wathonian 72





EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Richard Kenworthy Ian McMillan Jane Parker Christine Scott Jane Sixsmith Martin Taylor Gillian Worton R. G. Brown Business D. A. Dunsby

EDITORIAL

Perhaps you can hear the crunching sound of humble pie being eaten? . . .

In this space in the last Wathonian, I expressed the ambitions of the committee to have fewer advertisements in the magazine and to begin to bring it out for the calendar year rather than the school year. We have failed in both these designs. We had sticky financial problems with Wathonian 70. When the problems were overcome, a delayed start on

Wathonian 71 was inevitable.

Humble Pie in Grub Street? Incredible!

R.G.B.

SCHOOL NOTES

Staff who left in July 1971:—

Miss Bourne, Mr. Atkinson to retirement.

Mr. Hilton to Headship in Barnsley.

Mr. Deere to Further Education in Wales.

Mr. A. Dobell seconded to a year's course.

Mrs. Knaggs (Art), Mr. P. Smith (Woodwork), Miss Cooley (Science).

Mr. R. Kilner to Further Education in Cheshire. Mr. P.

Oldham (History).

Mr. Davison left at Easter 1972 to become second in modern language department at Hemsworth High School. Miss Moore (P.E.) left the district on her marriage, and Mr. Garford (Geography) left at the end of April.

We have welcomed:-

Miss Thawley (French), Miss Spragg (Spanish), Miss Wilson (Art), Miss Rivett (P.E.), Mrs. Bradbury (History and R.K.), Mrs. Seddon (Science), Mr. Wilson (English), Mr. Hammond (Economics), Mr. Murray (Mathematics), Mr. Fleming (History) and Mr. Wheatley (Woodwork).

The language assistants for the year 1970-1971 were:—

German—Fraulein Schemp.
Spanish—Senorita Lagares.
French—Mademoiselle Arbnou.

This year we are pleased to have with us:—
German—Herr Liebler.
Spanish—Senorita Carrasco Gomez.
French—Mademoiselle Pagliazzo.

The Staff have elected Miss Gray to the Board of Governors in light of the new W.R.C.C. policy. We now have a full-time librarian, Mrs. J. Richardson, who is a former pupil. Several staff meetings about the new proposals for the re-organisation of our school and Brampton Ellis Secondary School, culminating in a visit of Sir Alec Clegg, Chief Education Officer, W.R.C.C. and his Assistant, Mr. Crawford.

MUSIC

Christmas Concert—16th December
Visit to Blackpool—14th/15th October
Elsecar Music Festival—18th November
Production of "The Gondoliers" (Best ticket sellers were members of L6D with 86: Form 40—61).

P.T.A.

1st Form Parents—24th September.

Visit to "The Crucible" Theatre, Sheffield, to see "A Taste of Honey"-15th February, 1972.

P.T.A. Raffle to be drawn at summer Fete—8th July.

Visit to "Swan Lake" at Leeds Grand Theatre—25th May.

CAREERS

4th Form Careers Convention at Doncaster—28th Sept. L6th Polytechnic Convention—16th March.

Geography Field Excursions
Christmas Parties

6th Form Social

Visit of X-ray units after Bristow, 6C, contracted a particularly virulent form of tuberculosis.

Dance Display

Photographs—individuals and forms

Inter-House Cross Country

Speech Day.

Dr. C. R. T. SAFFELL, M.A. 1955-1972



To countless pupils, parents, past and present staff, and the people of Wath and its surrounding districts, Dr. Saffell synonymous with Wath Grammar School. It would therefore be easy to forget that his association with the school and its neighbourhood dates only from April, 1955. In fact, he is a Londoner, educated at Ardingly College, Sussex, and London University, and reached Wath by a rather circuitous route. He began his teaching career at Daventry Grammar School. and, after a spell at Sutton County High School as Head of the French Department, interrupted by War Service, became Headmaster of Ebbw Vale Grammar School in 1947

Surely it was unusual for an Englishman to become Head in Aneurin Bevan's constituency, but that is a measure of the man.

When he arrived at Wath, the school had been without a Head for four terms, and therefore, without wishing to undervalue the work of a loyal staff who soldiered on, one cannot fail to recognise the magnitude of the task. He immediately established himself as a Head of considerable strength who insisted on standards of work, appearance and behaviour and stood firm despite initial unpopularity and protest. This characteristic has continued throughout, for he has refused to budge from what he considers to be right, when on occasions he might have found life easier or gained more co-operation from certain quarters had he implemented more fashionable educational and sociological trends. The staff have never doubted that there has always been someone strong to rely on, and they have appreciated the ease with which they could approach him no matter how busy he might be. During a period when it has been fashionable to expect teachers to change their jobs with great rapidity, Dr. Saffell has recognised and rewarded hard work and loyal service, and in this way has undoubtedly contributed to a remarkably stable staff, from which generations of pupils have surely benefited. Moreover, his almost inhuman capacity for work has made it possible for him to make demands on staff and pupils, for he has invariably been first to arrive and last to leave.

Under his leadership, there has been constant change. A grammar school of 800 expanded to 1100, and then in 1964 at very short notice Park Road County Secondary School was absorbed to form one of the many varieties of comprehensive school. Physical conditions have hardly been ideal, the nature of the intakes has changed, yet academic and sporting achievements have improved. It is worth reflecting that in 1956 there were 49 pupils with one or more A Level pass, but that there are now over 100 per year with an average of more than two passes per pupil.

In 1956, 10 pupils gained County Awards to go to university; in 1971, 102 went to universities or similar institutions. Allowing for the national trend towards larger sixth forms and the improvement in aid for students, the growth is quite remark-

able. Equally noteworthy is the tendency for those pupils who formerly would have attended a secondary modern school and left at fifteen to stay on for C.S.E. and in some cases proceed through the Sixth Form to Higher Education.

The academic achievement is only one aspect of his work, yet some think that it is his only concern. Sadly, his essential shyness and his disregard for the art of public relations have allowed this distorted view to develop. In an age when the concept of the Head as a manager has emerged, few heads

of large schools know all their staff, and yet he has a remarkable knowledge of each pupil. How many Heads spend every Saturday morning on the touch-line or allow every parent to see them on Parents' Evenings, even when it means staying in school until midnight and arranging another evening for the remainder? Such are the qualities of care and concern which the staff recognise, not the elitist image which the uninitiated may have. In addition, the last few years have seen progress in other directions — the establishment of a flourishing P.T.A., steps towards a School Council, and the provision of a Sports Hall.

Such achievements will live on, as will affectionate memories of little idiosyncracies—a desire to see boys' ears in an age of changing hair styles, a distrust of certain modern approaches and educational technology, "litter and gimmickry", and a hostility towards sociologists. Whoever said, "If all the sociologists were laid end to end in the Sahara, it would be a good thing" or "If some of these Heads do not watch it, they will be in danger of jumping on bandwaggons going in opposite directions and ending up with split personalities" should have been Dr. Saffell.

Parting is always sad, but at least he will have the opportunity of keeping in touch with the school and perhaps serving on the P.T.A., which will enrich a well-earned retirement.

HOUSE REPORTS



ATHENS HOUSE REPORT

House Captains: Denise Ackerley

Tony Price

Once again Athens have excelled in most aspects of school life, displaying particular dominance in the winter games. Our only criticism being the lack of effort shown by the senior girls, which was more than compensated by the first class performances of the junior girls who were undefeated in the hockey section and are doing well in the netball section.

Particular praise must be given to the Junior and Senior boys. The seniors winning both football and rugby with the juniors at present undefeated in their rugby, having already won the football.

Congratulations must be given to Price, Bishop, Hamshaw and Bradwell who were once again chosen to represent the South Yorkshire U19 Rugby.

In the Deeks Trophy, Athens won the Christmas card competition and so far have been undefeated in the quiz competition.

It only remains for all Athenians to thank all House officials, especially Mr. Dunsby and Mrs. Dobell for their constant assistance and support.



CARTHAGE HOUSE

House Captains: Vicky Bains, Corns.

This year has seen a change in the Cathage house leadership—Mr. Manchester, a competent and enthusiastic House Master, has left the school, and Carthage. We are now under the leadership of Mr. Wade, who is in the process of proving himself.

Unfortunately, Carthage has not yet recovered from the rather long spell of bad luck we have been having on the games field this year. That is apart from the senior girls who have excelled themselves at Netball, due to the baffling and brilliant tactics of Diane Tolley, our Games Captain. In boys' games our only triumph was in senior football, only losing one of our matches (with Stephen Corns giving a very good imitation of a professional). This result compensated for the pathetic rugby teams we produced.

At the moment the "Deeks Trophy" and Work Cup are in our possession and we will strive to keep this position, although there seems little hope that we will obtain the games cup.



ROME

House Captains:

M. Swift.

Frances Bowes.

"Rome was not built in a day," or at least this is what we are led to believe. However, we in Rome House have proved this to be false. This has been a year of infinite glory for Rome when contrasting it to the year of abysmal failure last. In the Inter House Athletics competition of last summer Rome came third. This being not so much a result of individual skills but of a very fine team effort and of being the only House to field a full team.

In the winter games the boys have done reasonably well while the girls have excelled. Consider soccer, the junior boys came second, the middles fourth and the seniors third. On the rugby field the middle and senior boys did not show their true potential; however at this period in time the junior boys are at the top of the league table.

The girls, ably led by Frances, have enjoyed their best results ever. In the junior netball, Rome won one, lost one and drew one. In the senior netball the girls played three.

winning two and drawing the other; (they could finish first if they win their next match). On the hockey field the senior girls achieved nineteen points out of a possible twenty, while the juniors came third. However this was a tremendous result as the team consisted mainly of second year girls whereas that of the opposition were mainly full third year teams.

The fact that Rome House is the only House still doing charity work is extremely praiseworthy. We managed to raise over £70 for the Save the Children Fund by the sale of Christmas cards.

I should like to conclude by offering the sincere thanks of all Romans to Mr. Cox, Mr. Hinchliffe, Mr. Billington and Miss Grant who have helped to make Rome the House that it now is.



SPARTAN HOUSE REPORT

House Captains: C. Nicholls.
Susan Lenton.

This year, once again, has been poor for the whole of Sparta, especially on the boys' sports field. The senior rugby team played well, despite having players missing in each game. Both the middle and junior teams played little better. The girls' hockey and netball teams both played well and managed to do better than the boys in the majority of games. Ivy Dorchester and Elaine Licence have been the mainstay of the senior hockey team and have proved their worth.

In the Christmas card competition, a first place was achieved by Susan Lenton and an overall position of fourth.

Finally, thanks to our House Master and Mistress, Mr. Clarke and Miss Gray.





THEBAN HOUSE REPORT

House Captains: M. Taylor.

Judy Bramham.

Thebes' position in the Work Cup has fluctuated greatly during the year. The October half-term found us in first position, but with only mediocre effort marks and the largest number of detentions, we dropped to fourth place at Christmas.

In the Deeks Trophy, Thebes were last in summer 1971, but we had good magazine entries, a good play, the Christmas card competition brought an excellent response from the junior girls and we managed to come third overall.

Both the summer and winter games have been generally well-supported with most sections turning out full teams and trying hard, despite the lack of outstanding sportsmen. There has been, however, notable apathy among the middle girls.

This winter, the boys have proved much better at rugby than football, and with more method and luck they should improve at both. The hockey results were only average, with only the junior girls managing a win against Sparta. The junior girls have again done well in their netball matches, only having lost one of them.

The year has seen more enthusiasm in most fields, and also an improvement in the quality of Deeks Trophy entries. With a wholehearted effort from all members of the House, we should see a vast improvement in points by the end of the summer term.

I would like to express the best wishes of the House to Taylor on his selection for the Cosmos XV.



TROJAN HOUSE REPORT

House Captains: Logan, Christine Scott.

With regard to sport, this has been an extremely successful year for Troy. I must once again remind you that we were first in the school sports last summer (after a lapse of ten years), with an exceptional performance by the girls who won their section with creditable ease. Not to be outdone, the boys came a close(?) second to Athens, still on the Athletics field praise must go to our two most outstanding performers, Whittingham who came 7th in the All England High Jump, and Debbie Froggatt. These good performances are continued in the winter games as, at the time of writing, we are yet again a close second (to Athens of course). Congratulations go to Richardson, Logan and Whittingham who played for the S. Yorks. under 19 XV and Makin and Chafen for the S. Yorks. under 15 XV.

However, on the academic side, Troy has not really shone this year. We have not had the usual participation in the Deeks trophy and as a result are in 5th place (a euphemism for "next to bottom"), but there is still one ray of hope. The drama competition is yet to come and Troy's dramatic talent has carried this off every year since its inception.

The House spirit continues to be outstanding with an excellent example set by the sixth form. The esprit de corps will continue of good Middles and Juniors and also of Mr. Deeley, whose energy and devotion is infinite and to whom the greatest of thanks from all Trojans go.

CONTRIBUTIONS

RETINAL FLASH RETAINED

The tall girl lay dead on the crown of the bowling green. Her hair was a sunrise on the grass above her head; the sunset cast large shadows on the lichened wall of the gravedigger's house; the sunset was a streetlamp, shining on its tall column on the side of the road opposite the park. Beside the girl lay the baby, screaming and clutching for her body, its cries unheard against the vast sprinkling silence of the evening. The bowling green was a stage; the tennis courts and the walls were an audience, and the upturned bowl of the sky was a ceiling and a roof and an afterthought. The gravedigger's foot made a harsh sound as it moved over the gravel of the path.

Where the girl would lay, the bowls rolled. The beer fat men watched the waddling players and did not see the girl walking at the other end of the park, with her child fat and heavy to get out. The men shouted their encouragement and droned their anger and jostled and pushed to see the bowlers. The men made a noise of babbling and a sound like that of a man's foot on a gravel path. The gravedigger slept through the day and only woke at dusk.

Saying I was drunk . . . throwing me out . . . I'm not drunk, only had a few and if that big bouncer hadn't have chucked . . . I like a drink anyway. Just a little drink now and then . . . Goodnight, love! . . . what's that noise? Sounds like a drink. A drink not a drink a baby sounds like a baby howling . . . over there in the park . . . Goodnight, love! . . . don't answer me, then. Who does he think he is? . . Goodnight! I said goodnight and he didn't answer me . . carrying a spade. What's he carrying a spade for at this time of night . . . a spade but he didn't say goodnight . . . why can't that kid shut up? . . . bat him with the spade . . . what's a kid doing in the park at this time of night? . . . hope mine are in bed . . . Goodnight love! O ha ha ha it wasn't anybody this time it was a lamp post. I said goodnight to a lamp post . . . just a lamp post and I said goodnight to it . . . Ha ha ha. . .

The bowling green was devoid of rubbish. The paths around the green were a rainbow with cigarette packets, sweet papers, yesterday's news and browning leaves by the hundred. The rubbish covered the park; it crowded on the seats, and crammed itself under the bottoms of hedges and bushes, and floated and sank in the muddy puddles. The rubbish watched the dead girl and the baby. The baby kicked and

fought and the rubbish was still, waiting. The rubbish was gaudy and dressed in many bright colours. The gravedigger's spade clanked as he knocked it against a stone. He sat with the rubbish and watched the dark bundle of the girl and her squirming, dying baby.

The gravedigger saw the baby expire and become liquid on the grass. The liquid ran from the bowling green to the river and from there to the sea and there the earth exploded and the liquid flew upward to the stars and the expanding universe contracted to a single point of light which danced crazily across the empty void and gave colour to the blank canvas that was now everything. Then the point of light stopped and grew dark and it was a point of utter darkness and it swallowed up all the void and then everything was black. It was night, and of course day must follow night.

The gravedigger filled in the large hole and put his spade over his shoulder. He felt his way cautiously through the blackness, hoping for a wall or for some such familiar object. The single star in the sky gave no light at all. But the star was widening.

Ian McMillan



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FOOTBALL and I read to the same and profess freeboard out To

We think girls should be allowed to play football. It is a much more exciting game than netball.

Why we want a Girls' Football Team

Football is a rougher game than netball, and most girls like rough games. They want to play the same games as boys. Boys play hockey so why can't we play football? Why do schools only let boys play football? Girls are just as interested in the sport. Most girls support football teams. Why can't this school show something different in the games that are played? Certain teachers have agreed to referee our matches if this request comes through.

Heather Senior, Sue Morley, Form 14

HUNG UP!!

Found on the local works notice board amongst dance notices, the weeks tote numbers etc. etc., . . . was this notice from the management:

It has come to the notice of the management that employees have been found dying on the job and either refusing or neglecting to fall down.

This practice **must** be stopped forthwith and employees found dead in an upright position will be crossed off the payroll.

In future if a foreman notices an employee has not made any movement in one period of an hour, it will be his duty to investigate as to the cause, as it is almost impossible to distinguish between death and natural movement of some of our employees.

Foremen are advised to make careful investigation by holding a bonus pay packet in front of the suspected corpse, as this is considered a most reliable test.

There are cases, however, when the natural instinct has been so deeply ingrained that the hand of the corpse has made spasmodic clutches after rigor mortis has set in. The successful and reliable test is to whisper "Sunday Work". This has been known to restore animation to the body which has been motionless all week.

The above tests should not be applied to foremen and store keepers as, in these cases, movement of any kind is highly dangerous and would prove fatal.

Signed			
N	/lanager		
by: P.	Burgin	(Form	52)

Quote: "The saddest thing for me, was when Thor Heyerdahl in Ra II found the Atlantic polluted all the way across."

William Golding

The grin of the skyline banged shut in a grimace of grey and red. The dark, forbidding, foreboding clouds swathed the low tip in their chill covering and the seeping hiss of the drizzling rain pervaded everywhere. The gulls rose from the tip, a score of hovering white, like spots in a blurred eye. The tip and sky met in a mutual roll of grey; ash and can, cloud and rain, the open sore trapped by grey, the white of the gull an escape from the grey shroud that covered the dead. Did the rain remind of the sea squall on the swell and dip of the ocean where the tip was replaced by free-running currents and meadows of shouldering waves? It might have done once, but now the gull was happy to squat in its grey inland tent, for the swash of the ocean had changed to the slop of the cess pit; cloud and rain, oil and waste, the gull looked down through the rain and saw the stormy waves of ash, the islands of cardboard, the detergent bottle ships. The arc of the world hung around its neck like a penance.

Taylor, M. R. (6A)

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WHY?

Why do men kill and why do men hate?
Why do men fight and then contemplate?
All of the blood, disaster and gore,
Into a battle they all seem to pour
These are the facts of a terrible war.
When will the killing and torturing end?
When will man call his enemy — friend?
Murdering with rifles, and stabbing with knives,
Heart-broken mothers and grief-stricken wives,
They lost all their battles, and lost all their lives.
When will they ever turn from evil to good?
And return once again in true brotherhood?
Someday they'll stop fighting and be unified,
They'll think of the mothers and children who cried
And then they'll remember the brave men who died.

Jane Sixsmith, L6A

THE CADEBY PIT DISASTER

In 1912 this disaster struck
Eighty-two men entombed in a silent grave
The weeping wives would not leave the place
Where their men had been doomed to die.
Oh Lord, times are hard, the women say,
Then wander, wearily, homeward,
To mourn for every coming day.
Young men, old men, took the blast
With mouths agape, eyes aghast.
Suffocation soon struck them
Or the rocks crushed them
For a few tons of coal
Was it worth it?

Diane Perry, 14

"Goulash à la Staff" — or "Teacher Bolognese" Ingredients

- 1 Decaying historian (preferably from Hoyland Common)
- 1 Economist (complete with Push-bike)
- 1 Peer of the Realm (Knaresborough-Style)
- 2 oz. of ginger (preferably from a beard easily found careering about school)
- 4 oz. humbugs (found at Christmas time in L14)
- 1 Bowler (or dish) of sums—complete with hockey stick.
- 1 Pink shirt and matching green tie—last seen photographing a nimbus stratus.

½ doz. assorted English teachers.

2 Spriggs of Spanish Spragg—found growing next to tufts of Thomas in T.B.2.

Method

Throw ingredients into a large pre-heated cauldron and mix together with fire and brimstone (obtainable from any available R.l. teacher). Boil until screaming for mercy, stirring continuously. Simmer for 30 minutes or until hysteria sets in. Pour into a casserole dish and leave until a hard crust forms.

Ingredients for Sauce

1 Bottle of H.P.

Pour this over the—er, um, "mixture?", and garnish lavishly with diced gaffa (herb?).

Serves up to 5,000 depending on appetite.

P.S. It is a known fact that 6,000 people die from foodpoisoning every year. (Mainly from Wath).

by: Four sadists in L6A

GOLDTHORPE IN 1861—THE CENSUS OF THAT YEAR

The total population of Goldthorpe in 1861 was 80. There were 38 males and 42 females. This included 20 children. The census in 1961 showed that there were 8,300 inhabitants; a vast change in 100 years as you can see.

Today in Goldthorpe there are probably over a hundred different names for the streets. In 1851 there were three: Laners End, Goldthorpe Green and Engine House Lane. The total number of houses was 22, one being empty.

There was one Inn, "The Horse and Groom", which still stands today. It was kept by Catherine Waring, whose son was a stone mason. They had one lodger who came from Thurnscoe.

There was one shoemaker who originally came from Adwickon-Dearne, and one groom who was born at Womersley. There were five farms, and the five owners were: Catherine Waring, Henry Jackson, Thomas Pigott aged 49, George Piggott aged 80, N.B. These two were not related, and John Hough. Henry Jackson owned the most acres. Consequently most of the men worked as farm labourers and there were a couple of girls who worked as farm servants.

What mining means to Yorkshire

Ever thought why mining is *still*Yorkshire's biggest industry?
It's because power stations, big
industries and thousands of Yorkshire
homes need coal today – and every

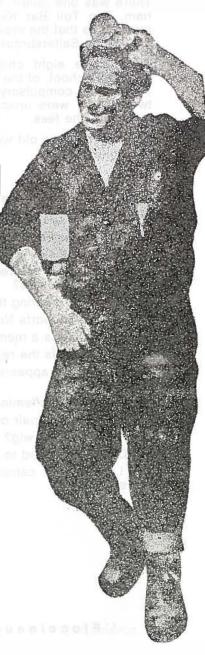
day.

Coal is here to stay. That's why the NCB is putting thousands of pounds

worth of new equipment into Yorkshire's high-production pits. It's streamlining for the Seventies. And with over 100 years of coal

under Yorkshire . . . that's money well-spent.

NCB



There was one joiner John Parkin, he was born in Rotherham. The Toll Bar Keeper was Benjamin Plummer. This reminds us that the main road through Goldthorpe was once part of the Saltersbrook Turnpike road.

There were eight children of school age but only five attended school, of the three who did not go, since schooling was not compulsory; one was Deaf and Dumb, the other two (twins) were unable to go because their father could not afford the fees.

There were three old widows, who were aged 91, 78 and 71 respectively.

T. Maloney (Form 32)

Is there any truth in the rumour that:-

Mr. Clarke wears green underpants?

Mr. Davison has gone to succeed Sir Alf Ramsey?

Mr. Wade is Jack the Ripper?

When Mr. Fisher shaved off his beard, he was booked for indecent exposure?

Mr. Dunhill is entering the Isle of Man T.T.?

Mr. Rhodes supports Newport County?

Mr. Hinchcliffe is a member of the I.R.A.?

Dr. Humphries is the re-incarnation of Hitler?

Aunty Babs is appearing in "Tom Thumb" at the Palais Royale?

Martin Taylor is effeminate?

Mr. Ardron has a pair of hot pants?

Mr. Kirby wears a wig?

Mr. Dobell is related to John Lennon?

Mr. Leeson is a candidate for the American Presidential elections?

B. Downing, 31

[&]quot;Floccinaucinihilipilification"

SATIRIST'S CORNER

AND DOOR THEY MAY REVENUE AND THE WOOD RIVED BOTH TO WITH MILES

for South Yorkshire of law payers Barbw, J., Corns, Ren-

HOCKEY REPORT, 1971-1972

This season has been one of relatively poor results for the 1st XI compared to previous years. At the end of last year six regular members of our team left. This fact plus the general apathy of the Sixth Form girls has made the maintenance of a full team difficult.

Bad weather has caused several of our matches to be cancelled although there are still five matches to play and also the Sheffield Tournament. The 1st XI may not be the strongest side but the majority of the team attend practices regularly and are showing signs of improvement.

Again we have had success in the South Yorkshire Trials. Two members of our team, Frances Bowes and Judy Bramham were selected to represent Wath. Frances captains the South Yorkshire side and going on to further trials, was chosen to play for Yorkshire and elected Vice-Captain.

The Junior teams this year have been really successful, mainly because of their enthusiasm for the game, full turn out at practices and Miss Moore's coaching.

All the teams would like to thank the staff for turning out at practices to oppose them; the girls who have given up their Saturday mornings to serve refreshments and especially to thank Mrs. Sheppard and Miss Moore for the coaching and support they have given us. We would also like to wish Miss Moore the best of luck for the future when she leaves at the end of the Easter term.

1st XI Results		Junio	Junior Results			
Played	10	19	st U.15	2nd U.15		
Won	3	Played	12	11		
Lost	5	Won	9	9		
Drawn	2	Lost	3	2		

CRICKET 1971

At a time when the standard of local school cricket seems to be declining, it is true to say that the standard at Wath is probably higher now than at any time in the last ten years. The 1st XI and Under 14 XI were particularly successful, the Under 14 losing one match while the 1st XI has not lost for 3 years. The under 14 were ably captained by P. Barlow, a very mature player for a boy of his age. The Under 15 XI had mixed success relying too much on Fairman, the captain, and the Craven twins. Bucknall bowled well early in the season.

The high standard at senior level was shown by the selection for South Yorkshire of four players, Barlow, J., Corns, Ken-



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CONISBROUGH

worthy and McArdle. Kenworthy only narrowly missed selection for the Yorkshire Federation side. Berresford and Kenworthy have been attending Yorkshire County Coaching this winter. No less than six members played Yorkshire Council cricket for local sides, in fact many local cricket clubs rely on Wath Grammar School players each week. The School has entered the Mexborough evening league this season. It is so easy to take things for granted when winning matches has been so easy. The near completion of the Sports Hall brings the prospect of winter practice for all ages in ensuing years. It is more than likely that local clubs will look to Wath Grammar School for players for many years to come.

CROSS COUNTRY

The avoidance of Saturday fixtures has enabled us to complete this season reasonably successfully and the middles ended the year with an excellent victory in the Inter-Schools Championships at Dinnington despite the poor marking which led to the Senior result being declared void. The Middles team has had a good year and were only pipped by Conisborough Northcliffe in the Don and Dearn Championships. They were robbed of their chance of revenge in the Don and Dearne League because the Inter-House races had to be moved to the date of the final league fixture at Hoyland. Fixtures against Queen Elizabeth's, Wakefield, Adwick High School, Doncaster Grammar School and Maltby Grammar School proved that Peter Neal backed up by John Corbishley, David Crabb, Russel Fawthrop, S. White, Colin Markham, Charles Newman and John Cottam would usually take Wath to victory. The Juniors have not been so lucky as they have never fielded a full strength team but Crookes, Blacklock and Hardwicke have been individual winners and Dickinson and Dawber have been the leading 1st year runners.

The Seniors have had a very lean year and Nigel Donaldson was the only Wath runner to compete in the Northern Schools at Disley and to complete the course in the Inter-Schools at Dinnington.

The Annual Charity run over 10/20 miles was held on March 29th and 36 pupils completed the course, Graham Longley's and Mr. Brown's record being beaten by 1 minute by Messrs. Brown and Fleming in 1 hour 54 minutes. The outstanding performance was that of Michael Newman who walked the full 20 miles.

Peter Neal and Alistair Crookes represented Don and Dearne in the Yorkshire Championships at Bradford.

Colours were awarded to Nigel Donaldson and Peter Neal and half-colours to John Corbishley and David Crabb.

Poir	nts	Co	mp	eti	tior	ì

Junior 1st Ye	ar	3rd	d Year		2nd Year	r	
1 Dawber	633	1 (Cottam	560	1 Crooke	es	732
2 Dickenson	546	2	Newman	514	2 Blackle	ock	570
3 Kay	151	3	Hardwicke	271	3 Walker		309
4 Jones	127	4 1	Watson	211	4 Lumb		236
5 Leslie	122	5	Downing,		5 Harper	r	179
6 Sloane	121		Stocks, P.	59	6 Hart		129
4th Yea	r			Seni	ors		
1 Neal		1040		1 Do	naldson	484	
2 Corbi	shley	730		2 Fa	wthrop	95	
3 Crabb	י כ	717		3 Gi	ll '	75	
4 Loma	S	644		4 Ke	nworthy	68	
5 Fawth		594		5 Fu	ller,		
6 White		185			Murfin	61	

INTER-HOUSE RES	ULTS	
Seniors	Middles	Juniors
1 Donaldson (R) 29m 6s	1 Neal (A) 18m 25s	1 Crookes (C) 12m 25s
2 Fawthrop (T)	2 White (A)	2 Blacklock (Th)
3 Murfin (Sp)	3 Corbishley (A) Crabb (C)	3 Glover (R)
Team	Team ` ´	Team
Sparta 272	Troy 169	Carthage 223
OVERALL 1st Cart 2nd Athe 3rd Troy	ens 855	4th Rome 976 5th Thebes 1017 6th Sparta 1081

1st XI

This season has been one of the best that a school 1st XI has completed and it has been a pleasant contrast to the regular defeats of the last season. The team has been characterised by a fluid 4-3-3 formation and has relied, in the main, on a squad of fourteen players. Following a tradition which seems to haunt football at Wath, the results were far more successful before Christmas (2 defeats in 12 games) than after Christmas (5 defeats in 8 games) and team morale began to sag a little. Probably the three highlights of the season were the 10-0 defeat of Thornes House (of which Eades scored 6), the 9-0 defeat of Oakwood, and the game against the junior side of Barnsley F.C. which unfortunately finished in an 11-0 reverse for us. Special mention must be

made of Symcox, Prendergast, Draycott, Macbeth and Roddis, who have added valuable experience and weight to the side and who have all played consistently well throughout the season.

2nd XI

The 2nd XI has been much changed throughout this season and has fared well despite frequently coming up against much more experienced sides. The two most notable wins were against Swinton (5-1) and Thornes House (5-0) in which all players distinguished themselves. Carr, who played solidly in goal, and Paul Craven at left back were worthy of special note, whilst Mr. Nowell who went in goal when the team was severely depleted by absentees at Ecclesfield, posed the question as to why he has not yet displaced, a certain Gordon Banks from the England team.

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HOCKEY



Back Row: L. - R. J. Welburn; Mrs. Sheppard; V. Baines; J. Anthony;
M. Magdziak; A. Slater; E. License; M. Goldthorpe.
Front Row: L. to R. K. Hardy; F. Bowes (Capt.); D. Ackerley (Vice Capt.);
J. Bramham; I. Dorchester.

SOCCER



Back Row: L. to R. McNowell, Eades, Prendergast, Symcox, Bailey Porter, Craven.

Front Row: L. to R Murfin, Draycott, MacBeth (Capt.) Roddis, Berresford.

RUGBY REPORT

After losing only two players from last year's 1st XV, this year's team, as expected, proved again to be the dominating force in S. Yorkshire rugby, with no fewer than twelve of the team being chosen to play for the S. Yorkshire under 19s: Price (Capt.), Swift, Bradwell, Bishop, Richardson, Corns, Taylor (M), Logan, Whittingham, Laing, Webster and Hamshaw.

At the end of last season the 1st XV went on to tour the South of France. They played two matches, winning one and losing one, the latter proving to be most enlightening, as it pointed out previously unnoticed weaknesses in the team's defence, with this in mind the team set out to be far more determined in defence.

Good performances were shown against Morley, who were defeated 28-4, and Doncaster, 20-0. Two excellent matches were played against Rothwell, the school being narrowly defeated both times, 20-4 away, and 13-7 at Wath.

This season then, has seen an all round improvement in the backs ability to defend, whose crisp tackling ensured a comfortable victory over Morley, 28-4.

The bulk of praise, however, must be given to the forwards, who consistently gained the upper hand over other less experienced packs in the loose mauls, but often failed to gain quality possession from the set pieces, leaving the scrum-half, Wainwright, to come under intensive pressure. (To his credit, in his first season in the 1st XV, he was never over-awed).

A special mention must be given to the Back Row, whose tigerish spoiling created much secondary possession from the backs from whom the majority of the tries were scored.

The 1st XV were also successful at seven a side rugby, only losing 15-5 in the semi-final to Normanton, the eventual winners, and giving them by far their hardest game.

Twelve of this year's team will be leaving this year, to be succeeded by a young and inexperienced team. It is hoped that the fine record of 1971-72 rugby will be upheld in the future.

The great success enjoyed by the 1st XV these past three seasons has largely been due to the enthusiastic coaching given by Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Deeley, and also to the informal relationship built up between them and the team, creating a greater team spirit on and off the field.

RUGBY



Back Row: L. to R. Front Row: L. to R.

Nichols, Bishop, Bradwell, Whittingham, Swift, Taylor M, Taylor A, Corns. Hamshaw, Richardson, Goddard, Price (Capt.), Logan, Webster, Wainwright.

1971-72 U.15 RUGBY REPORT

Although the team lost their first game of the present season, it did not dishearten them and they went on to win their next three with great confidence. However, from then on the squad was stricken by numerous injuries, which brought about the loss of G. Boyes, who unfortunately will not play again, and a several months lay off for Ryan. The severe injury problems injected new blood into the side, due to exceptional coaching by Mr. Fisher, whom we should like to thank.

To end the success of the side, of six players who went for South Yorkshire trials, Makin and Chafen gained places in the team and have played consistently throughout all the matches.

G. Hind

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1 WILLOW ROAD, WATH

CONTRIBUTIONS

DESERT BOMB

The deep red orb of the setting sun hung peacefully over the Persian Gulf. Jim Barron, safety expert at the nearby oil refinery, stood watching a high powered motor launch speeding out into the gulf.

He turned and walked back to his jeep. He sat in the driving seat and looked up at the steadily darkening sky. After a moment's thought, he set off back towards the Americanowned oil refinery about six miles up the coast. Little did he know what trouble this peaceful night was to bring.

The refinery was a vast complex of pipelines, storage tanks, loading jetties and marshalling yards. Barron headed towards the living quarters. He pulled up outside his own prefrabricated box as he called it.

He was about to unlock his door when the alarm siren at the refinery sounded. Barron's reaction was immediate. He turned and leapt back into the jeep and sped off towards the refinery.

He was met at the main gate by Matt Wilson, the refinery supervisor:

"Head for the marshalling yards," he said urgently.

"What's the trouble, Matt?" Barron asked.

"We've had a phone call saying that there's a bomb on one of the oil trains in the yard. The caller wants a million American dollars putting in a Swiss Bank before he'll tell us where the bomb is. It's due to go off at mid-night, so that gives us three hours."

"Any idea where the call came from?"

"He says he'll call again to give more details, so I've got someone ready to trace the call."

The sun had set completely by the time the jeep pulled up in the marshalling yards. A certain area was bustling with activity. As the two men got out of the jeep a security officer came up to them:

"We've found the bomb, sir," he declared.

"Where is it?" asked Matt Wilson.

"It's lodged between the couplings of two full tanks," came the reply.

"I'd better take a look at it," said Barron.

"We've got all the possible lighting focused on the tanks," said the security man.

"Right, I want this entire area clearing until we've had a look at it," continued Barron.

The security officer went away and began to clear the area. A man came rushing out of a nearby office: "He called again," he shouted, "He only gave the number of the Swiss bank account but he talked long enough to get an approximate fix. We think it's a radio-telephone from a boat in the gulf."

"You only think—" began Wilson.

"Wait a minute, Matt," interrupted Barron, "I saw a motor launch with a large radio antenna about six miles up the coast, have it checked out."

Wilson passed the order on and then they both went over to the train.

"I'll need you to hold a torch up underneath the coupling, Matt."

"Sure, Jim, let's go."

The bomb was made up of fifteen sticks of dynamite set between two tanks with a detonator planted in the ground to prevent the tanks being moved without causing an explosion.

"That'll make one hell of a bang if it goes up with all this oil around. Matt, have these other trains moved out, then come back here."

Matt Wilson jumped to his feet and set the orders in motion. Meanwhile Jim Barron was slowly digging out the soil around the detonator. Matt Wilson returned:

"They're moving the trains out now," he said, observing the progress.

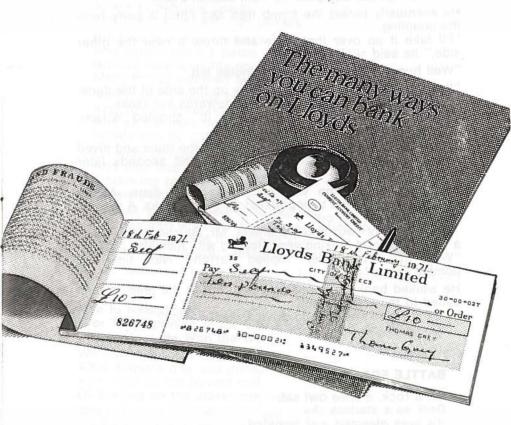
"Fine, I've uncovered the detonator. I'm going to lift it up onto the coupling. I want these two tanks uncoupling from the rest and towed into a branch line away from the refinery. I'll sit on the coupling to prevent the detonator from falling off. I'll try to remove it there."

"Won't that be dangerous?"

"Leaving it here will!"

Everything was done according to Barron's orders. The two tanks were shunted to a siding half a mile from the refinery. Working by torchlight Barron and Wilson raced to beat the midnight deadline.

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"Fifteen minutes left, Jim," said Wilson flashing the torch at his watch.

"Well if you'll keep that torch still we may not need fifteen minutes." Sweat was pouring from Barron's face.

He eventually pulled the bomb free and lifted it away from the coupling.

"I'll take it up over that dune and throw it over the other side," he said slightly relieved.

"Well hurry, you've about two minutes left."

"I'm hurrying." He staggered slowly up the side of the dune. On reaching the top he looked back towards two tanks. "Throw it, for Christ's sake, throw it!" shouted Wilson, "time's almost up!"

Barron threw the bomb down one side of the dune and dived back down the other. The bomb exploded seconds later showering sand over a wide area.

Barron rolled all the way back down the dune. As he staggered to his feet a jeep pulled up by the tanks. A smartly dressed official got out:

"We've caught your bomb planters, Mr. Barron," he said in a high voice and looking very pleased with himself.

"Well, that's just fine," replied Barron. "Next time the bomb's yours."

He walked back to Wilson and they got in the jeep. Wilson called to the young man:

"Well you don't want us to drive as well do you?"

P. Taylor, Form 50

BATTLE FOR LIFE

On a rock, a wise owl sat,
Dark as a starless sky.
It's eyes gleamed and twinkled,
As it mumbled it's ghostly cry.
It did not move, but stayed quite still,
Its feathers ruffled in the breeze.
It gazed at the world around,
Full of pestilence and disease.
It watched the world a-turning,
In one great familiar way.
It watched it slowly rotting,
Rotting day by day.
A country scene, it used to see,
Of trees, and flowers, and hills.

Of little silver streams, Driving delapidated mills.

Of people walking hand in hand, Along a country lane.
Admiring nature's beauty, And the lush, sweet, rich terrain.
But time is a very precious thing, And nature lost it's stride.
Against man's mighty progress, Many things withered and died.

Now rubbish dumps mark where the streams once flowed And smoke obscures the sun. And all the mills have met their deaths Slowly one by one.

Oh wise old owl, if you could only speak, And stop this cloud of fear Advancing on this world of ours, Slowly year by year.

Oh owl, if only others were like you, And realised what the world was coming to, Before pollution is too late to stop, And before the world takes that fatal drop.

by: A. Machon (Form 32)

Ode to Next Door or The Storming of the T.B. Block or How We Won the West.

We love to sit in T.B.1. After dinner's o'er and done, And listen to the fervent call. Of braving on the classroom wall. What is that noise, we cry aloud? It's 6A lads the noisy crowd, We answer back with voices sweet. And they with size 11 feet. And so we find the war is on. Twixt T.B.2. and T.B.1. The declaration round a stone, And through your window it was thrown. "Retrieve your missile," teacher said, "Or else I'll send you to the Head." And so we see a brave girl* tramp (Coral)

Into the depths of the enemy camp.

Next day dawns and in we roll, And in the corner spied a pole. In our hands this pole to wave, And put yon Andrew* in his grave.

the goodlooking one)

- A soldier wounded in the head,
 We left him there as good as dead,
 But then a knocking at the door
 And lo! that pole was ours no more.
 What weapons now we cried in vain?
 Something hard to inflict pain.
 And in the corner there we found,
 A pair of hockey boots on the ground.
 So round we went with battle cry*
 "Hold the laces whirl them high"
 In the air they took their route
 And landed on their heads—to boot*.
- (Geronimo or words to that effect) (Pun on the
- word boot)
 * (As in hymn 147)

The strife is o'er, the battle done* * (As And neither side has really won. We've called a truce, and made some friends And this is how the saga ends.

By the devious minds of L6A girls

THE EAGLE

The eagle soars in majesty, And glides between great peaks, And when it sees its prey it dives, And kills.

> The poor thing squeaks, Back to a nest of old pine twigs, Over rough cliffs and crags, The eagle's talons tightly clasp The lamb.

> > Its body sags.

Andrew Norman, Form 11

THE MOTORWAY

The grey snake twists over the horizon,
Metallic ants whiz along its back.
I close my eyes awhile: where am I?
The emerald daisy speckled fields. — Concrete.
Tranquil cows. — Who knows or cares? Me.
Why?



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The countryside — Purple heather and black iron White lines dash through a front room. I sigh: What am I against this monster? Spring Farm to the Horse and Hounds—London to Manchester.

The oblivious steel span mocks the shrouded vale. Why?

Time.

Cathryn Moody, Form 50

SPACE

Blatantly bewildering is
That vast vacuum
Of decided darkness.
Man searches, meticulously researches
When will mankind finish this trend?
Unravelling universe's end.

Look! See the stars shine
Piercing the pin-points
Of contrasting colours so fine.
When will mankind unfold this riddle and rhyme?
The answer's in Time.

H. Morton, L6A

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FEAR

What is fear?

Fear is when you realize the truth.

Fear is when you stumble upon something you don't understand.

Fear can creep up on anybody, anywhere.

Fear is an unknown disease, incurable.

Fear can appear as a nightmare, or even as a person.

L.S.D. is fear and destruction in the appearance of a pill.

Drug addicts know what fear feels like, they know what it can do to a person, it can tear away at their conscience.

Your body can be taken over this ever spreading disease, cell by cell, until fear finally reaches its goal—destruction.

Won't anybody ever find a cure for this illness that everybody knows so little about? Will everybody let this disease spread without doing anything about it?

Helen Taylor, 24

COME SATURDAY MORNING

To a man picking up mere beer money from the dole, the prospect of £1000 tax free, was, of course, just more than worth thinking about. All that he had to do, according to his mates, was to make a set of number plates so that the car could not be traced, then, wait in a specified spot. Simple. VDT 121G. That was the number he eventually decided on, why that particular number he didn't know, it just came to him. It didn't take long to knock up a set of plates that would pass everything but the most stringent test. He hadn't worked three months in a garage without picking up anything had he? So, come Saturday morning, easy, mates walk into post office with authentic looking pistol (those bloody Japs are great), fill a case and casually walk out again; no customers, no panic, no fuss. Stroll to car and drive off, five minutes to motorway and then sixty miles between them and the crime, easy, everything was going great, he even allowed himself a smile, then they passed the gleaming white motorway police car: fleetingly the number registered . . . VDT 121G.

Taylor, M. R. (6A)

A SCHOOL DINNER TIME

It's half-past twelve, and what a din, The doors open to let them in. In they come, the big ones first,
The little ones come off worst.
They come inside and they all sit down,
The dinner-ladies stand and frown.
There's a banging of plates, and crashing of glasses,
A jug is spilt, and the water splashes:
"For what we are about"
Hear the ladies shout,
And when prayers are done,
Everyone's quiet — for dinner has begun.

Stephanie Evans, Form 11

AN UN-NATURAL CYCLE

- 1 The giant hawk sweeps o'er the plain, Scanning the length of his huge domain. O'er rushing torrent and rippling glen, His hunting cry echoes from ben to ben.
- 2 He swoops from high to make his kill, And never kills, but to eat his fill. His young are hungry and need their food, Which he must kill to feed his brood.
- 3 Insecticides are sprayed on fields, By farmers, trying to increase their yields. Their wish is not the world to harm, Their only desire to improve their farm.
- The crops grow ripe in their season,
 The wild life feed, they have to reason
 To believe the food they eat on the farm
 Is flourishing there, will do them harm.
- 5 They each of them eat and take their fill, Then the eagle swoops to make his kill He takes a rabbit feeding there And carries it off into the air.
- 6 No thought of pollution enters his life, For life means today for he and his wife, Yet this rabbit he carries back to the nest Spells death and destruction to this bird and the rest.

F. J. Barlow, 34

DEATH OF A CROW?

It was towards the end of a sunny, bright, afternoon during the reign of Queen Victoria, when Alexander Crane heard the news that his cousin George Crane was dying after being involved in an accident. Alexander went straight to the house of his cousin and was immediately allowed into his bedchamber where George lay, calm and happy.

"Sorry I couldn't come sooner" apologised Alexander.

"That's alright, the doctors have given me permission to live until Thursday" George replied.

"I wonder what I'll come back as?" he continued "It should be interesting. How about me coming back as a great black

George gave a loud laugh, not fitting of one due to die in three days. Alexander, on the other hand did not find it amusing.

"Then, when I've been shot down, after making a complete nuisance of myself, I'll have to think about what I'll be next." George suddenly snapped his fingers. "I know" he said. "I'll be a wild cat, a one-eyed wild cat."

"George, I know you're not well but please be serious. After all, death is just not to be laughed off like . . ." Alexander began, but the sentence was left unfinished, because George began to laugh and would not stop for nearly fifteen minutes. As a matter of fact, George died on the Tuesday, was buried on the Thursday and his will (short and sweet) was read out on the Friday. It was all as, perhaps, George would have planned it.

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It was nearly a week later when Alexander was walking home, that something strange took place. The day was windy and the powers of the air played with a piece of old newspaper in the gutter. Tapping it forward and reversing it with the skill of a professional footballer. Somewhere above the sun shone, but with only half the power it had possessed on that previous Monday.

Alexander strolled along at a slow and stately pace. Suddenly he stopped. He had heard a noise, acute and penetrating, like the sword of some viking God. Alexander gazed about him. His eyes drifted towards the sun and then, for just a moment, he was sure he saw the figure, no, "figure" was too accurate, the shape, or silhouette of some huge, black, bird. A crow of tremendous size. But as Alexander's eyes came upon the spot a second time, there was nothing.

That same evening, as Alexander arrived home, he found his servants in an uproar. Indeed, as he reached the door of his house, he heard the sharp crack of a pistol. Alexander raced into the house and made his way to the door of the room from which the noise had come. As he did so, the door opened and out stepped his butler, Rogers, a pistol in his hand, from the nozzle of which came a thin coil of smoke winding it's way slowly towards the ceiling.

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"What on . . .?" began the confused Alexander.

"Oh it's all right sir" the butler broke in, "Just a crow that found its way into the 'ouse. Funny thing though, it was the biggest crow I've ever clapped eyes on and somehow, don't ask me 'ow but, well sir, it seemed to be like, laughing at me."

A sudden, strange feeling crept, like the devil, over the body of Alexander. Suppose, just suppose, Rogers had put a bullet through the reincarnation of George. Alexander shook his head, and then passed out.

Illness kept hold of Alexander for almost a month after that. Even when it finally left him he remained thin, pale and tired. So, Alexander took a vacation, and went to the Highlands of Scotland where, on the first night, Rogers came running to him.

"Sir! Sir!" Rogers yelled, "Your room has just been ransacked by a thing, an' all your stuff's been scattered about." "Calm down," Alexander told his servant. "What sort of a thing?"

"Well" said Rogers after a moment's hesitation "a sort of one'eyed wild cat thing."

Alexander collapsed.

A. Thorpe (Form 22)

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HOUSE AND HOME

The tallness, the greyness, a painted public face; Mechanical and catalogued, as a week with seven days.

'Meals at seven, five and eight,
Wipe your feet and close the gate' . . .
. . . The creed of those who live in house.
The stillness of rooms, the hanging in the air . . .
Of the feeling that somehow you shouldn't be there.
To enter a room, and the silence that follows;
Conversation is terminated, and feelings are hollow.

The polite icy mask that all the family shares, Where the faces they show, are not really theirs. Where mothers know children as Albert or Grace, But don't know their hopes, their whims or their ways.

Compare it with home . . .
A place of feeling, love and peace,
Where freedom is happiness whether in dirt or in jeans,
You enter a room and the voices buzz on;
You feel the warmth
And you know you belong.
Home is an atmosphere,
The feelings you share,
The understanding and trust
You know exist there.

Heather Poxon, 41

HOUSE AND HOME

A house is cold and bare.
A house is the thought of persons past in this
Three dimensional cage which has only
One key.
The key to this cage is held in the

Fragments of your imagination which Bursts into life and create a home.

Intrusion is the feeling one experiences as You break the privacy in a

Intrusion is the feeling one experiences as You break the privacy in a House where you are three inches tall. Where the walls close their Tightened grip on your longing for freedom From this bottomless pit of your Day dreams.

Home is where your thoughts ooze
Free from your self-controlled mind
With the relief
That Mrs. Brown will not tell Mrs. Jones
That little Billy has been
A naughty boy.
Home is having your feet on the newly
Polished table without
The daggers of Aunt Maud piercing your
Eyeballs.

It is the fourth dimension which You alone
Can add to a house of plain brick
And mortar with the wrong
Coloured doors and odd shaped windows.
Home is where it does not matter.

Glenn Boyes, 43

HOME WINE MAKING

Home wine making is one of the most interesting and rewarding hobbies today. Due to its increasing popularity, half the population of Sheffield are now making their own wines. Please don't let the fact that 25% of home wine makers are gradually poisoning themselves, discourage you.

The equipment needed can be obtained quite cheaply from the larger branches of Boots the Chemists. A lot of the equipment needed can be obtained from the kitchen, as it will probably be part of the ordinary kitchen apparatus, i.e. funnels, wooden spoons, bowls, etc.

It is cheaper by far to make your own wine and much more interesting. The most economical time for home wine makers is in the summer, when most of the ingredients can be found on the hedgerows.

Recipe — Home-Made Hock

This recipe is very simple and we have chosen it as there is no complicated equipment required. The ingredients are —

- 2 Oranges
- 3 Lemons
- 6 raw Potatoes the size of eggs
 - 4 lb. Sugar
 - 1 Gallon of water (boiled)
 - 1 lb. Raisins
 - 1 piece of Yeast the size of a walnut.

Method. Pour the boiling water over the 2 oranges, 3 lemons, 6 raw potatoes and 1lb. of raisins, which have been previously split or minced, (the oranges, lemons, potatoes must be cut up). Stir in the sugar. When the liquid has cooled down to room temperature, add the yeast, then let the liquid work for 2 weeks. Syphon off into bottles and cork down loosely until hissing ceases, then cork securely.

Please do not be in too much of a hurry to drink your wine, 2 weeks may seem a long time, but in the end you will find your wait has been worthwhile. You may find that at the end of the fermentation period the wine is still cloudy. There is no reason why you should not drink wine while it is still cloudy, it is only the look of the wine which is discouraging. A number of products can be bought especially for clearing wines, but they can be quite expensive. To make your own wine finings is just as effective. Take some egg shells and

bake them in a slow oven until they are brittle, crush the egg shells and add a pinch to each bottle, this helps to clear the wine quickly. We hope this column will be an introduction to a lifelong hobby.

Good drinking.

N. Allen, M. Capener, Form 32

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SOCIETY REPORTS

VI FORM SOCIETY REPORT

At last the Youth Centre, that pseudo common room at the end of the P.S. Block, is beginning to gain in popularity. This year, the fourth of its existence, we have over one hundred members in the Sixth Form Society.

It has been noticeable that past committees have all worked on the assumption that Sixth Formers need to be entertained in their lunchtimes. The present committee thought that this was the wrong approach and have left members much to their own devices. The committee felt, and it has been proved, rightly, that Sixth Formers just needed a place to sit, talk and drink coffee, and so any activities that we plan are out of lunchtime hours. A pleasing result of this laissez faire attitude has been that there have been no complaints lodged with the committee.

We must draw our members attention to a sentence in last year's report, "The main source of income of the Society is money raised from subscriptions, very little profit being made by the sale of comestibles." The present committee has found that this year the majority of our income is made up of money from the latter source, perhaps this is a reflection on the integrity of the two years? The committee feel very satisfied with the way our monetary affairs have been handled, especially by the bar staff and as a result of this we have a respectable amount of capital and hope to organise two trips for members.

Regretfully it has been a poor year in terms of relations with both the W.R.C.C. and the management of the centre. They still refuse to let us use their disc equipment for example, which greatly reduces the amenability of the centre. Perhaps this attitude is the culmination of many accusations of damage attributed to our members, but the committee has always endeavoured to keep its own house in order and to report any damage as soon as it occurs.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank both the Headmaster and Mr. Ardron for their help in the various problems that we have had to face over the past year.

However, we wish the new committee better luck in their relations with the authorities and success in their actions and we hope they remember that it is impossible to please all the people all the time.

Chairman: Q. Richardson Secretary: M. Taylor Treasurer: R. Kenworthy

J. Bramham, J. Parker, C. Stables, D. Ackerley, C. Waring,

P. Day, M. Swift, S. Bishop, G. Hamshaw.

NATURAL HISTORY REPORT

Attendance to the Natural History Sociey started off well in September (although it does vary with the temperature!) with a handful of keen biologists attending the meetings. In the same month, a fungus foray to Wombwell Wood produced a good turn out and showed fair results, despite it being rather dry and late in the year.

Since September, a programme of Walt Disney colour films have been shown. These included 'Water Birds', 'The Olympic Elk', 'The Pribilof Island Seals', and a film showing the efforts of the Central Electricity Generating Board in their attempts not to disturb local wild life by heir construction of electricity generating stations.

Thanks are extended to Mr. Leeson who was kind enough to give up his own lunch time to show a series of excellent slides of water fowl, and also, to Mrs. Bassindale for running the club and excursions throughout the year.

Next term it is proposed to visit Rudding Park to see the collection of exotic animals there.

New members are welcome to join, the meetings being held every Thursday at 1.00 p.m. in room B2.

Roger Coy and Glyn Bacon (Form 43)

THE PAINT YOUR WAGON SOCIETY

The Paint Your Wagon Society, formed at the beginning of last year to promote interest in this splendid film, has had an eventful, and above all, exciting year; we have been to see the film eight times (once at Mexborough, twice in Barnsley, three times in Sheffield, once at Goldthorpe and once in

London). Mr. Green gave us an interesting talk on "Strange People I Have Met While Watching Paint Your Wagon at the Gaumont Theatre in Sheffield", and this proved amusing and interesting. Mr. Large showed us his extensive collection of photographs from the film, and Mrs. Unwin gave us a talk on "The tribal significance of the scene in which Lee Marvin gets drunk".

The prize of two pounds, which is given at the beginning of each term to the member of the society who goes to see the film most times during the preceding term, went once to Orange of Form 32 and twice to Morris of Form 50. Well done, Horace! (Horace went to see the film 28 times!)

Plans for next year's activities are many and varied. We plan to see the film another ten times, including, in the summer holidays, a visit to see the film in the village hall of Lochboisdale on the island of South Uist in the outer Hebrides. We also plan to hold a 'Lee Marvin impersonation contest' and this will be open to any member of the school for the small fee of five pence; a three pound record token will be offered as first prize. Our really big event will be our own production of Paint Your Wagon, which we hope to stage just before Christmas 1972. This will be the event of the year, so don't miss it!

If you wish to join the Lee Marvin contest, or help in the production of Paint Your Wagon, or if you simply want to join the Society, please feel free to come to any of our meetings; we meet every other Monday in upper fourteen. We'll see you there!

F. Orange, 32. H. Morris, 50

BRIDGE CLUB

We decided this year to enter two teams of four for the Daily Mail Schools' Bridge Championships, and considering that it was the first time any of us had played duplicate bridge we were quite successful, the two teams coming third and fourth in the heats at Halifax. The all-conquering team of Kelso, Cooper, Hays and Johnson just failing to qualify for the semi-finals by 1 point. As we enjoyed playing duplicate bridge much more than rubber bridge, we decided to form a School Bridge Club, and although the immense subscription fee of 10p deterred one or two players we now have nearly 40 members. We used the subscriptions, plus a grant from the P.T.A., to buy a set of 32 wallets and packs of cards.

Durstaff talk about us.

Bob Vineer joined us straight from school, when he was 18. "I'd just taken my GCE's," he says, "I wanted a job that offered security and the chance to get ahead so I chose the Midland.

"My work there began as a junior clerk, you know, generally learning the business. But after four months, I moved

on to higher things—as a cashier. "After a while at that, 18 months or so, I did a spell on control work.

"Now at 21, I'm working in the branch's foreign and securities section.

"What do I like about my job? Oh, the variety,

meeting people—the money's good as well.
"My prospects? I hope to be in management within ten years, but that depends on me."

> Andrea Waters joined the Midland Bank at 16, straight from school. "Why? Oh, I'd just taken CSE's and one of my passes was in typing. The Midland offered me a job as

> > started in Head Office as a junior. That was a year ago, and since then I've moved on to more responsible work in the same department. What do I like about the job? Well, the money's good for my age, I like the people, but mostly I suppose, I enjoy the work. There isn't much more you could

ask from a job, really is there?"

a typist, so, I took it. As it happens, I

Elizabeth Stevens. "I left school with six 'O' levels—looking for a career. with a future. I joined the Midland, did junior work for a year, then moved on to the counter.

I pretty soon got to know everyone—they're a great crowd, really friendly people. I plan to get married before very long, but I'll probably carry on working here afterwards—it'd be a shame to leave all my friends. I get a good wage (equal pay with the men)

> Our staff have talked to you. Why not come and talk to us?

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A Great British Bank

Although we invited members of the P.T.A. to join, none of them came to the first meeting, and so we are taking the desperate measure of putting a report in the school magazine in an effort to get P.T.A. members to join.

Meetings are held on Tuesday evenings at 6.45 in the Art Room and any new members are welcome.

S. Kelso (L6D)

BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP TO SEAHOUSES 1971

Working on the principle of "Experientia docet stultos", an attempt is made each year to allow the biologists amongst us to gain first hand experience of what has been taught in the classroom.

With this proverb in mind, last June found L. VI E, Mrs. Bassindale and that well-known son-of-fun Mr. Swift descending on the unsuspecting Northumbrian fishing village of Seahouses (population 1123—and since decreasing!), the now regular meeting-place for this annual venture.

For a whole week we subjected the coastline to close scrutiny (—or maybe we were subjected to the coastline!) for hour upon hour, from dawn until dusk, we were worked mercilessly (or at least it seemed like that!).

The ulterior purpose of our visit was to study marine ecology, however it transpired that it was only a training camp for the "BIOLOGY ALL-STARS" football team (Capt. P. Bassindale), despite the somewhat apparent lack of "supporters" within the team!

Every morning the local inhabitants stared in amazement at fifteen bleary-eyed wonders trotting down to shore with note-books, tied around their necks, bent on studying fucoids and diatoms (seaweed and slime to the non-biologists!). Every afternoon the local inhabitants were even more surprised to see fifteen bleary-eyed wonders trudging a brine-soaked path back to the guest-house, known locally as "Grace Darling's Hotel"!

This procedure was followed fastidiously morning and afternoon for all but four of the afternoons, when we visited local centres of interest. The first of these was a trip to the Farne Islands, where the birds were somewhat free and easy, and one or two of our number (three with Mrs. Bassindale) were seasick. The nearby village of Beadnall was also subject to our attentions, where "Twinkletoes" Laing and "Warmblooded" Williams braved the elements to swim in the icy

waters of the harbour (the only harbour, we hasten to add, on the East coast that opens to the West!). We were also lucky enough to visit Newham Bog, one of the few places in Britain where the rare Greater Butterfly Orchid is still left relatively unmolested, and where the plant development and sequence of development is unique in Europe. That day brought many trials and tribulations, which included walking through 8 inches of muddy water (somewhat disconcerting when your boots only extend 7½ inches up your leg!). We were also assured by a local farmer that he would remove his cattle from the field we had to cross to reach Newham Bog; but sadly the cattle were still there when we arrived and they "stampeded", sending us scurrying back across the field to the comparative safety of a fence! They were finally driven back by the antics and sheer bravado of Tony "El Cordobes" Swift, suitably armed with red handkerchief and metre rule! Mid-week Mrs. Bassindale took a selection of specimens from the sea shore and arranged a competition for us, to be won by the person who identified the most specimens. This was won by Dot "Classifier" Coles (VI E's answer to Bamber Gascoigne!). When at last we packed up and came home, the whole area breathed an almost audible siah of relief!

It only remains to inform our avid readers that since our trip the area has been turned into a wild-life reserve.

Our thanks go out to Mrs. P. Bassindale and Mr. A. Swift, the two members of staff who accompanied us, for their kind attention throughout the course.

We are also obliged to our great friends of the "Blue Star", without whose help frequent sightings of "Cygnus atratus" would have been missed, and this whole project could not have succeeded.

Steve Hanstock, VI E. Bob Greening-Jackson, VI E.

GEOGRAPHY FIELD COURSE TO CLOUGHTON EASTER 1971

On Monday, the 19th of April, a party of forty mad student geographers, led by five even madder geography teachers, viz. Messrs. Hinchliffe, Leeson, Cox, Garford and Miss Grant, plus one biologist, Miss Cooley, arrived on the Yorkshire coast, where we were to spend five "exhausting but satisfying" days, as was prophesied by the famous Old Uncle Derek Hinchliffe!

It being a geography field course, we went on several excursions and made a variety of studies. These included coastal

studies at Scarborough and Filey, a survey of glacial features at Hackness and political studies of Scarborough and Teesside, though at the latter we saw little more than a wall of fog. Thursday was a "special" day when four parties made transects across the Vale of Pickering: three of these groups walked, but Mr. Leeson's group found wheels! In the afternoon we were let loose in Scarborough where some people were mad enough to take a swim.

There was always some incident to take our minds off work—like Miss Grant hanging on to the cliffs at Filey for grim death, while her map floated out to sea. She struck yet again when she rang the bell in the girls' quarters at seven o'clock instead of eight, giving the excuse that she couldn't see the clock because she hadn't got her "eyes" in.

The highlight of the week, despite groans of apprehension before the course, was the concert in which almost every-body took part, the staff being the stars. These included Mr. Hinchliffe "in drag", Mr. Garford playing the guitar and singing whilst all the girls drooled, Miss Grant making a daring escapade despite the cold weather? and Mr. Cox simulating the "Manikin" advert.

The students would like to thank the staff for a very enjoyable and enlightening week.

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PREFECTS



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2nd from back row: L. to R. Price, Logan, Bradwell, Kenworthy, Keightley, MacBeth, Taylor M, Howson, Binns.

Next to front row: L. to R. D. Law, P. Baines, C. Stables, R. Norton, M. Candlin, S. Lumb, S. Hill V. Baines, C. Scott, A. Everatt, P. Walker, S. Lenton.

Front Row: L. to R. J. Senior, M. Goldthorpe, J. Parker, Q. Richardson, Miss Clegg, Dr. Saffell, Mr. Kirby, J. Bramham, Swift, F. Bowes, D. Ackerley.

OLD WATHONIANS' ASSOCIATION

The past year has been a very busy one for the Old Wathonians' Association.

As announced in last year's Magazine, the 1971 Re-Union was held on April 3rd and the Guest Speaker was Mr. Ian de Stains. This was an enjoyable occasion for those who were able to attend.

In November the now "traditional" Autumn Dinner was held at the Brecon Hotel in Rotherham. It was attended by more people than the previous one and "a good time was had by all".

"Old" Old Wathonians were deeply distressed by the death of Mr. Cooper on June 4th, 1971. Although he had been ill for some time, he had been improving a little and had been able to get out into his beloved garden, so the shock was all the greater. Mr. Cooper was one of the four original members of staff when the school first began. He was the first Senior Master and was Roman Housemaster for many years. He taught Maths in the same amiable manner in which he did everything. He will long be remembered with great affection by those who knew him in school and who, after leaving school, knew him as a friend who was still interested in their welfare. He always attended Old Wathonians' functions and kept his interest in his Old Scholars. We were very pleased to see Mrs. Cooper at the Autumn Dinner in 1971 and at the recent Re-Union. The Old Scholars were well represented at his funeral to which a wreath in the School Colours was sent. A letter of condolence was also sent to Mrs. Cooper. The Committee are now busy trying to plan a suitable and lasting Memorial to him. They had quite a good response to their appeal. Part of the Memorial will be a farm scene painted by Mr. Leadley for the School. It has not yet been decided how to use the rest of the money.

On July 20th, about fifty Old Wathonians gathered to show the Asociation's appreciation of the work of two retiring members of staff. Mr. Atkinson was presented with a canteen of cutlery and a tea service by Walter Young. Miss Bourne was presented with a silver tray and a bouquet by Jean Armstrong. With the gifts went the good wishes and thanks of all Old Wathonians who have had the good fortune to know Mr. Atkinson and Miss Bourne. They have both taught us all much more than their subjects. We wish them both a long and happy retirement. The evening, in spite of really being 'Goodbye' was a very happy affair. Mr. Atkinson and Miss Bourne sent messages to the Committee afterwards, thanking the Association for all their good wishes.

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Further details of any of these courses may be obtained from:- The Admissions Officer,
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Calverley Street, Leeds. LS1 3HE.

During the same evening Kathleen Clark gave to Mr. Hilton, the Senior Master, a Book Token to show the gratitude of the Committee for all he has done for the Association. He has left Wath-upon-Dearne Grammar School to become a Headmaster. We sent him off with our congratulations on his promotion and best wishes for his future career.

We are now pleased to have Mr. Kirby, the new Senior Master, on the Committee. We hope that he will spend many years with us and we thank him for his offer to help us whenever possible.

In the summer we were pleased to hear of the marriage of Dr. Saffell, our President, to Mrs. Evans. We hope they will have many happy years together.

We are sorry from our own point of view that Dr. Saffell is retiring in July. He has always been most kind and helpful, taking an interest, not only in his own Old Scholars, but in all of us. However we hope he will have a very happy retirement, and that later in the year we shall be able to show him our gratitude and offer our good wishes in a more tangible way.

We have been sorry to hear that Miss Edge, Mr. and Miss Grear have all been ill. Flowers and letters have been sent to them on behalf of the Association. Miss Edge and Mr. Grear are much better, we are pleased to report. Mr. Leadley, too, has not been very well again. We send them all our best wishes.

The Re-Union this year was held on Saturday, March 25th. Mr. Atkinson was Guest Speaker. Although few people attended it was a very enjoyable occasion. We were very pleased to see Mr. Atkinson, Miss Bourne and her sister, and Mr. and Mrs. Hilton all back again, showing that our "Goodbye" of last July was really "Au Revoir". We were also delighted to see Miss Swift once again, looking very well and a good advertisement for retiring! We hope we shall see her again soon. Unfortunately the Rev. A. T. L. Grear is not able to travel far nowadays, but he always sends us his best wishes. Other ex-Members of Staff also sent their apologies. May we point out here that the Re-Union is always held on the Saturday before Good Friday, so that those wishing to make plans in advance can do so.

Subscriptions to the Old Wathonians' Association are payable at the Re-Union or may be sent to the Secretary, Miss K. Clark, 19 Claypit Lane, Rawmarsh, Rotherham.

Life Membership is £3.15.

Life Membership paid by the first Re-Union after leaving school is $\mathfrak{L}2.10$.

The Annual Subscription is 25p.

The Annual Subscription to include the next year's Magazine is 40p.

A supply of Old Wathonians' ties, price 62½p, is always kept at School.

The Secretary is always pleased to receive news of Old Wathonians.

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NEWS OF OLD WATHONIANS

Martin Happs has been awarded a Major State Scholarship to do research into Local History at Merton College, Oxford. He has always been interested in acting and has already performed with Sir Michael Redgrave and James Robertson Justice. He has been a member of the South Yorkshire Theatre for Youth for ten years and last September he produced "The Merry Wives of Windsor" in which Kevin Barnsley, another Old Wathonian, took part.

Miss Lesley Hargreaves is studying English and French at East Anglia University. She has spent three weeks at an international camp on the French-Italian border where she

continued her studies.

Eric Bradley, A.R.I.C., has been awarded the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Huddersfield Polytechnic. He is now teaching Science at the King's Grammar School, Pontefract. John Forster has passed the A.R.C.M. (Performers) Examination with Honours at the Royal College of Music, has passed G.R.S.M., has been awarded the "Sarah Mundiak" Prize for the most outstanding performance as a pianist in the Examination, has been awarded the Tagore Gold Medal and "Peter Morrison" prizes for the most distinguished student of the year, the "Theodore Stier" Prize for conducting, and the "Eric Rice" Memorial Prize and Medal for Accompanists in the finals of the Royal Overseas League Music Festival Competition.

Mr. J. C. Hammonds has been made a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons. He now works as Registrar at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Bournemouth. He graduated in Medicine and Pathology at Cambridge University.

Owen Willis has been appointed Operations Officer for the

Leeds Division of the British Rail.

Peter Auckland has passed a Works and Cost Accountancy Examination.

Douglas Twaite has gained his Gold Medal L.A.M. for speech at the London Academy for Speech and Dramatic Art. He also holds A.L.C.M. of London College of Speech and Drama.

- J. Pamela Wake (now Mrs. Horner) is lecturing part-time at Wolverhampton Polytechnic. She is engaged in Research in Brazilian Studies.
- R. D. Ridyard has been admitted to the Licentiate of the Royal Photographic Society.
 Ronald Biram is Head of Darfield County Primary School.

PORTSMOUTH POLYTECHNIC

Further information from
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Amenities, Donations, etc. provided by the P.T.A. since its inception in January 1970.

Amenities

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- 17 Going on English/Science courses
- 18 Environmental project.
- 19 Folk Club
- 20 Dramatic Society
- 21 Purchase of Net Ball Kit.
- 22 Purchase of Under XIV Soccer Shirts.
- 23 Newly formed Bridge Club.
- 24 Prizes for magazine entries and assistance towards printing costs.

Assistance given to

individual students

DEGREE SUCCESSES

John R. Austwick, B.Tech. (Chem.Eng.), Bradford.

Ian L. O. Barnes, Honours Degree in Law at Liverpool University.

George H. Beazley, B.A., Leicester.

Gillian Beevers, English and French with a Certificate in Education at Keele University.

Gordon E. Chisholm, B.Sc., Leeds.

Janet L. Corker, B.A., Spanish, Nottingham.

Richard G. Evans, B.Sc., Portsmouth Polytechnic.

John Forster, A.R.C.M., G.R.S.M., Royal College of Music.

Paul Furniss, B.Ed., Coventry College of Education.

Carol M. Gilbert, Dip.A.D., Leicester Polytechnic.

Richard Gray, Upper 2nd Class Honours Degree in Physics at Leeds University.

David Hargreaves, B.Sc., Oxford (Christ Church).

Gerald Hewitson, B.A., Cardiff.

Christopher J. Irish, 2nd Class Honours Degree in Social Sciences and Politics at York University.

Christine Langley, French and Latin, Keele University—went to Corsica as an "au pair" girl.

Danny Lawrence, B.A., Oxford (Merton).

Philip M. Lidster, B.Sc., London (External).

Valerie New, B.Ed., Ormskirk College of Education.

Joan Palframan (née Cutts), B.Ed., Loughborough College of Education.

Peter C. Spofforth, B.A., Durham.

Angela Viccars, B.Sc., Honours Degree at Southampton University.

Diane M. Waller (née Dawson), LL.B., Birmingham.

Keith Waller, B.A., Birmingham.

Pamela J. Wake, B.A., Birmingham.

Terence Waterhouse, B.A. Honours Degree in Language at Portsmouth Polytechnic.

Jennifer J. Young, B.A. Aston University in Birmingham.

George Wilson, 2nd Class Honours Degree in Education at the University of Lancaster.

Paul Stephen Hirst, B.A. Honours Degree in Law at Manchester College—now working in the Civil Service. Martyn H. Norton, M.B., Ch.B. Degrees at Liverpool Univer-

sity School of Medicine:

is a Surgeon Sub. Lt. in the Royal Naval Reserve and is attached to H.M.S. Eaglet at Liverpool Docks:

took up an appointment at the Walton Hospital, Liverpool in March.

MARRIAGES

Dr. C. R. T. Saffell to Mrs. J. Evans.

Paul Stephen Hirst (W.G.S.) to Francesca Costello.

John C. G. Horner to J. Pamela Wake (W.G.S.)

Christopher J. Irish (W.G.S.) to Janet Downing (W.G.S.)

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Barry Parkin (Jean Wilcock) both W.G.S. - a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson (Betty Littlewood) - a daughter in Portugal.

Mr. and Mrs. Broadbent (Susan Pears) - a second daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Wilson (Miss Margaret Bassindale) both W.G.S. - a daughter - Heather Diane on 7th July, 1971.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Lewis (Margaret Hale) both W.G.S. - a son - Simon in April, 1972.

DEATHS

We record with regret the deaths of—
Mr. Cooper
Mary Morton (née Cameron)
Sam Oughton (husband of Dorothy Hollingsworth)
Tony Ibbotson

P.T.A. COMMITTEE

Chairman: Dr. C. R. T. Saffell

Secretary: Mr. R. Biram Treasurer: Mr. F. Wright

Staff Representatives:

Mrs. M. E. Addey, Mr. D. E. Kirby, Mr. D. A. Dunsby, Mr. P. D.

Ardron

Parent Representatives:

Mrs. J. Kenworthy, Mrs. J. M. Finch, Mrs. V. Vizard, Mrs. K. Knutton, Mrs. G. Sullivan, Mrs. H. Swift, Mrs. A Carr, Mrs. M. Ashton, Mr. J. Shaw

Student Representatives:
Christine Stables, Richard Kenworthy.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

As the Association is now in its third year one can in retrospect feel satisfied in its achievements to date. Financially we have been instrumental in purchasing several costly items for the school and unobtrusively, assistance has been given to groups or individual pupils in conjunction with their sporting or academic pursuits. Every effort has been made to ensure that all facets of school life have benefited to some degree.

Our second Summer Fete was again successful and attracted large numbers of parents. We were ably assisted by the glorious sunny weather (truly our guardian angel was at hand). The staff, parents and students once more through their concerted efforts ensured a happy time for all. The main attraction was the "It's a Knock Out" competition staged between teams from Wath and Rawmarsh High Schools. Despite much endeavour and considerable vocal support on behalf of the Wath teams, the winning trophy was carried off to foreign parts. Every praise should be given to Mr. Dunsby's indefatigable performance as the competition organiser, he proved to be Wath's answer to Eddie Waring. At the conclusion of the day's activities the Association funds were £360 in profit.

Unfortunately during the remainder of the year we did not provide the variety of activities promised. Dances were held at regular intervals despite only limited support. The Dance Club had to be abandoned through lack of interest. Theatre trips were organised and well received by those participating.

In November two films were shown, "Narcotics Decision" and "The Spread of Venereal Diseases". As these films were relevant to the problems of our modern society it was disturbing to find only thirty five parents were interested in attending.

Recently a Folk Evening was held, which though enjoyed, incurred a financial loss. Once again we supported the Gilbert & Sullivan production and assistance was given at Parents' Evenings. The First Form Social proved even more successful than in the previous year.

Now, with a newly formed Committee we look forward to fresh inspiration and ideas. One sign of this is the large number of Summer Raffle tickets on sale around the area. It is clear however, that without the support of staff, students and parents we cannot introduce any new ventures.

It is with regret that we shall be losing our Chairman, Dr. C. R. T. Saffell. He has proved invaluable to us since the inception of the Association. We will truly miss his forthright views and timely advice and support. We offer Dr. Saffell our sincere thanks and wish him a long and happy retirement.

As to the future of the Association, this must remain in the hands of Mr. Murphy, the new Headmaster. We can only hope when he assesses the work of the Association to date he will allow it to continue.



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