

# wathonian 75



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**Editor:**  
A. J. FALLIS

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D. DUNSBY

## **EDITORIAL**

Once again the main problem of the editor has been how to extort contributions from people. It seems that pupils are very reluctant to offer any of their work for consideration unless bullied into doing so. To make a magazine like this worthwhile we must be able to publish a reasonable cross-section of work from all age groups in the School. Bearing this in mind, I should like to make an appeal now for material for next year's Wathonian. If you think you can do better than the people whose contributions appear in the magazine, write something yourself. All contributions are read and considered, no matter who has written them. Don't be shy! Be proud of your talents!

### **Since our last publication we have welcomed:**

Mr. Lumb, Mrs. Mountford, Mrs. Standerline, Miss Clements, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Paul, Miss Bowyer, Mr. Wrytham, Mrs. Selwood, Mr. Chisholm, Mrs. Cairns, Mr. White, Mrs. Ramskill, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Ackerley, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Chisholm, Miss Hopton, Mrs. Stubbs, Mr. Smith, Mr. Taylor, Mrs. James, Mrs. Ibberson, Mrs. White.

### **We have said goodbye to:**

Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Shipp, Mrs. Horner, Mrs. McGuire, Mr. Raynes, Mr. Stanbury, Mr. Robinson, Mrs. Relf, Miss Cavander, Mrs. Chesterton, Mr. Bailey, Mrs. Dale, Miss Platts, Miss Rivett, Mrs. Hesketh, Mr. Price, Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Nixon.

We would like to thank all our advertisers, without whose support this magazine would cost a lot more than 10p.

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## **SPEECH DAY, 1975**

When an old boy of the school returns as a guest on Speech Day, the temptations are even stronger than usual to indulge in an excess of nostalgia. In his Headmaster's Report Mr. Murphy warned of the dangers of thinking back to a mythical "Golden Age" when standards of education and conduct were far superior to those of the present. We tend only to remember the good things of the past to the exclusion of the bad, making memories of childhood rather untrustworthy.

Mr. Phillips, Bursar of Christ's College, Cambridge, succumbed only occasionally in his address to the temptation of nostalgia, referring to the old school song, a tradition which he would like to see continued.

The singing of the various choirs was once again up to the standard we have come to expect at Wath. The Junior Mixed Choir, well there were one or two boys in it, sang "The Smuggler's Song" by Christopher Le Fleming, and "I Bought a Guitar" by Phylis Tate. The Girls' Madrigal Group sang madrigals by Orlando Gibbons and Thomas Morley. The Senior Mixed Choir provided a fitting end to the choral contributions with "Little Liza Jane", "Fa, La, I Cannot Conceal It" and "Dry Bones".

The presentation of the certificates and awards went off very smoothly and for those receiving them and their parents this was, of course, the highlight of the afternoon.

The vote of thanks was proposed by Diana Kenworthy and seconded by Rowena Evans and after the customary singing of "Jerusalem" Speech Day, 1975 came to an end.

## **OLD WATHONIAN**

Mr. Robert Venables, M.A., LL.M., Barrister of the Middle Temple, a former pupil of Wath Grammar School, whose parents reside at 30 Boswell Road, Wath, has been elected as an Official Fellow and Tutor in Law of St. Edmund Hall, one of the Colleges of Oxford University.

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# P. T. A.

Our aims are to encourage good relations between parents, pupils and staff, and to promote interest in things educational. The Committee members who will be trying to carry this out in 1975/6 are . . .

**Mr. Pollard, (Secretary), 24 Melton Green, Wath**  
**Mr. Godfrey, (Treasurer), 28 Chestnut Avenue, Wath**  
**Mr. Paskell, 13 Chestnut Avenue, Wath**  
**Mr. Johnson, 16 Brookside Crescent, W. Melton**  
**Mrs. Pursglove, 8 Romwood Avenue, Swinton**  
**Mrs. Blackburn, 62 Wath Wood Road, Wath**  
**Mrs. Vizard, 1 West View Crescent, Goldthorpe**  
**Mrs. Webster, 11 Dearne View, Goldthorpe**  
**Mrs. Saffell, 70 Rig Drive, Swinton**  
**Mr. Biggs, 13a Boswell Road, Wath**  
**Mrs. Fisher, 40 Chestnut Avenue, Wath**  
**Mrs. Burns, 64 Wath Wood Road, Wath**  
**Mrs. Gillott, 90 Wath Road, Bolton**  
**Mrs. Oldfield, 57 Flintway, Wath**  
**Staff**  
**Mr. A. R. H. Murphy, Mr. D. Dunsby, Mr. W. Martin,**  
**Mr. M. Murray, Mr. G. Rhodes, Mrs. B. Senior**  
**Sixth Form**  
**Roslyn Bower, A. Thorpe**

If you have any suggestions on things you would like to see done or not done, or ways in which you think the money you have raised should be spent, then contact any of the above committee members.

These are some of the things we have done or to which we have allocated money this year:-

**Buffet Dance**  
**Biology Field Trip (£180)**  
**Girls' dress material £375 (loan)**  
**Tents and rock climbing equipment (£150)**  
**Social for new pupils**  
**Audio equipment for hall (£150)**  
**Cheese and Wine Evening**  
**Support for 'The Sorcerer' (£130)**  
**Hockey Kit (£50)**  
**Rugby Shirts (£60)**  
**50/50 Club**

We would like more to join in our activities. If you do not like these, suggest what you would like!

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# HOUSE REPORTS



## **ATHENS HOUSE REPORT**

House Captains: Z. Oscroft, M. Oldknow, C. Fairman

On the whole it has been a very mixed year for Athens, with only the Senior boys distinguishing themselves in any field. The Senior girls did reasonably well in the Hockey and Netball and, at the time of writing, look as if they may win the Rounders. The Junior girls are in a similar position, but as yet they are not as strong as the Seniors. The Junior boys failed in their attempts at football, rugby and cross-country and we must hope for better things from the cricket. The Middles only did better than the Juniors by a creditable performance in the cross-country. The Senior boys, however, were in astonishing form. They won the Senior soccer and rugby and finished second in the cricket and cross-country.

However, away from the sports field, the Quiz team did not follow the strong Athenian tradition and only managed to finish 4th. In the Work Cup, Athens are at present 4th, mainly due to the fact that many Athenians are fond of staying behind at 4 o'clock on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Last year we said goodbye to Mr. Raynes and our thanks go to him for all his valuable service to the house. We must also thank Mr. Dunsby and all the present House staff for their help and invaluable service throughout the year.



## CARTHAGE HOUSE REPORT

All things considered Carthage has not fared too badly this year, although with more success in the sporting rather than the academic field. Of particular note are the Senior Girls who won the Hockey outright and the Middle Rugby players who were equally successful. The Junior boys deserve much credit for their efforts in the Football Competition, in which they came a worthy second to tough opposition! Apathy in the Fifth form with the exception of Crookes, who won the Senior Cross-country, was notable this year, but was counteracted by the enthusiasm of the lower school. Our thanks are due to all the girls who turned out in quite considerable numbers, despite the adverse weather conditions, for the cross-country runs in which they were quite successful. The Juniors deserve a mention for their enthusiasm in both Hockey and Netball, achieving second place in the latter.

Carthage came a creditable third in the House Play Competition, which involved great co-operation from all years with particular mention for the keen first formers and we were pleased to see many new faces involved — keep it up! As yet we have had mixed success in the House Quiz but hope for further victories after Easter.

Despite marked improvements in Effort Marks and reductions in detentions, this has unfortunately not been sufficient to improve our position in the Deeks Trophy.

It only remains to thank the House Staff for their help and encouragement. With great regret we have to say goodbye to Mr. Wilson, our excellent Housemaster and the motivating force behind all Carthaginian achievements over the past few years. We wish him every success and happiness in his future career and welcome Mr. Bacon in his place, confident of continued high standards.



## **ROME HOUSE REPORT**

As there were no bribes forthcoming this year it was decided to tell the truth.

It came as a great shock this year when the Inter-House All-star Toboggan Championships were postponed and the world-beating team had to settle for house Netball where they met with varied success although they turned out teams.

In Football (round ball) and Football (oval ball) the boys' imaginative play often overwhelmed other teams.

Hockey: "It's hell out there, Sergeant!"

Work Cup: Ditto.

The spartan qualities inherent in every Roman shone through when the sporting event of the decade, the Inter-house Cross-country, retitled "Roman Supremacy Race" was run. Roman males mastered the elements (with the aid of pac-a-macs). Junior warriors in a fiery, arrogant display of athletic prowess, performed superlatively, paving the route for sanguine minions and setting an example for the Middles and Seniors who followed.

As usual, many Christmas cards were sold in aid of the "Save the Children Fund". Thanks are due to Mr. Hinchliffe and all those who helped. Thanks are also due to Mr. Faulkner and members of staff for guiding Rome through a non-vintage year.

The House Captains.

## SPARTA HOUSE REPORT

House Captains: E. Newton,  
Markham

Games Captains: D. Woodruff,  
A. Heeley,  
Wainwright



Carrying on a fine tradition of losing in house matches, we have again been reasonably unsuccessful in this year's winter games. However, to say we were totally unsuccessful would be untrue.

Ladies first, to get the worst over with: the house came fifth overall in Netball mainly because the quality of the Junior team was cancelled out by the valiant, but fruitless efforts of the Senior Netball team, who played all their matches but lost three, drew one and won one. We were less successful with senior Hockey because we only played one match and so as not to show the other teams up with our brilliance we decided not to turn teams out for the other four.

The boys' games were slightly better. In the Senior Cross-country Wainwright and Hirst came in eighth and tenth respectively. Sparta came fourth overall in both Senior and Junior Cross-country. The Senior Rugby team played once and won their match, and the House came third in Senior Football.

We are not complete failures, however, and we have so far shone through in the House Quiz, as in years gone by.

We are also good at raising money. Last summer it was decided that we should have a charity and we organised several functions to raise money for the Milton Special School where a former member of staff is now teaching. A First Form party, comprising tea (which did not surprisingly degenerate into a bun-fight), dancing and games. Thanks must go to the Spartan staff and Sixth formers who helped to keep the peace. The second function was a Disco, organised by the Spartan Second formers. Response to this was excellent, and from an entrance fee of 3p we raised nearly £10.

We are awaiting one more result — that of the Deeks Trophy, in which we are now holding second position below Troy. It only remains for myself and Colin to wish any members of staff leaving our House (such as one member of the Spanish Dept. who shall remain nameless) all the best in the future, and we hope that staff who joined Sparta in September have enjoyed this year, and will enjoy the next just as much, or more (if possible!).



## THEBAN HOUSE REPORT

House Captains: K. Fidler, M. Horner

Games Captains: P. Margrave, J. Mower, L. Cook

And now for something completely different . . . Yet another super, fun packed house report, complete with blatant lies and twisted statements (see other house reports), with a few imperial jingoisms (i.e. "I didn't win, but, by gad, I died with my rugger boots on!") thrown in.

Gaspl But wait . . . What's this? . . .

1st in the House Quiz.

1st in the Cross Country League.

1st in the Netball Tournament.

1st in the Hockey Tournament . . . .

Is this really the Theban house report? — Oh, but wait . . .

5th in the Work Cup — I hear cries of "Yes it is." But still, at least we weren't last!

At this stage, no special mention should be given to the boys, a feeble minority of whom are now learning the cryptic meaning of the words "physical effort", and find that by pushing one lower limb in front of the other in rapid succession, they can convey themselves around the local countryside, or maybe even the school cross-country route. It is a great pity that certain miserly members of staff (no offence meant), one afternoon before Christmas, suffered from some sort of acute brain damage in only giving Mary ("I'm the boss") Webb's thespians second place in the drama competition. However, being the good losers we are (spot the deliberate lie!) we sufficed amongst other things in wishing them all a quick recovery.

As a note to all those social deviants who managed to acquire detentions this year, the recruiting officer from Parkhurst will be calling sometime next term, so you have been warned!

As it is tradition that the last paragraph in all house reports is to thank staff and all who have participated in one way or another during the year, it is only right that we should conform and give a whole hearted "thank-you" to one and all and congratulate them on making the year such a success.



## TROJAN HOUSE REPORT

House Captains: Graeme Hind, Amanda Campbell

Games Captains: Trevor Sykes, Jane Cooper

The year 1974/5 has been on the whole successful for Troy, with good sporting and academic standards being maintained by the majority of Trojans.

We have won the Winter Games Cup, largely through winning the Junior and Middle Football Competitions, and being runners-up in the Senior Competition. The Junior Netball team must be praised for convincingly winning their matches time and again, resulting in their well deserved position of first in their section. However, even the added fillip of rather short games skirts did not help the Senior Netball team (we were sixth in our section!) and consequently we gained third position overall. Nevertheless the Winter Games Cup is ours, and thanks are expressed to all who were involved in any Trojan teams.

On the more academic side, we are at present in the lead in the Work Cup, and if the little band of merry Trojans whose persistent detentions constantly lose us marks could manage to keep out of trouble, we could well win that too. The Deeks Trophy is also within our grasp — we won the House Drama Competition (proving that Troy is full of talent) and with three rounds of the Quiz played, we have been defeated only once. If this kind of success can be maintained through the remaining Competitions, Troy should be able to commandeer a rewarding amount of the school silverware.

It only remains for me to welcome Mr. Spull and Mrs. Selwood to Troy and to wish them a pleasant involvement with the House. Mrs. Roshier must also be thanked for all the tireless hard work that she puts into Troy as House Mistress.

Amanda Campbell, 6TRDN

# FROM PEN TO PRINT

## THE PRIDE AND THE PAIN

The wailing winds wash over the woeful ruins  
Which once beheld the creation of time.  
In days of old long past,  
They would stand bronzed, tall and straight  
Against the molten red horizon of Topar.  
The Birds of Tranquility glided gracefully  
Through the mystic-hung air.  
Their songs were long, lilting lullabies of Peace and Love  
On which their children grew  
And the Spirit of Age thrived.  
Time became the meaning  
And they left to teach the unknown.  
Their arrival was amidst fire and cloud  
But the mortals knew not of their ways.  
The Cosmic Masters of Topar were thronged,  
Heralded as Gods of the Skies,  
Their celestial, silver star-ships  
Looked upon as thunder-bolts.  
Their glistening gold cloaks fluttered  
As they embarked upon the world  
But wind, rain nor fire  
Could stain the radiant brilliance of their minds.  
Their silken blond locks danced in the air  
As their august green eyes moulded the world  
And taught understanding.  
But the mortals grew wise — and sealed their fate.  
The Children of Topar mourned  
As the mortals rose up into super-beings  
— Out of control.  
One by one the Masters answered for their love and care,  
Whilst the beings became an unstable energy — Insane.  
As silently and swiftly as it had started — so it ended  
With just the Spirit of Age looking on the harkening  
To the star-bright darkness.  
“Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.”

W. Lenton

## **ALL BECAUSE THE LADY LOVES MILK TRAY!**

I jump into my Hercules helicopter to start my journey round the world to my true love (she lives in Mexborough Manvers Main). But to my horror the engines don't work!

I jump out and start running. The first obstacle I come to is the Atlantic Ocean so I dive into a rowing boat and start rowing. After three years I reach New York and climb to the top of the Empire State Building and buy a do-it-yourself "Make-yourself-a-bird" kit.

I jump and fall into a passing car which takes me to San Francisco. There I stow away on an ocean liner bound for Tokyo Bay. When I reach Japan I borrow a bike from an unwary owner and cycle the full length of Japan and China. (It's a bit wet in places).

I stop at the Himalayas and start climbing. When I reach the top I slide all the way down Everest. The thrust takes me to Paris. From there I walk to Calais, swim the English Channel and catch a train to Mexborough.

I climb up the drain-pipe to her bedroom, push the mouldy box of chocolates under her pillow and catch the No. 28 bus home.

Andrew Smithson, Form 45

## **THE EYES THAT TOLD NO LIES**

The dark path unwound from the snow-covered mountains  
Like an exposed vein of a giant white monster  
And a small, human figure steadily advanced.  
Behind him faint footprints soon conquered and swallowed.  
His aim was a town, engulfed in the snow,  
Still far beyond him in silent awareness.  
It pulsed with movement of life and excitement,  
So foreign to the horizon of tranquility and peace.  
The town expanded until it covered his view.  
Each intricate feature a profile of life.  
He stared, eyes glazed with innocent surprise.  
Things were so changed, so different, so new.  
Expanses of symmetrical concrete.  
Black buildings belching poison.  
Metallic monsters purring.  
Jealousy, hate, envy.  
Simplicity perceived technology, the malignant ulcer  
And he turned away, stupified, repulsed.  
And he retraced his steps to his small wooden hut,  
Where time was frozen in the fingers of ice.

Adrian Machon

## THE PRISON OF LIFE

She sat in silent contemplation  
Pulsating with her steady breathing  
Laughs lay cobwebbed in her brain.  
She waited motionless, slowly dying.  
Her house was a diary of the past.  
Photographs dusty and forgotten.  
Each little ornament, a part of her life,  
Had been washed with tears of loneliness.  
Her eyes so glazed, one sapped of sight.  
Stared through the ivy-framed window.  
She watched the world revolve around her,  
And time drifts by, like the satanic clouds.  
Her life had been lived, her chapter finished.  
Her once black hair, now tangled and grey,  
Was like the beard of lichen on the window sill.  
She was fading away with the autumn leaves.  
Death clawed at her weakened body.  
Her resistance was too small to save her.  
With the setting of the sun she died,  
And escaped the grasp of the Prison of Life.

Adrian Machon

**(And the sun will be darkened, and the stars will fall from  
heaven then all the tribes of the earth will mourn.**

— Matthew XXV 29-31)

The foaming tentacles of the swelling sea,  
Erupted over the deformed, dark rocks.  
And the trees and grasses bowed in fear,  
To the overpowering bellow of the cruel wind.  
Explosions of thunder and suffering screams  
Echoed on every mountain and moor.  
Mercury spears of lightning, like bullets,  
Scorched all life with words of fire.  
The earth lay back, charred and silent.  
The sinuous fingers of smoke ascended.  
Stained, grey bones of the dying and dead  
Lay painted with streaks of bloody flesh.  
Amongst the drone of dying words,  
A lacerated hand with three long fingers,  
Seemed to point towards the satanic sky,  
As if in futile prayer for mercy.

Adrian Machon

## THOUGHT FOR THE YEAR (?)

Countless men may talk in their sleep, but only teachers talk  
in other people's sleep.

S. Lomas

## 1st XV RUGBY REPORT

Our enthusiasm early on was on a parallel to that of previous seasons. We even came in during the latter weeks of the holidays to rid ourselves of the summer flab and of course to compare sun tans.

Messrs. Ardron, Burrage and Sharpe, taking over from Messrs. Oscroft and Irwin, were left with no mean task. They had to completely rebuild and organise a side weakened by the loss of such accustomed players as Whittingham, Gant and Ryan, to name but a few.

Not only did this new team surprise everybody and play well together, but the spirit was there off the field as well as on, and our back seat cabaret acts have kept the junior members of our rugby club entertained throughout, with a medley of tunes from ancient hymns to the latest by Showaddywaddy. Back on the field, we were quite successful early on, winning our first two games comfortably against teams who, not six months before, had literally hammered us. However, from then on to the end of the season, it was a variety of ups and downs. Unfortunately, most of them were downs, but we managed to scrape through at the end and finish level, winning eight and losing eight. As for the points average, that is a different matter altogether, and not one widely talked about. Should the figures happen to leak out to the soccer eleven, we should never live it down.

The highlight of our year came in February, when a coach-load of the hearty graced some 70,000 plus with their presence at Twickenham to see the international match against the French. This trip proved to be an experience and an education in its own right. We all now know, for instance, that not all Frenchmen wear onions and we certainly wouldn't want to stand in the way of Andy Ripley.

Our next big occasion befell us in March, shortly after Makir and Wainwright had had representative honours for the second time for South Yorkshire. This, of course, our first rugby dinner, which will by no means be the last. Our visitors from Guildford, our guests and of course ourselves all thoroughly enjoyed the evening and to the members of staff concerned, we must once again offer our thanks for their efforts.

Whilst on the point of thanks, on behalf of all teams who have played at home, I sincerely thank the girls who have once again given up their valuable time to prepare refreshments every Saturday: Thank you.

It only remains now to look to next year and the staff concerned, I feel, will have no worries. The nucleus has been formed this year, with sufficient players being blooded to form a really strong squad for next season, when success, I hope, will be more frequent and rewarding.

Graeme Hind (1st XV Captain)

## **U16's RUGBY REPORT 1974-75**

By looking at the fixture list and noting the scores, a non-participant would probably shudder with disbelief at the results, but underneath the black ink figures there is enthusiasm, drive and encouragement for next season. Indeed the results could have, and should have, been more rewarding for the hard-working side this season.

After vigorous pre-season training sessions and informal "Talk ins", the season, as a whole failed to bloom quite as much as it was expected to do. Early victories, including a notable one against Willowgarth, 6-4, slowly subsided into draws and defeats. These late defeats were not at all overwhelming. In fact the team were losing by the odd try. Typical of this was the defeat by Aireborough, 6-0, played in treacherous, icy conditions.

The pack was not very big, but proved its worthiness through its mobility and very good second phase play. Catlin and Margrave played solidly and gave depth to the forwards' general tactics. "Buttons" Burtoft used his physique to slip many tackles and scored some useful blind side tries. Darby used the wing to run in good efforts, which the usual three or four fans enjoyed immensely.

Thanks are extended to all those who made the U16's venture possible, especially Messrs. Ardron, Burrage, Sharp and Canteen staff.

W. Lenton.

## **1st XI SOCCER**

After losing by the odd goal to Mexborough at the end of September the School team completed the rest of the season undefeated, a feat never performed by a Wath football side. In the next six months they strung together 12 victories and 2 draws.

Notable victories were against Maltby (previously undefeated during the season 2-0 at Maltby); 5-3 against Myers Grove (undefeated for four months) and also 5-1 against Worsborough High School (This season's Yorkshire U16 champions



First XV Rugby 1974-75



Under Sixteen Rugby XV 1974-75



Second XI Football 1974-75

and English quarter-finalists). These, plus a creditable 1-1 draw at Barnsley Holgate (last season's Yorkshire U18 school champions and English semi-finalists).

David Carr and Colin Markham were everresents, whilst credit must be given to goal-keeper Graham Marshall and Stephen Short for their defensive qualities. Leading goal-scorer was once again Colin Markham with 26 goals.

## **2nd XI**

It has been a very mixed season for the 2nd XI, winning 6 and losing 6 matches. The finest performance of the season was the 13-0 defeat of Worsborough, in which Hodson and Oldknow were outstanding. However, the side's chances were seriously affected later in the season by the suspension of four valuable players, but despite this the side pulled off a fine 4-0 victory over Chaucer. Thanks must be given to Wainwright, Lenton and Hind who turned out when the side was sadly depleted. Oldknow was the only everpresent in the side and Corbishley was the season's leading scorer. Thanks must also be given to the L.VI girls who provided the refreshments on Saturday mornings.

The Junior teams met with mixed success during the season, the most consistent side being, probably the U12's. However there are enough good players in all age groups at the School to ensure a respectable future for the game at Wath.

## **STAMP CLUB DIAGNOSIS\* 1975**

The philately bug is once again loose within the lower school. Considering the number of new members gathered, particularly from the first and second forms, the First Year Wing would appear to be in the midst of an epidemic.

Once contracted this disease, caused by the rare but resilient virus "Briefmark vignette AD 71/S" is virtually incurable, but aid for the suffering is best obtained in L.12 each Thursday at 1.15 p.m. Here the patient is able to meet his fellow sufferers and discuss the strange malady with which he is afflicted. Various attempts are also made to assuage the distress of the more rabid among us with demonstrations of techniques, quizzes and competitions. A special mention must be made of Nicolas Read who has been overcome with a serious outbreak of First Day Covers, stretching back over the past ten years and more. This is one of the more virulent forms of the disease and requires treatment with a large album (applied firmly just below the left ear lobe\*).



Under Twelve Football 1974-75

This institution is in the tender care of Mr. V. Ward (collectionneur extraordinaire?) who is always willing to give aid to the afflicted (and Briscoel). If you therefore believe yourself to have contracted timbremania, please come along to our regular clinics at the above address. You will almost certainly require our help.

\* To be administered only by qualified members of the Royal Philatelic Society.

Nigel Hutchinson

## NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Membership of this more elite group of the school is open to anyone and everyone who can afford to pay the 5p per year membership fee, and others who manage to be successfully bullied into turning up at 1.10 p.m. on Wednesday dinner times. (An incentive to all prospective new female recruits: our membership this year has been almost totally male dominated!).

Everything has its little set backs, and the Natural History Society has had its fair share this year, but has managed to battle on, through house games, choir practices, striking projectionists and riots caused by a militant band of Upper Sixth Formers, who shall be nameless.

Various speakers were hauled in to attempt to transmit their knowledge to our listeners, captivated or otherwise, and several films and slide shows were given, selections ranging from the habits of creepy crawlers in the desert, to Messrs. Carter and Swift's attempts at playing David Attenborough from cliff tops in Northumberland. As a special treat one week, Dr. Robert ("Kildare") Chapman performed a major autopsy on a dead frog while attempting to explain that the screams were coming from elsewhere, and that the frog really was dead.

Prospective contenders for "Young Scientists of the Year" practised their knowledge on various projects from crocus growing to genetics in mice breeding, the latter being as yet fruitless, due to the apparent lack of participation on behalf of the mice.

Several out and indoor excursions were planned (but not necessarily undertaken), including visits to the science block greenhouse and the science block animal room. If you wish to take part, join the Society at once!

Maureen Horner  
(under the motivation and supervision of various others)



Under Fifteen Rugby 1974-75

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Under Fifteen Football 1974-75



Prefects 1974-75

## SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

This has been rather a mixed year for the Sixth Form Society. We started well with the annual trip to Blackpool in October, by now a well established tradition. Although the weather was bad, everyone was in high spirits and found plenty to do. Also successful was the Christmas Dance, which was enjoyed by many, although there was the usual minority who tried to cause trouble.

However, apart from these, response by members to proposed trips has been rather disappointing, notably the abortive skating trip which was abandoned due to a marked lack of interest from the majority.

Yet, paradoxically, the membership of the Society has doubled since last year (perhaps because of a minor reduction in subscriptions from 30p to 20p). Thus, despite the apathetic attitude to various activities, the Society continues to be a popular organisation.

We are grateful to Mr. Lowe, the Youth Leader, for allowing the Society to continue using the Youth Centre and its facilities during the dinner hour. The Centre is still popular with members as a focus for talking and drinking coffee and slightly more strenuous activities such as table tennis. Our thanks also go to Chris Smith, Bridget Carle and Sue Bristow for service over and above the call of duty in keeping the coffee bar going.

We are also indebted to the School for the provision of the long awaited and much anticipated Sixth Form Common Room which was finally ready in January of this year. It only remains for me on behalf of the Committee to wish society members a happy school year for 1975-76.

Jane Cooper

## WORDS, PLACES AND PEOPLE: FOR THE REFERENCE OF FUTURE LVI INTREPID ECOLOGISTS

**SEAHOUSES** — Seaweed emporium off Northumbrian coast (150 miles north of Thurnscoe), ideally suited to ecology mad students and trendy, middle class Biology teachers.

**LONGSTONE GUEST HOUSE** — Sturdy brick enclosure, situated in the middle of the main street. Has extensive fire escape and airing cupboards.

**PACKED LUNCHES** — Two slices of bread in brown paper envelope containing spam, minced spam, shredded spam, boiled spam, roast spam, spam and egg, egg and spam, spam a la carte, spam sorbet, spam au vin, spam on the rocks, spam off the rocks plus a hot flask of minespami soup with ice cold spam a la mode to end with.

- SEAWEED** — Green, evil smelling, strange shaped organisms of no importance. Provides good surface from which to fall into rockpools. Example: *Ulva lactuca* — a really nice algae to sustain minor cuts and abrasions; *Laminaria* — lovely genus of a nice muddy brown colour; serves in reducing appetite for spam if taken in reasonably large quantities.
- WELLIES** — 3 feet tall rubber footwear of rare red Dunlop or common black, designed to be put into rockpools which are 3 feet 1 inch deep.
- DORGONS COACHES** — Breed of container with four wheels (not necessarily round) operated by clapped out teddy boys from a secret depot in the heart of Rotherham. Holds equipment, people and Mr. Swift.
- DINGHY** (din-jy) — Outside water bottle, stated capacity 6, holding 16 persons in the dent in the middle. Has space for outboard, oars and legs. Sometimes floats in North Sea aiding Plankton expeditions.
- NORTH SEA** — Large body of water with wet effect, halting expansion of Seahouses to east. Contains horrible animals and strange blobs, attracted to tender portions of the body surface.
- BELT TRANSECT** — An excuse for painting rocks a nice blue and a strip of polluted shoreline yielding interesting(?) information about frequency of *Balanus balanoides* in mid-shore region.
- BALANUS BALANOIDES** — Known to non-academics as the barnacle; a hard calcium carbonate coated animal specially evolved to erode wellies and people (see J. Clarke's hands, knees and other extremities).
- MEAD FACTORY** — Highlight of the trip — has no connection with any aspect of Biology. Good place for Biology teachers to conduct experiments on blood alcohol level. Has well being an relaxing aura.
- FISHERMAN** — Lingerie advisor in thick sweater offering alternative methods of how to keep underwear dry.
- WORLD CUP FINAL** — Local event providing entertaining Sunday afternoon; vision frequently masked by snow.
- GRASS OF PARNASSUS** (*Parnassia palustris*) — Extremely rare, delicate white flower, treasured by botanists the world over and exclusive to Holy Island. Known to students as an insignificant, mutated, grotty little weed.

**WORK** — Swear-word of the week, only spoken by people in authority and students in hand-cuffs and thumbscrews.

**MR. LANDLORD** — Sombre fellow in white operating gown having cheese board attached to left hand.

**PROJECTS** — Marine rip-off of "It's a Knockout" involving the drying out of algae on the washing line amongst the undies, breaking burettes and microscopes and teasing rockpool specimens. Includes game "Spot the limpet."

**MR. INTERFLORA** (genus *Swiftus*) — Human being acting as general organiser. Very good at telling wee Scottish stories. To be avoided by all plants.

**THE RED RING** — Tell-tale band of varying thickness, formed below the knee. Thought to be caused by friction of rubber.

**THANK YOU** — To Mrs. Hesketh and Mr. Swift for providing a rewarding and very enjoyable Biology field trip for 1974.

The VIth Form Biologists

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Under Thirteen Football 1974-75

## CLIMBING CLUB REPORT, 1975

(Or the exploits of a small, white, furry loony in outcrop land). "Hello! Hello! Is anybody there? I've got two poor hand-jams and I intend to fall off." What! Lord's sake, you don't know dat dere story. Well, just ask any sixth-form climber.

And now, the Acme Company of Great Britain and Thurnscoe proudly present their new, IMPROVED Climbing Club. Kills 0.001% all known germs slightly bruised by taking them to Yarncliffe Quarry and dropping Ian Hirst, totally unroped and without a safety net, on top of them from 35 feet. (Heh, heh, a private joke folks, but read on).

But to be serious (though why should I bel), the year '74-'75 has seen your school climbing club expand, despite severe financial troubles (i.e. we're all stony broke). Since the last report, we have frightened the people of Coniston (with our daring) during a week last July. Fine climbing in glorious weather was enjoyed in the Langdale pass (East of Kuala Lumpur!) which was only surpassed by the "destruction squad" driving of a certain Mr. "I'm better than Jackie Stewart" Burrage. In a frightening ten minutes, he did his best to get either a mountain-rescue Land-rover (score: 50 points) or a dry stone wall. — Oh, by the way, can anyone give a home to some lovely kittens?

Numerous days in the Peak District among the gritstone have passed since then, on which several new members have been taken. It was rumoured that even some of those funny ones with bumps and curves (Ed. Yes, girls!) came too. Police are investigating.

Shortly after Christmas, that well-known impersonator of a Zurich gnome, Mr. Blackman — sorry, Blakeman — gladdened us with the news that a long-planned trip to Snowdonia, North Wales, was on for the Easter Holidays, 7 a.m. Sunday morning (I didn't know there WAS a 7 a.m. on Sundays — it should be a day of rest!) saw the mini-bus leave school, packed and laden. 7.30 a.m. saw the mini-bus emptied and re-packed to fit in the Blakeman Bat-Mobile (pat. applied for). Messrs. Irwin, Burrage and Ardron very kindly (more like bravely!) undertook the 160 mile drive, during which we watched with baited breath as several rucksacks slowly slid off the roof-rack, and broken only in the Nantwich suburbs, when a mass of screaming climbers ascended the North face of Mr. Blakeman's mother-in-law's house for coffee on the summit.

(For which refreshments, much thanks). Great pleasure was had during the drive through the Snowdonia National Park, partly from the awesome scenery, but also from watching a member who wishes to remain anonymous, don't you Ian, who was dying to relieve himself. The Ogwen Valley still thinks nuclear war was declared as we roared through on our way to Willie's Barn, the five-star cake eater's field where we camped. The Sunday afternoon was still young and bright after base camp had been established, so off we went to Milestone Buttress where Welsh climbing (300 feet plus climbs and high degree of exposure with an incredible view to savour when belaying) was first experienced. Tired but impressed, we walked back to the tents and retired, suitably fortified by custard, porridge, beef risotto and stew — yes Alan, STEW! However, during the night, a gale-force wind blew up (Yes, it was all that stew and custard) along with the hail and half the tents threatened or succeeded to blow down.

The following days we endured a mixture of snow and hail although a little climbing of a less serious nature was fitted in with long walks to Cwm Idwal, etc.

The climax came on Thursday morning when, crawling bleary-eyed from the tents, 3 inches of snow was found. The next hour was passed re-enacting a snowball version of World War 1. Then as the weather was settled, we set off to climb. Several routes were ascended by the nine of us, culminating in some Swedish gentlemen who were making a documentary on Mountain Safety asking if they could film and record us (probably as an example of what not-to-do!). The next half-hour was a chaos with certain people refusing to climb as their make-up was smudged, or it was their 'bad side' to the camera, while Mr. Blakeman spoke in his best B.B.C. English (worst I.T.V. Cheshire). That night, our last, was spent in the convivial atmosphere of a distant meeting place, informing people of our birthplace (Renditions of "We all come from Yorkshire" and "On Ilkley Moor baht'at") and livening up the evening generally, with nine in a two-man tent. Neither must our boulder-hopping antics go un-mentioned. Trying to leap onto a boulder in the middle of a river was one of the sillier things, done at dusk, several people returning with wet feet. Nevertheless, the holiday was enjoyed by all.

Since then, a weekend at Borrowdale has passed which was good fun (and was also graced by Rabies Flobalot, well-known mixed metaphor and commonly 'gripped' (see beginning Chapter I).

And now for the propaganda bit. Climbs in Britain are all graded according to difficulty, ranging from 'easy' to 'extremely severe' through 9 grades. Hence, a climb above one's standard need never be attempted. Neither does a beginner need special equipment — a pair of pumps to climb in, and some old clothes are all that is needed. Present members are experienced enough to take new members out with safety. Should a person fall off, he would be held on the rope and would not drop more than a couple of inches. And remember, a higher percentage of people are injured training spiny ant-eaters to fry hamburgers than are in climbing. (Don't worry if you didn't follow that, I didn't, and I wrote it!).

In the future, trips to Wales and possibly to Skye are hoped for, as well as the usual days in Derbyshire: see assembly notices or ask Mr. Blakeman for details.

S. Hanstock, 6R

(Begging letters to H.M. the Queen, Buckingham, Wath).

P.S.—Please complete the following questionnaire, 'cos we're nosy and we need the blackmail money.

Have you, within the last 9,999 years suffered from any of the following diseases:- Dizziness....., Blackouts....., Voting Liberal....., A plague of locusts....., Double-Decker bus up the left nostril....., Woodworm....., Death....., if the answer to any of these is "Duuurr, I don't know," YOU could be like us.

We're the climbing club, fly with US!

(Unexpurgated copies available, price 5p).

### **CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT**

He stalks the lonely desolate streets  
A smokey grey bundle of fur  
Tattered from unnecessary fights and feuds  
It's the misfit.  
A clandestine rendezvous, a dark alley  
Dustbins and filth, no comfort of a fire.  
A fire at home but no sleeping now on the rug.  
It's the runaway.  
He stops, listens, his eyes glare.  
A mouse scurries across a path of filth.  
The cat gives chase and succeeds.  
It has a callous nature.  
For a time it lurks on corners  
But then dashes out of the alley.  
A car's brake screeches but, curiosity killed

THE CAT.

Jeanette Jones

## **DANGER**

I switched on my television one late February day and, to my horror, learned of one of the worst train disasters in our history, which had occurred early that morning, during the peak period, when the commuters were travelling to work. As the train approached Moorgate Terminal, people on the platform surged forward to the edge of the track expecting the train to come to a stop, people on the train also left their seats expecting the train to come to a halt, but, to their amazement instead of even slowing down, it appeared to accelerate.

Crash! Bang! The splintering of glass, the crunching of metal and the screaming of people filled the air.

Almost immediately rescue operations commenced. Very soon, ambulance, police and firemen arrived on the scene accompanied by doctors and nurses. Hospitals were alerted to receive the injured, although many were feared dead.

The train was wedged in a narrow tunnel and, because it was sealed off at one end, the air would not circulate properly. Rescue operations were hindered because of the wreckage scattered about and firemen first had to cut a way through in order that the doctors and nurses could get to the injured. There was an added danger that when the firemen had cut through the nearest carriages the first one, which was reared on its end, would collapse and injure the rescuers. Because of the lack of oxygen in the tunnel, breathing apparatus had to be used. Cutting equipment also used up more of the oxygen, making more danger for the already injured and the rescuers.

After several long dangerous days of rescue work, forty-one people were found to be dead and many more seriously injured, some losing limbs, others badly cut from glass.

Danger is with us every day whether we travel by land, air, sea or walk, and cannot always be avoided no matter how careful we are.

By reason of their jobs, police, firemen and other services are all involved in danger all the time.

Russell Frost, Form 1TH, Group 3

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## THE EBBING OF THE NINTH LIFE

Stringy bag of sinews,  
Bones and no spare flesh,  
Wild fur and wild eyes  
Inert heap sprawled behind rusted dustbins.  
Foam-flecked jaws disclose discoloured teeth and tongue.  
Eyes roll, glazed gyroscopes.  
Death's tendrils insert death's blood;  
Tendrils of malnutrition starve senses.  
Death encompasses this cat.  
Last moments pass, reflecting the eight feline lives  
Spent among dustbins, rubbish, in a world  
Of unfeeling humans with no patience.  
For many strays, whose persistent search  
For rotten meat on soft bones  
Brings abuse, pain and flying boots in their direction.  
A miauling tramp.

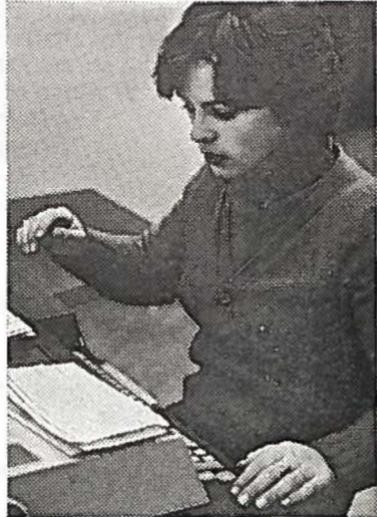
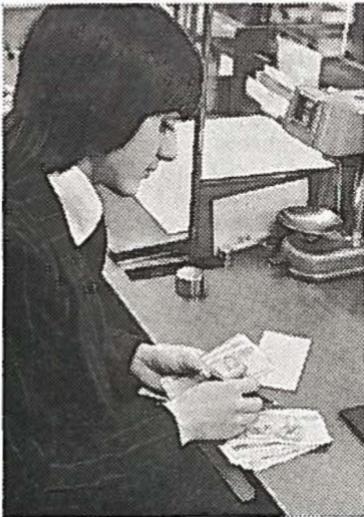
J. Oldfield

## ARGYLL

Mountains of graciousness,  
Majesty, desolation,  
Olympian grandeur; omnipotence, indifference  
Plummeting down to aqueous glen,  
Leaping up to ancient crowns  
Of solid rock eroded by time — Time in years centuries, ages;  
Sits there, lies there, sprawls there and frowns.  
Frowns in cloud, when biting rain and cold winds in icy gusts  
Sweep the grey loch, lashing dark waters. Tentative thrusts  
Of sunlight pierce dark clouds of rain  
Dispersing, fading them, soon to reveal sky blue plane.  
The mountains smile, rivulets meet streams,  
Dancing, tumbling, careering down the rugged slopes,  
By still sheep, heads down in tough wet grass.  
Silence is golden, but grass is greener.

J. Oldfield

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## HUNTER'S PREY

The grass, a jungle — to the shrew  
But above the jungle a shadow crosses  
A dark evil shadow. Sinister.  
A pleasant field, a green ocean  
Plagued with one shadow —  
And a shrew.  
The birds ceased to sing.

There was an emptiness. An evil emptiness.  
The field was quiet. Silenced.  
The shadow wheeled and turned and turned again.  
The shrew oblivious, unsuspecting.  
Then the shadow narrowed but became larger.  
The shrew stood paralysed for one moment,  
A wince of pain and it was gone.  
The field returned to life.  
Except for the shrew.

A. Mattock

## TOUCH

Slimey, slithery, seaweed frames  
Rough, ragged rocks  
Gritty, abrasive sand  
and polished, painful pebbles.  
Blunt, seaworn glass  
Limp, sodden paper,  
Black, greasy, floating oil-slick,  
Smooth, plastic bottles.

Jillian Oldfield 1THWT

## SHE AND THE PIANO

She was playing the piano  
through the laughter  
She  
She was old,  
bent, torn with age and suffering  
She was waiting for death  
to creep up her wrinkled arms in day or night  
through her fingers  
playing the piano  
that would die with sorrow  
the piano crying would stop  
She alone in laughter  
beneath a tortured star.  
goodnight.

A. Thorpe

## CONSTANCY

- i. The rain  
on my window  
gives way to the rose  
risen by night.  
The lone observer  
invades  
near the bent wolf coughing blood  
onto the pale ghost, its chains  
touch the silent omnibus moon.
- ii. I watch the wooden effigy  
in soft shadows  
battle  
by the dominating steel light  
The lone observer seeks stability  
in an oblong swirling cloud.
- iii. Beneath the steel shelters tired wing  
she met the rusted street lights stare  
that burns the eyes, the lips  
as burial in white fields.

A Thorpe

## THE SEA

The lighthouse transmits its lonely message,  
To those out on the sea —  
The treacherous, tranquil sea.  
To those who would venture  
Near the jagged, juttred rocks.  
To those who, like a fly, would enter a spider's web.  
To those, oblivious of the rocky peril,  
Concealed by the ascending, descending, crashing and  
roaring sea.  
The little, rippling waves — the gentle waves—  
The ominous, mighty, magnanimous waves,  
That pound and batter, smite and smatter,  
Erode and corrode  
The rocky shores of lands,  
Until century by century, inch by inch,  
The sea advances inland  
To expand the realm of Poseidon's great and mighty domain  
Vessels — small or large,  
If captured in a tempestuous hurricane,  
Cannot evade the tenacious grip of Poseidon's minion,  
And descend to their resting-place.  
The sea continues to be tranquil and tempestuous,  
Rippling and roaring:- until the earth is no more?

Anon.

## A FLOW OF THOUGHTS

I gazed alone through a transparent stream  
A silver vein in a valley of green.  
Its silky whispers filled my mind,  
With the pattern of life of all mankind.  
The stream was a child,  
It laughed, it played,  
Over the sculptured pebbles.  
Tears of Immaturity  
Sprayed the reeds,  
In suffering the realities of life.

I strolled along its contour . . .

The stream was a river,  
Powerful, stately, mature.  
It caressed the fingers of willow.  
It glistened with love  
And whirled with excitement,  
Rewards of survival.

I blinked for a moment, then looked deeper . . .

A tiny leaf of hawthorn, a white feather  
Was captured in the perpetual flow  
And a pile of fleshy bones, a sparrow,  
Was motionless in its tomb of glass.  
These are memories of the past,  
Remnants, imprinted in dying minds.  
The river too had long-gone thoughts,  
A diary stagnant in its brain.

. . . I was drawn forward

The river was a lake, silent, lifeless, dark,  
Clenched in slimy fingers of emerald weed  
Inhabited by parasites, maggots and worms,  
That devour the body, buried and dead.  
This is the sacrifice of life.

. . . I sadly turned away

Night fell around the massive snake.  
It gleamed with the lonely moon, awake.  
It ebbed on, silhouetted with the trees,  
And quivered gently in the breeze.

Adrian Machon

## THE SORCERER

The 1975 Wath Comprehensive School production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer" will doubtless take its rightful place in the annals of School musical and dramatic history, but before committing it to those hallowed precincts, a few, as yet undimmed, memories of the production must find their way into print.

The production, enjoyable in itself, was enhanced by such items as collapsing wicker chairs, magically-endowed teapots which foamed frantically everywhere (making the stage look like the "before" picture in a detergent advert), smoke conjured up by the sorcerer and the Chemistry Department which succeeded in forming an effective smog between cast and audience, and, finally, the discovery that spray on grey for hair did not "brush out easily" as the tin claimed!

The entire cast were a very talented collection, their acting and singing talents being obvious from the first rehearsal. One only has to remember the blissful smiles of the Chorus of Girls as they serenaded the lucky Aline! This innate enthusiasm, coupled with rapid ability to learn songs "If I see you on stage again with that score there'll be trouble" — went a long way towards making the production as professional as it was.

The truly wonderful costumes that participants in this frolic had to wear were greeted with cries of ecstatic rapture. Once attired in this garb, and sporting healthy complexions (courtesy of Leichner) rustic behaviour seemed to come naturally to everybody, both on and off stage.

The production itself was highlighted by such theatrical gems as Dr. Daly (Colin Leech) riding down the hall on a bicycle whilst singing "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam" — if only clergymen really behaved that way! With reference to this incident, mention must be made of the enterprising prefect who tried to prevent him from bringing the bicycle into the hall, thinking that Colin was some sort of demented eccentric!

Although one should not single out Thespians for individual praise, Martin Happs must be congratulated on his performance as John Wellington Wells (The Sorcerer of the title) which was both competent and entertaining, whilst school members in the audience must have derived considerable pleasure from the spectacle of a rather decrepit and love-struck Mr. Bacon attempting to chase a not-so-enamoured

Miss Fareham across the stage! Praise must also go to Teresa Norman for her beautiful singing in the role of Aline (even if her costumes were held together by safety pins).

However, in a more serious vein, a great deal of hard work, time and effort went into ensuring that "The Sorcerer" was of the high standards that audiences have come to expect of Wath Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Thanks must go to Mr. Godber for his tireless energy and patience(?) as producer (he accepted his bouquet with real graciousness) and to Mrs. Senior for all her hard work as Musical Director. Finally thanks to all who helped in any way in making the show such a success.

It only remains for me to express my own enjoyment in having been part of the show, and hope that the next such production will be as entertaining and successful.

Amanda Campbell

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## GUIDE TO LANGUAGE SPOKEN BY NATIVES OF BARNSELY

- |                          |                                |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. INITOT?               | 34. EEZ GORRIZ ATOOAM          |
| 2. GIZZIT                | 35. EEEZITINTIS BURRABERRITIS  |
| 3. SUMMAT SUPPEER        | 36. SUMONEMS GORRAGERROFF      |
| 4. GERRIT ETTEN          | 37. WIV GORRA GERRUM REIGHT    |
| 5. GERARTNIT             | 38. THAMUN GERRIT LERNT        |
| 6. SUPWITHEE?            | 39. NARTHENTHEE                |
| 7. SMARRER WEEIM?        | WOTTHADOOIN?                   |
| 8. IENT GORRIT           | 40. ESTA SEENIM ONT TELLY?     |
| 9. AZEE GENITER?         | 41. THALAFER GERRANEWUN        |
| 10. GEEITUZ MESTER       | 42. EENOSE NOWT ABARTIT        |
| 11. EEZ GOOINOAM         | 43. EEZ GUNNA GERRA LORRA      |
| 12. ASTHA GORRIT REIGHT? | LOLLYFORRIT                    |
| 13. ISTHEMAMIN?          | 44. LERRA GERRONT BUS          |
| 14. ABERRITINTERS        | 45. EE DERNT PURRIZEEAD        |
| 15. PURRAMINEER          | UNDERWATTER                    |
| 16. IENT ERDNOWT         | 46. LERRUS GERRUSANDZ WESHT    |
| 17. EEEZEANTADDIT        | 47. ATELDIM BURRIWUNT LISSEN   |
| 18. INTITIN?             | 48. ASSLE CLOWTE THI IFTHA     |
| 19. MIDADZ GORRAJAG      | DUNTGIOER                      |
| 20. WEERZ GAFFER?        | 49. GERRARRY TERGITHI ANDWEEIT |
| 21. GUANGIT THIOOAN      | 50. THAWANTSTER WESHTHI        |
| 22. CANNAR LAKEWITHI?    | EEROILSAHT                     |
| 23. SHUT THI GOB         | 51. THAKAN IFTHA WANSTER       |
| 24. OWZEENO?             | 52. TANTADOWT DUNNATIT         |
| 25. AMGUIN AFORETHEE     | ASSANOSEON                     |
| 26. EEWORNT THEER        | 53. CANTHA KUMTAROUSE          |
| 27. ASTHA GORRIT WITHTY? | TERNNEET?                      |
| 28. IT DUNT MARRAR       | 54. WIV GORRAGERRUZ IMBUX      |
| 29. LERRUS GUTTAT PIX    | 55. EYUPTHEE ARSTHAGUININ?     |
| 30. ASTHAGORRATANNER?    | 56. WOTSTHATHINK THARRUPTEP?   |
| 31. LERRIM PURRIZATON    | 57. THARREIGHT THANNUS         |
| 32. OOWERREE? WURREE?    | 58. ARNTTHAGUIN TERSKOOILTHIS  |
| WEEIZEN?                 | AFT?                           |
| 33. COLFORUS ARPASTATE   | 59. THAS GORRIT RONGAGEEAN     |
| INTMORNIN                | 60. YERV GORRA WOTCHITWEEIM    |

Time allowed to complete: 20 minutes

**Below 20 correct:** You are obviously an immigrant from the South (i.e. below Sheffield).

**20-30 correct:** If you want to stay in South Yorkshire — good luck! You'll need it.

**30-40 correct:** You are a very intelligent Lancastrian indeed. (i.e. IQ above 95).

**40-50 correct:** You are obviously from Doncaster or are good at foreign languages.

**Over 50 correct:** With this sort of language you ought to brush up your English!

A. Matlock

## THE CAUSES OF HYDROPHOBIA

### — IN ONE EASY(?) LESSON

"Have I got to go?" I can distinctly remember asking my Mum this question.

"Yes, you'll enjoy it," was the reply I got.

It was the first day that I was going to the baths with the School, and not knowing what to expect, I set off to School with my swimsuit, a great big bath towel, arm-floats, lifebelt and, of course, the old faithful swimming cap which made me look like something from Mars. I reached School, after debating with myself whether or not to stay on the bus, so that I'd miss the baths session, but in the end I decided to face going to the baths.

I was seven at the time and had never been to the baths before, at least if I had I could not remember what it was like. I had always had a slight fear of water and did not know what I was letting myself in for.

I climbed onto the bus and sat next to my friend, who was chatting away to me and seemed quite happy. If only someone could have felt how I felt, I'm sure they wouldn't have made me go. That morning at School, I must have gone to the toilet ten times and my stomach was full of butterflies. I could hardly speak to anyone and my teeth chattered so much it became quite embarrassing. The baths were only one and a half miles away, yet it seemed the longest one and a half mile bus ride I had ever had.

The bus pulled up at the baths and we got out, that is to say everyone else but me, who practically fell out because of my nerves. My friend and I went into the changing rooms and immediately the heat and steam struck me in the face. In fact it was so hot that I could hardly breathe. I quickly put on my swimsuit with trembling hands and then tried to pull on my hat, which I eventually did, after a great amount of difficulty. What had happened? Had I gone deaf? I could not hear a thing, so I turned up the sides of the cap and pulled out my ears. Now you can guess what I looked like! In my nervous state I had forgotten to take off my socks and I was just ready to go down the steps when I looked down to find two little feet staring back at me clad in two grimy looking socks. I quickly pulled them off and remembered my lifebelt. Going back for that, I noticed the toilets and wondered if they'd miss me if I hid in there but I was soon spotted and sent down into the baths themselves.

At the first sight of that mass of blue water and the smell of disinfectant, my breath was taken from me and I noticed all the others sitting at the side waiting to be told to get into the water. I blew up my lifebelt and armfloats and put them on. Now I certainly did look like something from Mars, what with the cap on and all this equipment, anybody would have thought I was swimming the Channel. Then a great big man came and shouted "Right, lets 'ave yer all in!" and seeing me looking petrified continued "Quick abaht it an' tek all that tackle off thil" I quickly took it off and realising what I'd let myself in for began to cry. Then the heartless brute came up to me and shouted "Stop bawling and gerrin will yer!" I shook my head defiantly. Who was he to tell me what to do? But I got such a look from him, I walked to the steps and began to climb down into the water. When it started to come up to my waist I felt sick and scared. I felt if I asked the man nicely he might let me get out, but as soon as he saw me trying to get out he shouted "Get back in we've not done yet!" So I ventured to climb back in, never letting go of the side once. When I finally got back in the water it was up to my neck and I really was scared. My teeth were still chattering and I stood on tip-toe so as not to "drown."

Everyone else was splashing about in the water. How could they be so happy? I told my friend that I was going to get out but she just pulled me away from the side and said "Come up here, it'll go past your head and you'll be able to see under water."

"Oh let me go!" I screamed and grabbed the side. I had thought up a great plan, so I climbed out once again, only to come face to face with HIM, the attendant. I said through chattering teeth, "Please may I go to the toilet?" With no intentions of coming back.

"No, you might just forget to come back!" he said sharply and very sarcastically. So, after much persuading on his side, and even more crying on my side, I got in again.

"Now we'll play 'Ring o' Roses'," he said. The next thing I knew I was holding hands, with one hand on the side and the other linked firmly with someone else's hand. "You there! Will you let go of the side!" he shouted.

"No, I daren't!" I cried. Eventually, when everyone else started to walk round chanting 'Ring o' Ring o' Roses' my hand could no longer reach the side and I was being carried out into the middle. I panicked and broke up the circle, desperately reaching for the side. Then when we came to the end of the song, which was "All fall down", we had

to all go under the water. Everyone's head went under the water on the word "Down", everyone's except mine. I looked around and there was only my head left sticking up. I looked up, and HE glared down at me shouting, "Get yer 'ed under't' water!" So daringly I put my face on the top of the water. By now though, everyone else had emerged, so I was saved. I did not have to go under water. We did a few more things, or should I say THEY did a few more things, while I hid in the corner near the steps, clinging to the side for dear life. I daren't look up in case he saw me, when suddenly I heard him roar, "Will you, young lady, get away from the side!" And I roared back, on impulse, "NO! You can't make me and I've had enough! I'm getting out!" I really was crying now, and just as I was clambering out, the whistle went for the end of the lesson. I might have been the last in, but I was the first to get out. From that day to this I have never been able to swim.

J. Chambers

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## OLD WATHONIANS ASSOCIATION

Reviewing the year from March, 1974, perhaps the most noteworthy news was the retirement of Miss Kathleen Clark, O.W.A. Secretary for 25 years. Kathleen had given very valuable service to the Association and her loyalty and hard work will be very much missed. In recognition of her years of service, the President invited Kathleen to become the first ex-student to be made Vice-President, and this she was delighted to accept.

During January, committee members entertained Kathleen to dinner at The New Inn, in appreciation of her long service and she was also given a cut glass vase as our "thank you". It is hoped to make a further presentation later this year from the Association.

The committee have held 8 meetings and discussion has been maintained on means to stimulate further support for the Association by contacting ex-members and to recruit younger members from the current school leavers.

A Buffet Dance planned for last Easter was cancelled owing to lack of support, and a Buffet/Disco evening planned for the school leavers at the end of June suffered a similar fate. The annual Dinner/Dance was held in the School Hall in September, but support for this was disappointing. Mr. Alec Clarney was the guest speaker. The committee have decided to arrange the event at a venue away from the School this year.

It has been decided to purchase a clock for the library with the A.T.L. Gear Memorial Fund, and an order has been placed, delivery expected during the autumn. Any remaining monies are to be used for the purchase of books on local history.

At the first meeting of the current committee, E. E. (Ted) Clarke was elected Chairman, Brenda Clarke, Secretary and Josie Gomersall (nee Ellis) Treasurer. Eric Cameron had indicated that he could not continue as Treasurer owing to business commitments. Frank Cartledge, Eric Cameron and Mr. H. E. Wilkinson have been made Vice-Presidents in recognition of their sustained service to the Association.

I shall be very pleased to hear from any of the present students interested in joining the Association, together with any suggestions to promote future activities.

Brenda Clarke  
(Hon. Secretary)

## DEATHS

Dorothy Wither (nee Green)	1931-38
Stanley Lowe	1937-43

**GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, 1974  
ADVANCED LEVEL**

These figures represent passes gained in 1974 only, and do not include passes gained in previous years.

**FORM 6A**

Allen, Robert C. (4)  
Barnes, Stephen J. Q. (4)  
McMillan, Ian (1)  
Stennett, Paul M. (3)  
Sunderland, David (3)  
Taylor, Peter L. (3)  
Anthony, Jean (2)  
Biram, Melanie (3)  
Clegg, Gillian M. (3)  
Duffy, Denise A. (3)  
Evans, Dawn (2)  
Lang, Sheryl D. (2)  
Moody, H. Cathryn (3)  
Newey, Vivien E. (3)  
Silcock, Joy (3)  
Vizard, Susan M. (4)  
Walters, Alison (3)  
Williams, Diane E. (2)  
Worton, Eileen G. (3)

**FORM 6B**

Bucknell, Stephen D. (3)  
Butt, Trevor (3)  
Craven, Andrew H. (1)  
Cushing, Peter (2)  
Gant, David L. (1)  
Greening-Jackson, Philip A. (4)  
Jones, Michael (4)  
Noon, Tony (1)  
Utley, Anthony D. (4)  
Chase, Ruth M. (2)  
Dennis, Angela (2)  
Gardner, Jayne (1)  
Holmes, Marcia (3)  
Illidge, Susan M. (2)  
Maloney, Sandra E. (2)  
Oades, Maureen V. (3)  
Tayles, Janet C. (3)  
Tolley, Diane (1)  
Ward, A. Elizabeth (2)

**FORM 6C**

Cameron, Stephen T. (1)  
Hudson, Brian (1)  
Hunt, John (2)  
Sedgley, Alan (2)  
Bamforth, Alison R. (2)  
Clarke, Julie D. (1)  
Clayton, Janet (2)  
Crook, Sharon M. (1)  
Dayson, Doretta M. (3)  
Holtom, Ruth F. (4)  
Naylor, Christine (1)  
Rose, Wendy M. (2)  
Slater, Alison M. (2)  
Turnbull, Frances V. (2)

**FORM 6D**

Armstrong, Brian (3)  
Bray, Paul D. (4)  
Guest, Stephen M. (2)  
James, David (2)  
Porter, Philip (2)  
Snowdon, Leon (3)  
Valentine, David (4)

**FORM 6E**

Bailey, Christopher M. (3)  
Bell, Roger A. (1)  
Fairman, Christopher P. (4)  
Holt, Kevin S. (2)  
Sands, Kevin (4)  
Seward, Gordon J. (1)  
Lee, R. Margaret (4)

**FORM 6F**

Brown, Christopher J. (1)  
Chafen, Keith A. (3)  
Clerehugh, Paul S. (1)  
Elliss, Christopher R. (2)  
Lord, John A. (1)  
Turner, Stephen A. (2)  
Wainwright, John (1)  
Hardy, Kay P. (2)  
Lake, Patricia (2)  
Phillips, Valerie (4)

**FORM L6 TH**

Ryan, Stephen (1)

**FORM 5**

The number of passes obtained at G.C.E. 'O' Level is shown in figures, and includes passes obtained in the Fourth Form. C.S.E. subjects (other than those passed in G.C.E.) and in which a Grade I pass was awarded, are shown by an asterisk.

**FOUR OR MORE PASSES IN G.C.E. AND C.S.E. GRADE 1  
FORM 50**

Armitage, Roy (8)  
Ayrton, Paul R. (6)  
Trickett, Stephen P. (9)  
Bamford, Dawn L. (8)  
Barker, Jill (9)  
Beech, Lynne (4)  
Bywater, Freda (8)  
Dawson, Susan C. (5\*\*)  
Dutton, Janice (9)  
Earl, C. Annette (9)  
Finch, Janet E. (7)  
Foers, Diane (7\*)  
Hague, M. Jayne (9)  
Harris, Veronica R. (4)  
Hole, Janet (8)  
Jarvis, Diane E. (10)  
McGilligan, Joy E. (8)  
Norman, Teresa (10)  
Osguthorpe, Jane (6)  
Stables, Andrea M. (9)  
Stanger, Karen (9)  
Thompson, Kirstie E. (9)  
Wright, Teresa J. (9)

**FORM 51**

Coxhead, Allen J. (4)  
Merrills, Stuart (4)  
Sheridan, Mark (7)  
Smithies, David M. (5\*\*)  
Weston, Philip E. (9)  
Wingate, Clive (4)  
Anders, Jill P. (6)  
Bramhall, Nova R. (4)  
Corcoran, Janet (6)  
Finney, Kristin (6)  
McArthur, Ann D. (5)  
Milburn, Wendy (8)  
Oscroft, Zena (8)  
Rolling, Lynn (6)  
Selby, Christine (5)  
Wade, Christine E. (3\*\*)  
Wright, Julie (4)

**FORM 52**

Blacker, David J. (9)  
Capener, Michael S. (4)  
Catley, Paul A. (5)  
Hughes, John R. (4\*\*)  
Hirst, Damon (6\*)  
Machon, Adrian (6\*)  
Webster, Peter (5)  
Boot, Karen L. (7)  
Drewery, Margaret A. (4\*)  
Halifax, Julie (4\*)  
Hemingway, Margaret A. (6)  
Rawson, Julie (5)  
Smith, Ann E. (6\*)

**FORM 53**

Addy, Stephen (7)  
Coughtrie, David P. J. (7)  
Dobbs, Graham (5)  
Guest, Kevan W. (4)  
Hague, Michael (5\*)  
Oliver, Alan D. (5\*)  
Palmer, Kenneth (7)  
Pepper, John S. (3\*)  
Rawson, Gavin D. (5)  
Renshaw, David C. (8)  
Senior, John H. (7\*)  
Stead, Brian L. (5)  
Symcox, Howard P. (3\*)  
Watson, Alan (9)  
Bucknell, Lynne (4)  
Goodill, Patricia (4)  
Mower, Jacqueline P. (6\*)  
Snowdon, Carol M. (9)  
Sullivan, Karen L. (5\*)  
Ward, Elizabeth (5\*)

**FORM 54**

Barlow, Francis J. (3\*)  
Bradwell, Kevin S. (8)  
Brice, Stephen (8)  
Chapman, Carlton (5)  
Cheetham, Ian D. (5)  
Cunningham, David L. (5)  
Fawcett, Andrew (6)

Hill, Gary (8\*)  
 Hirst, Terence (9)  
 Leach, David G. (5)  
 Machon, Andrew (9)  
 Ord, Steven (7\*)  
 Pitcher, Mark S. (9)  
 Platts, Barry (3\*)  
 Smith, John (4)  
 Walker, Philip (9)  
 Yates, Ian (4\*)  
 Younge, Philip D. (6\*\*)  
 Clayton, Diane (7)  
 Emmerson, Ann (8)  
 Gladman, Theresa L. (6)  
 Greenough, Julie A. (3\*)  
 Harrison, Anne C. (6\*)  
 Illsley, Anne M. (8)  
 Jones, Lynn C. (7)  
 Sharp, Denise (5)  
 Smales, Patricia A. (8)  
 Stewardson, Karen L. (5)

**FORM 55**

Cartwright, Robert (4\*\*\*)  
 Fallon, Ian (4)  
 Mower, Howard J. (5\*)  
 Vernon, Ian R. D. (2\*\*)  
 Bell, A. Jeanette (4)  
 Eames, Gail (5)  
 Hardwick, Valerie E. (3\*\*\*)  
 Luty, Lynn (3\*)  
 Proctor, Maureen (4)  
 Thompson, Jane F. A. (3\*\*)  
 Woodruff, Dorothy A. (5)

**FORM 58**

Cook, Carol (\*\*\*\*\*)

**PRIZES AND AWARDS**

Deek's Memorial Prize for English Literature	Stephen D. Bucknell
John Ritchie Memorial Prize for Science	R. Margaret Lee
Pratt Memorial Prize	Robert Chapman
Black Memorial Prize for most distinguished contribution to School Sports	Roger A. Bell
Prendergast Memorial Prize for History	Maureen V. Oades
Dr. Saffell's Prize for Languages	Melanie Biram
Best Results at 'O' Level, 1973	
Headmaster's Prize	Stephen P. Trickett
Senior Mistress's Prize	Diane E. Jarvis
The Winifred Cooper Award, 1973-74	
The Head Boys	John Corbishley Nigel Hutchinson
The Head Girls	Rowena L. Evans Diana M. Kenworthy
Prizes in the Sheffield University Herbert Hughes Memorial Competition for Students of Spanish	Anita J. Carr Shirley A. Stevenson

## UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE ENTRANTS, 1974

Armstrong, Brian	-	-	Newcastle Polytechnic
Bailey, Christopher M.	-	-	Sheffield University
Barnes, Stephen J. Q.	-	-	Hull University
Bray, Paul D.	-	-	Leeds University
Brown, Christopher	-	-	Wolverhampton Polytechnic
Bucknell, Stephen D.	-	-	Newcastle University
Butt, Trevor	-	-	Trent Polytechnic
Cameron, Stephen	-	-	Royal Northern College of Music
Chafen, Keith A.	-	-	Trent Polytechnic
Clerehugh, Paul S.	-	-	King's College, Cambridge (Choral Exhibition)
Craven, Andrew H.	-	-	C. F. Mott College of Education
Cushing, Peter	-	-	Trent Polytechnic
Elliss, Christopher R.	-	-	York University
Gant, David L.	-	-	Hull University
Greening-Jackson, Philip A.	-	-	Sheffield Polytechnic
Guest, Stephen M.	-	-	St. John's, York, College of Education
Holt, Kevin S.	-	-	Newcastle Polytechnic
Hudson, Brian	-	-	Bradford College of Art
Hunt, John	-	-	Bradford College of Art
James, David	-	-	Sheffield Polytechnic
Jones, Michael	-	-	Warwick University
Lord, John A.	-	-	Sheffield Polytechnic
Porter, Philip	-	-	Trent Polytechnic
Sands, Kevin	-	-	Edinburgh University
Sedgley, Alan	-	-	Sheffield Polytechnic
Seward, Gordon J.	-	-	Sheffield Polytechnic
Snowdon, Leon	-	-	Loughborough University
Stennett, Paul M.	-	-	Wolverhampton Polytechnic
Sunderland, David	-	-	Essex University
Turner, Stephen A.	-	-	Sheffield Polytechnic
Utley, Anthony D.	-	-	Warwick University
Valentine, David	-	-	Essex University
Anthony, Jean	-	-	Southampton University
Bamforth, Alison R.	-	-	Wentworth Castle College of Education
Biram, Melanie	-	-	Durham University
Clarke, Julie D.	-	-	West Midlands College of Education
Clegg, Gillian M.	-	-	Berkshire College of Education
Dennis, Angela	-	-	Madeley College of Education
Duffy, Denise A.	-	-	Hatfield Polytechnic
Holmes, Marcia	-	-	Newcastle University
Holtom, Ruth F.	-	-	St. John's, York, College of Education
Illidge, Susan M.	-	-	Neville's Cross College of Education
Lake, Patricia	-	-	Darlington College of Education
Lang, Sheryl D.	-	-	Portsmouth Polytechnic
Magdziak, Maria	-	-	Doncaster College of Education
Moody, H. Cathryn	-	-	Berkshire College of Education
Newey, Vivien E.	-	-	Birmingham University
Oades, Maureen V.	-	-	Birmingham University

Osguthorpe, Jill	-	-	-	Hereford College of Education
Phillips, Valerie	-	-	-	Durham University
Roberts, Julie E.	-	-	-	Eaton Hall College of Education
Rose, Wendy M.	-	-	-	Nottingham College of Education
Silcock, Joy	-	-	-	Essex University
Slater, Alison M.	-	-	-	Sunderland College of Education
Talbot, Diane L.	-	-	-	Elizabeth Gaskell College of Education
Tayles, Janet C.	-	-	-	Chester College of Education
Vizard, Susan M.	-	-	-	Trent Polytechnic
Walters, Alison	-	-	-	Alsager College of Education
Ward, A. Elizabeth	-	-	-	Bretton Hall College of Education
Williams, Diane E.	-	-	-	Alsager College of Education
Worton E. Gillian	-	-	-	Goldsmith's College, London

## OTHER PUPILS ENTERING FULL-TIME TRAINING OR COURSES IN FURTHER EDUCATION

Allen, Neil	-	-	-	Rotherham College of Technology
Bamford, Paul	-	-	-	Shirecliffe College of Further Education
Bentley, R. R. McDermid	-	-	-	Police Cadet
Bissell, Kenneth T.	-	-	-	Army
Bramley, Keith S.	-	-	-	Mexborough College of Technology
Brown, Robert A.	-	-	-	Mexborough College of Technology
Carroll, Paul	-	-	-	Mexborough College of Technology
Dayson, J. P.	-	-	-	Granville College
Haywood, Kevin C.	-	-	-	Royal Navy
Thomas, Russell	-	-	-	Royal Navy
Wells, Gary C.	-	-	-	Police Cadet
Williams, Bryan L.	-	-	-	Royal Navy
Ashton, Susan	-	-	-	Rotherham College of Technology
Atkinson, Lynne J.	-	-	-	Nursing Cadet
Barlow, Gillian	-	-	-	Pre-nursing
Blakeley, Kathleen	-	-	-	Pre-nursing
Boyd, Kathryn L.	-	-	-	Nursing
Bramhall, Nova R.	-	-	-	Barnsley College of Technology
Burnett, Elaine	-	-	-	Pre-nursing
Clayton, Janet	-	-	-	Barnsley College of Technology
Day, Lindsay J.	-	-	-	Pre-nursing
Dayson, Doretta M.	-	-	-	Nursing
Eames, Gail	-	-	-	Thomas Rotherham 6th Form College
Finney, Kristin J.	-	-	-	Barnsley College of Technology
Grainger, Susan	-	-	-	Rotherham College of Technology
Griffiths, Jean M.	-	-	-	Barnsley College of Technology
Halifax, Julie	-	-	-	Rotherham College of Technology
Hart, Deborah E.	-	-	-	Barnsley College of Technology
Haslam, Margaret G.	-	-	-	Rotherham College of Technology
Henshaw, Barbara	-	-	-	Police
Joyce, Ann M.	-	-	-	Barnsley College of Technoiogy
Kettlewell, Rhena	-	-	-	Pre-nursing

Lea, Rosa	-	-	-	Barnsley College of Technology
Morris, Susan J.	-	-	-	Rotherham College of Technology
McCormick, Sharon	-	-	-	Barnsley College of Technology
Palanycia, Karen A.	-	-	-	Pre-nursing
Rawson, Julie	-	-	-	Thomas Rotherham 6th Form College
Rothnie, Linda A.	-	-	-	Barnsley College of Technology
White, Stephanie	-	-	-	Barnsley College of Technology
Wright, Julie	-	-	-	Rotherham College of Technology

## DEGREE SUCCESSES OF PAST STUDENTS

Beaney, Carol A.	-	-	-	B.Mus. Cardiff
Caddick, Roland	-	-	-	B.Sc. Teeside Polytechnic
Cameron, David	-	-	-	B.Sc. Nottingham
Clayton, Susan J.	-	-	-	B.A. Sheffield (now studying for B.Mus. at Sheffield)
Dalton, David I.	-	-	-	B.Sc. London (now studying for M.Sc. at E. Anglia)
Day, Janet	-	-	-	B.A. Leicester
Earnshaw, Karen	-	-	-	B.A. Newcastle
Farmery, Susan	-	-	-	B.A. Newcastle
Gray, Brian M.	-	-	-	B.Sc. York
Morley, Roger M.	-	-	-	B.Sc. Portsmouth Polytechnic
Morris, Eric	-	-	-	Ll.B. London
Moyes, (nee Croft) Anne	-	-	-	B.A. Cardiff
Nugent, Jonathan	-	-	-	B.Sc. Liverpool (now studying for Ph.D. at Cambridge)
Rich Mollie	-	-	-	B.A. Birmingham
Smith, Dr. Stuart L.	-	-	-	B.A., B.M., B.Ch. Oxford (now House Physician in a Gloucester Hospital)
Stott, Rosemary	-	-	-	B.A. Oxford
Twaite, Douglas	-	-	-	Ll.B. Birmingham
Wake, Keith	-	-	-	B.Sc. Liverpool
Ward, Francis S.	-	-	-	B.Sc. Liverpool

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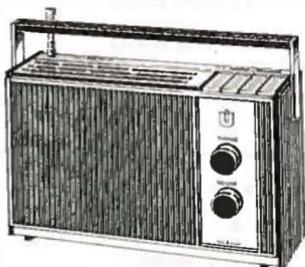
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