, it would be fair to report that we have managed to "hold our own". The growth we had seen in 1990 did not, of course, continue and our volume throughput decreased by some 9%. Cost prices rose by nearly 10% but the Club Management Committee decided to maintain stable bar prices, ending the year with a turnover of £31,957 (down 7%).

Keeping our prices unchanged for over 12 months (other than the VAT increase from 15% to 17.5% in April) was influenced by the latest scheme of discounts received from Whitbread. The free trade sector is highly competitive and price increases on the one hand are offset on the other by discounts from the brewers to ensure our continued custom.

Whilst we received two rebate cheques during 1991, they distort the figures shown in our trading account as they covered a period from June '90 to May '91. Any member wishing to know the detailed accruals and adjustments please let me know, but I will not bore you with them here! Although the gross profit achieved was lower, when supplemented by the trading discounts resulted in a total of £7,726 which is very comparable to the (adjusted) like-for-like figures of 1990.

Careful attention continued to be paid to running expenses, which at £5,825 had increased less than 2%. The fruit machine provided slightly higher net receipts but the pool table has been out of action and we have still to find someone able to repair the mechanism. The surplus for the year from our trading activities of £3,179 (1990: £3,368) is a credit to the hard work put in by all those involved with the running and management of the Club.

Funds have already been earmarked for replacing some of the furniture and installing new lighting, part of an overall longer-term plan to improve and update the facilities we enjoy.

The balance sheet reflects a continuing healthy position, upon which we hope to build and expand. The figures so far for 1992 are encouraging, and the Club Management Committee are cautiously optimistic that a successful year is ahead.

The audited accounts were presented at the Annual General Meeting and approved. Copies are available on request.

One final point - the office of Assistant Treasurer has yet to be filled. I would be pleased to hear from anyone wishing to become more closely involved in running the Club, particularly with regard to "back office" duties in preparing our management accounts.

N.S.Haslam May 1992

"LOVE & WAR"

Dr. Peter Trafford ('28-'38), now living in retirement in Bristol, has written and published a book based on his father's experiences in the early years of the First World War. It will be of interest to many families in south-east London.

"Love & War" (A London Terrier's Tale of 1915-16)

This is a 160 page book with 28 illustrations and 2 maps. It comprises the letters written by Ted Trafford of Catford to his fiancée (Peter's mother), during his service in France with the 20th. Battalion, The London Regiment (Blackheath & Woolwich). Ted had enlisted in this, his local Territorial Unit, in 1912, and, with the battalion he embarked for France as a Corporal on 9 March 1915; he returned wounded, as a Company Sergeant Major, in September 1916. His comrades in arms included many Old Roans and Old Dunstonians, students of Goldsmiths' College and members of local sports clubs, notably Westcombe Park R.F.C. and Ivanhoe C.C.

The letters give a poignant account of the frustrating and harrowing life of an infantryman on the Western Front, and Peter Trafford has added a month by month account of the battalion's activities and some historical details of the "Twentieth". No formal history of the 20th London was ever written.

Any profit from the sale of this book will be given to charity and the first recipient is to be the ROYAL STAR & GARTER HOME at Richmond.

Copies of the book may be obtained from the author to whom cheques should be made payable (price £11.50 post free):- Dr. P.A.Trafford 5 Waterford Road Bristol. BS9 4BT

Ted Trafford subsequently fathered two School Captains and in the '20s assisted Lionel Berry (staff) in coaching the school rugby XV; later he gave long and valuable service to the Hope Memorial Trust and in recognition of his services was elected an honorary Old Roan in the '50s. He died in 1972 at the age of 80.

THE JOHN ROAN NEWS

Articles taken from the monthly school news-sheet.

Just before half-term, the John Roan School was honoured by a visit from the Mayor and Mayoress of Greenwich, Councillors Edward and Patricia Claridge. They spent a full day at the school visiting a number of lessons, talking to pupils and teachers, and joined pupils for a healthy school lunch. Great interest was shown in their chains of office. Pupils were keen to learn how a person could become the Mayor or Mayoress of Greenwich. At the end of the day both the Mayor and Mayoress commented on the friendliness of the pupils and the quality of work produced. For their time and effort they received an honorary certificate and badge of merit.

Joanne Butters from 9JM has been selected to represent the English Schools' Badminton Association at the under-14 United B.C.Tournament in Venlo in the Netherlands on March 20-22. This is a great achievement and we wish her every success.

The John Roan School is supporting the Christchurch Forum, a local church community organisation that has been the focus of our fund raising efforts in the past. Once more, letters of thanks have been received from the senior citizens of Greenwich for the hampers they received after the carol concert given at St. Mark's Community Centre. Over thirty members of the pensioners group benefited from the efforts of our pupils. Four lifeboats containing a grand total of £53-18 were forwarded by John Roan pupils to the Royal National Life boat Institution at the end of Lifeboat Day.

European relations were strengthened during the visit last term by the John Roan School Orchestra to Gesamtschule Horn in Hamburg. The orchestra performed at two major concerts and the two rock bands performed for the pupils of Gesamtschule Horn. The sixth form rock band, "The Funky Love Children" also performed at a youth rock festival featuring over 100 bands in the square outside the town hall in the centre of Hamburg. All these performances were well received and the pupils and staff were praised for their outstanding level of musical achievement. The trip also gave pupils the opportunity to experience family life in Germany as each pupil lived with a German family for two weeks. This experience was a great test for our pupils as some had never been away from home without their family. Reciprocal hospitality will be offered in Greenwich in the summer term. Thanks are due to Ms. Short for organising the trip and our thanks to her, Mr.Bunce and Ms.Carter for the very high standard of music.

The German students returned to Greenwich at the end of March and had an enjoyable, if exhausting, stay. The pupils from Gesamtschule spent mornings in John Roan School with their English hosts and participated fully in a variety of lessons. Communication was lively, and when pupils on either side were at a loss for a particular word or phrase, drama skills, especially mime, came to the rescue. In the afternoons our visitors went sightseeing and shopping, returning to spend the evening with their English hosts. On the last night pupils, parents and staff were entertained by a concert involving pupils from both schools at the Old John Roan Club. It was a highly enjoyable evening with a buffet supper organised and provided by the John Roan Association. Plans are already being made for further exchange visits in 1993.

Good progress is being made with the installation of the school lift at Maze Hill. The contractors have completed the necessary foundations and are now building the lift shaft. Completion of the lift shaft is expected early in the summer term and, together with the new ramp, will greatly improve access for disabled pupils in our school. The school gives thanks to Greenwich Council and to the Roan Foundation Trust, who have jointly funded the project.

Congratulations to Business Studies teacher Ms.A.Bedward, and to five of her pupils, Annie Keys (11BBA), Nina Kelly (10MB), Teresa O' Halloran (10MB), Suerena Bhuee (10MB) and to team captain, Christine Gear (10MB) for their brilliant efforts in "Young Consumer of the Year Quiz", held at Woolwich Town Hall recently. They competed with other schools in the Borough answering questions on issues related to consumer affairs and were only narrowly beaten in the finals by Thomas Tallis. However, the John Roan team won a prize of £100 for the school and each team member received a "Tres Chic" sweater and a shield to commemorate the event.

The John Roan Association represents all the parents in the school. The committee meets regularly to discuss issues related to school life and to arrange social and fund-raising events. The JRA organised a special evening to discuss the subject of raising levels of achievement within the school on May 5.

During the Spring half-term break, 143 students from Blackheath Bluecoat and John Roan Schools attended a Coursework Completion Centre on the Maze Hill site. Twenty five subject specialists were available to assist students in completing coursework assignments for their G.C.S.E.Examinations. Student comments were positive and many enjoyed attending the centre, which was funded by the London Borough of Greenwich and organised by Mr. C. Hardcastle, from John Roan School.

Jamie Browning of 8MP reports on the recent visit to Italy. We went into Venice by river bus. It lived up to our expectations with waterboats and bridges everywhere. We travelled the length of the Grand Canal and visited The Academy, St. Mark's and the Rialto Bridge. In The Academy we saw Renaissance paintings by Titian, Bellini and Giorgione. Our stay in Sorrento was longer and even more eventful! We climbed Vesuvius - a truly daunting task! From Vesuvius the views across the Bay of Naples to Sorrento and Capri were as breathtaking as the climb up had been! We explored Pompeii itself with Mr. Hier giving us an excellent History lesson as we sat in the amphitheatre, surely our best ever classroom! During the rest of our stay near Sorrento we visited the Isle of Capri, Amalfi, the Blue Grotto and Salerno. On the tenth day we travelled to Florence, calling in at Rome on the way. Florence is a mass of continuous art-murals, statues, icons, even the lamp posts are decorative! We really enjoyed going round the churches and art galleries. Mr.Hier and his girl friend got engaged on the top of the Duomo.

Founders Day will be on Friday 26 June and Sports Day on Wednesday 15 July.

FRIDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE

On Friday 27 September 1991, coincidentally the 80th anniversary date of the Old Roan Association the Editor was pleased to join Alf Knott and George Witten for tea at the tea-rooms in Greenwich Park. George spoke fondly of his time at the school, remembering with particular affection John MITCHELL and recalling many students including Ray STONE, Dave BRYDEN and Phil SNAITH. His memory of the early years is very sharp and he joined the staff the year after A.H. Hope had died. He remembered Stanley BEALE for his remarkable intellect. The photographs show George in fine form. The Editor was seeking an "angle" for an article and both George and Alf were asked to suggest a list of works of literature that they considered important, enjoyable or had some particular influence on them.

A: I suppose there should be two lists - one of books you've enjoyed and one of those you consider important or great art.

G: Most of the books I have enjoyed have been great or important.

A: Galsworthy?

G: He had an enormous impact when he was first published.

A: So important?

G: Very much so. And I find him quite true to life.

A: Is that one of the hall-marks of a great work of literature?

G: I should say so, yes.

A: So adventure yarns and thrillers are not in the first division so to speak - on a level with science fiction and romance.

G: They are pretty trivial, though some are clever in their way. Some like "1984" use what might be considered an un-literary style to convey a very powerful message.

A: Have you enjoyed all the writers generally accepted as great?

G: No. I haven't been able to get on with Joyce; nor do I find A. Huxley interesting, despite their reputation. Not keen on E.M. Forster either.

A: What about the difference between "Brave New World" & "War of the Worlds"?

G: I find the Wells more directly written and more stimulating.

A: If there was one book you could take - sort of Desert Island Discs style, which would it be?

G: Probably "War & Peace"

A: Why, because it's a long one?

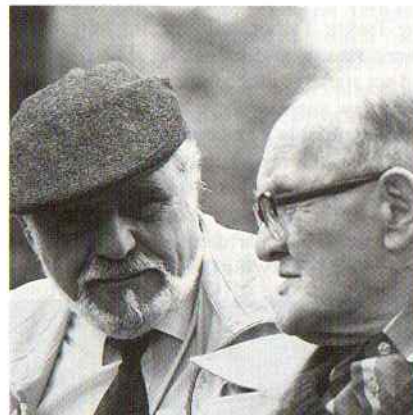
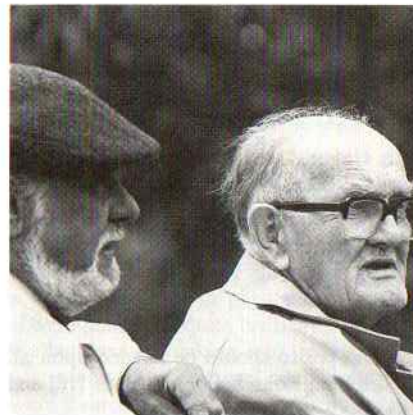
G: Partly, because it can be picked up anywhere, anytime.

George Witten

Great Expectations Dickens
War & Peace.....Tolstoy
The Forsyte Saga.....Galsworthy
Barchester Towers.....Trollope
Far from the Madding Crowd...Hardy
Animal FarmOrwell
1984.....Orwell
TyphoonConrad
Silas MarnerEliot
Jane EyreC.Bronte
Day of the Triffids.....Wyndham
War of the WorldsWells

Alf Knott

The Horse's MouthCarey
Flashman SeriesM.Fraser
The Power and the Glory.....Greene
The King Must DieRenault
Catch 22Heller
Brave New WorldHuxley
The Centurions.....Larteguy
The Name of the RoseEcco
A Goat for AzazelV. Fisher
Riotous Assembly.....Sharpe
The Ginger ManDonleavy
The Alexandria QuartetDurrell



THE ROAN THEATRE COMPANY

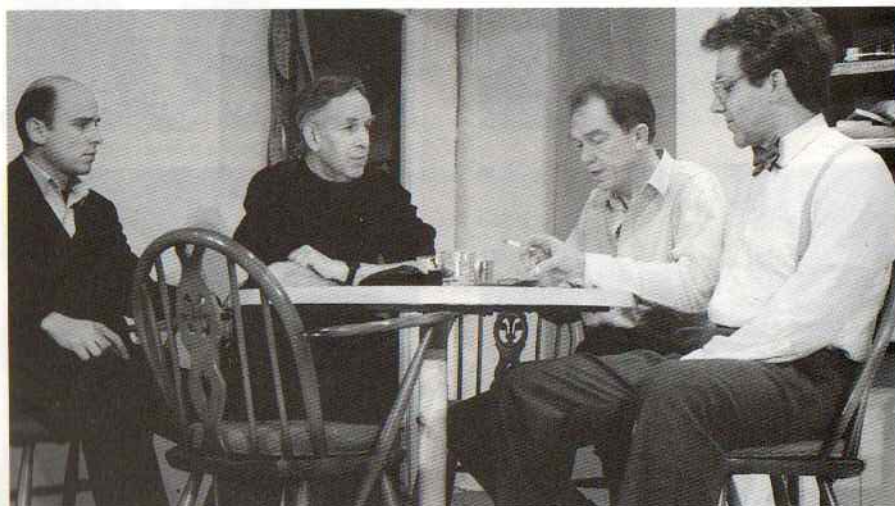
"THE ODD COUPLE"

Performed at the John Roan School by the Roan Theatre Company. March 27 & 28, 1992.

Oscar Madison	Trevor Talbot	Felix Ungar	Graham Johnson
Gwendolyn Pigeon	Teresa Wilkins	Cecily Pigeon	Mandy Brown
Speed	Chris Knott	Murray	Len Quaife
Vinnie	Richard Rickson	Roy	Peter Laurie
Director	Alf Knott	Back-Stage	Barbara Roe Carol Lee Joan Stanbridge

Quite simply this was an outstanding production and praise should be heaped upon all concerned. Both nights were very well supported at the John Roan School in Maze Hill and the venue offered a comfortable and enjoyable evening.

The play was well directed by Alf Knott and the pace of the production was perfect. Alf was ably assisted by outstanding performances by Trevor Talbot and Graham Johnson in the lead roles and the supporting characters were strong and effective. The opening "tableau" of the poker game within a well designed set started proceedings positively with a memorable profile of Christopher Knott — all jutting jaw and overlarge horizontal cigar — dominating the players. The Bronx accents were very creditable and Trevor convinced from the start as a lumbering world-weary sports writer, beer can umbilically connected to his hand, stuck to a baseball cap and sport-shirt with the permanent sweat stain growing from the middle of his back. The sash window opening into a noisy street provided impressive realism and a useful aid when Trevor went prowling around the apartment. Graham Johnson as Felix was equally good and as the character with responsibility for the dramatic develop-



Christopher Knott, Richard Rickson, Len Quaife and Peter Laurie as the poker playing friends in "The Odd Couple" ..

ment of the play he moved the action along brilliantly. This is a good, well written play with some outstanding lines and it was a pleasure to see Trevor and Graham sparring so effectively with such fine material.

The central drama is the second act where Felix and Oscar are joined by the two Pigeon sisters for a dinner party. The direction and acting on all accounts was a joy but Graham in particular must be congratulated for quite brilliantly turning the laughter and joking into pathos. This was a very funny act and once again we were treated to a lovely cameo image of the two girls sitting on the couch reminiscent of the scene in "The Great Gatsby" — "an enormous couch on which two young women were buoyed up as though upon an anchored balloon." Teresa Wilkins and Mandy Brown were a delight as they flirted, fussed, giggled and finally cried with Felix.



Graham Johnson finding comfort and sympathy from Teresa Wilkins and Mandy Brown during the second act.

The poker players offered good support with Len Quaife appearing particularly well-suited to the setting. Peter Laurie and Richard Rickson provided excellent variety to the four. The final act was slower and needed more pace but the play and performances ended strongly and met with a good reception from the audience who had responded well throughout. An excellent evening.

The Roan Theatre Company performed an Olde Tyme Music Hall at the CUACO Sports Club in Beckenham at the end of November. The colour photograph elsewhere in this magazine shows — with the exception of Mandy Brown — the performers. The evening went well and was well appreciated by "the best Saturday night audience of the week." New material included a beautiful performance of the "The Future Mrs. 'awkins" by Christopher Knott and a robust rendition of "Oh! Oh! Antonio" by Beryl Knott. Once again, Graham Johnson and Trevor Talbot provided excellent solo and ensemble performances, Teresa Wilkins and Mandy Smith looked and sounded delightful in their performance of "Just a song at Twilight", David Horsburgh supported on the piano and Alf Knott acted as Chairman. The next performance is due for late June. Filled with enthusiasm from the November performance a group from the Music Hall Players visited the Players Theatre in Charing Cross for their traditional pantomime at Christmas.

The A.G.M. of the Roan Theatre Company on 6th May reported a healthy increase in membership and activities. The Iva Award for special services to the company was given this year to Barbara Roe. A visit to a performance of "Gaslight" at the Medway Little Theatre was arranged at the end of May and the company are planning to perform "I Spy" in competition at the Medway Little Theatre during July.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO:-

BRIAN "ARTHUR" SMITH ('66-'73)?

“Another feature of this year's Fringe has been the Irresistible Rise of Arthur Smith . . . Smith is on the verge of becoming a sort of Noel Coward for the 1990s.” (The Sunday Times. 25.8.91)

“Best of all, however, is the ruefully funny play about wish-fulfillment, *An Evening with Gary Lineker*.” (Daily Express. 12.8.91)

“Arthur Smith used to be best known as the stand-up with the Sid James voice and rib-tickling one-liners to suit every occasion. Then a couple of years ago his life began to change. He wrote a play . . . It wasn't that stand-up comedy was unfulfilling, but Smith had written plays at school and university and 'doing more was always at the back of my mind. I wanted to write dialogue. I wanted to write for different characters.' Smith has been putting in some serious work on learning how to handle different dramatic methods and tones. He's attended the workshops run by American 'narrative structures' guru Robert McKee. 'They were useful because structure is the crucial element'. 'Gary Lineker' (co-written with Chris England), he says, is the most conventionally structured of the three. It's very close to farce. It's also the funniest.” (Time Out. 11.9.91)

“‘An Evening with Gary Lineker’ . . . a highly amusing play . . . cleverly written by Chris England and Arthur Smith, the stand-up comic who's emerging as a talented playwright. The boy's gone good!” (Bath Evening Chronicle. 5.6.91)

“A Trench Kiss” (Battersea Arts Centre). “This engaging and ultimately touching little fantasy is another offering from the prolific Arthur Smith, stand-up comedian, actor and playwright. Together with the ‘Live Bed Show’ and ‘An Evening with Gary Lineker’, ‘Trench Kiss’ was performed at this year's Edinburgh Festival, a gently comic shrug at war's futility, cultural change and the power of innocence to move scepticism . . . The author's greatest gift is the avoidance of sentimentality . . . The play feels like a sketch for something deeper. ‘Never such innocence, never before or since,’ is a disconcerting note to end on.” (The Times. 25.9.91.)

“Football, love and drinking - everything you need” (Arthur Smith talking about ‘An Evening with Gary Lineker’ on Kaleidoscope on Radio 4 on 19.12.91)

“An Evening with Gary Lineker. Duchess Theatre.” “Lethally funny and side-splittingly serious . . . about a kind of autism . . . an evasion of life, the lure of fantasy. The ending is a marvellous ‘coup de theatre’ of the make-believe and real. Bringing this tough, sharp, brilliant play into the West End is a piece of daring which is the life-blood of the commercial theatre. This one will pay off: I hope the actors are ready for a long run.” (Sunday Times. 29.12.91)

“The play (Gary Lineker) is not so much about soccer as about the way our lives are governed by obsession and fantasy . . . It's a crisp, funny, well-observed play that states a few uncomfortable truths.” (The Guardian. 21.12.91)

“An Evening with Gary Lineker” continues at the Duchess Theatre and is taking booking until September. For a period of time it seemed impossible to escape the unmistakeable face or voice of Brian Smith on programmes ranging from “The Wogan Show”, “Kaleidoscope”, “Loose Ends” promoting his new play. A group of Old Roans including several contemporaries, team mates and former English teacher attended the play on a

Saturday in late January. It was a thoroughly enjoyable evening and Brian found time to meet some of the group in the Opera Tavern prior to the performance. The evening prompted Alf Knott to resurrect a short story based on an incident at Braithwaite and Mike Callaghan to recall the pleasures of captaining the young Brian Smith in the Sunday 3rd XI.

AN EVENING (OR TWO) WITH ARTHUR SMITH

The advent of fame (or is it notoriety) for the co-author of a highly acclaimed new comedy on the West End stage, sent me scratching my head for memories of Sunday afternoons spent on the cricket field skippering the 3rd XI.

My immediate recollection of “J. Arthur” as he was suitable nicknamed was a national-health-framed bespectacled youth with a penchant for beer, and a winning way to consume many pints, without the funds to meet the cost. In particular I remember an evening in a Westerham pub, when rising to the opposition's challenge to drink a “foot of ale.” Success would result in our opponents footing the cost and this was duly achieved.

On the cricket field my memory is only of an occasional purveyor of leg-breaks, keen to attempt them at any opportunity. Memories can however play tricks and I perused my vast store of old scorebooks which produced surprising facts.

His debut appears to have been a solitary appearance in 1971 on the 18th July with one run before suffering an L.B.W. decision in support of a dishonourable draw v. O.Cannockians. 1972 indicates a regular place with 14 appearances out of 18 matches. To my surprise he acquired 177 runs at an average of 13.92. When you take into account five “ducks” this otherwise displayed a degree of consistency with a purple patch in August with consecutive innings of 38, 28 and 37. The scorebook also confirms the Westerham match and one of the “ducks”, a favoured method of dismissal, usually met with a grimace and curse at the umpire. His bowling appears much under used with the total season's analysis being 14-4-32-4 for an average of 8.00, twice winking out the tail to achieve victory.

Regrettably the 1973 scorebook is not traceable so I know not whether his skills were still available before he left for university (East Anglia) to hone his comic talents.

It is further recalled that he also played on Saturdays when his bowling was put to greater use, as Ian Clatworthy was able to testify with a broken nose, a legacy from fielding too close when a delivery was pitched somewhat short of the required length.

Predictably his highest score was 42 n.o. when opening the innings in a “beermatch”. His thirst for free pints sustained his concentration whilst wickets tumbled at the other end. Now that he has renewed connections with the O.R.A. we hope that his wit may be put to good use in a speech at a future Cricket Supper.

M.C.Callaghan

DERELICTION AND DECAY IN GREENWICH

Extracts from an article in the *Daily Telegraph*, 22.1.92, by Tom Rowland.

The near-derelict John Roan School in Greenwich (Devonshire Drive) is an example of how the system can fall down. It has dainty red brick gable ends on either side of a well-proportioned central block in high Gothic style, with unusually fine architectural detailing. It was built in 1877 and closed in 1984, when Roan became a comprehensive and moved to another site.

Although well meriting its Grade 11 listing, the building is owned by a moribund if wealthy trust which has allowed it to remain empty and prey to vandals. The trustees admit that the listing — granted a year ago — is obstructing their plans to capitalise on the valuable building site. They say they are prepared to watch the school crumble and, although they claim to be keen on selling, refuse to mend the holes that someone has deliberately knocked in the roof.

"It has been left to stand deteriorating in the face of numerous offers to take it over or do the repairs to stabilise the structure," said Carolyn Carter, a member of the Ashburnham Triangle Association, the vigorous local amenity group that has campaigned to save the building.

"The trustees ignored an offer from the probation service to make the building weather-proof, using their trainees at no cost, and Thames Polytechnic wrote to us in desperation when they could get no response from the trustees to an inquiry to see whether it could buy the building"

"It is scandalous that this building has been allowed to deteriorate to the state it is in today," said Dr. Richard Holder, senior case officer of the Victorian Society. "It is nearing the point of no return. By next year it will probably be uneconomic to repair the structure. The school does not have to be lost because it stands on a largely empty site of over an acre and it would be perfectly possible to organise an enabling development that would fully fund restoration."

Six of the trustees and the newly appointed clerk of the John Roan Foundation attended a public meeting last week — the first time that amenity groups had been able to identify them all. The trustees, all privately appointed, include two Greenwich Labour councillors and a former Roan headmistress. They say they have no idea how much money the trust has, nor can they provide even the barest outline of its finances. The Foundation has not filed financial returns with the Charity Commissioners since 1987, although obliged to do so each year.

According to the 1987 financial statement it had more than £300,000 in cash: at compound rates of interest there would be more than £400,000 now. The trustees had no proposals either to repair the building or to find someone willing to take it over, said James McGovern, the clerk.

"You couldn't conceive of a less suitable group of custodians for a listed building, yet English Heritage does nothing," said one Ashburnham Triangle Association source. "We will have to consider issuing a repairs notice on the school," said Paul Calvocoressi, of English Heritage's London region. "Demolition is not acceptable. It is on our buildings-at-risk register and would be eligible for grants if an imaginative architect came forward with proposals for preservation"

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THE SCHOOL AT BRAITHWAITE —1991

We are grateful to Jim Upton from the John Roan School for the colour photographs of the Braithwaite Camp taken during the visits in February and July 1991. The following excerpts are taken from diaries kept by group members.

Sarah

The camp is surrounded by brilliant-looking hills and mountains. On Monday we all went for a big walk on Barrow Hill. It was fun but tiring. We took a packed lunch with us because it was a long walk. We could see everywhere, from Bassenthwaite Lake to Derwent Water and we could see the Hope Memorial Camp where we were staying. It took us 3 hours to walk right round, but it was a really nice view as we walked back.

Jodie

At the Whinlatter Forestry Centre we went on an adventure walk called the Fox Trot. It was fun but I slipped over 3 times and was attacked by a tree. They had some very nice wooden carvings of snakes, moles and toadstools.

Nikki

I had 2 fish fingers, 4 potatoes, quite a lot of sweetcorn and tomatoes but they were horrible. We had strawberry cheesecake for pudding and I had 2 pieces. Our group had to do the washing up. Everyone else is listening to "New Kids on the Block", how boring . . . Woke up at 7.30 and asked Vicki if she wanted to go jogging. We ran 2 miles and it took us 30 minutes.

Hayri

We went canoeing. Loads of people fell into the water. I forgot my towel, my money, and my spare trainers. For dinner we had spaghetti.

Christine

Mr. Upton took us for a walk which wasn't much fun because it was 6 miles up a long steep hill called Barrow. As we sat in the common room I could see millions of figures trotting down the big hill. It seemed really funny.

Vikki

Every morning Mr. Upton goes for a jog. So a few of us decided to go with him. His jog is a very long one and while we are here his jog is up a hill, then jogging around another hill. Most of us were very tired but of course Sir wasn't so he continued with the jog and we went back to the camp.

Zoe's Chant

Everywhere we go,
People stop and ask us,
Who we are,
And where we come from,
So we tell them,
We're from John Roan,
Mighty mighty John Roan,
And if they can't hear us,
We sing a little louder.

NEWS OF OLD ROANS

The Revd. Tony BRYER ('62-'69) advises information on his marriage to Sheila Nuttall earlier this year in Bristol. The civil ceremony was followed by a Blessing at Trinity United Reformed Church. Tony Bryer was a contemporary of the Editor at school and remains in contact with Tony BONDS, John WOOD and Philip WILLSON who also started at Maze Hill in 1962.

P.J.BARNWELL ('23-'31) recalls N.S. BISHOP, "our one state scholar when such were rare" who gained the Roan Exhibition in 1926 and continued to Jesus College, Oxford. He died in March 1985 leaving a widow, Eileen, and a son. He taught first at Truro and retired from Clacton County High School in 1973. During the war years he was in Intelligence and was not demobbed until 1947. His main teaching subject was German; when he took Highers he got a distinction in Latin, and at Oxford his principal subject was French. G.R. GUYATT was also at Jesus College and W. JOHNSON, who died in 1981, took an Oxford degree in 1929. Another contemporary, C.J. OPPER ('19-'26) went to Oxford and later became a director of education in the colonies before retiring to Switzerland where he died in 1978. The Girls' School gained its first State Scholar in 1928, M.O. BACKHOUSE. He notes the "Telegraph" article on the Girls' School stating that in comparison the Boys' School at Eastney Street was nondescript and regrets the loss of the inscription on the foundation-stone at the site.

Further letters confirm the death in May of D.A. VILE who went up from Roan to Downing in 1934. He celebrated his golden jubilee as an anglican priest some years ago, retired as vicar of Caterham Valley and died in Bexhill. He last heard from Canon Vile when Eric GREENWOOD (1902-79), also Roan and Downing, died and had a memorial service at St.Clement Danes. Both Sir Ernest CLARK (died in 1951) and R.C. HOWARD, who should be 90 this year, refer to their "private" education at Roan. Sir Ernest Clark became an expert in taxation and was very helpful to new governments. His governorship of Tasmania was extended four times. He was a dynamic personality and expected his staff to match his own considerable work-load. R.C. Howard was at Sidney Sussex College and Westcott and took a third class in English for his degree. He became a canon of Chichester and retired to the south coast. Now that Meux and Franklin are dead, Howard must be the last survivor of that group of six or seven Cantab Old Roans.

Charles E. LOVEMAN ('20-'27) recalls his team mates from the Old Roan Football Club photograph in the last magazine. He played in the 1st X1 from leaving school until 1931 when he moved north. The regular first team in those days would be:

		Laywood		
	Scott		Gosling	
Solkon		Smith	Bishop	
Loryman	Loveman	Findlay	Brown	Watts

Stockwell and Jarvis also played in the first team. Of the others, he remembers "Ginger" Carter, Grew, Dave Bonner, Dalton, Redman, "Cheesy" Carden, Daish, Rollie Challenor and Hammond. He played football again after the war when he was 36, appearing for R.A.F. Station Welton in the Lincoln League, a modest team full of flat-footed forwards. He sends best wishes to all his contemporaries who are still alive.

Victor PENFOLD ('27-'33) wrote to Stan BERRY with a questionnaire from a old boy of Rye Grammar School researching the evacuation experiences of Roan boys in 1939. The Secretary has sent a list of addresses of old boys from that era. The names of the masters

involved with the evacuation are recalled — Poyser, Holt, Pye and Durling — together with the official billeting officer, "Taffy" Powell. He sends best wishes also to Alan WEIR.

David BONNER ('18-'24) responded to the request for memories of Eastney Street. He went to the school at the age of 9 and joined Joe Amesbury's form. An early memory was the Thanksgiving Service on Armistice Day at St. Alphege Church. The Antient was a very colourful figure, the staff always wore their gowns in class and the school was always busy with scouts, cadets, dramatics, minstrel troupe, swimming, cricket & football and excellent holidays at Braithwaite. He spent eight happy years at Eastney Street and became an active member of the Old Roan Dramatic Society and the Football and Cricket Clubs. The players he remembers are Harry Smith, Harry Townsend, Bill Gosling, the two Daltons, John & Peter Williams, Len Watts and many more. He is now 83 and still plays golf and bowls.

Sunday 15th and Monday 16th December provided sightings of Old Roans on the BBC. Steve RIDER ('61-'68) hosted the BBC Sports Review of Years and prior to interviewing Ian Botham and Graham Gooch spoke with John REGIS when presenting the team award for the 4 x 400 metre relay at the World Championship in Tokyo. The following day saw Brian "Arthur" SMITH ('66-'73) on "The Wogan Show" promoting his new play "An Evening with Gary Lineker". The play opened during the week that the real Gary Lineker announced the illness of his young son. A special preview performance donated all receipts to the Great Ormond Childrens Hospital. Brian shared this show with Kate Bush, Alfred Molina and the ubiquitous Peter Mayle. He appeared again earlier this year on the same show — splendidly typecast — testing the benefits of health farms. This reviewer has only ever seen three "Wogan Shows" — "Arthur" has been featured twice and would have done a better job as George Best on the third!

John REGIS ('84-'85) excelled in the 4 x 400 metre relay in Tokyo but performed poorly in 200 metres, failing to reach the final. "In the individual event I was a spent force. I've never run so badly in my life. I was working against my coach instead of with him." He has now changed his coach and is preparing for the Olympics in Barcelona.

Jeffrey MOINE ('62-'69) has re-established contact, from Brighton, now that the Secretary has been surprised by the knowledge of his life membership. Jeffrey met with his contemporaries, Terry ADAMS, Derek BYFORD and David HORSBURGH at the wedding of Bob LOCKHART ('62-'69) to Angela Balkwill in late December. Jeffrey had shared the same course as Angela at Sussex University and she later met Bob when they were both working in Papua, New Guinea. They now live in Charlton together with Bob's many household pets — some more domestic than others. Jeffrey was pleased to receive a number of recent magazines and hopes that future issues include poems at least equal to the quality of those in the fondly remembered "St. James Infirmary Review" of the 1960s. He retains a particular affection for Alf Knott and was pleased to see him looking so well in the last issue.

Peter GIBBS ('55-'60) advises that the Revd. Gavin H. REID, who left the school for university around 1955, has been appointed Bishop of Maidstone. He also confirms the death of his aunt, Dorothy May ROBINSON ('16-'23) in January and thinks that this now leaves his mother, Louisa Victoria GIBBS (nee Robinson) as the oldest old girl. She was born on 31 October 1905 and is in reasonable health living in Blackheath.

Tony DALE ('36-'40) joined the O.R.A. in 1990 and has been keenly looking at past magazines. He particularly awaits articles dealing with his own time at Maze Hill. He lives in Poole and visits his mother frequently in Swanley. Tony made a visit to the Club in late December whilst staying at his mother's and met with the Editor and Steve Nelson. He is

planning to move to the Lake District and find a more tranquil life closer to nature. His many interests include the specialised sport of tricycling, C.N.D., quakerism, the R.S.P.B. and a concern for the environment. He recalls his time in Joe Amesbury's class in 1937 together with an enjoyment of the Braithwaite Camp and would like to renew contact with Ronnie BUTLER and Alan GRIEG.

Albert BERRY ('45-'50) sends new year greetings to the Association from a wet Western Australia. "No Christmas Day lunches at a beach, I can assure you." They had 38" of rain in 1991 which is impressive for a semi-desert area. He became a university lecturer last year at the Edith Cowan University. He reports that the economy in Australia is severely depressed and that unemployment in Western Australia is 11% with a poor outlook for the young and unskilled. The Prime Minister, Bob Hawke, had just been replaced by Paul Keating and Albert questions whether this will improve matters? He also raises a query about Mr. Hankinson which has caused the Secretary to check his records to see if he was at Roan in Greenwich 1945 or part of the evacuation. Albert had Mr. Locke as his first Roan form teacher in 3A in 1945 and recalls Mr. Hankinson as a much liked and respected Geography teacher.

Wynne "Wendy" LONGMAN (nee Mason '45-'51) remembers Miss Wretts-Smith with fondness. "I experienced her guidance as a member of her form twice during my time at Roan and was among her pupils for Latin for five years. I shall always be grateful for the ways in which, with her ladylike but humorous way, she made Latin and the Ancient Romans live in my mind, using traditional methods it is true, but mixed and enlivened with music, poetry, narrative, history, military despatches and personal sketches. I thought of her when walking around Pompeii. Mrs. Grace Harris, Miss Wilson of the English Department when I was at Roan, also enlightened and enriched my studies in one of my favourite subjects and certainly contributed in her quiet, elegant, stylish way to my success in that field. I have very happy memories of my time at Roan."

Fred "Fingers" FUHR ('62-'69) sends seasonal greetings to the Club and his many friends from Auckland, New Zealand. John LAVERS ('46-'53) bought a tie from the Secretary when visiting England last autumn and has rejoined the Association. He is a Professor of History at Bayero University in Kano, Nigeria. Professor P. TURNER ('44-'52) was honoured with a C.B.E. in the New Year's Honours List.

D.E. "Jonah" PHIPPS-JONES ('24-'31) has sent an excellent photograph of the Old Roan Dinner in 1932. We hope to include this in a future magazine

W.A. CRAMP ('43-'50) has organised a reunion of those who joined the school in 1943 and left between 1948-50. His first form-master was Mr. Hankinson. Bill provides us with a brief synopsis of his career until his retirement at the age of 56. He left Roan in 1950, spent three years at Queen Mary College, three years at Chelsea Polytechnic, one year at Imperial College, one year at Ohio State University, three years at Imperial Chemical Industry, three years at Guinness and twenty-eight years at the Medical Research Council — Hammersmith Hospital. Anyone interested in contacting Bill should write via the Secretary.

G.F. WALTER ('34-'39) has provided us with a photograph of Mr. Mills' Remove B Form taken in 1937. He remains in correspondence with Roy CLARK and sees Horace ABBOTT occasionally.

Keith BANKS ('66-'73) organised his own reunion table for the Dinner in October including A. EMENY-SMITH, P. WISE, J. TITCOMBE, J. NOVIS, R. EDWORTHY, P. COX and Derek ALLEN ('24-'31) from an earlier generation. The speakers at the Dinner

included Neal HASLAM, Christopher DEANE and David BRYDEN in addition to the President, Simon PERRY. Dan CALNAN provided his usual good selection of wines including an excellent Beau Mayne Rouge 1989.

Steve GILLMAN ('65-'72) lives in Dublin and is planning with Alistair MITCHELL to bring his Vets football side to London. John STANFORD ('65-'70) is considering changing the direction of the Easter Tour towards Dublin now that they have exhausted Belgium and Holland.

Peter DAWSON (ex-Staff) retires this year as general secretary of the Professional Association of Teachers. He made the front pages last August with his statements on one-parent families. He told the union's conference in Liverpool on August 1 that children needed two parents if they were to flourish and that there were 1 million one-parent families in Britain with the total rising by 40,000 annually. "In schools we are daily called upon to deal with the consequences of the collapse of the moral framework upon which our society is built. It is a matter of fact that children from one-parent families do less well in school than others; that they are more likely to be poorly fed and clothed than others; more likely to be ill-treated and abused; more likely to end up unemployed; more likely to get into trouble with the law." Teachers were spending more time acting as social workers than teaching. These comments raised strong responses and he later added that he meant to be supportive rather than judgmental. (The Guardian. 2.8.91).

His views were sought the following month when Michael Fallon, the schools minister, voiced concern that a growing number of teachers are showing their pupils video versions of books rather than reading the texts. Peter Dawson also expressed doubts about the practice. "Quite often teachers use film, video, TV, even taking children to the theatre to see a play, as a substitute for getting them actually to read it. That isn't any good at all. You won't learn the wonders of Jane Austen's language simply by watching a video of *Pride and Prejudice*." (The Sunday Times. 22.9.91).

Dan COFFEY (ex-STAFF) was in the U.S.A. in October running in "the world's most gruelling athletics event". He was participating with twelve other runners to reach a target of 1,000 miles at Flushing Meadow to raise thousands of pounds for the Bexley and Greenwich Hospice. Dan was 60 last year, he has taken part in the 1,000 mile challenge twice before and is a past winner of the over-50s and 55 races. He plans to run between midnight and noon when it is coolest and then have three or four hours rest before starting again. "You get into a routine with the running and hardly notice the strain after a while. The worse thing is that it takes you four months to recover physically. And you end up waking up in the early hours of the morning in a cold sweat thinking you have missed a running session." (Kentish Times. 19.9.91).

An early season report (Evening Standard. 21.8.91) advised that Wayne BURNETT has emerged from a year in the wilderness to challenge for a regular first team place. The 19-year-old former England youth international was playing in midfield and scored in both a 4-3 defeat at Brentford and a 5-0 Rumbelows Cup win over Northampton. David HILLIER ('81-'86) and Arsenal had mixed fortunes but both appeared to have a strong finish to the season. Gary MICKLEWHITE ('72-'77) was transfer-listed by Derby County at the end of a season that saw them defeated in the play-offs for the Premier Division.

The Revd. David HIDER ('57-'64) has advised his new address and vocation. After twenty-four years in IBM he was ordained in 1989, left IBM last July and is now the Curate in the Parish of St. Mary, Goring-by-Sea in West Sussex.

The Secretary was pleased to receive a collection of magazines and a school blazer from the family of Alan Jack SMITH ('27-'32) in Ballarat, Victoria, Australia. He wanted his collection of Roan magazines to go to the archives. This material was sent via Victor Sheppard who has added the Roan memorabilia collected by his late wife, Mary (nee WATTS '26-'32). This material includes a number of photographs and autographs of staff and fellow students during these years at Roan

J.F.N. "Bill" WEDGE ('32-'38) has provided a short appreciation of his contemporary, Ken WHEELER, a former School Captain, who died last December. The Thirties Old Roans continue to have lunch-time drink reunions with a pattern of the third Monday in November at the Ramblers' Rest in Chislehurst and third Monday in June at a pub in Surrey — currently the Abinger Hatch, Abinger Common. For those wish to contact Bill his new telephone number is (081) 395 4837.

We are pleased to hear from H.A. "Pete" PORTER ('17-'23 and ex-STAFF) who lives in retirement in Bolton. Mr. Porter has very kindly sent the article published in the "Architect & Building News" of July 1928 and advises that after attending Eastney Street he returned to teach for a year (1928) at Maze Hill before moving north to Bolton in 1929. He has also sent the excellent photograph of the Old Roan Dinner at the Hotel Cecil in 1928 and a selection of magazines dating from 1917 to 1923. He attended the scout camps as a tender-foot, patrol leader and assistant Scout Master. Together with A.D. HEWLETT ('14-'21) they helped Harry Savage run the 1924 Braithwaite Camp while the Antient was lecturing in Canada — an enormous privilege for a Grammar School Head. The School were grateful to the Antient for bringing the Manchester Grammar School tradition of camping and the outdoor life to London. He was among a group of four Old Roans who went to Bristol University where they witnessed King George V opening the new University Tower and helped raise the great bell "Great George" to its position on that lofty tower. He taught for 40 years at Bolton Grammar School, rising to Senior Geography Master and finally to Vice-Master before retiring in 1969. He retains a connection with the School Scout Troop (19th. Bolton) and was their Leader from 1929-69. He sends best wishes to all Old Roans.

Dennis PRIEST ('45-'51) visited the Club in early May while over from Australia on a visit. He was pleased to see some of his old drinking colleagues from the mid-sixties, in particular Monty SMITH and Mike CALLAGHAN, and unfortunately just missed Graham CHAMBERS.

Lionel BERRY (ex-STAFF '23-'63) remains in close contact with the Association from his home in Cranleigh in Surrey. We are pleased to receive his anecdotes about Edmund Durling and the appreciation of W.L. Garstang. He has also spent some time working out faces and names on the 1928 photograph of the reunion at the Hotel Cecil which is printed elsewhere in this magazine. He notes that 1928 was the year in which the O.R.D.S. did its first two plays ("Captain X" in May and "Our Mr. Hepplewhite" in November). Lionel met with Alan Eden-Green earlier this year and has been in contact with Ewen WHITAKER and Bill CRAMP. Bill reminds Lionel of the production of "Toad of Toad Hall" which included John SMART as "Ratty" and Keith POUND as "Mr. Badger". Keith Pound went on to become Archdeacon Keith Pound, Chaplain General to Her Majesty's Prison Service, recently mentioned in connection with the Strangeways Prison riot. He was unable to join Bill for a reunion lunch in Uxbridge in May. Lionel also recalls A.H. Hope as his first Headmaster at Roan when he started in 1923. He had been appointed by Potter and first met Hope at Braithwaite. He mentions Wally BULLER and George WITTEN as dear friends, both were regularly involved in the O.R.D.S.

OLD ROAN TRIVIAL CHALLENGE

When reporting on the 1991 competition, I announced that this year's event would be held on one evening only, rather than the heats and final format of previous years, mainly due to the time involved in sorting out the number of questions involved. Accordingly the 1992 Challenge was held on 8th February between some 10 teams, although there were a number of noticeable absentees from the regulars. Thanks must go to the Sixth Form for fielding an enthusiastic scratch team on the night. Questions faced ranged on a wide variety of subjects, from the Olympics (the Winter Games competitions started the following day) to comic songs and literature. After a closely fought contest in which the lead changed on a number of occasions, the eventual winners were the team led by Alistair Mitchell.

The next Trivial Challenge will be held early in 1993, although date(s) and format have still to be decided. Notices will be posted at the Club nearer the time and details will also be published in the "Newsletter" if one is produced. I personally felt that there was something missing from this year's competition — the banter and controversy perhaps! — and may well go back to the old format for next year.

D.A.P. Andrews May 1992

ROAN REUNION — 1943/1950

On a glorious sunny Sunday, 17th May 1992, 18 Old Roans who were at the school in Maze Hill between 1943 and 1950 met at the Compass Theatre, Ruislip, Middlesex for what is hoped will be the first of several reunions for Old Boys from those years, 14 of the wives were also able to attend and helped to make the occasion most enjoyable. A further 4 Old Boys had been contacted but were unable to make this reunion due to other commitments.

Bill Cramp and Roy Pound were the instigators, but the success of the get-together was in no small part due to the enthusiasm and encouragement of everyone there. Much reminiscing took place although a few had kept in touch with each other over the years — but some had not seen each other for more than 40 years! An excellent buffet lunch was provided, as people had travelled from Yorkshire, Shropshire, Hampshire, Bristol, Norfolk as well as London, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Middlesex and Buckinghamshire.

Dougie Inman proposed a vote of thanks to Bill and Roy, commenting that although some were taller, shorter, fatter, thinner, had more hair, had less hair than the memories from school, the one thing in common was that we all used glasses to look at the old photographs which were produced!!

It was unanimously agreed that we should do this again, and it was proposed that we look to September 1994 for the date of our next reunion. At this time we hope to have found some more of our old classmates.

Those attending the reunion were-

John Barrett	Peter Kay	Gerald Breach	Tom (Joe) Moss
Peter Collins	Ken Paris	Bill Cramp	Keith Pound
Derek Dawes	Roy Pound	Gordon Easter	Terry Russel
Keith Fincham	John Smart	Dougie Inman	George Startup
Ron Jeffkins	Brian Stocking		

Those contacted but unable to attend-

George Baker	Brian Phillips	Sid Emery	Jack Wheeler
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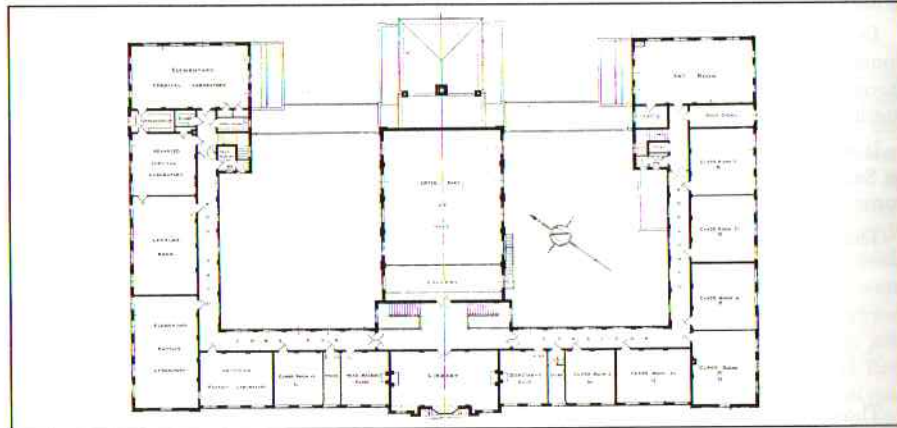
THE ROAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Some points about a building well designed for its purpose

Of all the secondary-school type plans evolved in the past decade, the most successful and widely adopted has been the closed double quadrangular plan with the central assembly hall. This plan, on an open and reasonably unrestricted site, undoubtedly lends itself to the utmost facility in treatment. The different units of the school can be placed with correct aspect, and convenience both as regards accessibility and supervision; the entrances can be separated and at the same time be adjacent the assembly hall; the administrative department can be centrally disposed in the position to ensure ready surveillance of the whole school. Such examples as Southport Secondary School for Boys, the Burton-on-Trent School for Girls, Kings-Norton School for Girls, Brighton School for Girls, Westcliff School for Boys, and many others, can be instanced as examples of this type plan, which the Board of Education and Local Education authorities have approved as a satisfactory plan. It has been the inspiration to many competing architects, and a number of open competitions have been won throughout the country with minor variations on this theme. Such a type can be readily adapted to the open-air school, and Mr. Widdows, the Derbyshire County School Architect, has used it with success at Slaveley, Middlecrofts.

The simple resolution of the various elements comprising the plan are at once apparent, and its symmetry and clean-cut lines render the external treatment a straight-forward matter.

The Roan School for Boys at Maze Hill, Greenwich, the illustrations of which accompany this article, is a variant of the plan outlined above. The disposition of the main units of this school follows closely the double quadrangular plan, except that the enclosing block at the rear is separated from the assembly hall on either side, and is joined there to by covered connecting-ways. Considerations of aspect have influenced the planning, as should be the case in all successful buildings. The main entrance front, facing south-west, and the return south-east block are allocated to classrooms on each floor. The placing of the laboratory suite on the opposite north-west block enables the corridor to be continued round the three main blocks on the innerside facing the quadrangles. The main central entrance leads directly through the crush hall to the central assembly hall, and the placing of the two approach



First Floor Plan

staircases to the first floor, left and right of the crush hall, is direct and simple. The arrangement of the headmaster's and secretary's rooms adjacent these staircases on the first floor is a commendable one; greater privacy is ensured for the headmaster than by the usual position of his room on the ground floor next the main entrance.

The direct approach from the boys' entrances to the assembly hall and the adjacency of their cloak-rooms and lavatories is a particularly noteworthy feature of the plan. In few schools has this problem been so satisfactorily resolved as in the present instance. The dual purpose of the assembly and dining hall renders the proximity of the kitchen quarters at the rear of the hall a necessity, but its desirability is open to question; it would appear to be necessary to provide ventilated cut-off lobbies from the services to the hall if the smell of cooking is to be prevented from permeating the school.

The plan provides adequate store and cleaners' accommodation and well disposed exit stairs from the upper floor. The masters' lavatories and staff room are conveniently arranged. The classrooms are amply lighted, and provide a slightly larger floor area per scholar than that required by the Board of Education. The one defect in the planning of the classrooms is apparent in classroom marked 'O' on the first-floor plan. The secondary school regulations definitely state that no windows are to be placed on the end wall of a classroom facing the scholars, and that the door should be at the teaching end of the room. Both these important stipulations have been ignored; and for the sake of external effect and balance a circular window faces the pupils, presumably above the black-board, and, moreover, a window admitting sunlight.

Another questionable feature of the plan is the attachment of the sanitary blocks to the main building. Except in the case of infants' schools, the Board of Education require the latrines to be separated from the main building, but here again this ruling has been departed from, with the result that the ranges of the urinals are in each case directly under the windows of teaching rooms on the floor above. This arrangement is not good, and it is a matter of some surprise that approval was given by the Education Authorities to this undesirable feature. Beyond these criticisms, however, there is nothing but praise to be given to a scheme which has all the elements of a clean-cut, well-disposed plan.

As previously stated, the elevations resolve themselves from the shape of the plan.



Ground Floor Plan

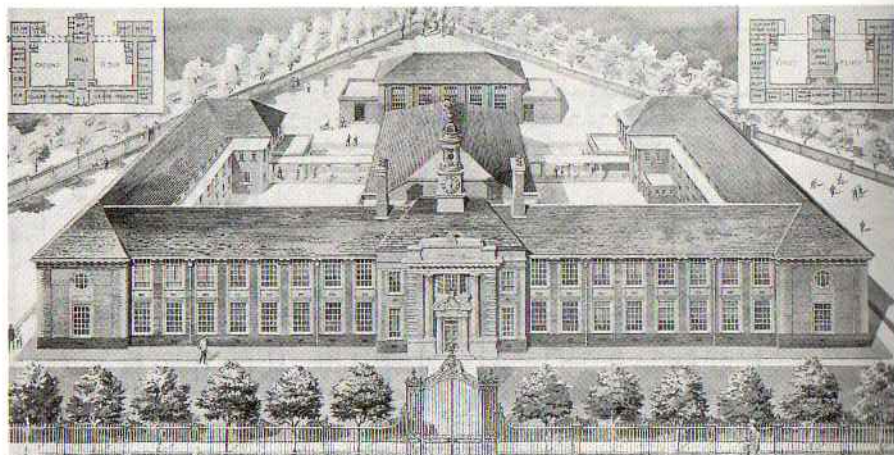
Beyond a certain over-emphasis of the central portion of the main front, the respective elevations are simple and dignified. That vexed question of fenestration in school designing has been successfully solved, and a nice adjustment of solids and voids has been obtained; there is also the feeling when viewing the elevations that the rooms behind the windows are thoroughly well lighted. In this manner the treatment can be said to express the purpose of the building.

The units of the plan at the rear of the building have been frankly accepted in the elevational treatment, and the effect, totally unstriven for, is pleasant indeed; the connecting covered ways hold the wings in to the central hall block and give cohesion to the group. As an example of the plan successfully dictating the form of the elevation, the illustration of this part of the school should be studied with interest.

To return to the main elevation; turning the end classrooms round gives the opportunity of ending the series of intermediate classroom windows, with strong wall ends. These have been treated as slightly projecting pavilions, with the result that the roof break is thin and insignificant; further, the opportunity for a broad decorative treatment of these ends has been sacrificed by the introduction of windows which are redundant from a lighting point of view. The sudden change from the simplicity of the treatment of the wings to the elaborate centre portion (which might well express a small town hall) is too sudden. Here, with no apparent justification, are introduced the usual trappings of a monumental building, a cornice, columns, a heavily pedimented entrance doorway with supporting columns of the same order as the larger ones, a stone plinth, and the rest of the accustomed trimmings. The juxtaposition of the larger Doric column, which has too much diminution, by the way, to that of the smaller doorway column, is unfortunate, especially as both columns have a different base level.

Especial mention must be made of the beautifully designed and executed entrance gates, an example of an architect being well served by the craftsmen who executed this work. A word of appreciation must be given to the builder and his men for the high standard of their work. The excellence of the brickwork of this building is but one of the many points deserving the highest possible commendation.

Article taken from "The Architect & Building News" — Friday, July 6, 1928.



EDMUND DURLING (STAFF)

The following reminiscences are taken from a letter sent by his son, John, to the Association and a reply from Lionel Berry.

Edmund Durling was born in 1893 and died in 1946. He had been demobilised from the RAF in 1945 and had rejoined the Roan School Staff. His connection with the Roan School was life long. He won a scholarship to the school from an elementary school in Greenwich. He won a scholarship to University College, London, before the First World War and served as a Captain in France in the 7th Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment (the Sheffield and District Battalion). During his time in the trenches he was twice wounded — once badly in the leg due to shell-fire. He joined the staff of the school after the War and his son recalls, as a child, going to an O.R.D.S. play at the school in which he took part. He joined the R.A.F. in 1941.

John Durling went to Colfe's from 1937-45 and was evacuated to Tunbridge Wells. He retired from the Northern Ireland Civil Service at Stormont in 1990 after a career that included the R.A.F., the Bar and serving as a Magistrate in Hong Kong. He regrets that he spent so little time with his father due to circumstances and saw him only briefly between 1939 and his death in 1946.

If anyone wishes to write to John Durling with memories of his father please contact the Editor.

Lionel Berry recalls that "Eddie" (or "Durl") was very deliberate and persistent, not easily deflected from completing any activity, and was very thorough both in work and play. He was almost over meticulous in marking homework, spending hours in the evening correcting the most minute details in the boys' essays. He wore very thick, powerful glasses which he needed for most activities.

Eddie and Frank Harris were in many of my O.R.D.S. early plays from about 1929 to 1939. I cannot remember many particulars, but "Nothing but the Truth" (1929), "The Lord of the Manor" (1930), "The Sport of Kings" (1933) and "Number 17" (1934) come to mind. He had to remove his glasses in plays, which proved particularly embarrassing in "Number 17". In one exit he fell off the steps into the wings! Also, he and another actor were tying up two others in chairs, so I carefully provided two separate pieces of rope. But Eddie unfortunately got hold of the other end of the rope the other character was using with the result that both were tying up with opposite ends of the same rope.

"Durl" was a little absent-minded. He once arrived at school wearing a bowler hat and went into the cloak-room, put on his gown and went down the corridor still wearing the bowler!

Of sporting activities — he would swim for long distances, and was my partner at tennis for games against Frank Harris and "Tiddles" Titley at Titley's private court. We used to say that Durling and I won before tea, but, after Titley had provided doughnuts for tea, he and Frank always won after tea.

MEMORIES FROM ARIZONA

Ewen A. Whitaker ('33-'40) lives in retirement in Tucson, Arizona, and wrote to Lionel Berry in August 1991.

“**Y**our instruction in chemistry paid off as my first job (November 1940) was as an analytical chemist and lab. assistant at Siemens Bro., Woolwich. They soon put me on to spectrochemical analysis using a Hilger large UV quartzspectograph, which I found quite interesting, despite much routine work. Actually, the latter kept me out of military service during WW2 since I was analysing all the lead sheet that was put on the Project PLUTO (Pipe Line Under The Ocean) cable, which piped petrol under the Channel to the French coast after the invasion. Apparently pure lead cannot be used to sheathe cables since it is crystalline and disintegrates when jostled during transport. So they used an alloy with 0.25% Sb and 0.40% Sn, which is tougher, but the limits had to be pretty closely adhered to. This lab, where I was employed for almost 9 years, has been demolished and the space used for the cafeteria for the Thames Flood Barrier Centre. I hope they found a good home for that beautiful spectograph.

This involvement in spectography opened the door for me to get into Greenwich Observatory (the job of my dreams from the age of 8), which led to an interest in the Moon and to a fascinatingly interesting job here in the U.S.A. from 1958 up to my retirement in 1987. We were intimately connected with all aspects of the NASA lunar missions, including briefing the Apollo astronauts, over a good steak dinner at Cape Canaveral, on what to photograph in orbit, and so on. Our Moon maps formed the basis for the navigational maps that they used to orbit around the Moon.

I quite enjoyed your “chemy” classes, and, indeed, those given by your earlier colleague, T.R. “Monkey” WHITE, a thin man with a disproportionate paunch. I recall an occasion when I asked you why a mixture of a nitrite and athiosulphate would detonate when heated, as noted in Partington. You had never heard of this, and duly mixed very small amounts in an ignition tube. The mixture melted and bubbled a bit, then BANG! I recall that you were surprised but that you maintained your composure.”

Ewen Whitaker then recalls several Masters at Roan during his time. “L.E. ‘Leo’ LEE, a pleasant man, preferred geology to geography which he was supposed to be teaching. Supervised the school dinners, which were expensive (so we thought) at 3s 1d per week! I still remember the plum duff and syrup roll. T.H. ‘Bill’ BARRETT with that aquiline nose, what else should he be teaching other than Latin? Tommy HOLT, an interesting accent and the only one with fur on his gown on prize day. A.C. HORTH, spoke as though he had a plum in his mouth, but a nice person. During a trip back to England in 1989 I came across a small book that he had written — ‘I Made it Myself’ — a bargain at 75p!

‘Scruffy’ MILNE, that broad accent was really something. He bought a shiny, brand-new bicycle but totally neglected it, so that after a while it was red rust and squeaked and screeched in pain as he rode along. He also frequently showed his anger, which along with the red hair, made him the subject of some ‘needling’. Bill POYSER, now there’s a character, divided his 4th form maths class into the ‘sheep’ and the ‘goats’ — the duffers (me) and the smarter ones. His love and knowledge of Shakespeare came out at times when he couldn’t get through to some dumb kid and he would mumble, audibly, ‘Go to marry, come up forsooth odd’s fish’. Bill PEDDIE, his stock remark to quieten down some talkative boy during a French lesson was ‘Taissez vous, laddie’, all in his Glasgow accent. Gerry PARKER, fierce-looking and intimidating with that waxed moustache, but actually with a calm

and generally gentle disposition. Bill MANN, mostly calm but on occasion would lose his ‘cool’ and throw chalk, blackboard erasers or even heavy folders at offenders. Joey AMESBURY, a real gentleman and the butt of much totally unwarranted taunting, probably because of his mild manner to the ‘booees’ (boys). Lovely copper-plated writing, composed the ‘modern’ school song and the before-dinner grace.”

OLD ROAN CRICKET CLUB — Report by D.A.P. Andrews

As I sit here penning these few words following my evening meal on the last Wednesday in April, I can hear the gentle thud of leather on willow as Sam, “Sticko”, Peer and Andy hold the first outdoor net of the summer, no doubt testing the new netting fitted a couple of weekends previously. Only four of them at present but no doubt the number will grow as the evenings draw out and the season gets into its stride. Yes! another season of England’s summer game is upon us with the opening match last weekend reduced to a 25 overs-a-side due to seasonal weather.

Speaking of nets, the Club wintered at the Oval (being a Surrey man and a lover of traditional ale, I can’t say “Fosters Oval”), where coaching facilities were on hand to offer advice to our young, and not so young, bowlers. Reports are that they have benefited from this as I hope the season will prove. The numbers attending were good and several players have decided to continue through the season at their own expense. I understand from Simon Perry that a number of lads from the School attended, which bodes well for the future.

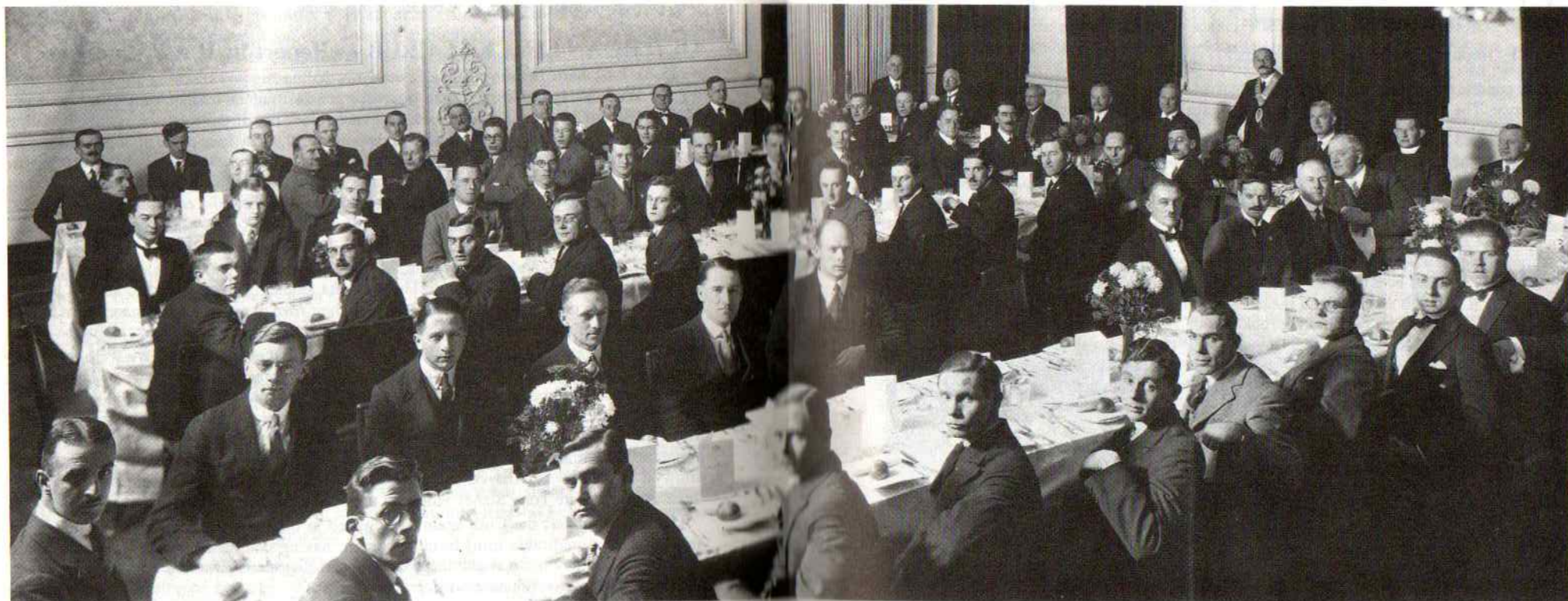
In my report in the last “Newsletter” I mentioned that at the A.G.M. we were unable to elect the 1st XI captains. The Club’s Spring Meeting was arranged for its usual Thursday in early April but then certain delaying manoeuvres took place which transferred the date to a later Friday and resulted in a poor attendance and no progress with filling these positions. I understand that volunteers have now come forward for both days. This apathy, whilst apparently common amongst Old Roans in all sections of the Association, must not be allowed to continue or the very existence of the clubs, both sporting and social, will be threatened. I’m sure Tony Slaney will echo these thoughts from the Association’s viewpoint.

During the winter, the Club again participated in the District’s indoor six-a-side league and finished a creditable third in our division, having completed our programme before other clubs and having to watch them overhaul us. Regrettably we had to scratch from one game and this may well have cost us promotion.

I’ll end this report with a few words about my particular area of the game. No game can effectively proceed without umpires or scorers, yet volunteers to undertake these duties are harder to find than Fergie on her hols! Both positions offer an opportunity for former players to maintain their links with the game — indeed the majority of the Old Roan umpiring team fall into this category — or for youngsters to develop their knowledge of the game and its laws, and to get to know the senior players. Umpiring also gives a better view of the game! Courses in both of these arts are held regularly by the Association of Cricket Umpires with the local courses being held in association with the AKCC Metropolitan District and hosted by ourselves. The next courses will be held in the autumn commencing in October for umpires, and November for scorers. The courses are free, although a collection is usually made to help towards costs, and the ACU’s examinations, which are optional, incur a fee. Why not come along?

Postscript! A week and a half after the main report was written the numbers attending nets have increased. The intermediate weekend’s fixtures produced two drawn games — not bad considering that there were players away playing football. The Saturday league fixtures start later in May.

OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION REUNION DINNER — HOTEL CECIL 1928



Photograph kindly forwarded by Mr.A.H.Porter in response to a request for material on the early years of the Association.

Lionel Berry has picked out the following names:

The President, standing with the chain, is W.W. POYSER. W.J. POTTER, seated alongside was the vice-master in 1928. G.R. PARKER ran the cadet corp and was awarded the Legion of Honour for his services to education. He was in Japan when World War 11 started but managed to return to join the school a few days before the evacuation to Ticehurst. He later became vice-master to Potter.

J.W.KIRBY was author of the "History of the Roan School" and lived next door to Parker in Lloyd's Place, Blackheath. W.J.POTTER was appointed Headmaster after HOPE and was noted for driving home up Maze Hill on his motorcycle and sidecar.

Joe AMESBURY was in charge of the Junior School and was much loved by the youngsters. A.C. HORTH wrote several DIY handwork books. He thinks he can spot J.JACKSON and is surprised not to find H.H. PYE. Wally BULLER is there, remembered as the first O.R.A. Secretary, with a large boat which he used for travelling abroad and also assisted with the Dunkirk evacuation. A.H. HOPE is clearly visible plus Tubby ALLEN whose daughter was Secretary of the Old Roan Girls for a long time, and Canon MOREY who was a Governor. Other names include Stanley MILLS, Kenneth BINNIE, Charley FORGAN, R. LEMMY and possibly the two TRAFFORDS but this may be before their time!

H.A.PORTER has picked out several faces including himself, G. GRAHAM and K.S. BINNIE at the front, G. PARKER and J.W. KIRBY at the top left, J. AMESBURY in front of A.H. HOPE and J. JACKSON sitting below W.W. POYSER. He also points out Stanley MILLS together with BOWLES.

OLD ROAN FOOTBALL CLUB. SEASON 1991-92

We include reports on the recent season from the 2nds, 3rds, 5ths and Veterans together with a short report on the 6-a-side tournament. The Club does have a 1st and 4th team but no reports were forthcoming. We are able therefore to fill some spaces with a couple of archive photographs.

2ND X1 - Report by Dave Hutley (Manager)

Soccer pundits have long extolled the virtues of achieving the right blend of youth and experience. The 2nd X1 this season chose to prefer a mixture of experience and more experience. The end result was promotion - just!

At the halfway stage, nine wins and a draw from eleven games meant that the championship was more than a possibility and promotion seemed a formality. However, a poor run-in, with several points dropped against weaker teams, resulted in a nail-biting climax to the season.

Although never a week went by without at least one change in the line-up, success was no doubt greatly assisted by a regular "core" of players. In goal, Andy Daniels had possibly his best season at the club assisted by a mean backfour, normally comprising a combination of Neil Ifield, Gary Watson, Keith Bradbrook, Keith Tebbutt and David Hutley. In midfield, Mick Smith injected his usual enthusiasm, Dave Watchorn finished as leading goal scorer and Charlie Hyam decided to quit at the top by announcing his retirement at the end of the season. Whether up-front or helping in midfield, Phil Savage and Nick Harcastle worked hard, usually aided by Kim Connett or, latterly, Darren O'Shea, who showed a good deal of promise. Other important contributions were made by Chris Elliott, Barry Corbin, Tony Moss and several others — my sincere thanks to all those who pulled on a 2nd X1 shirt this season.

The highlights! Sav's bullet header against Lullingstone that set us on our way to a crucial 2-0 win; Dave Watchorn's four goals in a 6-4 cup win against our "bogey" side, Avery Hill; Mick Smith's man management skills when dealing with a late arrival, who, on being told that he was being made substitute, turned around and was never seen again. My thanks to Nick Riley for taking care of the administration, to Vic for the teas and kit, to Ray for the pitches, and the players who were kind enough to vote me "Player of the Year". Next season will be a rough one and there is little doubt that an injection of youth will be necessary if we are to progress. Good luck to my successor!

Player of the Year - Dave Hutley

3RD X1. Manager - Stuart Clay

P22 W12 D3 L7

After winning promotion last year into the 3rd Division of the South London Alliance, there were high expectations that this feat would be repeated for the second year running. However, this was not to be. A couple of losses against poor sides contributed to our final position of sixth, three points behind the eventual champions, Johnson & Phillips.

My thanks to the following "regulars" in making it an enjoyable season: M.Lingwood, P. Page, C. Elliott, G. Barwell, K. Barron, L. Sales, P. Smith, M. Muscatt, N. Jackson, J. Douglas, M. Gibbons and others.

5TH X1. Manager - Richard Thomas

P.20 W14 D2 L4 For 93 Against 43 Pts.30 Position - Second

Running this team started as a way of seeing school friends on a regular basis. How things change. I now find myself at the end of a most enjoyable season with the fruits of our labours — promotion and a runners-up medal. It seems that the days of turning up with 8 men, using one car, a taxi and public transport are truly over. Apart from the rare occasions when we played on dogs' recreational areas, the standard of pitches has also vastly improved with Ray Keeling making apparent the difference that quality pitches can make.

Everything has its cost. Robin Murphy may never play football again after tearing ligaments in his knee in only his second game of the season. Lee Pepper, give him his due, finished the season in the 1st X1 but had broken his ankle early in the season, recovered remarkably quickly to rejoin the side by Christmas and also finished as joint top scorer. Another bad injury, in an inter-club friendly, deprived us of Steve Baker — the other joint top scorer and Player-of-the-Year.

For a 5th X1 we had a remarkably consistent side which could be divided neatly into three — the young, the fairly old, and the useless. With the help of our qualified coach, Dave, Thursday evenings became very constructive. The youngsters turned up in great numbers, green, keen and very easy to teach. The only problem was in finding suitable



Bill Ellis with a successful team of uncertain vintage believed to be circa 1961. The team is: Back Row: Alan Moore, Ken Jarrett, Keith Thomas, Geoff Dennis, Bob Grimwood, Keith Hedges, John Doust. Front Row: Lee, Keith Silcox, Timmy Clements, P. Pearson, Sanderson, John Grafton.

accommodation within the Club. Darren O'Shea, after a few brief appearances, went straight into the 2nd X1 and appears to have had a good season. William Renwick-Forster should also move up to a similar level. Danny Kennedy will prove to be an excellent replacement for them — I only wished that he had turned up earlier in the year.

I owe the most to the "old-timers" that strung the team together. John Lang, ever-present captain, showed unrivalled commitment to every game. I wish him all the best in his new post next year. Nick Riley, eventually getting his wish to take off those goalkeeping gloves he has worn so well for so long, took up the position of sweeper, and made a very good job of it (every dressing room was spotless). Pete Osborne's short but illustrious return to big-time football helped the team camaraderie to sprout and then bloom and his one and only goal will never be forgotten (he won't let us). Russell Sontry, John Roan's latest PE Teacher, provided us with para-medical skills and to the relief of Fraser Lochtie I managed to stumble across arguably the Club's finest keeper in Geoff Harvey who may not be the most reliable player but his keeping ability is second to none, saving the game and the points on quite a few occasions. Mention should also be made of Dave Nuttall, who went on to higher teams and Rob Elston who was also the best U-boat since Trident. Thanks also to Guy Hawney, not only for his contribution in a new role as midfield dynamo but also for the marvellous job he made in running the administration.

VETERANS - Report by Jim Hardy (Manager)

Once again it is time to reflect on the past season of "Vets" football. I think the key factor throughout was the inability to field a regular side on a week-to-week basis and in all a total of 30 players were called upon. I would like to thank all those involved for their support.

The loss of players from the previous season (Rod Pepper, Chris Howe etc) was unsettling and with others having personal commitments on Saturdays it meant that the side was continually changing, depending on whether the fixture fell on Saturday or Sunday. Head counts in the dressing room before each game were usual; however, in most cases we did ourselves justice, and on the other occasions we reverted to the old motto of "win or lose, have a booze."

The most memorable game was against Bearsted away. The morning of the game produced the densest and thickest fog of the winter and travel into Kent was horrendous. However, feeling pretty pleased with myself for arriving ten minutes before the due kick-off time, I was informed that because I was late, I had been dropped, even though no-one had started to get kitted out. The shock to the system soon changed, however, when I found out that the Bearsted side was a man short and that they wanted me to play for them, which I duly did. After a good and even game the result was 2-2 and we all adjourned to the local village pub where the hospitality afforded to us was second to none.

To eliminate the problem of players' unavailability we have decided to change our fixtures for the 1992/93 season to all Sunday morning games. This we felt would give us more opportunity to turn out a regular team and also be able to encourage more players along. All home games are scheduled to be played at the School Field (look out for the fixture list on the notice board) and we would welcome both potential players and spectators to come along. If any players feel that they would like to play with us or even just improve their social scene then give either Keith Mexter or myself a ring.

The final statistics read:	P	W	D	L	For	Against
	29	8	8	13	66	64

Bob Grimwood finished as top goal scorer with 15 goals (against all odds, with at least 3 players marking him at all times, he told me!) and David Horsburgh always performed, in whatever position was required, to his best and was voted Player of the Year. Keith Mexter's two outstanding headed goals should be recorded — a powerful header from a corner to level at 4-4 against Ex-Blues and a subtle near post glance against Peak Freans.

OLD ROAN 6 A-SIDE - Report by Liam Mulholland

I cannot remember inauspicious weather on Cup Final day. It's for this reason we decided to hold our annual event on the same day. It poured!

I can honestly say everyone played their part in making it a most enjoyable time. Players never once whimpered about the appalling conditions and all the matches were played with the true spirit of the game shining through. We even managed to get the Final over and done with, with a minute to spare before the real event of the day — the libation!

For the benefit of the few Old Roan footballers that were not able to attend, 16 teams took part including 2 guest teams. Fortunately, the "Tampons" did not win the final. As it is the nearest they have ever got to winning anything one can forgive them for trying. Oxford took part. The eventual winners were Sammy Morgan's "young tigers" — a side I would not have given a doggie's chance of winning. Still, what do I know about football? Well done to Phil Savage, Micky Linwood, Matt Nelson, Matt Fish and the new club mouthful, William Renwick-Forster.



William MOORE ('38-'44) has submitted this photograph of a successful Old Boys' team in the 1950s. Further clarification is welcome!

BARDON.....now and forever!

Bardon is a well concealed, 14th century Manor House, close to Minehead, and for the first weekend in August it is a temporary outpost of the Old Roan Club. Bardonites appear eager to spread the word on their varied social and sporting activities and those members who enjoyed "Mitch's" report on the 1989 weekend will find the story continued here. The Editor relegated the 1990 report to his optional tray but, to bring readers up to date, the Ninth Bardon ended with the Vannies triumphant and Steve Nelson sinking to the ground with a cry of "I'm gutted." For readers who prefer to spend August weekends in closer communion with Jane Austen, Elgar and a decent claret the following should be regarded as strictly optional reading!

BARDON 1991 - Purple prose constructed by Dave Wright ("Daftest Dance" award)

We are sitting in a wonderful Inn, the Royal Oak, at Luxborough, otherwise known as the "Burning Stump". It is Sunday lunchtime and this place has excellent ale and roast dinners. The score is 2-2. It is the first weekend of August and it's Bardon time.

Friday evening, after a leisurely drive from London, I dined on fish & chips in Watchet Harbour with the gulls and pigeons. Then I set forth for the Nodley Arms in Monksilver, where I found Old Roan Bardonites dining on fancy cuisine with bowls and splidgins. It was an early assembly this year, with some new faces and others from the past. Following the formula of previous years we turned to the olde Manor to re-familiarise ourselves with its nooks and crannies and delightful eccentricities. The "2p" in the slot table-football machine and pool table got the brunt of the homecoming. Out was wheeled the dusty, trusty jukebox and kicked into life once more. However, some of the Hit Singles now sound as though they're being played underwater! It all adds to that strange Bardon magic.

There was plenty of time before Saturday breakfast due to the time difference in Somerset. Unable to sit and wait for the breakfast gong, the Bardon Bat was flourished. Such eagerness, practising for the morning's primary conflict — the rounders event. Held on the recreation ground at Porlock, in warm sunshine, with a profusion of curious flies, a Vanny victory resulted. One astonishing catch was taken by Nicole off the bat of George who rarely hits the ball but can read the writing of the ball in flight. She just held her hands above her head like a crocus, closed her eyes and opened them again in awe when the ball was firmly in her grasp. The furious flailing of whirlwind Westwood and the aggression of slogger Slaney and spanker Steve proved to no avail for the Non-Vannies. With the match result conveniently sealed by lunchtime we headed off, easterly, to the Washford Arms.

It was a busy place, with a wedding congregation inside, a steam train pulled into the station behind and an unexpected shower keeping us on the move. Generally, Bardon weekend weather is reliably sunny. It brightened up again on the return to the Manor for round two of the tournament — Petanque, or Boules if you like. This year, with real silvery ones, courtesy of Monsieur Maurice. The rules were slightly modified and any conversation on the pitch must be with an exaggerated French accent — Yeh no whet e main? Using a small red jack-ball on the grassy upper, at times it became a case of spot the radish. Les vannies ont ete magnifiques, 3-1 to the Vanny team and 2-0 overall.

There was no let-up in the competition, straight into the kitchen garden for croquet. Much more knowledge this time around, mallets twirled, the four colours raced about the enclosure. Westwood, the Non-Vanny chief tactician, gesticulating as though a preacher of the faith. Tea stopped play!

The clock now showed skittles time at the White Horse. Feeling adventurous, most

walked across the fields. For the Vannies, Mad Max Barron bowled the night's top score, but still the contest fell to the Non-Vannies. The alley had seen better days, the rolling ball now sounds like a novice tap-dancer with clogs. "Killer Skittles" for all-comers was taken by Linda Nelson amid the chaos.

Across the stiles and fields in the moonlight, the conversation turned to man-eating spiders, lost crocodiles and assorted ogres, to quicken the ladies' pace. Back at base, the now traditional Saturday Night Fever ensued, complete with strange antics, sausages and mustard and a room speech.

Sunday morning was a sombre affair and with all present and correct, and for the second year running, archery became the morning's activity. An in-Manor instructor, a practice shot each, then this tournament began. Everyone seemed much more on target, the whole shooting match was better organised, the Non-Vannies did it again. Two-all. Is this the year of the Non-Vanny?

Trivia-Master, DAP, being absent, has provided some sealed envelopes for the fifth mind-bending encounter. It turns out to be a close-run contest with only one and half points in it — in favour of the Non-Vannies. Three-Two, eh! Still, the surroundings are so pleasant, everyone retires to the garden to lap up the sunshine and watch the resident house-martins. Then, most return to the Manor for the croquet — now the Vannies only hope of a draw in this see-saw year of competition.

Again, Westwood assumes Non-Vannie command and in time, their victory becomes inevitable. 4-2 to the Non-Vannies it is. It's time to return to London for the traditional regrouping at the Club to round off the weekend.

Anyone inspired to join this weekend retreat for the hyperactive should contact one of the well-known names mentioned in the article. To quote from the psychiatrist on "Fawltly Towers" — "enough material there for a complete conference!"

THE OFFERING — A Sinister Tale of Braithwaite

A story told during the CPVE residential at the Hope Memorial Camp from Sunday 8th March - Friday 14th March 1992. I suppose I should start at the end, that is my beginning. The story made a brief splash in the papers, a paragraph in the heavies and a full page in the tabloids. Headlines varied from "Marie Celeste in Cumbria Sensation" to "12 missing in Cumbrian Camp". The facts are simple. The 12 people who had eaten, washed and fallen asleep that night had vanished. Their night clothes were crumpled but there was no further sign of them. The police produced no further clues and definitely no arrests.

I have always been interested in mysteries and as I lived locally, I made some enquiries. The bartender in my local has a sister who married the local police sergeant who was involved in the case. After 6 months the dust was gathering on the file. One evening late in September, a thin folder was passed to me across the bar. It contained photographs of the camp inside and out, copies of the diaries the students had kept over the previous three days and finally a cassette tape. The tape had been found in a walkman in a room shared by four of the girls. It was an expensive machine allowing the owner to record as well as play tapes. That night it had been used to record.

I read all the material and used the Bath method of problem solving, "lie in a hot tub and

let ideas rise of their own accord". Later that evening over a large mug of coffee I was drawn to a limited edition, on loan to me, produced by collaboration between N.J. Lockyer and G.R.S. Meade entitled "Megaliths and the European Tradition". It was the 1912 edition and on page 153 occurred the following:- "Beware of the circles in Her absence and Beware changes in the weather, take great care at night". This is a rare edition and is regarded by its owner as dangerous; she keeps it in a locked safe, so that her children cannot see the illustrations.

Include that quotation in view of what I believe followed. From the diaries I found the following: eight of the students and two staff drove into the centre of the local town, parked the van and walked out of town, by the river. They walked up through increasingly quiet country roads until they reached Castlerigg. The stone circle stood silent and ominous in a muddy field. As they climbed up, the sun shone from a clear sky, layers were peeled off and carried over shoulders. The diaries reveal that the instant the group moved in to the Circle for a photograph, the weather turned and hail came in horizontally. Water-proofs were pulled on quickly. A few swear words were muttered but the photograph was taken. Extraordinarily as the group left the circle the hail ceased and the wind was still. The police had developed the film and it was inside the folder that had been passed to me.

My next strand was the tape, recorded by the four girls on that fateful night. Clearly it had been done for "a laugh", to see what is said late at night — when sleep comes close and tongues are loosened by a little cider. The tape starts loudly and runs for 45 minutes. It is close to the end of that 45 minutes that the noises take a terrifying turn. The lights were out and everyone tucked up with their sleeping bags. One of the guides used by the group had said "city kids in city sleeping bags", these students were indeed city kids. It was a cold night and they had added to their sleeping bags using dressing gowns, sweaters and towels for extra warmth. The talk drifted from boys to drink to the next day and with longer spaces to boys again, until into the silence came sounds of rustling — a voice mumbled "Steve hold me tighter", then the voice gained strength and panic "not so tight" followed by a scream. The tape ends with the sound of bones breaking. The photographs show there was no blood or mess upon the floor or walls, all was dry, clean but very crumpled.

All the beds at HMC are bunkbeds; people in the lower bunk look up and see the mattress support which consists of a grid of quarter inch steel placed in a two inch square. The two boys had been sleeping on the lower bunks and used the topbunk to store suitcases and clothes. The state of the bedding show that something different had happened upon the boys, still no remains but all the bedding was totally free of wrinkles as if it had been very freshly pressed. The last three photographs show detail from the mattresses on which students had been sleeping. Each mattress held a half-inch deep impression of a two inch grid on the top surface.

I believe that future users of HMC should take great care for clearly the danger has yet to be laid to rest.

Corin Hardcastle
I/c Computing
The John Roan School

JOHN ROAN SCHOOL LODGE

When the John Roan School Lodge was formed back in the late 1920s its first members were teachers and ex-pupils from the school. These early men set a pattern and indeed a tradition that was to last for the first 60 years or so of its existence. The past year has seen an important change. We have welcomed two new members who are not Old Roans nor teachers from the school. We still like to see new candidates having a connection with the school or with ex-pupils and indeed this is the case with our two new members. In the same way that the O.R.A. now accepts members from outside we hope that by spreading our net a little wider the Lodge will continue to flourish for many years to come.

Another change that has occurred in the last year is that we have decided to hold future regular meetings of the Lodge at the Westwood Masonic Centre in Welling. This is the fourth "home" the Lodge has had in 15 years having previously been at Dartford, Bromley and Great Queen Street in London. The facilities in Welling are excellent and we hope to remain there for a long time to come.

When Freemasons are mentioned, in some people's minds it conjures up an image of grey men in dark suits, trousers rolled up, who do little more than perform mystical ceremonies behind closed doors. Sorry — but it's not quite like that — there are many activities open to members that are really quite normal! Alan Penney, our star cricketer, turned in a fine performance playing cricket for the local Masonic Province and Brian "Hustler" McKay demonstrated evidence of his ill-spent youth (and middle age) by (nearly) beating all-comers at a Provincial snooker tournament.

Brian is currently Master of the Lodge and has enjoyed a successful year. His only regret was that his great friend, Doug Brittan, whom he first met at scouts and was later with at Roan, died just before Brian was installed as Master. Doug introduced Brian to the Lodge and is remembered fondly as a quiet, gentle, unassuming man, and a very competitive footballer!

In October Brian steps down as Master, to be replaced by Neal Haslam who has held the honour once before. Depending on one's point of view, either he was so good last time we just had to have him back — or alternatively — fairness dictates we had to give him a second chance. Neal, who still claims to be "thirty-something" but seems to have been around for decades, had an enjoyable and busy year as Master in 1989-90 culminating in a memorable Ladies Night held at Bexleyheath Civic Centre.

We are looking forward to Brian McKay's Ladies Night next October which is to be held, in true Masonic tradition, at a "secret venue". The real reason it's secret is that he doesn't yet know where it's going to be held — but no doubt it will be a good night out.

As is well known, fund-raising for charities forms a most important part of Freemasonry. Many good causes, both masonic and non-masonic, are supported by the movement. It is perhaps worth mentioning that during the past year the John Roan School Lodge has contributed to several local charities and to local offices of national charitable organisations. These include the Childrens Society, Rowhill and Ifield Special Schools, Hospice at Home, the Haemophilia Society and the Multiple Sclerosis Society. This is in addition to any donations that individual members regularly give to their own selected charities. Charitable giving is encouraged but not mandatory — the amount you give and for what cause is a personal choice for the individual.

New members are always welcome. If you are interested in joining the Lodge, or would like to know more about Freemasonry, any of our members will be pleased to explain more about it.

Lodge Officers:	Brian McKay ('47-'52)	Tel: (0322) 864356
	Neal Haslam ('67-'74)	Tel: (081) 304 3053
	Mike Kefford ('48-'55)	Tel: (081) 304 2211
	Philip Moore ('58-'65)	Tel: (0474) 872391

Lodge Secretary: B.J.Madden, 150 Plum Lane, Plumstead, SE18 3HF

LEARNING PROCESS — Short Story by Alf Knott

“Today, a lesson is going to be learned,” said Bernard “Pilgrim” Palmer, school-master, physics specialist, tenor-voiced, no good at games, tall and good-looking, wasted at Wren’s, a boys only grammar school in South East London, too new to the profession to have even a sliver of iron in his soul.

“Really?” rasped his colleague, “Spike” Hampton, the first of his daily fifty untipped Gitanes burning the inside edge of his blond moustache dark brown as he smoked the cigarette down to his lips, the iron in whose soul had long ago rusted away, leaving an indelible stain like dried blood on his appreciation of the capabilities of clever fourteen-year-olds. “And who is to learn it?”

“Pollard, who else?”

“Indeed! And who is to teach it?”

“I am, of course.”

“Ah.”

The unexpected, but very welcome, Whitsun sunshine lit up the fells surrounding Braithwaite. Kinn and How held the huts of the Lesade Memorial Camp in their warm embrace, and soon the sounds and smells of breakfasts being prepared made the thirty boys and three masters glad they were there and not back at school in London. Apart from the six working in the kitchen, the former, having bundled their bedding into untidy heaps, placing them against the walls around the long, wooden-floored huts, and having performed some perfunctory ablutions, were now seated at the trestle tables, waiting to queue for their porridge followed by egg and bacon. It was the sixth day of the holidays so they had had at least a couple of good nights’ sleeps as the novelty of dormitory life had worn off, and their energy for horseplay and conversation into the late hours had been drawn off into foot-sloggings over the fells and vigorous games of soccer across the uneven ground outside the huts. “Butcher” Bates, a lugubrious boy with very thin legs, whose parents took him each Sunday to one of the fiercer non-conformist churches where he was informed of the harsh future awaiting the damned, in some quite colourful detail, had already been on his round of the camp-site, putting out of their obvious misery any rabbits he found suffering the effects of myxomatosis. “I have been called to my duty,” he would say when asked by other boys what possible reason he could have for doing what he did, especially when he appeared to derive no pleasure from it. They would have understood had he simply enjoyed bashing rabbits’ brains out.

In the kitchen, darting about like a soldier ant, “Lofty” Arnott, his 5’6” frame a particle

of pure energy, two thirds of which were encased in a pair of voluminous, khaki shorts fastened at the top by an old Scout belt buckled around his chest, snapped out his commands to the boys of the fag group who cursed the fate that had given them Lofty as duty master. Spike didn’t care what they did as long as his food was to his liking, and Pilgrim wanted them to be happy . . . but Lofty! Ease and enjoyment were trampled under the fell boot of efficiency, as the utensils and cutlery flashed and crockery sparkled; cornflakes were dismissed and porridge, well-salted and stirred lumpless put in their place; not an egg fried but it was complete and neat as the Japanese flag, and bacon with rinds cut off before cooking. The rinds became the later evening’s pork-scratchings. Not that Lofty did not work hard himself . . . he did; the trouble was that everyone else had to as well.

On the middle trestle table, at the end facing the masters’ table which made the arrangements three stumps with a solid bail, sat “Cap”, short for “Al Capone”, Pollard. Narrow, dark-brown eyes approached each other closely about a narrow, hooked nose which jutted from a narrow-both up and down and across-forehead from which was combed back a sheet of dull, black hair glued into place by a mixture of dust from the floor and grease from the previous day’s fagging in the kitchen. On his left sat “Pudden” Heavey who looked like Fred Flintstone without the gleam of intelligence that brightens the cartoon character’s eye. The chair on the other side of Cap was occupied by “Beef” Bullough, a boy who had always looked in the terminal stages of consumption, with dark, almost panda-black rings around faded-denim blue eyes, who always came top of the A form he was in and who had been London Junior Chess champion since he was ten. Now in their third year, the three boys had met for the first time in their first year at Wren’s and had struck up an unlikely friendship right away. Cap, without needing to bully, had exhibited leadership qualities from the very first; his primary school teachers had written as much on his school-leaving report. However, the directions in which Cap seemed to be heading, leading all the way, were a source of some anxiety for some of his teachers. Beef, as has been suggested, was a Solomon among the Magi of the topstream at Wren’s. Pudden was good at games and played soccer for the district as well as the school team of his year. In their second year, they had persuaded those in charge to send them press-tickets to cover the dubbing of Sir Francis Chichester at the Naval College steps on the strength of their being editors of the form magazine. That same year, they had written to the Daily Mirror complaining of a shortage of paper for the production of the said magazine; and they earned a centre-page write-up with photographs and a great deal of paper. The Headmaster had not been quite sure whether he should feel proud or furious about the publicity. Here at Braithwaite, Cap’s entrepreneurial skills had been focussed on the thirst that developed after a calf-deadening trek up an all but interminable fell, false summit after false summit furring the oesophagi of whining schoolboys who wished they’d gone fishing instead. The thick, peanut-butter sandwiches exacerbated their thirsts already fit for the Saharan wastes and a can, albeit warm, of fizzy drink assumed an importance unknown to its brothers and sisters in the sweetshop smiles below. The cans packed with their sandwiches had been drunk already, squandered on a piffling dryness the memory of which whetted the fangs of the true thirst sunk into their throats. It was at this moment that Cap instructed Pudden to open his rucksack and disclose the cans of drink he had carried up the mountain, his own food and drink having been brought along by Beef, who had also worked out that their customers could afford, and would be willing, to pay a price which gave Cap, and through him them, a profit of 150%. Lofty had paid no attention to all of this, his own needs having been well catered for in advance. He would march the boys to the top of the fell, and from there on it was all down hill as far as he was concerned. Pilgrim had been filled with the indignation felt by certain kinds of schoolteachers who witness their charges using their intellectual advantages in

ways which do not run along the high moral ground. Dedicated as they are to a life of service and self-sacrifice (long hours for a pittance) they seek to hide their envy of the financially successful under the mask of moral outrage. Pilgrim refused the can of drink offered to him by Cap and told him that what they were doing was wicked.

"Is it sir?" replied Cap, politely, his narrow eyes widened in astonishment. "I had hoped I was satisfying a need."

Palmer's wide eyes narrowed. "Are you telling me that you consider yourself a benefactor; that you are doing us all a favour?"

"Oh no sir!" protested Beef. "You get yours free, gratis, and for nothing as a mark of our respect for you and for the authority vested in you. To the others we offer a service which should be paid for by those who can afford it. Nobody is forced to buy the drink."

"And after all," added Pudden, "I did actually carry all those heavy cans up here, didn't I? And I heard someone say or read somewhere that the labourer is worthy of his hire."

Pilgrim Palmer had come from a family of Civil Servants, clergymen and teachers, so had little sympathy for and no understanding of the business ethic; the principle of making as large a profit as possible from any undertaking was anathema to him. However, as he looked up at the three boys standing before him, and became increasingly aware of how hard and penetrative was the rock on which he squatted with knees upthrust, he decided to leave the crime unproven until he could give it his whole and undivided attention.

"You sure you don't want the can, sir?" Cap said, offering Pilgrim another chance.

"No thank you, Pollard," replied Pilgrim Palmer around the pebble he had popped into his mouth, having been told once, by a scoutmaster whose whole experience of living in the wild had been a week's camp in Frylands Woods in the county of Kent, that sucking a stone kept the mouth moist. "Give it to one of the others whose need is greater than mine."

"Couldn't do that, sir," said Beef.

"Wouldn't be fair," added Cap, who then proceeded to auction the can, which provided him with 400% profit.

"We'll have to bring one extra each time," said Beef.

"You mean I'll have to," said Pudden.

"I'll think about it," said Cap.

On the way back to camp, Palmer spoke of the incident to Arnott.

"We can't let Pollard get away with it," he protested; "with such blatant exploitation of his fellow pupils."

"Nothing to do with me," averred Arnott. "Up here, I feed 'em, and walk 'em. I look after the in corpore sano bit of the schoolmaster's traditional brief. In London, I have a go at introducing mathematical principles to what the more bizarre ed. psychs. are pleased to call their minds. But their souls — souls!" he sneered. "Those I leave to the professionals, so-called. Amateur agony aunts, if you ask me."

"Surely their moral education is the responsibility of all adults, especially teachers."

"Teach by example is my way: work hard, walk hard and flatten 'em on the football ground — muscular Christianity if you like."

"Hm . . ." mused Pilgrim Palmer, and had he been a cartoon character a little electric bulb would have lit up over his head.

That had been two days before, and in the interim, Pilgrim had had a hard think.

When they had eaten breakfast and washed up their plates, mugs and cutlery, the boys returned to their seats to hear the programme for the day.

"Today," barked Spike Hampton, exhaling two sharp puffs of smoke as he spoke the word, "we shall walk up Skiddaw." A low groan rose from the assembled boys, as it did every morning when the mountain to be climbed was announced. "It is not a hard walk . . ." and at that point, as was customary when Spike was making his announcement, a fit of coughing which raised veins a centimetre thick on his temples interrupted the briefing; "My apologies," gasped Spike, "I have a slight cold. As I was saying, not a hard walk but a long one; so let me repeat my warning: do not allow this sunshine to deceive you. Carry an extra pullover and waterproof with you. People have died of exposure on these mountains in high summer." This last was spoken with a certain relish. He would have licked his lips if the cigarette had not been in the way. "The weather can turn dangerously cold and wet in a matter of minutes up here. "Twenty-four sceptical expressions faced him from the tables. "Mr. Palmer wishes to make an announcement before we set off."

"Thank you, Mr. Hampton," said Pilgrim. "I just want to tell you all that I shall have cans of drink for sale at shop prices when we stop for lunch today, just in case the weather remains as hot as it has been." Pilgrim Palmer smiled down the table to where Pollard sat, flanked by Pudden and Beef. Cap returned the smile and nodded, as if, perhaps, in recognition of the buffet on behalf of morality. His henchmen remained as still as stone Buddhas but without that divinity's serene smile. Spike sniffed and went off to collect his food from the kitchen, leaving in his wake a sea-mist of blue smoke that brought Calais to Cumbria.

The weather did remain hot; and at the summit of Skiddaw, a walk that had proved as long as foretold and more exhausting than imagined, collapsed like discarded clothing in a drunk's bedroom, the boys of Wren lay unmoving; once they had bolted their sandwiches, the drink having gone down its usual path not halfway to the summit. Pilgrim felt himself rise three inches into the air as he removed his rucksack full of cans. Spike sat on a rock, gently coughing, isolated as Wainwright's lone hiker, wreathed in smoke and staring down at Keswick and Lake Derwentwater, almost invisible in the heat haze. Pilgrim lay down on his back, his eyes shut against the glare of the sky. The quiet voices of the boys still able to speak were curiously restful, like the buzzing of insects on warm, summer afternoons.

"Please, sir," a voice broke into his doze. "Sorry to disturb you, sir, but we were wondering if you were going to sell us the drink now."

"Wha', what? Oh, yes, um, of course," mumbled Pilgrim, sitting up and opening his eyes . . . then half shutting them against the sun's glare, hardly recognising Cap and Pudden who stood before him silhouetted against the light, their faces hidden.

"The others are too exhausted to move, so we've volunteered to distribute the cans to where they lie. The cash is promised."

Pilgrim blinked; tried to shake the doze out of his head, and failed. "Oh, all right then; take the whole rucksack along if you like; if it makes it easier. And well done for a thoughtful deed."

"Where shall we put the money, sir?" asked Pudden.

"Eh? Oh, just leave it there on the ground," replied Pilgrim, lying back down and shutting his eyes. Spike's gentle coughing and the continuing drone of the odd boy's voice soon lulled him back into the somnolence of a few moments before.

"We'll take the empties back down for you, sir," offered Cap.

"Save you a bit of weight," added Pudden.

"A small token of gratitude for all you've done for us," declared Beef.

Pilgrim felt a surge of affection for the three of them. They were good boys at heart, and only needed the right key to unlock their souls and let all that goodness out; a lesson taught by example, as Lofty had advocated.

It was next day that Pilgrim discovered that Cap had bought all the cans of drink with his own money, and then had resold them at his usual profit.

"I just want to thank you, sir," Cap said to him, earnestly — and sincerely — "for teaching me a very important lesson: that it's nearly always possible to get people to do things for you instead of doing them yourself — if you go about it the right way, of course. Never again shall I be afraid to delegate. When I'm a millionaire, you should feel proud. I shall owe it all to you, sir — figuratively speaking, of course."

Like the prow of an Arctic ice-breaker, a sharp edge of iron invaded the white, virginal purity of Bernard Pilgrim's soul.

A.Knott

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Magazines sent to the following have been returned "gone away". If any member knows the current address of any please let the Secretary know:-

Bain, R.J.I. ('64-'71)
Bunton, C.D. ('69-'76)
Campbell, Mrs.M. (nee Cross '64-'71)
Castledine, C.V. ('57-'64)
Freston, Mrs.H. (nee Ream '67-'74)
Galley, J. (-'60)
Hider, K.J. ('59-'66)
Jackson, Mrs.K. (nee Moorhouse)
Janes, Mrs.J.H. (nee Budd '45-'52)
Johnson, Miss E. ('68-'75)
Knight, Miss S

Laden, J.W.J. ('57-'62)
McHale, Dr.P.J. ('58-'66)
Peirce, S.L. ('32-'39)
Perry, M.J. ('55-'66)
Phillips, Mrs.G. (nee Wilkes '63-'70)
Porter, Miss F.E. ('76-'84)
Rawlins, Mrs.G. (nee Burt '64-'71)
Savage, Miss K Stoker
Sheriff, C. ('20-'23)
Walton, F.P. ('12-'15)
Watkins, Mrs.K. (nee Jones prior to 1927)

Out of the last list only one response was forthcoming, although it is almost certain that several members knew the new address. Please don't assume someone else will reply.

APPRECIATIONS AND OBITUARIES

W.L.Garstang (Headmaster 1959 - 1968)

When Mr. W.L. Garstang joined us in January, 1959, we met for the first time someone who was to prove an unusual, an original and a most attractive personality. Here was a modest man who had the outstanding gift of understanding human beings, and the ability to listen generously to the opinions of others. In individual discussion with him a feeling of extra-sensory perception seemed to creep in, leading to a rapid mutual agreement. This personal quality soon won over the initially cautious and endeared him to all. He quickly became known to everyone as Tim. He would have liked that.

He arrived at a crucial time. The School had a fine reputation going back over 300 years. But, in the 1950s, the winds of change had been rising. There had been small changes after World War 1 — notably the formation of the Scout Troop and the Old Roan Association. The post-war stalwarts, some of whom remained until after World War 11, had created a happy, stable community. But Staff changes, in keeping with more restless times, became more frequent. Revolutionary new problems in education were appearing. For a school to continue healthy there is a need both for the men who choose to stay, upon whom so much depends, and for new men, who bring new gifts. The 1950s were such a crucial period. A man was needed of wide experience and a temperament which could cope with arising complications and yet retain the loyalty of the Staff. Tim's arrival provided a personality ideally well suited to these exacting demands.

Tim was educated at Oundle School and at Trinity College, Oxford where he read chemistry. He obtained a rowing blue in 1931. It will be agreed that this did not imply, in A.A. Milne's words, just "messaging about on a river", but rather a character of exceptional determination. He worked briefly in research with the Gas, Light and Coke Company, but fortunately decided to embark on a career in education. He returned to Oundle to teach chemistry and coach rowing. After 7 years he transferred to Merchant Taylor's School, and, after 2 more years became, in 1946, Senior Science Master at Maidstone Grammar School. His abilities were rapidly becoming known and he was appointed Head Master of Dame Alice Owen's School in 1949. His next Headship was at Loughborough Grammar School, from which he came to us in 1959. Their loss was our gain.

He was an excellent administrator, with a direct manner, observant and with a prodigious attention to detail. His quiet approach concealed quenchless energy, and inspired confidence in his decisions upon the many problems which arose during his ten busy years. He also gave tremendous help and guidance to the Old Roan Association and the Club. Gratefully, they elected him President in 1964, and subsequently a Vice-President. His refreshing sense of humour, which never deserted him, won him many friends. He disliked humbug, which occasionally produced a gentle, yet pleasantly satirical or quizzical remark, accompanied by a disarming smile. He persisted with his resolve to retire, in spite of sustained efforts by the Governors and everybody, to make him alter his decision. One of his reasons for retiring illustrates his vision and desire to act in the best interests of the School. The plan for comprehensive still held, and, in his own words, it would be "wiser to make room for a younger man who could see all the changes through".

He married Barbara in 1933, and they shared a long and loving Christian partnership with their three children. Her advice and support to him were invaluable all through his career. He will occupy a distinguished place in the memories of all who knew him. That is our

message to Barbara, Charles, Tessa and Sarah and their children. They can remember him with pride.
L.J.B.

G.C. Smith ('26-'39)

We are saddened to learn of the death in January of Gordon Smith. He leaves a wife, Clarice (nee WIGGINS), who is also an Old Roan, and two sons.

Gordon was at the school during the time of the move from Eastney Street to Maze Hill. He was a keen member of the Scout Troop and was part of the group which visited the Rhineland in 1930. His recollections of that summer were included in the 1990 magazine and he was able to join a group of fellow travellers from that journey at a reunion after 60 years in Greenwich. Gordon was on fine form that day and was delighted to reunite with his school contemporaries. He also went with the Antient to Ireland, St. Omer and to the Vosges Mountains. A frequent visitor to Braithwaite he was a member of the Trust set up when a memorial stone was unveiled at the Camp Site. He was House Captain of Nelson in 1931.

Gordon was active in the O.R.A., starting the Old Boy' Swimming Club in 1931/32 which continued until the war, and was a committee member for many years until moving to Dorset in 1981. He acted as Editor of the magazine for a time and was President in 1961-2.

K.H. Wheeler ('32-'39)

Ken was one of the most popular boys of his generation — cheerful, enthusiastic, and with a dry sense of humour, not least evident if referring to himself.

He was quite plump in his early days, and he told me shortly before he died so suddenly that he had always been profoundly grateful for the advent at the school of the late J.H.S. Mitchell in the mid-thirties. John Mitchell (to whom credit for the school's successes in the Gibson Shield must largely be due) particularly encouraged cross-county running, and although Ken almost always came last he ran as often as possible, earned his sobriquet, The Plodder, and shed several stone which stayed shed.

School Captain in the year 1938-39, Ken went up to King's, London, to read Modern Languages, left to join the army in which, as Captain Wheeler, he lost an eye at Alamein, and returned for his B.A., and then an M.A. in German School Law.

Thereafter he taught — St. Alban's School, Worcester R.G.S. and Strode's, Egham (where he did great things for rowing). The fact that his four sons also graduated in Modern Languages, and moreover subsequently worked using them, speaks much for the seed planted at Roan.

When he retired, Ken and his wonderful wife, Connie, (whom he had known since she was two) surprised everyone by returning to Worcester to run The Kettle Sings cafe in the Malvern Hills, from which he relished the beautiful view, and, if he ever had any spare time, could indulge his interest in photography, music (he sang well) and walking.

J.F.N.W.

A.J. Smith ('27-'32)

Alan Smith died at his home in North Epping, Sydney, Australia on October 11, 1991. On leaving the school he had a short spell in a metallurgical laboratory then in 1934 joined the printing ink company, Coates. His early years with the firm were spent at the St. Mary Cray

plant, but in 1954 he was asked to join Coates Australia as Technical Production Manager. "AJ" was by now a recognised authority on printing inks. In spite of his 37 years "Down Under" he retained very strong links with the school and his birthplace — Greenwich. In 1988, during one of his many holidays here with his wife, Joy, he, and cousin-in-law, Gordon Broughton ('26-'31), had a conducted tour of the school, both sites — a nostalgic day indeed.

A staunch Charlton Athletic supporter, he viewed the then derelict Valley with dismay. By his retirement from Coates in 1978 he had built up a collection of nostalgic memorabilia relating to family, school, soccer and music. Visiting his sons and their families in Canberra and Ballarat also had high priority. All who knew him will vouch for him as "a one-off" with a warm personality and sense of humour.

Keith Richardson ('55-'62)

Keith, sadly struck down by cancer, died on 25th November 1991, after a six-month illness. It will come as a terrible shock to his many sporting team-mates that such a fit and able sportsman should suffer such a tragic death at so early an age.

He will be fondly remembered at the Club, particularly for his sporting prowess at basketball, football and more especially cricket.

One of the founder members of the Old Roan Basketball Club together with Peter Duffield, a school contemporary, who remained his very close friend until the time of his death. As a footballer he will be remembered as a ferocious full-back with a penchant for own-goals resulting from desperate last ditch attempts at goal-line clearances. He rarely did justice to his ability, often preferring to play in the lower X1s with his friends.

However it was at cricket that he enjoyed an outstanding reputation particularly as an aggressive opening bowler, not averse to causing batsmen pain and discomfort with short-pitched deliveries. In tandem with Des Grimble who concentrated on "line and length", he formed a partnership akin to "Trueman & Statham".

A testimony to his ability is that he remains high in the all-time list of 1st X1 wicket takers with 173 wickets at the very economical average of 14.40. His span as a first eleven bowler was all too brief. Following a 1962 debut v O. Shootershillians he was almost an ever-present the next summer, missing but 4 of the 43 games. He bowled almost 500 overs for 73 wickets at 14.9 runs apiece and with Des Grimble (69 wickets) evoked memories of the redoubtable Len Groves. Subsequently he restricted his appearances to Saturdays and in '64 achieved his best "bag" with 6 for 76 v arch-rivals, O. Colfeians. It is a remarkable fact that in almost 40 games in 1964/5, on only one occasion did he fail to take a wicket. Thereafter we saw less of him and he bowed out in 1968 with 6 for 36 against Wickham Park. He was equally no mean batsman, left-handed in contrast to his right-arm over bowling. With the 1st team he had too often to bat out defensively to earn a draw. However, his natural aggression and free swing of the bat was seen to good effect in the Sunday 3rd X1.

His preference to play alongside his friends with the 3rd X1 on a Sunday rather than the 1st X1 as his talent demanded brought him in to conflict with the "selection committee" — which rightly considered a level of collusion between Keith, Alan Pile and Mike Callaghan. Surprisingly, his impact at 3rd X1 level was not particularly significant, but perhaps this was his captain's usage of him as third change, when his "glistening" steel toe-caps brought quizzical looks from the opposition rather than fear.

Off the field, Keith worked hard "behind the scenes" at the Club and will be remembered

as a member of a hard-working team organising and "clearing up" at the many dances then held on a monthly basis. He will also be recalled as a keen darts player, very fast consumer of the "first pint" and for his generosity at the bar. His barbed and sometimes acid comments were occasionally misconstrued, but his dry sense of humour and great kindness will remain a fond memory.

Keith studied very hard after leaving school in order to further his career in the Public Health Service. He initially worked with Lewisham Council during which time he met his future wife, Yockie, who was nursing and training successfully as midwife. She supported Keith in his activities with the Club and they married in 1969. The following year, 1970, they moved to Norfolk where they became popular and leading members of the community, and naturally Keith became a force at the Eye Cricket Club. This led to a series of matches between Old Roan and Eye which became very much part of the Club's social calendar.

One further career move and promotion took place taking him to Hastings, again resulting in cricketing opposition against his friends at the Club. In conclusion may I quote from the "Hastings and St. Leonard's Observer" following his death:

"Keith Richardson, Hastings Council's Deputy Environmental Health Officer has died aged 46 after a six-month illness. Mr. Richardson, of Collingwood Drive, leaves a wife, Yockie, and two teenage daughters, Susan and Paula. Chief Environmental Health Officer, Alan Blackwell said, 'He was a much valued member of staff and a colleague. Mr. Richardson was a keen cricketer — he bowled for Hastings Priory — and sailed with the Sailing Club. He was very much a family man, travelling hundreds of miles to support his daughters' swimming events, and he served as a PTA member for St. Leonards Primary School and the Grove School before becoming a governor of The Grove'".

M.C.C.

Alan WEIR ('36-'42) advises the death of Joe Hindmarch at the age of 82 who for many years was the man in charge at Braithwaite. Many Old Roans will remember him as key-holder, general factotum, and of course, the proprietor of the Stores in Braithwaite. He took a genuine interest in the Camp. His son, Ian, continues the family association with the Braithwaite Camp.

The first cousin of the Revd. David Lloyd FRANCIS ('14-'17) writes with news of his death in December 1991. He retired to Hove and had chosen, last October, to celebrate his 90th birthday with relatives in West Glamorgan. A special communion service was held at Margam Abbey followed by a tea party with his relatives in Port Talbot. During his last illness he made a lasting impression in the Cymla Hospital on the doctors and nurses with his photographs and tales of the Melanesian Islands many years ago. They regarded him as a remarkable man who had led a very interesting life of service to others. His first cousin promises a tape of some reminiscences of school that Lloyd was recording at the time of his illness. Radio 4 broadcast a programme in late December on the work of the Melanesian Mission which included contributions from David Lloyd Francis. He appears to have led a full life.

The niece of Miss Dorothy ROBINSON ('16-'23) advises of the death of her aunt earlier this year. She enclosed several notes made by Miss Robinson recalling her years at the school. She was born in 1904 and entered the Roan School for Girls as a paying pupil on the 2nd May 1916. On leaving the school in July 1923 she trained as a teacher at King's

College London and later at the London Day Training College. She retained links with many contemporaries right through her life and served on the Old Roan Girls' Association for 25 years from 1923-48. These friends included Mrs. Sangrier (nee GODFREY) and Doris Cowling (nee ACTON) together with Irene BUSBY, Maisie BULL and Muriel FRY who died younger. She noted that seventeen relatives had attended Roan including her two sisters, Louisa and Violet, and two cousins, Pearl and Ivy. Her brother, Albert, nephew, Peter GIBBS and great-nephews, Michael and David GIBBS attended the Boys' School. She enjoyed her time at the school and has particular memories of Miss Walker and Miss Cadmore who both retired as Headmistress and second mistress respectively in 1919. A memorial service was held for Miss Robinson at St. John's Church, St. John's Park, Blackheath on the 28th January 1992.

Mary Bramley has written to the Secretary with news of the death of her husband, Ernest Arthur BRAMLEY ('22-'29) from Motor Neurone Disease in May 1991. He left Roan in 1929 and joined Barclays Bank. During the war he served in the Royal Navy, spending time in North Africa and Italy, and resumed a career with the bank that took him via France with the Foreign Branch to Norfolk where he retired as Manager of the Great Yarmouth Branch. He had great affection for the Braithwaite Camp, contributing to the Hope Memorial Trust, and on his last family holiday made a return visit in 1988, and whilst saddened to see the demolition of the old buildings was pleased to know that the tradition of the Camp continues.

David Forgan has notified us of the death in November of his mother, Mrs. Edith FORGAN ('14-'24) after a short illness. She was at the school during the First World War, gained a BSc. from Bedford College, London University, and taught all her life, mainly at the Central Foundation School for Girls in Spitalfield and latterly at Eltham High School. Mr. Jameson advises the death of his wife, Constance Alice Maude JAMESON (nee Harler '23-'30) in November 1989. Her younger sister, Kathleen Patricia HARLER, who also attended Roan and became Headmistress of Selden Primary School, died earlier in 1980. Constance always valued her Roan connection and the excellent education she received.

George W. GILLAM M.B.E. ('12-'16) died peacefully in October 1990 at the age of 90. His son advises that he was fit and lively to the last. Despite the loss of his eyesight some eight years ago, he enjoyed life in his retirement home and maintained his interest in and knowledge of current affairs. He was a long time member of the Old Roan Cricket Club and its first X1 Captain in the late twenties, later becoming Vice President of the ORCC. He was a talented athlete and particularly successful as an amateur soccer player, but cricket was by far his favourite activity and he retained his interest in the game right up to the recent Test series against the West Indies. He was very proud of his school and retained his interest in the school's activities until very recent years.

Both C.W. DANIEL ('14-'20) and Fred CUTBUSH ('17-'22) advise the death of their friend Bert FINCH ('14-'21), in Sheffield last November. C.W. Daniel lived in the same road as Bert Finch during their time at Roan and was a close friend. He went into the Royal Observatory after leaving the school.

Herbert "Ginger" LISTER ('16-'23) died at the age of 87 on the first day of 1992. He had been Second Master of Watford Boys Grammar School before his retirement. He contributed a short and very interesting article to the last magazine on his days at Eastney Street and telephoned the Editor on receipt of the issue with great enthusiasm. He called again later in the year to advise news of the death of W.L. Garstang. His poignant postscript from

that article was the line: Herbert Lister. Alas! no longer "Ginger". Floreat Roana

Mrs. Reda Vile wrote to the Secretary with news of her husband's death in May. Canon Donald VILE ('26-'33) had retired in 1980 and was confined to his chair, bed and wheelchair for the last few years of his life after suffering a serious stroke in 1983. He lived long enough to learn that he had become a great grandfather and died peacefully at home with his family in Bexhill-on-Sea. Donald was a wonderful quiet man and priest and was loved in all of his five parishes. They had visitors from all their former parishes visit them every year and well over a hundred travelled to attend the Requiem Mass on May 18 to join with a large congregation from the local church. In his days at Roan he was a good runner and swimmer, gained the elocution prize and won an organ scholarship to Downing College, Cambridge.

THE CLASS OF '64 — REUNION

I know that face, it's . . . oh, no it's not. Wonder if I can just take a sneaky look at his name badge before he see me. Too late . . . he's coming over . . . stay calm . . . "Hello Don — great to see you again" booms the voice, and you discover it was one of your best mates all those years ago.

Dave Hawkins had inspired and masterminded the reunion for the Class of '64, a vintage year when John Roan still possessed a "Grammar" after his name.

The slimline sporting figures may have changed, and several hairstyles had altered — or even disappeared — dramatically, but we had retained that daft sense of humour that seemed to carry us through the (occasional) sweat and toil of academic life

Not that we compared O and A Level results, or even how far we had scrambled up the career ladder. No, the majority of the conversations centred around . . . sport. To settle all arguments (and because I'm writing this) I can confirm that Rodney WERE better than everyone else, even if the official records might say differently.

You had Trevor Puddifoot proudly wearing his No. 2 shirt just to prove he hadn't put on an ounce since 1971, and one-time "madcap" Trevor Lord, surely the bravest goalkeeper Roan has ever seen, now a picture of serene commonsense. Which is more than you can say about John Dine, Steve Foster and Tim Fish who STILL support Millwall. Roan obviously had its failures. And "Lofty" (aka Phil Robinson) was . . . still incredibly tall.

Messrs Ballentine, Knott, Bowerman and Edwards graced the occasion, reminding us of the days when teachers had that touch of class.

And when it came to the obligatory team photo, John Dennis demonstrated he'd lost none of his organisational skills by painstakingly ensuring that ace lensman Tony Slaney had everything just right before snapping away. (Incidentally, eagled-eyed Mr Slaney did a roaring trade in issuing Old Roan membership forms to those daft enough to have let their subscriptions lapse).

The old school obviously had a hidden quality that made 34 or so former pupils travel from all over the country to take a trip down memory lane. Heartfelt thanks to Dave Hawkins for organising our night of nostalgia, and here's to the next time . . .

REMINISCENCES - C.W.Daniel ('14-'20)

I was most interested to learn that this year is the 80th anniversary of the Old Roan Association. Long may it continue.

I was at the School from 1914 to end of 1920 and joined the Association in 1921. I am now 87 years of age and am a life member. I would not claim to be a prominent member but I always turned up at Annual Dinners in the 1920s and always came to the most enjoyable Annual Dances which at first were held at the Greenwich Town Hall and later on at the Blackheath Concert Hall. These Dances used to be first class affairs and were taken by George Lee. My dear first wife was also an O.R. Girl (her name was Edna Holmes) she being the same age as myself. We used to meet lots of our contemporaries at these Dances. She died in 1978, however, I married again in 1980 a very old friend of the family and am happily now settled in Devon.

I played cricket for the O.R. Cricket Club during the years 1926,27,28 and then in 1929 my wife and I played tennis at the O.R. Tennis Club not far from the School Ground in Lee. In 1930 we moved to Bromley.

Now about the years 1914 to 1920. I enjoyed my School days very much. Of course the discipline was quite strict, for instance all boys had to wear a School cap which at first was a black shield and crest marked in red in front. Then, after Mr.Hope became Head, it was changed to Green with a silver coloured stag's head on the front. We used to buy the caps from the School tuck shop. Towards the end of my time at Eastney Street the School became rather overcrowded and we used to have classes in the Hall and the Wash Room etc. I played cricket for the School 1st XI in 1920 and I can still remember the School Team of those days.

Here I should tell you how much the Old Roan Chronicle takes one back to the School days, so many of the names mentioned I was at School with. The article by H. Lister in the 1991 Chronicle gave a very good account of life at Eastney Street. I very well remember the School Captain, Alec Ronald, who set a very fine example to us boys. In the August 1990 edition there was a lovely photo of the staff taken in 1912 and the large majority of those were still Masters in 1920 when I left. A few joined us later such as Messrs. Durling, Holt, Cordery, Peddie that I remember.

The Cadet Corps was started in 1915 and disbanded about 1919. It was affiliated to the 20th London Regiment (T.A.) at Holly Hedge House, Blackheath, and we wore the "Invicta" cap badge. The corp's officers were all masters at Roan and it was commanded by Major Parker (Mr. G.R. Parker), the adjutant was Mr. Ducker and the four company commanders were Messrs. Jackson, Horth, Cordery and Mann. When the Corps started the Sergeant Major was the School Captain, Dan Tuckfield and his successors included Dick Hisee and Alec Ronald. There were four camps, one each year, and included the Solent, Swanley and Rustington. I joined as a Junior Cadet and stayed until disbandment. I recall an inspection of all the Grammar School Cadet Corps at Vincent Square, Westminster, by the late Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales. I also remember lining the route in Whitehall with other London Grammar Schools when the London Territorials held their Victory March in 1919.

My next brother, A.N. Daniel, who is now 82, is the retired vicar of Dormansland and my youngest brother, N.F.Daniel, now nearly 80, is a retired Bank Manager and a member of the O.R.A.

THE ROAN SCHOOL IN EASTNEY STREET — A.D. Hewlett ('14-'21)

The editor has opened the floodgates and recollections of over 70 years past flow out in a disorderly stream, which he will no doubt dam at his discretion. I gave my set of early Roan Magazines to the secretary for the Association some years ago and so must rely on memory, which may be treacherous. However, I shall be checked by other contributors to this symposium and some things can be verified, or corrected, from the published records.

I was admitted to the school in September 1914 by Crofts, an awesome figure at the time, but he left after a term and I have no lasting impression of him except as the writer of "Regno Regis Caroli", which we used to sing regularly. In my first two years I was moved every term and so had six different formmasters, in Form II Ducker, in IIIb Allen (I think), in IIIa Parker, in IVc Corderey, in IVb Kirby and in IVa Jackson. The whole of the third year I spent in the Vth with Titley and the fourth in the Lower VIth with Potter. I recall these men with respect and gratitude, except I am afraid Ducker, whom I remember chiefly as an uninspiring teacher of history. Allen expounded a new approach to geography through climatic regions; Parker was a national figure in the Assistant Masters Association (I.A.A.M.), of which I am now a retired honorary member. Once in an idle moment I fiddled with Titley's desk and got the key stuck. When I apologised for this he took it mildly, to my relief, and no punishment followed. There was in fact little if any physical punishment even in those early days, but a generally good order which seemed spontaneous and was no doubt to the credit of a competent team of masters. I think it was also perhaps a matter of policy for Hope, "The Antient", though ironically there was much joking in his camps about his hairbrush and slippers, one camp-fire song ending:

"And the Antient's slipper's slipping as it's never slipped before".

In the main building in Eastney Street the Head's study occupied the centre of the first floor frontage and over it was the only room on the second floor, the Lower VIth. In non-descript buildings across the road on the west side "Monkey" White had his chemistry lab and lecture room and Horth for Art and Peckham for Woodwork shared a large craft room. Adjoining was a playing area partly covered by a semicylindrical corrugated roof and floored with dusty tan like a riding school, where we flung ourselves about in an untutored way on horizontal and parallel bars. This ended when Ashworth was appointed gym master. He would not take the post unless promised a decent gym and no doubt Hope supported him. So a hall was hired a short way away along Park Vista and we all became Ashworth fans. One of his specialities was the erection of human "pyramids" in which we had to assume interlocking postures, some boys with their feet on the ground or on others' necks and shoulders, some prone, and others, usually including myself and K.S. Binnie, upside down in various handstands. One sports day I broke my arm high jumping, a compound fracture of both bones above the wrist, and had to be carted off to St. John's Hospital in Lewisham: I can still sense Ashworth's relief when he saw the splints removed — "Ba goom, it's a grand mend".

But the master who leaves the strongest impression on me was "Froggy", W.M. Llewellyn, whom I had throughout for French and for a short time for German. He used a mainly direct method and for the first term in Form II only phonetic script, repeating the same material next term with orthodox spelling. We sang:

"Quand trois poules vont au champ, La première marche devant;
La seconde suit la première, la troisième est la dernière . . ."



Ashworth's human pyramid

like a genuine mistake. However, twenty years or so later, when I was serving as personnel secretary of the Quaker war relief service, preparing volunteers for post-war work when Europe was liberated, to my astonishment Froggy walked in to offer help. There was not much he could do at his advanced age, "but you know, Hewlett," he said, "there's one thing I can do, I can teach French".

Among my contemporaries Cutbush, who contributes his own reminiscences, was a young prodigy as a pianist, and remarkably there was also Escott, a bit older and similarly gifted. A fascinated group would gather round the piano in the hall at dinner time to hear him play and, one might say, to see Escott's exuberant performances of Chopin polonaises. Another talented musician was Roy Walsh, a chorister I believe at St. Alphege, though I only heard him at school and remember well his performances of Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?". If there had been videos and cassettes in those days any one of these might have become a celebrity. We were strong on ensemble singing, which was the basis of music teaching then, with school sing-songs in the hall when both school songs were heartily sung as well as more ribald ditties. A popular feature of school concerts was what we innocently called "Nigger Minstrels", with no thought of racism, a vice which had not been invented. Another favourite was an Old Roan, a baritone — the name that comes back to me is Hendry — with his boisterous chorus:

"It'll be all the same, just the same, a hundred years from now.
No use a-worrying, no use a-scurrying, no use kicking up a row.
I won't be here, you won't be here, when a hundred years are gone,
But somebody else will be well in the cart, and the world will still go on"

— lines which have some poignancy now that the hundred years are nearly gone!

Escott was also an athlete and won the 100 and 220 at sports day in his time. I was not much of a performer at anything, but I did notch up one unassailable record. The annual cross-country run was a course of about 7½ miles, with a stretch of Shooters Hill and a pas-

and other such jingles which made the language meaningful and great fun. Froggy would walk about the class with a compass point, threatening to use it to push our tongues into the right position for the pure French vowels he insisted on, and of course we were not sophisticated enough to realise that he never would actually use it. Later, in the Lower VIth, he was reading to us from Daudet's "La dernière classe", when at the dramatic climax — "M. Hamel . . . s'écria de toutes ses forces, 'VIVE LA FRANCE'" his denture shot out on to the desk, but his dignity survived. He gets one black mark, I'm afraid, for when a Jewish boy had his name changed, Froggy would address his as "Solomon beg pardon Philips" and it didn't sound

sage through Crown Woods usually deep in mud. It was a free for all and I joined in with the rest, finishing of course in the tail. During these years Ronald, who has been mentioned in these pages as a hero to younger boys, broke the record with a time of 48 minutes. Meanwhile I crept up the finishing list until at my last chance I came in first in 47½ minutes. The Head then decided that the course was too strenuous for growing boys and a shorter one was planned, while I suppose building now covers much of the ground where we used to run.

It was war-time during my first four years at school and I joined the cadet corps, a serious enough enterprise at the time, though we toted dummy rifles and all I learnt about waging war, I am now glad to say, was how to put on puttees. When the Antient started the scouts as an alternative form of training I switched over to what became an enduring interest while I was teaching. The Antient devoted every holiday, long or short, to the troop, and we had regular camps, if only at nearby Bridgen or just on the school field. But when the war was over, we must have been one of the very earliest school groups to go abroad, with a camp for five weeks in Picardy at Equihen near Boulogne and at Montreuil-sur-mer. A trivial incident may illustrate the extraordinary relationship which developed between the Headmaster and boys in this context:

The Antient: Graham! Didn't I tell you to wash the cabbages?

Gordon Graham: (who was waiting for the water he had sent for): Yes, Antient, but I can't wash them in spit!

All in all, like others I owed a great deal to the Antient for which I am for ever grateful, but in one major respect he was my undoing.

When we passed our General School Certificate in 1918 (you couldn't then get an award in a single subject but had to pass in an approved group), the head decreed that Binnie, Strutt and I should take history as our main subject in Higher School Cert because, he said, there were more scholarships at Oxford in history than any other subject. He did not mention, and it did not occur to us, that there were probably also more candidates for them. So we three were given a "form room" on the upper floor of a small house adjoining the chemi-



Early Old Roan Cricket Team

lab with a new form master (Harris) and "made history" by constituting the first Modern Sixth in the school. We must have been given some tuition but I can remember nothing of it and we were certainly left to our own devices for much of the time.

This was splendid for Strutt. History was his *grande passion*. In due course he won an exhibition to Magdalen, got his First, entered the Home Office and by the fifties was senior enough to have some responsibility for the arrangements of the coronation, for that being knighted as Sir Austin, K.C.V.O. This was a far cry from the days when (Harry to me from our time at the same elementary school) he had acquired the nickname Pib because in doing a geometry test he had passed over the key point in the answer with the words "proved in book". It was also a real credit to the school to have given a working class boy his chance. To Binnie our VIth form programme was reasonable and acceptable, though he did not pull off an Oxford place. For me it was misconceived and wrong.

During my first three years I was top in each term and had the nickname Swot. In the Lower VIth 1917-1918 (see Dalladay in the last issue) I encountered Greenwood, an able boy who had been there a year already, and duly came second to him each term. The nickname was a misnomer in fact, for I was not particularly industrious nor of an enquiring mind. I happened to be able to absorb and reproduce to their satisfaction the knowledge that capable teachers set before me. But with such a record I was evidently what a shrewed colleague at Tiffin's sometimes sardonically described as "the schoolmaster's natural prey", and the Head had already taken me out of Froggy's German set to do Latin with him.

There must be an important digression at this point to say that one thing I accepted too readily was Amo's assertion that the larynx was my "voice box". This I discovered to be false when I studied later with an older Old Roan, E.G. White. He had published in 1909, so that Amo could have heard of it, in *Science and Singing* his research finding that the larynx is a valve governing the flow of breath and that the voice box, if that term is to be used, can be located in the skull sinuses. White was President of the O.R. Association in 1923-24, but neither the school nor the association has sufficiently recognised his pioneering work, which has valuable practical implications. He died in 1940, and in 1944 I helped to found the Ernest George White Society, serving as its General Secretary for 43 years and being now its Honorary President. The most accessible account of White's ideas and their development is now to be found in my *Think Afresh about the Voice* (Thames Publishing 1987).

In the General School Certificate of 1918 I scored distinctions in maths and French and a failure in history, so asked to do English, French and maths for the Higher S.C. That would be laudable now but was not permitted then — you had to plump for arts or science. I should therefore obviously have been given the choice of maths or modern languages rather than being switched to my weakest subject. It was only much later that I realised the enormity of this misdirection. At the time we took things in our stride: Binnie and I went on to U.C.L. and remained life-long friends. We got our decent Seconds and I actually gained a Prize in Finals "for Mediaeval and Modern History". I remind myself that I should not necessarily have been happier or more successful if things had been differently arranged in 1918. Now in good health in my 90th year, with a noble flat in Folkestone to welcome a visit from any surviving school-fellow (or any OR for that matter) I have no right to grumble.

As a recent old boy I helped, in the office of secretary, to start or restart an OR cricket club in 1922, and I have submitted a photo of what may have been the original ORCC XI. Parker sits in the middle, flanked by Len Watts and Gilham. George Thompson is there

(brother of "Bomber", both fine sportsmen) and Bowles. Other names I cannot remember with any confidence. Such was the heady excitement of that enterprise that once, in a match on Plumstead Common, when taking a turn as umpire — ORs batting of course — I didn't wait for the field to appeal for an obvious lbw but uttered a spontaneous "zat?" myself. At least it showed I was umpiring impartially! If the club has had an unbroken history since then I am proud to be one of its founders.

In 1923, the Antient being indisposed for some reason, three of us having recently left school, Porter, Savage and I, were called to lead the annual camp at Braithwaite. Photos show, what I had forgotten, that my erstwhile indulgent form-master, Titley, was with us and joined in some rock-scrambling. He was there, I suppose, because supervision by a real master was required, but we three, by now I think designated as assistant scoutmasters, ran the camp. Once an Old Roan, always an Old Roan, and I became a life member of the Association, but when I took my first job the focus of my activity naturally shifted. One early sequel though is worth mentioning: I was back at Braithwaite in 1927 with a group from Tiffin's as a prelude to starting a scout troop there. I joined in celebrating the jubilee of that troop in 1987. So the torch is carried on.

SUSCEPTUM PERFECI MUNUS

Arthur Donald Hewlett

EASTNEY STREET BLUES — Alan Eden-Green ('26-'34)

I was only two weeks short of ten years old when I first went to the Roan School in Eastney Street. It was 1926 and I was not impressed. It didn't look like a school, more a cross between a hospital and a church. The Assembly Hall, where I sat for the entrance exam was a little more impressive though rather barn-like, lofty and with dark, wooden rafters.

For the exam, which I was dreading, we were divided into two groups — those of 9 and under and 10 and over. I was put into the first group and this was probably significant for most of my school life, it meant that I was nearly a year ahead of my contemporaries. The exam was conducted by the imposing Joey Amesbury — his severe winged collar, tie and twisted moustache relieved by an irrepressible twinkle in his eye.

My vision of the school had been highly coloured by an older friend, Bobby Jessett, who, addicted as he was to reading "bloods", led me to expect an establishment rather like Greyfriars with him cast in the role of Harry Wharton. My expectations were not fulfilled.

In due course, all the new boys were paraded in the Headmaster's study for inspection. Most of them had won scholarships and were much brighter than me but the Head was memorable! I had doubted Bobby Jessett when he told me they called their Headmaster the Antient but here he was confirming it himself, with his grey moustache, white hair, tweedy suit and pipe. He cracked jokes with us, teasing Mr. Amesbury ("He's called Joey," said the Antient) and telling us blood-curdling tales about Victorian schools with "rivers of blood" running under the doors. He exhibited, perhaps rather too proudly, his collection of canes, but the overall impression was benign.

The Antient asked me my first name — and my sister's. Then later he told the class a story about a boy named Alan who said to his mother "I know we're not allowed to swear but is it all right to say words like Amsterdam and Rotterdam?" "Yes", said his mother "of course that's all right. Why do you ask?" "Because Kathleen's stolen my toffee and I hope it'll rot her damn teeth." We didn't think Headmasters told stories like that.

The Antient's room was prolifically decorated with cases of magnificent stuffed birds, and a few stuffed animals, one of which might have been a mole or possibly a moth-eaten owl, but the Antient said it was really Joey Amesbury. Arthur Hope was certainly a remarkable man and his devotion to the school was unquestionable. He would start his admonishments by affectionately saying, "Come here child" or just "Aye, child" prolonging the "child". His stuffed birds and animals turned up in various parts of the dingy building even on the cold, noisy, stone staircase.

Later, we were shepherded to our various classes. By this time I had just passed my tenth birthday so, much to my older friend's chagrin, I was put in his form — Form 3. Mr. Peddie was presiding and was in the middle of a lesson. I can't recall the subject but I remember his sharp and distinctive voice. I was soon being swept along by the school curriculum. Two things in particular dogged me: French and Sport. Most of the boys had already learned some French and I was thrust into Mr. Kirby's class where I had to grapple with words like *avoir*. I knew no English grammar and had never thought of "to have" as being a verb. I was for years the bane of Mr. Kirby's life but he was kind and gave me some private coaching to help me scrape through Matric.

I was put into Raleigh House. Houses seemed only to exist once a year when they met in the Housemaster's classroom to be harangued about their poor performance on the sports field.

My name was another problem. Eden was my paternal grandmother's maiden name and at her request my father incorporated it into his family name. So although I was registered as Green I was stuck with this hyphenated implant. But the school never really recognised it though I sometimes tried to assert my rights. I recall that when the Matric passes were read out by Mr. Parker in 1932 he called, "Green". Mr. Potter, the Head, said, "That will be R.H. Green I presume?" "Er no. It's Eden Green" said Mr. Parker with more than a touch of sarcasm, tinged with surprise.

Back to the early days. After World War 1, the school expanded into some old army huts on the other side of Eastney Street. They were heated by "Tortoise" iron stoves so a desk near the stove was a coveted place, provided no-one had put bits of rubber on top of the stove. The atmosphere in 4c, presided over by Mr. Mills, was often pungent.

The Junior School's morning assembly was held in the woodwork room, in one of the huts. We stood around benches and planes while Joey Amesbury pounded out hymns on an old harmonium. Some of us had school hymn books; Bobby Jessett had decorated his with irreligious drawings illustrating the first lines.

There was only a tiny play ground at Eastney Street and during the break most of us went into the street, on the corner of which was "Ma's" Shop, the private-enterprise, unofficial, but very well patronised school tuck-shop.

There was much speculation about what the new building would be like. Mr. Potter used to go roaring up Maze Hill in his motor cycle combination to inspect it and one lunch time the Antient took a few of us up. It seemed a palace compared with the near squalor of Eastney Street and the actual move in 1927 was very exciting. It was a novelty to have an Assembly Hall large enough to take the whole school and this building had quadrangles and a Library — just like Greyfriars.

Morning Assembly was now conducted by the Head himself with a brilliant boy named North (did he become a professional?) accompanying the hymns. Usually the Head or Vice

Master read the Lesson but every so often a prefect read it. Typically, when, years later, it came to my turn I completely forgot it and Mr. Parker had to step into the breach at very short notice.

Shortly before the new school opened, Ma sold the shop in Eastney Street. Whether her successor was aware that she was about to lose her customers we did not know, but soon after we moved up the hill she loaded her wares onto a handcart and each day she pushed it up the hill and parked it outside the school gate, soon doing a brisk trade during the break. But I suppose it was considered bad for the school's image for hungry boys to be seen buying sweets from an old lady in the street, so at morning Assembly, the Antient with a threatening look from his beetling brow, forbade any further trade and promised severe retribution to any who disobeyed him.

A lot of us thought this decree was unfair on the new "Ma" who was facing ruin. That morning she turned up as usual and prefects were stationed at the school gate to take the names of offenders. There was nearly a rebellion led, as I recall, by a boy named Gentry, whom I had hitherto disliked but at once admired for his courage. Several others followed him in making purchases, the prefects were kept busy and the Antient had a field day. I was not one of the rebels, but I never forgave the Antient for what I regarded (and so did a lot of others) as an act of injustice: he had never given an adequate explanation for his decree.

I believe boys have a strong sense of justice. I am reminded of a history lesson with Mr. Harris. He was a nice man but not a very stimulating teacher. I don't know what he was on about at the time, but he suddenly shouted, "Well, who did come over from France?" This woke me up, and with what I thought commendable presence of mind, I responded "Julius Caesar". "Who said that?" demanded Harris. "Me, sir," said I somewhat ungrammatically (well, you wouldn't say "I, sir" would you?). I was told to write out "Me, sir" 400 times and to this day I don't know why. Was it pedantry on Mr. Harris' part or simply that we were doing the 16th century and not the 1st BC?

Billy Mann was the incomparable physics teacher who, by sheer enthusiasm could wheedle more homework out of you than any other master. One of his exercises was to design a musical instrument out of steel knitting needles. We loved him for his slightly vulgar sense of humour. "Pass the ear wax George," he would say, indicating a large lump of paraffin wax on which George (he called us all George) would be invited to stand and then to grasp a condenser loaded with hundreds of volts of static electricity. He had an old, broken-down Wimshurst machine which he gave to Ken James and me to restore. This we did and were able to generate a spark which would penetrate right through the London Telephone directory.

Ken James, now running his own TV repair business in New York, was, and looked like, a born scientist. He read "Wireless News" and built radio sets of the most up to date design. In those days, long before hi-fi, sound quality was the Mecca of all radio buffs. Ken and I spent many hours in my father's workshop, building a moving-coil loudspeaker, using huge magnets we got from old magnetos at a car-breaker's yard. Ken knew it all. He made the cone and the delicate coil (he knew exactly how many turns of wire to put on it) out of cartridge paper and Shellac varnish, and the finished job weighed over 7 stone! The sound was phenomenal.

Mr. Titley was undoubtedly the best-dressed member of staff. I remember his example of an oxymoron: "the princess walked through the court dropping pearls and vermin" — so he must have been a good English teacher.

Mr. Jackson taught English and Maths. Unlike us he was genuinely interested in our set book "The Natural History of Selborne", which, for many boys only came to life when it discussed the mating habits of the Selborne fauna. One boy tried baiting Jacko by asking (apropos some creature mentioned in the book): "Sir, are their young born from the womb or hatched from eggs?" To which Jacko replied, "If you ask questions like that you know more than is good for you!"

The stage in the new building made possible much more ambitious dramatic productions both for the school and the Old Roan Dramatic Society. Lionel Berry, already a hero of mine for his teaching of Chemistry which became my chosen subject, was the producer of the ORDS plays and introduced improvements to the stage facilities.

When in my first year in the Sixth I won the second Elocution prize (the first was invariably, and deservedly, won by C.L. Tatarski, whose Shylock was unforgettable) and thus got invited to take on about four bit-parts in the school play "Henry IV part II". The King was played by E.A. Trist and Falstaff by Tatarski. I was commissioned by Mr. Potter, by now headmaster, to buy swords in the Caledonian Market and came back bristling with a fearsome collection of offensive weapons.

Lionel Berry was a superb producer and in the ORDS production of "The Chinese Puzzle" he had to take the leading part himself because Frank Harris had contracted mumps on the day of the dress rehearsal. Lionel was the only member of the cast on the stage throughout the play. It was always exciting for us boys to see the ORDS productions for there, before our own eyes, were boys (as we knew them when they were sixth-formers) being real adults and doing adult things — like shooting each other or seducing beautiful ladies (one of whom, May Lawson, later became my sister-in-law)!

My happiest time was in the Science Sixth. The Maths was a bit too much for me, though the excellent C.T. Daltry couldn't have tried harder. We felt we had a man to man relationship with him and he introduced us to some intriguing aspects of his subject like Einstein's Theory of Relativity. He was also a very competent pianist, sometimes performing at school concerts.

Ken Binnie provided a relief from Science by stimulating an interest in literature: we discussed some of the American authors and the works of Thomas Hardy.

E.A. Trist was the school Captain. D.R.R. Faire stayed on for an extra year after I left during which I believe he was also made school Captain.

Then there was the Aristotelian Society, brainchild of Lionel Berry. There we called each other "Mr" and learned the rules of debate, discussing all sorts of subjects which none of us was qualified to discuss. I read a paper on the History of Surgery, a subject betraying a long-held ambition which, fortunately for those who might have fallen under my knife, was never fulfilled.

It was Lionel Berry who arranged for a party of us to visit the nearby British Oxygen depot, where a demonstrator did all sorts of tricks with liquid air. Little did I think that 30 years later I would be appointed as head of the Public Relations division of British Oxygen, in their Hammersmith headquarters. I spent the last 10 years of my working life with them and from there we established the Industry & Parliamentary Trust which I launched in 1977. The joint presidents are Mr. Speaker and the Lord Chancellor.

One way or another Lionel Berry probably had more influence on my life than any other

member of the staff, so it was a joy to discover recently that he is alive and well and living in Cranleigh. I saw him for the first time after 58 years and found him little changed in appearance or manner. Hair perhaps a little whiter, but the same gentle voice and full of memories. He said he recognised me and even recalled the hyphen!

But I'd still like to know what happened to Trist, Faire, Tatarski et al.

MEMORIES OF EASTNEY STREET - Fred Cutbush ('17-'22)

When I started at the Roan School in September 1917 the first world war had reached a critical stage. Of the staff: the younger ones were away in the forces and part-timers came in to take their places and supplement the older stalwarts of whom I have the happiest of memories. Some basic foods such as butter, eggs and potatoes were in very short supply but the school dinners were always reasonably good and very acceptable.

In winter the class-rooms were heated by open coal fires — very comfortable if one's desk was close by but less effective at a distance. Moreover the school was pervaded by a sulphurous odour at the end of each day as the cleaners went round emptying the glowing embers into the hearth.

In our day nobody, staff or boys, arrived at school by car. Shanks's pony, tram, bus, train or bicycle were the only forms of transport. There was one memorable occasion when the Antient, who mounted his bicycle by way of the back step, collapsed in a heap on the road to the embarrassed amusement of the onlookers. Despite a longish walk followed by a tram ride from Catford everyday I was never once late in my five years at Roan. Some weeks it was my turn to play the piano for the hymn at the morning assembly and my absence would have been particularly obvious!

In my time each class had an "order of merit" every fortnight with the top brain taking his class list up to the platform at morning assembly. How the staff succeeded in producing sufficient evidence so frequently remains one of life's mysteries.

In the classrooms I have memories of "Froggie" Llewellyn teaching us French pronunciation by phonetic means of which the vowel chart was the basis (and a useful vehicle for impositions — fifty copies tomorrow morning!).

Mr. Potter taught us from a series of geometry books he had written. In chemistry I remember that he taught us the Periodic Table of the elements by means of mnemonics, thus Oxygen, Sulphur, Selenium and Tellurium were learnt as "Old Sailors Seldom Teetotallers". I leave you to work out what elements are implied in the statement "New Potatoes Very Nobby Taters". (There weren't as many elements in those days!).

Dinner hours were a pleasant break for there was always the shipping in the Thames or a stroll up to the Observatory to wile away the time.

And so one could go on. Should I ever pay a return visit to the school I should expect to see the gowned figures of Messrs Potter, Kirby, Mann, Allen and many others still instilling knowledge. They were a grand lot. I wonder what they thought of us?

Floreat Roana! (the Latin school song was compulsory memorising in one's first year at Roan!)



The Braithwaite Camp in 1991



Tim and Barbara Garstang



The 1943/50 Reunion – 17th May 1992

Standing: Gordon Easter, Derek Dawes, Keith Fincham, John Smart, John Barrett, Peter Collins, Roy Pound, Dougie Inman, George Startup, Keith Pound, Peter Kaye, Joe Moss.

Kneeling: Ron Jeffkins, Bill Cramp, Brian Stocking, Ken Paris, Terry Russell

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

BIRTHS:

KING, to Janet (nee Andrews) '68-'74, wife of Barry, a daughter Stacey Louise, a sister for Stephen and Daniel

WEBB, to Karen, wife of Geoffrey Webb, '66-'73, a daughter, Lauren Amy on the 25th October 1991

MARRIAGES:

BRYER - NUTTALL on 15th February 1992 at Bristol Register Office, Revd. Tony Bryer ('62-'68) and Sheila Nuttall

LEGG - HARDING on 30th May 1992 at Eltham Church, Graham LEGG ('71-'78) and Diane Harding

LOCKHART - BALKWILL on 27th December 1991 at Woolwich Register Office. Dr. Robert Lockhart ('62-'69) and Angela Balkwill

DEATHS:

BRAMLEY, E.A. ('22-'29) on 4th May 1991

BURLEY, D.W. ('13-'15) on 23rd March 1990

FINCH, H.F. ('14-'21) on 10th November 1991

FORGAN, Mrs. A.M. ('14-'24) on 8th January 1992

FORGAN, Miss E.M. ('17-'24) on 28th November 1991

FRANCIS, Rev. D.L. ('14-'17) on 16th December 1991

GARSTANG, W.L. (Headmaster '59-'68, President '64-'65 and a Vice President) in September 1991

GILLAM, G.W. M.B.E. ('12-'16) on 6th October 1991

HILL, J.H. ('35-'40) on 1st February 1992

JAMESON, Mrs.C.A.M. (nee Harler '23-'30) on 19th November 1989

JOHNSON, W ('19-'26) in 1991

LISTER, H. ("Ginger") ('16-'23) on 1st January 1992

MINTER, Mrs.E.L. (nee Gibbons '17-'21) in 1991

RICHARDSON, K. ('55-'62) in 1991

ROBINSON, D.M. ('16-'23) on 14th January 1992

SMITH, A.J. ('27-'32) on 11th October 1991

SMITH, G.C. ('26-'31, President '61-'62 and a Vice President) on 5th January 1992

STITSON, G.H.P. ('20-'26) on 25th August 1991

TROTT, R.H. ('24-'31) in 1991

VILE, Canon D.A. ('26-'33) on 5th May 1992

WHEELER, K.H. ('32-'39) on 7th December 1991

The Editor gratefully acknowledges the advice and assistance provided by Alf Knott in the production of this magazine

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Family Fun Day at the Field — Sunday 19 July 1992

Reunion Dinner at the Club — Friday 23 October 1992

Childrens' Party at the Club — Sunday 10 January 1993

Dinner Dance at the Crest Sports & Leisure Club — Saturday 20 March 1993

AGM at the Club — Thursday 25 March 1993