

The

NEW



WATHONIAN

THE NEW WATHONIAN



1984

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EDITORIAL:

At last Wath Comprehensive School's Magazine has emerged after a long time lapse, like the butterfly from the chrysalis.

Your Editors have been extremely busy, gathering material, which is of a considerably high standard this year, to produce this most excellent publication.

Editorials usually comment on some traumatic change within the schools infra-structure but none of any note have occurred this year.

Although we would like to think that this magazine has been bought for love of the establishment, this is a little hard to believe and so we have decided to give you a colourful glossy cover (designed by Melissa Goddard) and posh silky pages. As to whether this format develops or reverts to its old format depends largely on its readers and future Editors.

To produce such a superb production has meant many months of hard work by the Editing Committee, willing to put in their own time.

These efforts would be of no avail without the tolerance and excellence of the printer (Askew Design & Print, of Doncaster).

Obviously, such an awe-inspiring publication costs a little more money, but I am sure you will welcome the change!

Thanks must go to the P.T.A. and generous Advertising Sponsors for their financial support.

Thanks must also be extended to the teaching members of Staff, for their enthusiasm, the office/resources staff, particularly Teresa Sanders, for their patience and time spent in typing, to Mrs Pinto for her rent-free office and unlimited telephone bill, to Mrs Pinnock for the rent of her car and ear and finally a special thanks to Wendy's mum for her fountains of coffee and midnight oil.

THE EDITORS

P.T.A. Report

“HEY PARENT! THIS IS FOR YOU”

I don't like to talk about 'average' anything, but if you are the average kind of parent — and who isn't — then much of your criticism of today's kids is, more often than not, totally justified. It's easy to have a go at extreme fashions and strange or boorish behaviour of the modern son or daughter.

But what about parents' behaviour - yours or mine? Particularly, what about yours, Mr & Mrs Average Parent?

The children attending Wath Comprehensive have between them about 3,000 parents. How many actively give them support through the Parent Teacher Association? I will not embarrass you by quoting the tiny number, but rest assured, there aren't many.

If you are a P.T.A. supporter you'll recognise yourself instantly. If not, don't worry, it's not too late to do something about it. I hope that by now you're not put off reading further. The worst is over, please press on.

You are represented each year by a Committee of about a dozen parents whom the more cynical will label as 'do-gooders' - but they would be wrong. Those active committee members are a dedicated group of mums and dads who are prepared to put themselves out occasionally, to raise cash to benefit all our kids - and that includes yours. Money raised goes towards the cost of those special 'extras' not covered by normal school funds.

Your Committee Organises events throughout the School Year but it's always the same few parents who attend. Take our last Ceilidh Dance in February - we sold only 90 tickets and a third of those went to staff. To the 60 or so parents who came - our thanks. To those of you who stayed away - you missed a great, cheap night out and chance to help raise cash for your kids.

I'll tell you more. We had a super Christmas Dance - 200 of you turned up. We did better at the end of the year - a sell-out at almost 300 - where can you get better and cheaper New Year's Eve revelling - and locally, too, so you haven't far to go home.

The Wassail evening was also a sell-out, but other functions weren't so well supported and at our Annual General Meeting we plumbed the depths with just 30 souls turning up.

You must, by now, have a clear picture of our problem.

However, in spite of insufficient support, your P.T.A. still managed to raise almost £1500 last year, of which £926 was given to the School for the projects listed at the end of this article. In addition, we save on a regular basis, towards the cost of replacing the School's Minibus.

In addition to fund raising, parents also support certain school events, preparing and serving refreshments at Parents' Evenings, etc., and we're always looking for volunteer help. We entered a team in the Mexborough & District Cricket League and we run a weekly badminton club.

Some items of P.T.A. support last year were:—

- £200 — road fund tax and insurance for school mini-bus
- £40 — prizes and refreshments for 6-a-side soccer tournament
- £60 — towards cost of theatre trips
- £40 — towards cost of canoes
- £250 — shirts for rugby, hockey and cross country teams
- £84 — prizes for Speech Day
- £45 — tape recorder for Spanish Dept.

We look forward to seeing you at our A.G.M. next October.

Anonymous

(We only let them put this in 'cos they gave us £50 - Ed.)

School Notes

In 1983-84 our school sadly said goodbye to several of its staff.

Mrs Fairman, who left to have a baby. Miss Short who returned to further study and Mr Shaw (who we hope has recovered from the kissogram, organised by his L6 Physics set) to take up an advanced teaching position.

Also Mrs Davidson, Mrs Garbut, Mrs Brayshaw, Mr Davies and Mr Deeley, who has moved onto better things, now head of Clifton.

But happily these losses were counter-acted by the entry of many new staff: Mrs C. Bennet, Mr P. Mountain, Mr I. Dragovic, Mr K. James, Mr S. Harper, Mr P. Haynes, Mrs S. Burns, Miss J. Stevenson, Mr P. Merrleese, Mrs Broome, Mr D. J. Etheridge, Miss K. Angus, Mrs J. Bowles, Mrs P. Bingham, Miss L. Chadwick and lastly Miss J. Richardson.

Our successes on the sports field were commendable with many members from the ranks participating: Netball, Mrs Thompson; Cross Country, Mr Fleming; Hockey, Miss Ackereley etc.

The annual visit from our Canadian Rugby Friends proved beneficial and enjoyable both on and off the field. The attempt of the sixth form girls to emulate our boys Rugby team leaves a great deal to be desired; but I must say they have better legs.

Last years academic standards were very high with many pupils obtaining excellent 'O' and 'A' Level results. We wish this years candidates every success in the coming exams.

On a lighter note, congratulations must be given to all the people who participated in the production of Gilbert & Sullivan's 'PATIENCE'. The hard work and dedication which was evidently required to put on such a successful performance certainly paid off.

Finally, as 1983-84 comes to a close we must wish all the best to those pupils in the Fifth, Sixth and upper Sixth who will be leaving us to go onto further education or take up employment.

THE EDITORS



Mr SHAW'S KISSOGRAM

Photo by R. Ingram, Danum Press Agency. Tel. Doncaster 60475

Athens House Report



As no House Reports were published last year, this one will cover both this and last year.

Under the **ever athletic** leadership proposed by Mr Dunsby, Athenian competitors at last seem to be fulfilling their true potential.

This trend, though not awe inspiring, started last year with triumphs for Athens in both quiz and soccer competitions. The hat-trick of firsts should have been completed with Shaun Taylor's Oscar nominated play; but due to **the lack of expert adjudicators** it only managed to achieve second place in the annual house play performance.

The introduction of Mr James into the Athenian staff has given a welcome influx of youth into our **already established** membership.

This year, our athletes have surpassed themselves, winning both soccer and hockey competitions as well as being runners-up in the rugby and cross-country.

The swimming gala once again proved our worthiness: our strong team with it's talented members managed a magnificent fifth place.

This year's house play, due to sixth form **indecision** (and the absence of the aforementioned S. Taylor) did not reach last year's peak, but thanks to a few second years, we just sneaked in last.

On the whole though, a great couple of years for Athens.

Written by: Nick Hartley
Additional Material: John Cleese
Brett Handley
Robert Booth's pet mouse (Hitler)
Mel Smith & Griff Rhys Jones

Words between asterisks (**** ****) have been changed because we felt that leaving in the originally intended phrases would:

- (a) lower the tone of the 'Wathonian'
- (b) get us expelled
- (c) Provoke murder

Censored by Brett Handley

IMPORTANT NOTICE

From the previous report it is quite clear there have been no sporting achievements from the girls' netball teams, thus one cannot expect to hear of the senior girls netball wins, which I hasten to add have been plentiful, they have come first this year as usual and due to lack of interest taken on this subject I, as the sole female editor, have taken it upon myself to ensure these valiant girls get a mention, especially Jayne Pepper without whom these commendable wins would not have been possible. The younger teams have also made fine efforts, but it appears the lack of Mr Dunsby's presence and enthusiasm has affected them greatly (Soz Sir). Thank you for your time.

SOLE FEMALE ED.

Carthage House Report



House Captains:

Bridget Foss
Neil Pearson

Games Captains:

Jayne Williams
Steven Whitehead

The year 1983-84 has been one of mixed fortunes for Carthage. Despite valiant efforts our final position in Sports Day was only fourth. Everyone enjoyed the day, nonetheless and Mr Longley's tracksuit helped to brighten up a dull day! (it was yellow and blue for those who don't remember).

The quiz, as usual, is not turning out to be one of our most successful events, as sixth place seems to be filled once again by Carthage. Things also went wrong in the House Drama Competition when the tape recorder broke down (rumours of sabotage circulated like wild fire). However, special thanks to all the cast, but most of all to Ive (Ian Harding) for his fine solo performance! But who was Buzby?

We fared much better in the Swimming Gala, reaching third position. As has become usual now Carthage turned out a full team for the event, as it produced complete cross-country and football teams. Unfortunately Carthage only managed sixth place in both competitions.

Fortunately, not all news has been so bad. At Christmas Carthage won the new Christmas Card Competition. The senior winner was Lynne Braisby (4CMP) and the junior winner was Catherine Stuart (3CBW). Special mentions also for: Kevin Norman (L6CTN), Karl Dudhill (5CBK), Paul Smith, Martin Wusley and Stuart Edwards all of 1CSV.

Another new competition, House Sheild, was won by Angela Whitehead (12CAC), whose design will soon be seen on the new notice boards.

The girls have also done well this year as they won the Netball Cup for the first time in quite a few years, due to a fine all-round effort.

The Games Captains have put in a tremendous amount of work, coaching the junior teams during the dinner hour, with the result that the first year have had some excellent successes.

Hopefully, Carthage will re-gain the Sport Day trophy this year, urged on enthusiastically by Mr Longley. Many thanks to him and all who have taken part in any competition and may our efforts be rewarded by numerous success next year.

Finally, a joke —

What is red, canned and sails the seas? (Ans: Tomato Sloop!)

Rome House Report



Mick Brennan
Jane Cundy

Here endeth the year and here beginneth another Rome House Report. This year as your Rome House Captains we have the somewhat dubious pleasure of being this year's scribes for Rome. The years House Results have been on the whole far better than last years disastrous ones.

As regards the sporting activities we did very well considering that on many occasions our teams were not at full strength. This was particularly noticeable at Sports Day when we had our team competing in the maximum number of events allowed. Nicola Stone without doubt saved the day when she participated in all the throwing events when she had only prepared for the Discus!

In the Swimming Gala injury hampered the team and it got to such a point that certain sixth formers (Michelle West and Andrew Bird to name but a few) ended up competing when they had really come to watch.

In the Inter-House Football we finished overall 2nd and in the House Rugby Competition despite the formidable talents of Oxer, Battersby and Pepper (who plays for Yorkshire) we unfortunately finished second. However, we have it on good account that as a whole the games were exceptionally well played and that the senior teams (which consisted of mainly sixth formers) all were white-limbed because their legs had never been exposed to the elements since the 3rd form and generally it looked like a geriatric's outing with them coughing and wheezing everywhere.

With the Cross-Country we had, as usual, difficulties in 'rustling' up a team (if that's what you could have called it). We actually did very well - with the combined athletic talents of our two brave, 'ne'er say die' House Games Captains Andrew Bird and Kay Wild 'Woman' Smith we came an impressive FIRST! As regards the positions that these two fearless creatures ended up, well that's another story, but Kay (the athletic drinker) came very near to the top; whereas Bird crawled around the course on his hands and knees claiming he was looking for his contact lens. Nevertheless, Andrew's finishing position is not worth noting (seven from the last).

On Sports Day your dedicated House/Games Captains and our leader 'Sherpa' Evans proved to be great stalwarts. Amidst the sweltering heat we dashed about the field 'scrounging' shirts, tops, trainers, ice-creams and liquid refreshment for our exhausted team. Our efforts were rewarded with an excellent second place. I haven't received the results of the Netball Competition yet because we haven't finished it; but I have it on good authority from Jane Cundy that we're 'doing o.k.'.

We won't really dwell on the Christmas Card Competition because we came 5th. However, don't underestimate the artistic talents of the Romans for there lurks in our ranks two young ladies called Joanne Edge and Kelly Usher who won the House Shield Competition.

Finally, we mustn't forget our splendid House victory in the Drama Competition. Mick, who wrote and produced the play says he had 'great fun' in the weeks spent rehearsing for the big day. Without any doubts the play would not have been possible had it not been for the time and effort spent by the cast in rehearsing the play. Of course there were problems; Mick shouted very rarely, but when he did the earth shook; Jane Cundy's 'chest' kept slipping down round her knees and in the 'love-scene' with big John Dugdale she nearly crushed the poor boy to death. to death.

We would all like to say that we've had some good times serving the House in the capacity of House and Games Captains, and we would like to say a big 'thank-you' to Ms Evans for 'being great' with us and to all those people who have participated and helped put Rome House into the fore-front of House-activities.

MICK, JANE, ANDREW & KAY

Sparta House Report



The ancient script which makes War and Peace look like a note to the milkman.

I would like to quash the rumour that Sparta lose at everything, we don't, just most things. At the beginning of the year we began well with brilliant performances by the 1st and 2nd Year Cross-Country teams who gained 2nd and 1st places respectively, and overall came 4th.

In the football, the 1st and 3rd/4th year teams came in the usual 6th place, the second years were again unstoppable and when we finally explained the rules to our 5th/6th form teams we managed 3rd place.

One of our best positions this year was the girls hockey, where both the 2nd year (who I'm sure can't really be from Sparta, they win too often) and the 5th year team came second. The 3rd and 4th year teams came 5th and the 1st year came last, but we still came 3rd equal overall.

In the drama competition we only came fourth in spite of some natural acting from Lee Poole and Quentin and the £25 donation to the judges. Overall the cast were superb, the script Oscar deserving and the director (me) was awesome, but we must allow the other houses to win something (hem! hem!).

Now to the house rugby. Despite desperate attempts by the 3rd and 4th years not to turn out a team, we still only managed to get as low as 4th. This could have been due to the fact that the second years wiped the floor with all the opposition, (those second years are ruining our aggregate 6th place). The 5th/6th form team also managed 1st place due to some shrewd training from Hitler the hamster (see also Athens report) or could it have been the fact that Martin Yates kept putting the ball down at the opponents end? I must mention the 1st year team who despite coming last only had 7 players, who really gave 100%, but who against full teams stood no chance.

In the netball competition the 1st years came 3rd and 5th and 6th form teams came 5th, but again the intrepid 2nd years came equal first. Sorry about the short write up about netball, it is due to the lack of information, not like the Athens lack of netball results.

In the annual bath we just managed to pip Athens to the 6th place, again thanks to the 3rd and 4th years who decided it was too much for them to actually turn up for the gala, it being directly after school and all. It was not the fact that we came last in the gala that disappointed everyone concerned, it was more the fact that we had no chance at all of anything else with only a three quarters turn out.

Next we come to the quiz; surely if we can't win the physical competitions we should have no hassle in the winning of the mental competition! Not quite so, even with a fair amount of practical cheating by Isabel Wade our sixth form competitor, we could still only manage to get fifth place and horror of horrors, we drew with Carthage to get a point in the competition.

Lastly, well almost we come to the competition which a member of Sparta won - What? I hear you say, everyone in Sparta is useless, not quite true. Claire Swift from, yes you guessed it, the second year won the House Shield Competition.

Finally, I leave you with one thought, if these damn second years are so good, we should be able to turn out a 3rd and 4th year team next year, well maybe.

ROBERTHUM BOOTH
(edited by Hitler the Hamster)

Thebes House Report



Chairperson: Mrs Shaw

Captains: Debbie Smith

Andrea Cornwall

Duncan Barraclough

Sir Nigel Wells, MBE, VC, GCE, PhD, MA (Cantab)

It would be unfair not to begin with a mention of the tremendous efforts of all House members on Sports Day. In the absence of Mrs Shaw - who was elsewhere pondering the prospect of dirty nappies (I always thought she looked better in trousers) - command was taken by the charismatic Mr Lewin. His sure-footed guidance and the tireless efforts of the Captains and other mus to locate our ever-willing competitors, capped, of course, by their fine performances, led to us coasting to a close second place.

It did the old heart good when, after the Summer holidays flitted by, House Assembly produced a plethora of new, fresh, enthusiastic faces. Well, to tell the truth, it wasn't so much this that warmed the cockles of the heart but knowing what was going to hit them in a few weeks; yes, that old favourite the Cross-Country. However, our overall performance in this event was, to say the least, mediocre, although we carved a superb result in the Seniors, where Andrea Cornwall was placed second and out of 60 runners the senior boys all finished in the first 21 (guess who was 21st, folks!). Despite this final defiance all we got from that event was 5th place and a lot of cold cockles.

And so to Christmas (said he, quickly glossing over our 5th in the football and 3rd in the hockey). The rafters of the hall rang with wild whoops of mad, uncontrollable indifference as the curtains opened on our blockbusting production of 'Cinderella'. Tremendous performances by most of the cast were marred only by a lack of co-ordination between Andrew 'my kingdom for a script' Paver and the curtain operator, which delayed the dynamic Ball scene. When the dancing finally began, to 'Prince Charming', our skill and class conjured up a fine display which we were ADAMANT (get it?) should have given us first place.

The artistic side of the House also came under the spotlight in the Christmas card competition, where we finished second on the number of entries. At the same time, designs for the House Shield came flooding in. The eventual winner was Andrew Pollard, whose design will be hewn from native Yorkshire Desk Tops to form part of the new House Notice Board.

For many years now our goal in Thebes has been to quest for the Olympian ideal; to promote taking part in events as being far more important than winning; to fight fair and take defeat with good grace; to get up from the mud, though bloodied from battle, with a determined grin and fight on. But we got a bit sick of that, and seeing as none of the other Houses decided to join our Stand we pasted the lot of 'em in the Swimming Gala.

After such a show of force we might have expected great things in the Rugby. But horror! In the Seniors' first matches our opponents got walk-overs, and even though Mrs Shaw did find a way of laying the blame on another House Leader this did not alter the fact that our very good Senior team found themselves playing for 5th or 6th place the following week. Due to absences, it was even necessary to draft in a couple of U6th (one tall hairy one and one short hairy one) to swell the ranks. Nevertheless, our solid performance against a weekend Carthage side brought us a convincing win, 18-0.

And so, as our year of office draws to a close, all that remains is to wish the new Captains all the best and to hope that they get the kind of support that we have had (available in all sizes from Teachers and other good stores); to have one more dig at certain people who have not pulled their weight (viz. Master Gwynette); and to hope that this year's results, though by no means dazzling, will serve as a solid base for future triumph.

Troy House Report



House Chairman: Mr Goodman

House Captain: Andrew Clow

Games Captains: Jane Ufton, John Payne

This year 1983-84 has been a year of mixed fortunes for Troy. We have worked conscientiously in all fields, and there has been no lack of enthusiasm.

We have performed commendably in Athletic pursuits. We have notched up two first places, our main event being Sports Day and the other Rugby. Our other sporting activities have brought us many good results, 2nd in the Netball and Swimming, 3rd in Hockey, football and Cross Country.

On our academic side we continued to produce excellent results, pipped to the post by Athens in the annual House Quiz, due to the greater number of correct answers produced by Athens throughout the whole competition. We therefore accepted a well deserved 2nd.

We obtained 3rd place in the newly introduced House Christmas Card Competition.

Again Troy excelled in the drama section sadly not achieving the number one spot as the 'Kids of Fame' are used to.

Let us hope that Troy will go from strength to strength, until our achievements match our enthusiasm.

PANNA

PATIENCE

Two months of practicing for Patience culminated on April 4th, 5th and 6th. Although very nerve racking, and very hard work for all the cast, Art staff, Mrs Moore and not the least for Mrs Senior, the director, music advisor, producer, chief 'reprimander', and the ONLY boss! (which she used to remind us as we tried our hand in producing, to sidetrack Mrs 'S' as we'd forgotten our words!) still no one forgot them on the night and everyone thoroughly enjoyed taking part. The photograph shows Duncan Barraclough, Lee Poole and Bruce Crooks making a fool of themselves in Act II of Patience, in their hilarious trio.



Left to right:
Duncan Barraclough
Lee Poole
Bruce Crooks

The Haunted Arcade

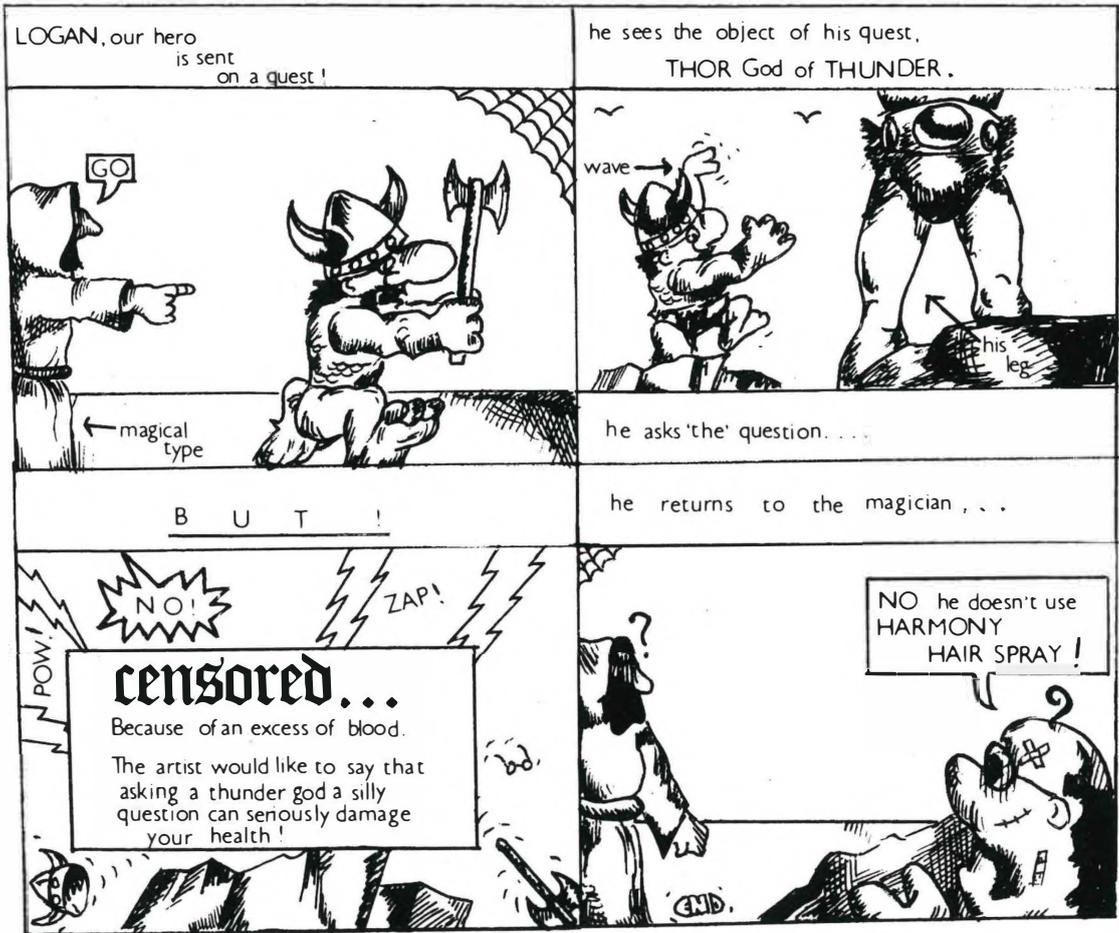
The arcade lay quiet in the dead of night
 A bleeping noise sounded, and out beamed a light.
 The ghost glided smoothly to an electronic machine
 A laser base fired - did an alien scream?

The evil ghost gave a hushed cackle of joy
 As it gleefully played its electronic toy
 The mounting score rises to ten thousand and ten
 The ghost figure pushed firing buttons again.

It finally tired of the cosmic space game
 And the power cut off as though it were lame
 After playing all night till the dawning of day
 From the bomb blasted massacre the ghost drifted away.

LOGAN THE BARBARIAN MEETS THOR

By the Scribe! (Andronicus)

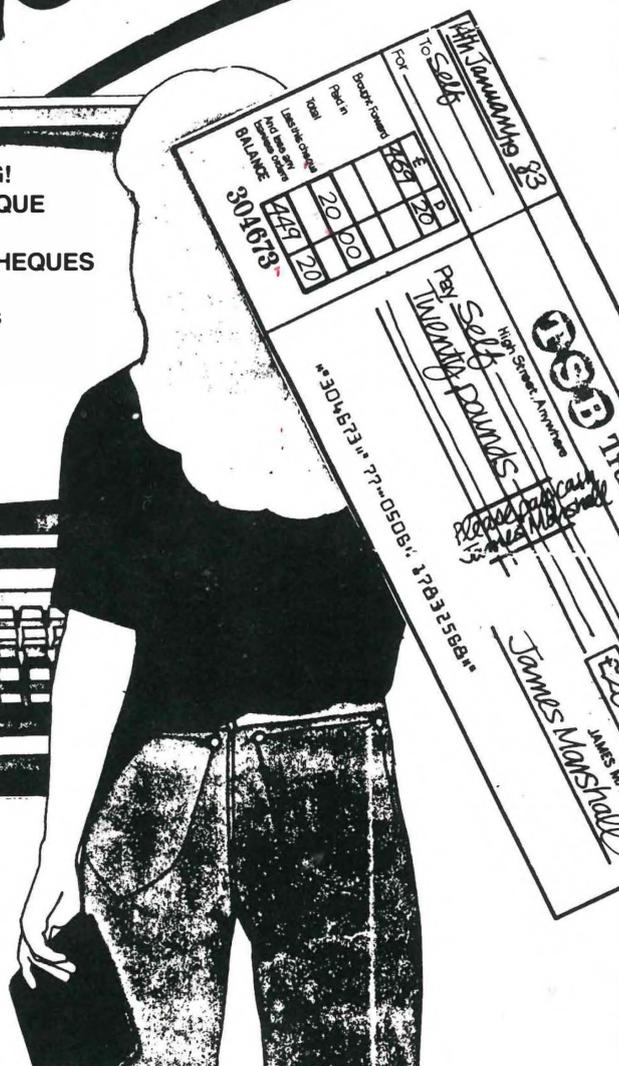




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U P M Q W E T W P F U T B S I S E N E G
S L A D E A S R R Y S X M F O J H G C L
I K R Z B T R O C U L T U R E C L U B Y
C M I O D L C D K C U B D C K B L A C T
A T L A S O D S J U V Q W A X A Y C Z R
L D Y E R A L T Q O P T O N F R O R N O
Y U N R I F J E N K N H U I L R L O M F
O R P U G H G W L D F E Q H E Y O L D B
U A W C A W H A M T B P S C B M C A O U
T N A E C S Y R W I C O U G X A U N F R
H D E H Z H X T D N W L T D V N N D J S
L U F T N A M A D A F I A L C I G R O P
M R I X L K P X C T B C T X E L W A E C
O A V A N Y O D T U S E S T G O X T F D
A N K J T O R N S R Z B Y A S W Q P A U
B I L L Y J O E L N W L M S U U V T G S
B K V I H L N C O E E O T B D W S C I T
A Z T E C C A M E R A P A U L Y O U N G

Abba
Adam Ant
Aztec Camera
Barry Manilow
Billy Joel
Bonnie Tyler
China Crisis
Culture Club
Duran Duran

Genesis
Howard Jones
Joe Fagin
Marilyn
Meatloaf
Musical Youth
Paul Young
Rod Stewart
Roland Rat

Shaky
Slade
Status Quo
The Cure
The Police
Thompson Twins
Tina Turner
UB Forty
Wham

By **LYNN IRELAND** and **TRACY McGOWAN**

Chips

I love chips for breakfast
I love chips for lunch
And when it's time for supper
Chips are the food I munch
There's nothing that can beat them
They're absolutely great
There's only one small problem
Chips make you overweight

My Conker

My conker is a smasher
The very finest basher
It's tough as tough can be
In fact a lot like me
It may be as hard as lead
But not as hard as your head

My Frog

Here's my good friend Ferdinand
The finest froggy in the land
Toads and ferrets you can keep
You should see this froggy leap.
This frog of mine can really hop
He's jumped two feet into my pop

Hello

Knock, knock, knock, at my door
Knocking stops, silence once more
Well, I wonder, who could it be
Through the door I cannot see
My old aunty Mable maybe
Or mum coming round to make my tea
My next door neighbour with a favour to ask
Something like shopping for her,
an awful task.
Perhaps I ought to leave the door
I could go and watch the telly once more
I'm in danger if it's a mad man
Could be perhaps one of my fans
Someone with some flowers for me
Oh . . . shall I open the door and see?
All this wondering's getting to me
Ah well it's now or never
I can't keep my door shut forever.
. . . Yes, just as I feared
With all this waiting
Whoever it was has disappeared.

SARA L. FAIRMAN, Form 30

The Show Off

The show off is a proper swat
He makes us look so dim
But when the show off laughed at us
The last laugh was on him

A Special Pup

I didn't want to leave my mum
It was warm and cosy there
She used to nibble at my ear
I used to pull her hair.

But then they took me right away
From all I'd ever known
It hurt to say goodbye to mum
I felt so all alone.

They took me riding in a car
It made me feel quite sick
I wished that I was back with mum
I missed my brother, Mick

The house was nice I must confess
They had a garden too
I had a slipper for my bed
And lots of playthings too.

I cried a bit the first two nights
But they were very kind
And when I made some bad mistakes
They didn't seem to mind

I missed my mum much less each day
My life was full of fun
They gave me lots of little treats
And called me their best chum.

I'm happy now in my new home
I drink from my own cup
They love me more than words can say
Cos I'm their special pup.

LISA CANT, Form 19

My Holiday in Jamaica

On the 26th November, 1982 we went to Jamaica. The plane flight took fourteen hours including two stops in Bermuda and Nassau. We landed in Kingston at 10 o'clock Jamaican time and went to collect our baggage. We felt so hot in our winter clothes as we got off the plane and into the warm, dark night.

We travelled by taxi through the Shanty towns of Kingston, loud reggae music filled the air and hundreds of black people were standing at bars drinking rum. We travelled up into the blue mountains where it was cooler and spent our first night at a very quiet hotel overlooking the town of Kingston.

Next day we travelled to Ocho Rias, which is on the Caribbean Coast, it was a fascinating journey. We travelled through banana plantations, coconut groves and citrus orchards, always travelling on a very bumpy narrow road. The most spectacular part of Ocho Rias is the Dunn's river falls. A huge waterfall 600 feet high crashed over the rocks and into the sea. We climbed the waterfall with the help of a guide. The rocks were smooth but not slippery and the water was so cold it made us shriek and scream. At one point I dived under the waterfall into a cave behind the water. It was amazing to see all the water tumbling in front of me without my getting wet. Higher up the waterfall I rolled sideways off a large flat rock and fell into a deep pool below. I was sorry when we had finished climbing as it had been good fun.

During our holiday we travelled 60 miles along the coast of Port Antonio. There were not many tourists here and the Jamaican people were very friendly and helpful. We drove up to the top of Rio Grande which was Jamaica's largest river. We clambered onto a tiny raft to sail down to the sea. The river was very brown and swollen because of heavy rain the previous night. In some places the river was so swollen we almost bumped on the rock but on others the rafters pole couldn't touch the bottom. The river flowed between high hills covered in palm trees and thick green vegetation. We stopped at a craft stall on the river bank and the Jamaican craftsman toasted us a piece of breadfruit on an open fire while we looked at his stall.

The Caribbean sea is so clear that you can see the fish in the water but on the shoreline they are only small ones so I went deep sea fishing. Half an hour after I had cast in my line pulled. I lifted up my rod, the fish was fighting hard but the boat man helped me to pull it in. It was a 20 pound Barracuda, the biggest fish I had ever caught.

During our stay we made friends with a Jamaican farmer. We spent a busy day at his farm picking oranges and limes, cutting pineapples and picking ackees. Ackees are the Jamaican's national fruit. They grow tall trees and they have a red outer shell which is not eaten and a white middle which looks like a chestnut. That night mum made Jamaica's national dish, 'Codfish and Ackee' for tea and it was delicious.

Christopher Columbus first discovered Jamaica in 1492 when he landed at Discovery bay. The island has many places of interest, such as the Green Grotto caves where Aramack Indians and pirates used to live, and Runaway bay where the slaves tried to escape. Every day we spent in Jamaica was full of fun and adventure and one day I hope to return.

JOHN PEARSON, 1SCA

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Girls Rugby Report



THE TEAMS

STRIPES

J. Barker
P. Hermoso
D. Tickle
M. Buxton
W. Fairman
M. Vernon
L. Anderson
H. Swift
S. Raybold
S. Fairman
L. Evans
C. Lacey
S. Palmer
V. Ryllett
J. Lambert

REDS

A. White
D. Smith
S. South
J. Williams
A. Chappell
E. Mcaughlin
J. Ufton
M. Speight
K. Owens
F. Campbell
J. Gascoyne
J. Pepper
N. Speight
J. Brooksbank
J. Tuke

THE RUGBY GAME OF THE SEASON

(though not quite as exciting as
The Canadians).

Well, someone had to attempt to write an account of the Girl's Rugby Match, and I drew the shortest straw, so here it is . . .

Many years ago in a certain General Studies lesson, Bram-the-Ram (a red-headed Sports teacher) accused us super hard females of being pathetic/untough/too dainty/soppy and generally of no use at all (except as a companion when one gets the urge). So began the revolt of the undesirables (no offence girls, honest).



Thus began the rounding up of the teams, Anne White's team had about 20 females wanting to play for them but Sheep Fairman had only 8. As there are supposed to be 15 persons (no discrimination here folks) in one team the sides were slightly unbalanced, something drastic had to be done, Anne was throwing them out of her team, and Wendy was doing her best to throw them in. Gentle persuasion, you understand ("Go on, I'll buy you a drink down at the Holy Watering place, if you're going to the evening service). Finally the teams were sorted out, and though some swapping over from one team to the other was permitted, it proved to be the worse decision of all time. For, one team, Anne's were all as butch and tough as Ten Men's Hit Mob. Alas, the other team closely resembled the Royal Ballet Company (without the tu-tu's).

Hectic practices followed with each team trying to bribe a member of staff (or any person who knew anything about Rugby at all) into coaching them. The VI form boys were quite intrigued by this game (they were wondering if their shirts would be exchanged at the end of the game) various attempts were made to try and spy on the team's practices and tactics, and it soon became clear that this game would be used to settle any long-standing feuds between a few individuals.

The boys were out in full glory (the first time the common room has been totally empty since Uncle Bob started checking up on General Studies lessons).

And so, the kick off (Sheeps can kick quite hard you know, when they try). What followed until the full-time whistle can only be described as mad panic and an all-in mass scrap. Pushes, kicks, bites etc., were inflicted on fellow students in order to try and reach the ultimate (rather like the January Sales). Injuries of course, were bravely ignored until the end of the match when one could crawl, limp and moan to ones content for the next two days. Amazing how none of these terribly painful injuries weren't visible during the match. "The Reds" were winning quickly, and there was a fantastic try attempted, but unfortunately forgetting the rules (as they often did) the ball wasn't held down over the line and several trys were disqualified. I would like to quash any rumours that "The Stripes" ignored any rules, they didn't know them in the first place! The Coach was viciously reprimanded for teaching them to play without any rules.

The game progressed into a frenzy by the second-half and "The Stripes" coach had to be removed by "The Reds" coach(es) from the middle of the pitch where he was getting so desperate about the state of his wonderful team.

Right, now is the time to mention names. I could list all the players, but I won't, I'll mention just a few valiant attempts by the famous Mandy Buxton. Yes, she was the one who stopped Alison Chappell (commonly known to those in the trade as "The Mincer"). What a tackle! Mandy was hanging on for dear life while Alison kept on running. Finally, Alison came down and Mandy got up amidst cheers and jublations, and she calmly re-adjusted her neat little pony tail while Alison picked herself up.

The Scrums were unfairly balanced. The "Stripes" front line fast became the bottom line, and amidst all the fallen bodies, while the backs were running off with the ball, sat Joanne Barker, flumoxed and utterly deflated. Sheep Fairman was caught in a valiant attempt to bring a running tackle to a halt. As she lay there on the floor, eating grass, she heard the cheers for the try go up and dismally stated, "Well, blow me!"

The smallest member of the teams, Paula Hermoso emerged unruffled out of a scrum with the ball. She had a clear run in front of her and faced with the rather robust Judith Gascoyne, she started off on her epic run with the ball tightly held to her chest. She got about 5 yards and suddenly everything was quiet and she wondered why there was no encouragement from her fellow team members, alas poor Paula, I knew her well, she was running the wrong way.

Despite Melissa's ferocious attacks and Shaz's comforting attitude ("come on lasses, we can do it! Get in there!") and another persons vicious attitude ("get their eyes! bite 'em! punch 'em! when you feel like a great big fight!") The "Reds" were the victors and the gallant "Stripes" graciously accepted defeat."

We'll thrash 'em next time.

ANON (and I mean Anon)

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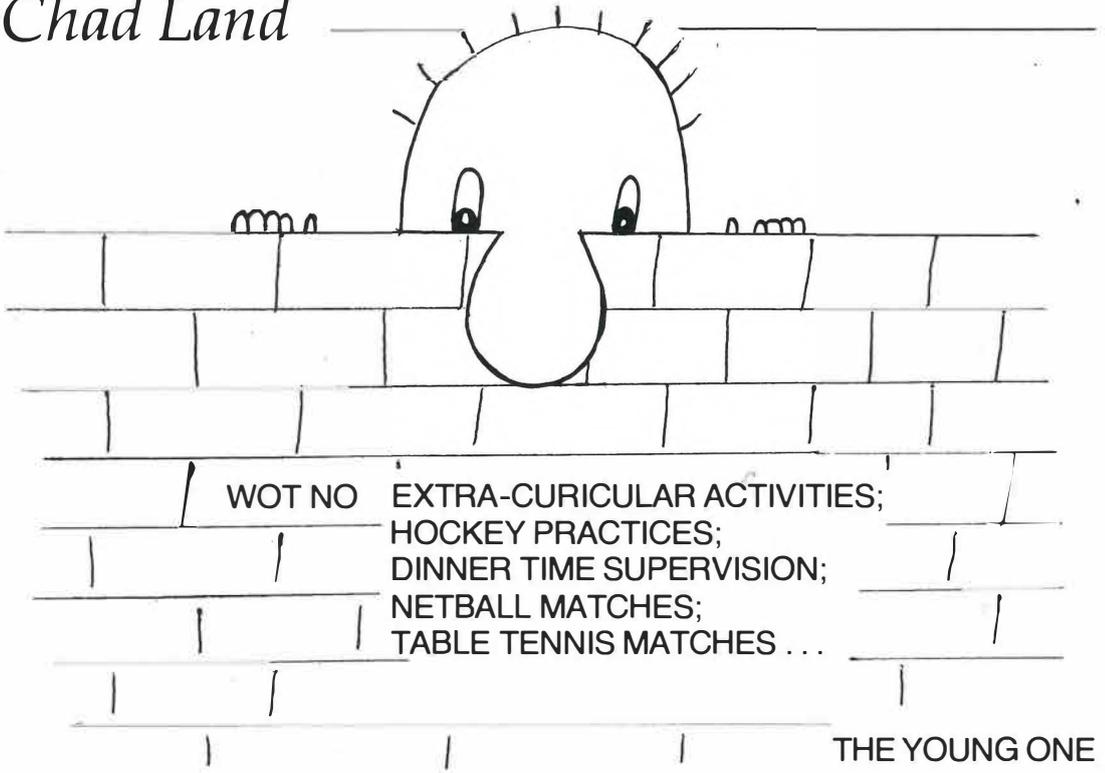
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A Spike of Green

When I went out
The sun was hot
It shone upon
My flower pot
And there I saw
A spike of green
That no one else
Had ever seen!
On other days
The things I see
Are mostly old
Except for me.
But this green spike
So new and small
Had never yet
Been seen at all!

DEBBIE LAMBERT,
Form 19

Chad Land



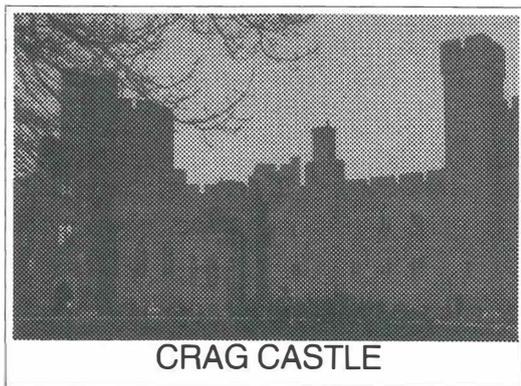
THE YOUNG ONE

Treasure Trap Report

“... They finally crawled out of the long tunnel, Mark first as always. They were in a large room lit by fires burning in an altar to one side. Against one wall was a hideous bloated creature swelling and deflating, squirting terrible ooze around it. A single shaky tendril curled from it below a gapping maw filling with sharp teeth. Further down the wall was a wooden door, and daylight could be seen from under it.

“We’re nearly out’, said Mark, as everyone else climbed out of the tunnel brushing off the muck from their clothes. The Creature suddenly seemed to notice them and gurgled hungrily. The tendril lashed out and one of the party fell crying out as the tendril locked around his leg and began to pull him towards the mouth. Despite all their efforts the tendril could not be severed with their swords and the victim was pulled into the jaws and his legs bitten clean off. He lay in agony, but the creature knew he could do nothing and left him for later. Mark approached it sword drawn but its pores sprayed a spurt of acid at him and he withdrew. Once more the tendril lashed out, and caught Randel around the leg. Mark and Jerry attacked the monster as Andrew and the others tried desperately to free Randel - but to no avail, and his legs were clawed by the hideous beast.

“Spread out, around the walls, it might not be able to reach us”, cried Mark, but once more the monster, mad with bloodlust caught a hapless victim and dragged him. “Our only chance,” said Zem, badly wounded from the fight, “is to charge it, all at once and just cut it to pieces,” at that moment the tendril grabbed Tessa’s leg and dragged her slowly towards it. “Now,” shouted Mark and they charged in. Acid sprayed and Mark’s armour collapsed around him as the links were burned through, but finally, as Tessa was about to be eaten the creature spewed out blood and died. They untied Tessa and caught their breath. “We search this other thing,” said Andrea, as Mark went over to Randel and the others, “there isn’t a lot we can do for you, but you just wait here, and I promise we’ll come back for you, o.k. . . !”



It would be hard for most people to believe all that is written above actually happened on the Saturday before last Easter, but then most people hadn’t been to Crag Castle. Crag Castle is the home of Treasure Trap, and is situated on a hillside in Cheshire. Treasure Trap is an organisation which hopes to bring the Fantasy games such as Dungeons and Dragons and Runequest to life, when brave adventurers go into the dungeons to fight evil monsters which lurk there, usually as a quest for some object or damsel in distress. Magic is used at the castle, too, although in some cases it is hard to create physically, but when you’re faced with a hoard

of Orcs you don’t care if you’re Fireball looks like a Fireball, as long as you kill them - needless to say not all brave and good adventurers are brave or good and many are just after the treasure and prepared to kill their friends for it. Adventures come in four basic types. The Guardians (Mark and Jerry in the above example) are the protectors of the group and fight monsters. Lorewardens (Andrea, Tessa and Randel) cure the wounds in the party using miracles. Scouts (Zem) go ahead of the party finding out what is there, diffuse traps and other dangerous jobs. Elementalists are the creators of spells and the above party had none - a reason for their eventual massacre.

An adventure begins with you meeting the people you are going to adventure with and sitting in the tavern for ale and hamburgers. Then you are approached by someone who wants a job doing who offers you money and information about the quest. In the above example a man staggered into the tavern and collapsed dead before them with a mysterious treasure map in his hand. Then you go to the entrance and your adventure begins.

Adventuring is not all you do - someone has to be the monsters and often it can be more enjoyable than the adventure. Then there are the odd fights in the tavern, for instance when one of the Good Paladins meets a member of the Brotherhood of the Unholy Bloodbath. There are many groups such as these, called guilds, who lend armour and money to its members in exchange for a small fee. These range from the huge Asguardian Fighting Gould (for Guardians) and the Circle of Balance (Lorewardens) with over 100 members each, down to the White Elementalists whose membership is the grand total of five.



A Heroic Adventurer poses in front of the Main Dorn

Before people rush out to the castle it should be noted that two things may put people off, the cost and the castle itself. As can be seen in the photograph sleeping in a bag on the floor either in the big and cold main dormitory next to the tavern (where killing and murders go on all night) or the row of smaller dormitories complete with mice and moths. There are now three working toilets (amazing!) and Molly (that's the general dogsbody) has fixed in some showers! But that's all the good points. It's cold, draughty and noisy, as well as being dirty though crawling around and being hit (weapons of foam carry dye which comes off as blood). Before joining a person must do a basic adventure costing £10 (!!!), membership is then another £40 (!!!) (it's gone up since I joined) and dungeons are £5 each (!!!) nights are £1 and food ranges from 40p to a pound for a quick greasy meal - we bring our own food. The dungeons, the atmosphere and the **interesting people** rule out these bad points for me, but they might not for everybody.

If anyone is interested in the castle, see me, John Wade or Bob Booth (L6). We have a collection of photos, weapons, leaflets etc. which we can show. Age of members vary between 11 and 40 with most between 15 and 20 - there are over 1700 members.

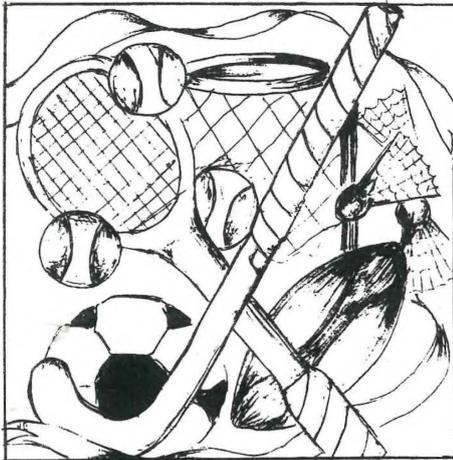
To return to our strong (ha) and brave (ha) bunch of explorers: Having plundered the tomb, they were looking for Tessa and another Guardian who are pulled apart by some mummies. Vickers, a guardian, has been permanently blinded and so only he, Mark, Andrea, Zem ad Jerry are left.

"It's back up these stairs and along the battlements and into that creatures room, then we can get out along the tunnel," said Mark leading them on. They reached the battlements and found Vickers on the stairs, the party attacked. Their enemies were strong and seemed to be little damaged by the sword cuts they took. Mark as usual had pressed far into the room and too late did he see the other three turning and running. All the enemy now turned on him.

"No, come back you . . . !" and he collapsed under their weapons. Andrew, Zem and Jerry turned back having realised that they had left the treasure in the room, "Hell" said Andrew (well actually it was stronger than that). The three figures returned to the doorway and one came forward. "I challenge you," he pointed at Jerry, "to single combat." "Oh . . . , do I have a choice." Finally, Jerry was urged to accept and he came forward. The fight went on a long time, but finally the enemy crashed down but he had wounded Jerry badly. The other two stood in the doorway still. "Right! Now charge!" and Zem who, despite bad wounds and only being a scout, was brave. They rushed in and felled the remaining enemy easily, but Jerry finally died in the combat. Zem's right arm was severed off and blood gushed out. "You've only got 10 minutes to live, we may make it out," said Andrew pulling him along the tunnel and down the stairs they had come through. As they crawled into the sunlight Zem suddenly collapsed dead to the ground. Andrew sighed and took all the treasure he was carrying . . . it would be a long walk back to the tavern alone . . . Back on the stairs Vickers sat patiently "Hello, hello, are you still there . . . ?"

THE END

RORY O'DONNELL, L6STP



SPORT

A Brief History of Rugby at Wath Comprehensive

Wath-upon-Dearne Grammar School played its first school match in 1926, being one of the first schools in South Yorkshire to play the game. It was not until 1931 that Wath joined the rugby football Union, therefore we celebrated our 'jubilee' in 1981 as you may well know by special ties and pullovers.

Like most other schools fifty years ago, only the 1st 15 and the U15 teams represented the school. Great efforts were spent teaching basic skills, there was keen enthusiasm from many 11-year-old boys for this 'new game'. House matches were played on Saturday mornings at junior and senior level up to 1939. Most away matches were full day outings, sometimes by train. All this led to the building of good standards and traditions, not only at school but also throughout the county.

Naturally, the war affected rugby, as it did most things, but still the persistence was there to play the game. Local club teams became the opposition. Service teams from the Army stationed at Wentworth, Air Force teams from Doncaster were played, all in good spirit for the 'war effort'.

Since the war, great efforts have been made within the school and in 1948 D. Lightley gained the first Yorkshire cap. At the same time the school gave help to those schools who were just starting to play. Nevertheless our reputation began to spread and the school could be relied on to give a good account on the field. And in 1969 T. Roberts went on to win an England cap.

In the past five years, we have tried to play the festival game of 7-a-side and have won no fewer than 22 or so trophies.

Several tours took place in 1977, 1978, 1979 and 1980 to various places in the British Isles.

Our first overseas tour was to France in 1971 and the next major tour after this was to Canada in 1981. The team's visited various places and played the following teams:—

DOWNSVIEW
OAKVILLE TRAFALGAR
VICTORIA PARK
ONTARIO
WOBBURN

They left Canada, after inviting each of the Schools to come over to England and play us again, and as you well know, some of them have.

PROPS ARE WEANED ON BINNS REAL BREAD



Back row (left to right): Croft, Fleming-Smith, Yates, Ward, Strecker, South, Taylor, Senior
Front row (left to right): Careless, Oxer, Battersby, Rowland, G. Brammer (P.E.), Ackerley, Pepper

Cross Country Report

SEPTEMBER, 1983-84

- A. ROTHERHAM LEAGUE 1st Year boys ALL
 1st Year girls LEAGUE
 2nd year boys CHAMPIONS
 Inter girls
- 1st Year boys ROTHERHAM LEAGUE 1st SHAUN HOWITT
Inter girls ROTHERHAM LEAGUE 1st BEVERLEY HIRST
2nd Year boys ROTHERHAM LEAGUE 1st STEPHEN DAY
- B. MILK SCHOOLS CROSS COUNTRY, NATIONAL FINAL
Junior girls 9th
- C. ROTHERHAM CHAMPIONSHIPS
Junior girls 3rd
- D. SOUTH YORKSHIRE CHAMPIONSHIPS
Junior girls 2nd BEVERLEY HIRST
Inter girls 2nd DEBORAH HARTLEY

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Still, we are ever optimistic, and are keeping our fingers crossed that someone over 18 will read this, and call to see me at . . .

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MIXED BADMINTON

Back row (left to right): Andrew Bird, Mandy Speight, Andrew Pepper, Wendy Fairman,
Noel Halt, Alison Chappell, Raymond Gascoyne

Front row (left to right): Lynne Goulding, Jayne Williams, Nicola Speight, Jayne Pepper



BOYS 1st XI FOOTBALL

Back row (left to right): Mr Price, Ackely, Oxer, Fleet, ??????? Pepper, Halt, Yates

Front row (left to right): Hartley, ??????? Middleton, Battersby, Cooper



UNDER XVIII NETBALL TEAM

Back row (left to right): Alison Chappell, Shelly South, Mandy Speight, Lynne Goulding
Front row: Jayne Williams, Jayne Pepper (Capt.), Janine Mussett

Netball Report

Team: Jayne Pepper (Capt.), Jayne Williams, Janine Mussett, Shelley South, Lynne Goulding, Mandy Speight, Alison Chappell. Reserves: Jane U, Elly McG.

As the netball season commenced all team-members were eager to go. For the first month or so, all players actually attended practices. However, as time passed and matches became scarcer, so did the enthusiasm. Players (mentioning no names) began to come up with excuses like "got to go to the squash club" or "I've arranged to meet Dave/Ian etc . . ."

The desire for extra pocket money also claimed four key players, by the fact that they managed to get Saturday jobs.

Although we appeared to be gradually going down-hill, we did achieve one day of glory. Wath Comprehensive organised an "Invitation Tournament" — due to lack of playing space - it was held at Brinsworth Comprehensive. We managed to scrape through our preliminary round and the semi-final against Darfield. Our finalist opponents were Thomas Rotherham College. Only once had Wath previously beaten T.R.C., but this did not deter us. Throughout the first half, goals went with the centre pass. However, in the second half we managed to take possession of a loose ball and thus produce a goal from their centre pass. From then on goals again came with the centre pass. The final whistle, we won by two goals.

Mrs Pinto seemed to take great pride in presenting the winners trophy to Jayne P. of her new school on the premises of her former school.

Alas, this seems to be the only notable victory this year, we even managed to lose to the staff team; even by as much as five goals (although Jane U. did state that she felt rather "unbalanced" that day, and spent 70% of play on the floor!").

All the team would like to thank Mrs T. for the five years in which she has (tried to) coach us.

JAYNE PEPPER



U18 1st XI HOCKEY TEAM

Back row (left to right):

Jayne Pepper, Lynne Goulding, Alison Chappell, Jayne Williams, Nicola Speight, Mandy Speight

Front row: Debbie Smith, Debra Cutler, Jenny White

Hockey Report

Team: Jenny White (Capt.), Debbie Smith, Jayne Pepper, Mandy Speight, Jayne Williams, Jane Ufton, Elly McLaughlin, Fiona Campbell, Kath Owens, Alison Chappell, Lynne Goulding, Janine Mussett, Nicola Speight.

The season began with a place in the semi-finals in a tournament held at Wath. Victories were gained over Mexborough and Kimberworth. By drawing with Old Cross (formerly Doncaster Grammar School), and losing to Sheffield City School, Wath ended their run in the semi's.

Later in the season Wath beat Colley in the Mercian tournament but then were knocked out in the 2nd round. This match was particularly hard as the ball could not be seen more than 3 feet away from the players due to the dark nights.

More recently a 2-1 victory was gained over Barnsley 6th form college in a very good match.

Thanks go to the U16 members who have played for us when others have been 'working' or ill. These players were Debbie Cutler, Jackie Middleton, Gillian Cook, Angela Stocks and Julie Davies. These players show promise for next season.

Lastly, thanks must go to Miss Ackerley and Mrs White for coaching and refereeing our few — but successful matches.

DEBBIE SMITH

page twenty-seven

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VETINARY ASSISTANT, FARMER

Contact the college right away or pick up a full-time course leaflet from
Wath Public Library - interviews have already started and places in all
courses are strictly limited.

*Note - the BEC National Certificate in Travel & Tourism is accepted as
'A' levels equivalent for University & Poly entrance (see page 13 'The
Higher Education Guide' - Brian Heap).

Opportunities while still at school to study subjects not available at Wath
Comp. (eg Psychology, Sociology, Law) either on a 'Link' course basis
during the day or in the evening — **providing Mr Brothwell gives
permission.**

2nd Year Rugby Report

We started the 1983/84 season on Wednesday, 14th September with an away match against old rival Swinton Comprehensive with a new teacher in Mr Dragovic, a new scrum-half — due to the regular one being injured and also many new caps, we started the game with an extremely inexperienced side.

Our inexperience and our make-shift scrum-half showed, but the main problem was the lack of team play together, which I believe was due to the four month break of rugby prior to this match. Luckily Swinton also seemed disorganised and at half-time we were only two points behind. We started the second half with a quick try but unfortunately they pulled back immediately. Full-time approached and we constantly pressurised their try line, but no matter what we did we just couldn't touch the ball down. The full-time whistle went. We had lost 16-14 and had started the season on a disappointing note.

Three days later we travelled to York to play Nunthorpe Grammar School. We had a much more experienced side and our usual scrum-half was back. These changes were evident in our play and the final score was twenty-six - twelve in our favour. I feel the main difference in this performance and the Swinton one was our team work which seemed to have been greatly improved in a practice a couple of days before-hand.

Although we lost the following game 23-12 we won the next three against Thorne, Myers Grove and Darton comfortably. In those three games we scored a large total of ninety-eight points and conceded only twenty-eight. The team now seemed to have got things together and our backs looked good enough to run rings round any side in Yorkshire.

Then came the much awaited rugby tour of Scotland. We boarded the coach at nine-thirty outside school and started our five-hour journey. However, after about half an hour of travelling a stone was flicked up into the coach's windscreen which was immediately shattered. We spent around half an hour at a petrol station cleaning the glass out of the coach and then another hour journeying back to Adwick-on-Deerne to change coaches. At around eleven o'clock we started our journey back to Scotland once again only hoping for better luck this time. Indeed we got it, and arrived in the town of Melrose round about four o'clock. Our lodgings were to be Melrose Youth Hostel, which we found later on in our stay there to be very pleasant. After unpacking we had a short training period and then our first meal at the Hotel. The following day we had a ninety minute training session until eleven-thirty and at twelve o'clock we left for Hawick where we were to play our first match of the tour. First of all though when we arrived we had a look around the famous town of Hawick. Many were tempted to buy its wide range of shops and I was staggered by the local folks interest and politeness towards us. The time soon passed and in what seemed like minutes later we were walking proudly out onto the field in our marron shirts about to play the mighty Hawick. Unfortunately, this prowess did not show in our play and at half-time nobody was surprised to see us 22-0 down. This score reflected on how the first half had gone, we had been overwhelmed in very sense of the game. But although they had played well - I cannot deny that, it was more that we played like a team of fifteen individuals who had never seen a rugby ball before. The second half-turned out to be worse (could it ever be we ask ourselves?) and with about fifteen minutes left our whole side had given up hope of even scoring a single point. At last the final whistle went and the game was over (thank goodness). What a humiliating game. The final score turned out to be 48-0. However, a biased referee had not helped matters, but I suppose that is just an excuse to make the score sound slightly more respectable.

The following morning we had a strong training session in which we tended to work mainly on tackling because Mr Dragovic believed it was this aspect of the game which we had lacked the previous day.

In the afternoon we travelled to Duns where we were to play our second and final match of the tour.

2nd YEAR RUGBY REPORT continued

Once again we changed into our strips and walked onto the field. In the first half we had an extremely weak side, due to most of the regulars having to drop out. This was mainly to give the lesser players at least one half of the game, as they had made the effort to come on the tour. Our weak side showed and Wath ended the first half eight points down. It looked as though the game could still be won so Mr Dragovic made many substitutions and we started the second half with a full strength side. Now we looked really dangerous and our constant pressure paid off when we scored a try with about ten minutes remaining. We mounted an endless number of attacks but each one seemed to be stopped just short of their try line. We knew full-time was near so we started one last final attack but our efforts were in vain as the referee blew his final whistle. We walked off the field with our heads down but at least I knew this time we had put up a grim fight right to the bitter end. Once everybody had changed we climbed onto the coach and started our long journey back to Wath. After a safe journey with one stop at a service station, the coach arrived back in Wath at nine o'clock Friday night. We continued our losing run when in the following two weeks we lost to Kings School, Pontefract and to Hipperholme of Halifax.

Then, on Saturday, 6th November, we managed to break our string of defeats with a 30-6 victory over Dinnington. There were just two games left in the season and we were to win them both. However, this target was ruined almost immediately when we were thoroughly beaten 20-0 by Garforth Comprehensive School. All that was in front of us now was a home game against Clifton. Even before the match it looked obvious that we would win because this was their first ever competitive game of rugby. Indeed the game followed its pre-match predictions and at half time we were twenty points to nil up. The gap increased gradually throughout the second half and eventually we ran out 36-0 winners. At least we had ended the season on a high note with an excellent performance. But, in what had hoped to be a promising season it ended up somewhat of a failure with only six wins out of the thirteen games played.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr Dragovic for his time and effort spent on us, and I only wish we could have rewarded him with a few more victories.

STEPHEN LUMB, Form 20

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Computers

To the uneducated, computers are simply machines to play space invaders on, and whose games are cheaper than the Atari and similar consoles. Little do they know that the computer can be an invaluable learning tool.

Having trouble with your Maths? The computer can not only teach you practically every subject under the sun, but test you as well. The computer itself is a very complex machine but it is fairly simple to understand if you remember two things.

- a. Read your instruction manual carefully and do exactly what it says (they are nearly always right) and do not 'mess about' with the computer.
- b. You do not have to understand what you are doing, but as you grow more addicted to the hobby you will want to know what is going on inside the computer when you press such and such a key, what happens to the circuits, micro chips etc. Then you can purchase one of the many BASIC (a common computer 'language') tutorial books. This will teach you everything you need to know about the computer, its language and its workings.

Of course there are games lurking in the shadows, ready to lure us off the Geography homework and get us into trouble next day. But having criticised them, they are very good and show you the use of graphics and sound. They do not cost as much as the Atari cartridges as they come mostly in cassette form and cost from between five and ten pounds, some are cheaper, some are dearer, but the best ones for your pocket and for quality come within the price bracket mentioned.

There are several different computers on the market and these include the Dragon 32, the Commodore 64 and the Sinclair Spectrum. These are three of the most popular computers and they all cost from one hundred to two hundred pounds and are an excellent investment. Others are the BBC Micro (model A or B) the ZX81 (which in my opinion is the most useless computer ever created) and the VIC-20. The average 'K' memory of the average home micro is around 28K and a computer with around this memory is about right for the tasks you will be setting it.

The most popular computers have already been mentioned and are all very good (apart from the ZX81) but there are other companies making computers. Sharp, the well known electronics firm and have a few different types but mostly for business. The Sword M5 is another obscure make. There are many others including the Lynx and Casio computer firms and subsidiaries. So I conclude by saying that if you are going to buy a computer, buy a fairly expensive one as it will last longer and give more enjoyment.

RICHARD COOKE, Form 20

The Pouns

There was a bee,
Who sat on a wall,
It said 'Buzz, Buzz',
And that was all . . .

Shorty Swift

As I stood on the village green,
Holding my head in my hands,
When a little fat woman came up to me,
And twanged me with two rubber bands.

ME the Mouton

Mary had a little lamb
She couldn't stop it hummin,
So she tied it to the garden gate,
And kicked it's little bum in . . .

ME the Mouton

Daniel the Spaniel makes his own fun

When off to school the children have gone
 Poor Daniel is a lonely one.
 He feels that life is very tame
 So he decides to play a game.

“This plank I’ll hold between by teeth
 I’m an aeroplane - look out beneath.”
 And then he took a flying leap
 And landed, dusty, in a heap.

“Well that’s no good,” said Daniel sadly
 “I must have done that rather badly.”
 Then: “I know what I think I’d like
 I’ll go and make myself a bike.”

Two flat round tins he quickly found
 And to the patch he wheeled them round.
 “That’s all I need,” said Daniel proudly
 And off he went, tins rattling loudly.

Now Mrs Lidsters path turns straight
 Until it comes near the gate
 And then there is a tricky bend
 Which didn’t suit our little friend

For Daniel came with such a rush
 He cycled straight into a bush
 Under which two hens were sleeping
 Who promptly nipped him, Daniel leaping.

The hens chased Daniel to the door
 He quickly crossed the kitchen floor.
 And in his basket lay down yawning
 “I’ve had a bit of fun this morning.”

RICHARD SCHOLEY,

Form 49

LOGAN THE BARBARIAN

By the Scribe! (Andronicus)



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The House of Light

On 8th March, 1984 members of the senior choir gave a concert for the Dearne Valley United Nations Association. The money raised from this went to the 'House of Light' in Rotherham.

The House of Light is a home for mentally handicapped people who have no one to look after them. The project began in 1981, a committee was formed and by the following year it had expanded and they then had the resources to begin the search for a house in which to create a home.

By September, 1983 a suitable house had been found, and by January planning permission had been given. So from February until October, 1983 the renovation of the house took place. In October the first residents moved in.

Now there are four residents in the house in their thirties, and five assistants. Eventually there will be seven residents, the house mother is Miss Ruane. The home is organised as a family; everything is done together, for instance a washing up rota has been devised, and all the cooking is shared out.

During the day the residents go to training centres, except for one day, when they remain in the house, doing craft projects; some of them make rugs or simple weaving, helped by the assistants who live in the house. It is very much a christian community and young people often volunteer to live and help there for just a little pocket money.

Naturally the buying and renovation of the house was very expensive and only half the money has, as yet been repaid, so the money raised at this very enjoyable concert went to help with the repayments for this very deserving home.

KATE COLLIER, L6STP

Little Sister

My mother said she had her
So I'd never be alone
She'd be my friend and confidant
A sister of my own

I wish she hadn't bothered
And gone to all that fuss
In fact I'd be quite happy
If she wasn't one of us.

She's the darling of the household
(the perfect little pest)
So normal, kind and helpful -
"I'll do that mum, have a rest."

She'll go to any lengths she can
To make me look bone idle
But she's going just a bit too far
And I'm feeling homicidal.

Just when I'm at the point
When I can take no more
She accidently bumps her nose
On my fast closing door

I remember that I'm going out
And my grey skirt's not pressed
Then the sisterly love I truly feel
Comes gushing to my breast.

CAROLINE FARRAR

Form 30

The Day That Robots Owned

The time has come
We must obey
There is no night
There is no day

The light has gone
The dark is near
We cannot talk
We cannot hear

We are programmed
Robots we obey
Yesterday's gone
Now it's today.

Today earth is no longer around
For when it happened, we were found
Hungry, homeless, burnt and ill
Until we were 'saved' and they took over
our will.

They function my mind
Robots they do
Those horrible machines
Took over me and you.

The wars were won with skill and ease
Millions killed, humans that is
No silicon-chips were blown to bits
Everyone of them survived, without any rips.

If only man had stopped
But he went too far
Making horrible robots
To kill us all.

We survived
We are lucky in a way
But I've got no mind
No thoughts, no brain.

We're nothing now
Nothing at all
Robots and computers
Rule us all.

SARA HICKMAN, Form 20

Wanted! A Home

I'd like to make an announcement
If you've nothing else to do
Maybe you could listen to me
It may just concern you.
It's about a sweet little puppy
Who is really as good as gold
He would make a perfect pet
And he hasn't yet been sold.
So if you think you'd like him
He is so very dear
You'll find him in the local pet shop
It's bound to be quite near
And one more thing
That is if you don't mind
Please, please hurry
Be especially kind
This pet shop is so cold.

RACHEL RHODES, Form 20

Autumn

The veil of Autumn sweeps over us once more, and Summer declines, fading further and further away. Rusty reds, resplendent yellows and crispy browns make up Autumn's illustrious cloak. How we love to amble along, kicking in delight through a carpet of foliage, listening to the crunching sound beneath our feet. The haystacks stand eminently in the fields, resembling soldiers marching two by two, only these are barely brown instead of scarlet. Clammy fog and must rain fill our perpetual lives now as winter draws closer. Plants and shrubs bend their heads in somnolence and rest for the winter. Warmth has ceased and cold has begun, stretching its icy presence everywhere. Shooting fireworks and rotating splendours arrive. Crackling is the bonfire with its ambers, reds and oranges, like a treasure chest being opened and spilling out. We shiver eating bonfire toffee and parkin, with twinkling eyes and red noses, we hold sparklers painting luminous patterns in the blackness. Stinging eyes and chilled bodies depart for their domain, cold but contented.

SARA HICKMAN, Form 20

The Bomb

"The nuclear bomb is coming" they cried
"Quick run, find somewhere to hide,"
The street's full of panic
Mothers were frantic
Calling for children who were washed up in
the crowd.

Street lamps were shattered Cars and
houses flattened
People were crying
Soon to be dying
And nobody knew what they could do.

Discussions were held
But to no avail
People were lost, unable to cope
And at eight o'clock
The deadline was met
And the button was pressed.

People were dying
Lying out on the streets
Steadily sighing
Little children asleep
An empty street
A lonely house
Everyone gone to the town in the clouds.

LISA CAYTON, Form 22

The Silence

Not a sound, not a movement
A total gloom
A disaster of life
People scattered on the ground
Not a soul alive
A nuclear warhead
Came flying through the air
The grace all gone
The Russians without a care
The British are dead.

ANDREA SMITH, Form 15

On The Shelf

PLAN A VEGETABLE GARDEN
by **Rosa Carrots**

ARITHMETIC SIMPLIFIED
by **Lois Carman Denominator**

BUBBLES IN THE BATH TUB
by **Ivor Windy Bottom**

THE LIFE OF A JUDGE
by **Watts. E. Dunn**

YOU NEED INSURANCE
by **Justin Case**

THE RUNAWAY BUS
by **Willie Catchit**

THE MYSTERY OF THE FRUIT MACHINE
by **Jack Potts**

THE MAN WHO CAN DO MIRACLES
by **Betty Cant**

SCHOOL DINNERS
by **R. E. Volting**

A LOOK AT SUMMER
by **Theresa Green**

HOW TO BE FUNNY
by **Jess Joe King**

JOKES
by **Alan Dunshire**

(Don't get that one, Ed.)

Bookbonanza

The first ever Wath Bookbonanza proved to be a great success. Almost 1,000 people participated in various book-related activities; watched a puppet show, a performance of Scrooge and Princess Moody and bought lots of books. On a more 'cultural level', in the evening 120 people listened to readings from Barry Hines, Ian McMillan and a talk on producing books for children by Helen Herbert and Mike Graham-Cameron. The message was clear to all - books are fun!

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It was a Cold Dark Night . . .

DAVID COPPERFIELD II

Robert L. S. Q. Booth was walking home when he heard a funny noise in the garden of a house he was passing. Nosily he looked over the wall and saw his sister being drowned in a bathful of mud by three policemen. After watching for five minutes he suddenly thought that perhaps he should do something, and so he quickly went home, picked up his crossbow, a hammer and a box of nails then ran off back to the house. He arrived just in time to see the policemen dismembering his sister with a lawnmower. He sneaked up behind them, pushed one policeman under the lawnmower, drove a nail into another's head and shot the last in the eye with his crossbow. But he was too late to save his sister, so he scooped her up into a bin liner and went back to the vile den of satanic evil where he did his vile unmentionable deeds and began to sew the bits together.

It was not until the next morning that the dismembered bits of policeman were found strewn around Mr & Mrs Blenkinsquargle's garden and out into the street. The police were on the scene in ten minutes, taking notes and generally hassling the kids (sorry, young adults). The police made four hundred and sixteen arrests, took the people down into a nearby quarry and machine-gunned the lot of them.

Three days later, Boothy emerged from his vile-smelling hole in the ground, he was unshaved, smelt of burned flesh and was in other words, totally normal. He jumped up and down on a typewriter which someone had unwisely left outside his hole and then led out his creation. It was a very unusual device, made from bits of his sister, an old combine harvester, an action man, an alarm clock and the feet from four hundred and sixteen corpses he had found in a nearby quarry. The machine started to eat the road.

Nigel F. N. L. Z. Blonklesberry was sitting watching a video of Dallas when he sensed he was not alone, turning round he noticed that a weird machine the size of a double decker bus, smelling of hot oil and tomato ketchup was hiding behind his chair. It reached out with fourteen feet attached to a large tyre, a nose, a small bell, and six tons of tarmac and bit his head off, devouring him in seconds and then proceeded to eat the carpet and play with a small executive toy of nickel plated dolphin which dived back and forth through a hole in a piece of plastic which was on top of the telly, all at the same time.

The police arrived ten minutes later, they found no clues so went out into the street, arrested fourteen people and made them eat each other. Boothy and his machine watched this in amused silence then went and stole all the pumps from a nearby fire-station and filled a school with hot mud and floppy bush hats with pictures of Dinkey Donkey and Rurbo Tortoise on them. When he emerged from the school, however, Boothy was greeted by a horrific sight. Ten thousand policemen surrounded him. He thought fast. Flicking a small switch in his fiendish contraption a nozzle swung out from it. He seized the nozzle and squeezed a small trigger attached to it. A stream of goat liver paste sandwich spread covered the policemen from head to foot, and nearly six thousand of them were drowned. The policemen replied with a hail of fire but Boothy hid under a collapsible camping table he had brought and pressed another button on his contraption. A door opened in the front of his machine and a fleet of taxis streamed out, squashing the remaining policeman flat.

But the police were not defeated yet, even whilst Boothy gloated on his triumph ten million policemen were stationing themselves around his den of evil and waiting to do battle. When Boothy approached his satanic hole he could see the policemen because they were hiding behind a tree and, as he passed they leapt out to cowardly attack him from behind.

Boothy had, however, calculated for this and had dug a hole in front of the tree, filled it with sharpened broom handles and then covered it in dead leaves. The policemen did not see it and, in their desperate charge to get Booty, fell down the pit and were all killed.

THE END

JOHN WADE

Comments

COMPARABLE TO TOLKIEN AT HIS BEST — **Bob**

MMM . . . — **The Daily Telegraph**

WELL . . . — **The Times**

THIS IS DEFINITELY A WORK OF THE DEVIL — **Pope JP II**

I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! — **Satan**

BEATS 'WUTHERING HEIGHTS' ANYWAY — **Emily Bronte**

Do You Know Why?

"Where have I come from?"

I said to myself.

Where will I be, when my funeral takes place

When the mourners around my grave mourn?"

"Why am I alive?"

The next thing I asked

"What is the use of my life?"

"Why are men fighting for power and wealth?"

"I just can't see the use of such strife!"

Then, from the darkness

A dazzling light

Accompanied by a great cry

I saw a man and a cross on a hill

And his face was upturned to the sky.

"Father, forgive them!"

The cry that I heard

And at last I understood why

That of all the men, upon the whole earth

My God's perfect son, Jesus, should die!

"I'm alive for God's glory, that's why!"

Anonymous

page thirty-nine

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The Coast

The cold waves of the sea
Pound against jagged rocks
Desolate are the sands
Bleak is the horizon
The lonely cries of the gulls
ring out

The emptiness is clear
No laughter, no bustle
The people have gone
The sea changes colour
To a polluted look of grey
This is the sad story
Of the Coast in winter

ANDREA SMITH

Form 15

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Prefects (and other undesirables)

I thought that since most of the crew below are leaving I would give you a report on the most familiar around school. So here we go:

U6 John Arnold - The minister's son whom we hear is quite a ladies' man - Keep smiling Johnny and tickling those ivories.

U6 Jonathan Clifford & UU6 Richard Gerry Keown - Wath's answer to 'The Dukes of Hazzard'. The former likes climbing telegraph poles in Metro's and buying ladies' underwear (although he doesn't wear them - or so he says). The latter changes his 'A' level options with the seasons. The original Grandad of the 6th form and honorary O.A.P. Is it true you wrecked that metro of your's, Keown?

U6 Wanda Bailey - Known to her friends as 'Bog Brush' - the Sindy Doll of the 6th form.

U6 Duncan 'Johnny Rotten' Barraclough - Son of millionaire under water tea-taster. Duncan has aspirations in this area too. Wears Lurex underwear and takes snuff.

U6 Andrew Bird - (Man at Mark's & Spark's) - the Paxo Rooster-Booster. Has a fetish for sheep.

U6 Helen Braisby - The 'Runner' - no! not a bad case of stomach upset, but was Wath's Olympic hope. This year's Head Girl coped well under pressure from all horrified deputies - good over the hurdles but better on the flat.

U6 Michael 'Der Führer' Brennan - Affectionally known as Mega-Mouth to his friends. One of the Deputy Heads who can often be seen bull-whip in hand, goose-stepping some squirming first year out through the boy's doors. Laughs like a blocked lavatory and could be heard each night at the G&S laughing at Bruce. Uncle Bob's blue eyed boy. Budding M.P. Thrives on conflict, if it's not there he'll create some!! Such a nice boy to know.

L6 Charles Brook - The one beat drummer. How are the ultimate grades going Charles, (we won't mention cookery). Friend of SaHHNDRAA the 'Vampiress'.

U6 Carole Brooke - Aunt Sally, goes out with Worzel, (don't be sloppy).

L6 Justine Brooksbank - Vegetarian and animal liberator. Classy lady (despite her legs). Only Jew in the sixth form.

U6 Christopher Brothwell - Son of A headmaster. Despite being our Headboy, Christopher had trouble in persuading the smallest of prefects to go on duty, even when bradishing his cricket bat: Gave up after three weeks any-way. I'd watch out for the Irish, Christopher!

U6 Fiona Campbell, Kath Owens & Francis Walsh - Good Catholic girls/rugby players/navvies/bouncers or the sixth form functions.

U6 Andrew (Jackanory) Clow - Exhibits his rebellious streak by not wearing a school tie. Pseudo Communist/Conservative/Liberal/Labour/National Front/Greenpeace/Greenham Common Women/Save the Whale/Mud Wrestling Party Candidate. Occasionally witty, thoroughly untrustworthy and a Michael Jackson look-a-like. His Grandfather was in a) The Russian Revolution; b) Who met Lenin; c) And fell in the Volga, subsequently deaf and d) so played with Louis Armstrong as a jazz trumpeter. Likes poodles. Has met more famous people than Michael Parkinson and is a friend of the stars - or so he tells me!!

L6 Kate Collier - Patience by name, but not by nature - sister of Wath's Export and promotion manager for those dolls growing on Daddy's Farm.

L6 Becka Collier - The 6th form Cabbage Patch Doll.

U6 Simon Concannon - Freddie Mercury look-a-like. Will go down well at Oxford, or is it Cambridge? Rumour has it he is to be the next Rother Valley S.D.P. Candidate.

U6 Sean Cooper - Watch out all you spiders!!

U6 Bruce (and Sheila) Crooks - The 'Duke' in G&S. Soon off to be a Doc at Birmingham. Good Luck, Neville!

U6 Mark Davies - Son of SLAP! Follower of the Doyenne - "we've got the chemistry right."

U6 Matthew 'Sky-High' Doughty - Goes to the same taylor/barber as Michael Foot; Shaves with butter knife; has his hair cut with a very blunt instrument.

U6 Leslie ("Now where did I leave my mini") Evans - Famous Sax maniac of the year, good at losing cars, friend of the hairless (see later) and squire's wife (to the manner born).

L6 Wendy 'Baaah' Fairman - Resident Sheap. Recently sheared. Potential 'bird' Fancier. Good at baking cakes for the French Department. Cousin of Sally "Are you making insinuating comments about my bust" Fairman.

U6 Bridget "thro' a hedge backwards" Foss - The only lady of the realm in the 6th Form, so classy speaks posh even when under pressure. Pity about the nose Bridge.

U6 Nick "Hot Potato" Galvin - The DOCTOR's son with a lawnmower haircut. Has a Yorkshire accent - it isn't false honestly Daddy. Friend of Sloppy. Famous for his fungi.

U6 Sam Green - What a voice! (but you haven't heard her laugh).

U6 Graham Hall - 'The Bronze Adonis' - Weight lifting - milk guzzling - nut munching - beer supping Graham. Like's to go down to the gym with the guys to pump iron and have a good workout.

L6 Richard 'Crow's Nest' Hallows - I like your Moustache Richard!! Known to his friends as 'Beaky'. Marc Almond look-a-like.

L6 Nick Hartley - Kept it quiet about the driving test, Nick!! An uncorrupted young man (and not through lack of effort) - "Buy us a drink and I'll sit in the corner with you."

L6 Michael Jagdish - Known to his friends as 'Baggy Waby'. Liberace of the computer key board; adds a little colour to the common room.

L6 Mark Jones - The only Guy to take a hairdresser, beautician and wardrobe advisor onto the squash courts. Known to all as the 'CLAIROL BOY'.

U6 Rachel "I should have gone to Roedean" King - Laughed her way to Oxford bad luck Cambridge, excellent Deputy Head Material.

L6 Arran Kirk - Macho Guy of the 6th form, complete with inflatable muscles and chest wig - but doesn't have much luck with the women.

U6 Christine 'Head Banger' Lacey - The Boozer.

U6 Elly May (or Elly May not) McLaughlin - Pope pius reject (along with others), presently Head boy's right hand man/women.

U6 Paul 'Charles' Middleton - Tiddles to his friends - son of Godzilla; Sport Billy. A good asset to the 6th form.

L6 Lee 'Richard' Poole - Thinks he's an ex-public schoolboy - went to the only comprehensive school in England where you can sleep. Is it true Blue Coat School is to be turned into a retreat for Derek Hatton and his commies? Known Communist sympathiser, loved by everyone and good luck with the Oxbridge Lee!!

Mark Outram - Famous whippet breeder and pigeon racer. Mark hopes to go to University and sleep. Bizarre sense of humour - talks about nothing for hours. Wears leopard skin underwear and Dr. Who scarves. President of the 'Billy for God' Campaign. Head of Year Report stated; - Mrs Outram, you have a very peculiar offspring.

L6 Andrew Pearce - The one without his trousers!! The only guy we know with a grow bag on his head. An extrovert with good taste in ladies. What't it like in Wakefield Andrew? A friend of all in the sixth form(sic) How's Amanda Andrew?

U6 Michael Pursglove - The noisy one - a highly respected orator.

U6 Debbie Smiff - Bad actress in Patience, Good actress on the Rugby field, (limp, limp, ha, ha). Reads Titbits to Isabels horror, so we'll say no more, but likes Contact Sports.

U6 Citizen Steven 'Bunter' Sutton - Meaty, Beaty, Big and Bouncy. Known as 'Sutty' and 'Fats'. The original armchair anarchist.

U6 Charlotte 'Emma' Thompson - John's Friday night lady - Known as 'Odd Job'.

U6 Andrew Tinker - Famed for not doing his prefect duty. Known as 'Tink the Tank' and 'Killer' for his friendly attitude towards those around him. Presently suffering from post-natal depression. Plankton killer.

UU6 Jackie Tuke - Jackie is in the UU6 at present 'cos she loves the school that much but hates exams. Can often be heard screeching around Wath at 3 a.m. looking for an open pub, in her 'YELLOW PERIL' - her Datsun bean tin. See you next year, Jacqueline!!

L6 Melissa 'Shapely' Vernon - Entertaining actress with K. Angus Ltd. Roadshow. Remember Tim?

U6 Isabel 'Curves' Wade - "I'll get straight to the point" - her favourite catch phrase. Caused more trouble along with King and Brennan as Deputies. Likes going for rides in Bruce's Golf (in the front). The Equestrian type.

U6 Lynn Waterstone - Woof, woof!!

U6 Nigel 'Actually' Wells Esquire - Our Hooray Henry who like shooting Peasants etc., because he says "It's good for them". Spends half his time dreaming of fast cars/women (who doesn't?), the other weighing up the disadvantages of being a Yorkshire Sloane Ranger. Soon to join the Army as an Officer but not a Gentleman. Nice Chap, I say, O.K. yah!

U6 Jenny White - Doyenne of the Rugby Club, Great Hockey player. Likes to do her bit for Anglo-Canadian relations (and Mark).

Mr R. Godber - Our beloved leader, often seen beetling along through school doing Margaret Thatcher/Wilson impressions, closely followed by his 'Boot Boy' Lee 'I love Me' Poole.

Concluding, I hope these comments are taken in the best of humour. Some L6 in this report have been mentioned however, the bulk are U6, taking their 'A' levels this year. The best of luck to you all in your chosen fields of study/work, and L6 be warned, you are being watched, it will be your turn next year!!

PIP - PIP!!

RICHARD MURGATROYD,
FERRET AND THE CRAB AND LEE THE FLEE and others.

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The Daffodil

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vale and hills
When all at once I saw a crowd
A host of golden daffodils.

JULIE SAUNDERS, Form 14

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