

wathonian 77



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For this edition of Wathonian the mixture is very much the same as before - house and sports reports, some literary contributions and reports of other events which have taken place during the school year (productions, trips etc.) The magazine retains its year-book format because that is what people seem to want - at least, they do not seem enthusiastic in coming up with new ideas.

A school magazine should reflect the life of the school. This is what Wathonian tries to do. Whether it succeeds or fails is for each reader to decide for himself.

Since the last issue we have said farewell to the following members of staff:

Mr. Burrage, Mr. Irwin, Miss Hopton, Mr. Spaul, Miss Clements, Mrs. Simms, Miss Marples, Mr. Hinchliffe, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Gilligan and Mr. Murray - We wish them all good luck.

We have welcomed:

Mr. Lincoln, Miss Vardy, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Tyson, Mr. Darby, Mr. Price, Mrs. Shepston, Miss Wallwork, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Brennen and Mrs. Kent.

WEEKEND WEAR . . .

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SPEECH DAY

Speech Day 1976 took place on April 6th and as usual the school hall, decked out with flowers for the occasion, proved a good setting.

The afternoon followed the traditional course, with the Chairman's Remarks and Headmaster's Report being followed by the Senior Girls Choir, who gave spirited performances of "The Enchanted Valley" by Havelock Nelson and Zoltan Kodaly's "Hippety Hoppety".

After the presentation of the certificates and awards by Mrs. R. Benton, the wife of the guest speaker, the Senior Mixed choir performed "Beati Quorum Via", by C. V. Stanford, "An Eriskay Love Lilt" by Roberton and Aaron Copland's "Ching a-ring a-ring".

The address was given by Councillor R. Benton, the Chairman of Rotherham Education Committee and the audience heard at first hand about some of the problems of local government. The vote of thanks was proposed by the Head Girl, Jayne Hague and seconded by the Head Boy, Paul Trickett.

The afternoon ended with the singing of "Jerusalem".

It is likely that this was the last Speech Day to take place in the afternoon. In the future an evening event is proposed to enable more parents to attend.

A.J.F.

LINDA PAYNE

Many friends in South Yorkshire will learn with regret of the funeral of Linda Payne (nee Smith) which took place on Monday, 6th Sept. at Southampton Crematorium. Linda was a pupil at Wath Grammar School from 1956 to 1963, and went on to Southampton University where she took dual honours in Modern Languages, followed by two postgraduate diplomas in Social Sciences and related studies. Appointed to Southampton Social Services she became well-known as a vigorous and forthright protagonist of inter-service co-operation, and contributed articles to both medical and social journals; the most recent is being published posthumously in "Community Care" this month. Tribute has been paid to her work with problem families and at the Children's Hospital which absorbed half her time.

In 1966 she married David Payne, a research fellow in Electronic Engineering at Southampton University, and the continuing University connection made their home a social centre for students of every race, colour and creed. As a result, Linda is mourned by close friends in all five continents. It may be an inspiration to others to know that Linda suffered ill-health from a very early age, and had three years on a kidney machine before a successful transplant operation in 1970. None the less she travelled widely in Europe, in Australia, and had very recently returned from a four-month International course in the U.S. on the occasion of her untimely death.

HOUSE REPORTS



ATHENS HOUSE REPORT

This year, Athens has failed to produce the explosive performances of previous years, yet some promise has been shown for the future. The tug-of-war is a good example of the above point, for although Athens were last overall, the first form girls won all their games. The Winter games overall result, with the senior boys winning the rugby and football and the senior girls finishing a valiant second in the netball, seems a travesty — Athens finished fifth. The cross-country caused Athens headaches and the bad weather offered no respite. Athens finished fifth in the championships and sixth in the league, which was disappointing.

In the athletics, Athens fared no better, although Gillis' success as junior Victor Ludorum should have put us in an overall position higher than sixth.

In the cricket there was little success, as the seniors could only manage third place. The juniors and middles, in spite of their enthusiasm, lost all their games, except one.

Yet Athens, at this transitional stage of its development, is not an athletic house; it is the brain and not the brawn which is emphasised here. Athens' superiority in this department is indicated by an excellent performance in the Work Cup. The only reason Athens finished third instead of first in the Quiz was that we were outnumbered in the final games due to circumstances beyond our control.

Athens can only do better next year and members are confident that, in time, Athens will once more reach the summit of success.



CARTHAGE HOUSE REPORT

House Captains Mark Pitcher Jill Barker

Phil Younge Margaret Hemmingway

1975-76 has proved to have been another year of Carthaginian dominance with a merciless onslaught upon the other houses by the purple tide of Carthaginians. The list of triumphs is endless (well almost). The confidence shown by Mr. Bacon last year was backed up by a fair warning when 65% of all Carthaginians turned out to easily take the cross country league and championship.

This proved to be good training for the following football, rugby, hockey and netball teams, who all performed with typical Carthaginian brilliance and tenacity to finish equal first in the Winter Games Cup.

In the summer term Carthage once again took the Athletics Cup and will surely complete the hat-trick next summer. Even as I write a runner has just appeared bearing glad tidings that our courageous cricketers and rousing rounders players have secured the Summer Games Cup.

Although Carthage have shown almost unrivalled dominance on the sports field, we managed to prove that Carthaginians are only human after all, by showing that we are less than perfect in academic pursuits as our sixth position in the quiz proves (we achieved a grand total of 0 points in five rounds of the competition).

All that remains to be done is to thank Mr. Bacon for all he has done this year and our House Captains Younge and Jill Barker and Games Captains Pitcher and Margaret Hemmingway who have worked so well to keep Carthage on top as next years Captains Evans, Denise Martin, Heather Senior, Sue Morley and myself will endeavour to do.



ROME HOUSE REPORT 75/76

Veni, vidi, vici somebody once said. This year Rome adopted the motto with a vengeance, and won practically everything. It is difficult to decide where to start and chronicle the achievements and heights to which Rome House aspired in this season, the zenith of our illustrious.

Our first task was the winter games cup, which entailed Hockey, Rugby and Football. We finished first equal, after some other House had the nerve to dispute our rightful claim to first place.

Then came the cross country, and Rome trotted (no pun intended) to second and third places in the cross country cup and league respectively.

The five a side football was another of our goals this year and we took a relatively simple victory.

The intellect of your average Roman shone through, and this time we managed a very creditable second place after a play-off with er . . . um . . .

The tug of war, both male and female, was the high spot of the year. We steam rolled the opposition; our victory was the pinnacle of all our achievements (and we didn't lose a single tug).

The senior cricket . . .

The middles cricket . . .

The junior cricket — well not quite following their betters' fine examples, the juniors insisted on fighting their way to the top of their league and getting their rightful place in the final, which has not yet been won.

The rounders too has yet to be clinched, yet the girls will doubtless do a fine job.

Now all that remains at the end of this, our truly vintage year, is to wish farewell to Mr. Faulkner, who is leaving Rome to become 3rd year Y.A.C., and thank him for his guidance throughout the year. Our congratulations to Mrs. Swallow, who flutters into the void left by his departure.

Finally, our thanks to everyone who turned out in all weathers to make these results possible.

The Rome House Captains.



SPARTA HOUSE REPORT '75/76

House Captains: T. Hirst, P. Smales

Games Captains: D. Woodruff, K. Pyott

Thanks to the enthusiasm of the younger members, with guidance from the staff and captains, Sparta at last became a force to be reckoned with.

Sparta won the quiz, Junior rugby Junior netball and provided the winners of the raffle ticket selling competition. In the latter the financial wizardry of Mrs. Chisholm's group augurs well for the nation! We were second in both the Junior Girls and Middle Boys cross country championships; gained second place in the tug of war, largely because of the girls; came second in athletics standards and only lost the Middles' cricket title by three wickets. Given our past failures, we can be justly proud of third place overall in athletics and third in Junior hockey.

Obviously our strength lies with our Junior Spartans and so our future is promising. There have been some fine examples set by the senior pupils, notably Kevin Pyott's sparkling victory in the hurdles (never before attempted) and Janet Hole's North of England hockey trial.

In conclusion: always very competent in matters intellectual, Sparta has begun to shine in matters most athletic.



THEBAN HOUSE REPORT

This has been a rather mediocre year for Thebes.

Our weaker results on the sportsfield were compensated academically when we finished third in the Deeks Trophy, a creditable third in the quiz, in which we looked invincible after winning our first two matches.

Although we could only manage fourth in the sports, there were some outstanding individual performances.

Steven Brice won the hundred metres, the two hundred metres and the javelin for the seniors, and both Andrew Sykes and Mandy Waller were awarded the 'victor ludorum'. Our first year boys must have set some sought of a record when they filled the first five places of the high jump.

Because the tug of war was a new competition, we didn't have time to build up our members and consequently the boys and girls finished bottom. Will the organiser of the competition please inform us in due time next year so we can move onto a steak diet?

The mediocrity of our performances throughout the past year was portrayed when we finished an overall fourth in both the Cross Country League and Championship and the work cup, due mainly to our high detention rate.

Other performances worthy of mention include that of the senior girls who won the netball, the senior boys who lost in the cricket final, the middles girls winning the rounders, and the house has come second in the summer games.

It only remains for us to thank our staff, last year's captains and everyone who competed for Thebes for their efforts during the past year — and to say, adding to the famous words of Cato — THAT IN THE COMING YEAR DELENDA EST NON MODO CARTHAGO, SED ETIAM ATHENAE, ROMA, SPARTA ATQUE TROIA.



TROY

House Captains: Teresa Norman, Carlton Chapman

Games Captains: Kirstie Thompson, John Senior

The past year has, on the whole, been a very good year for Troy and we would like to give our thanks first of all to the stalwart band of Trojans who turn out in all weathers to do their best for Troy. It is to these staunch members that we owe our greatest success and we would like to extend our deepest gratitude for their great efforts.

Intellectually the House has maintained its brilliant record by winning the Work Cup and Carthage in the House Quiz (an event in itself). In the summer athletics we came a very close second to Carthage and in the winter Games Cup were only one point behind the winners. The senior girls put in particularly outstanding performances winning the senior hockey and being runners-up in the netball. We are also pleased to announce that we won the Work Cup this year. Trojan gentlemen did equally well in the winter games as they were runners-up in both the senior football and junior rugby and the middles boys deserve a special mention for winning the five-a-side. Speaking of sport, we also won the work cup. Trojan endurance was tested in the Cross Country because of the deplorable conditions and our only reason for losing was that the other Houses used water wings. Besides endurance which, let's face it, you need in Troy — strength was also tested in the tug-o-war where enthusiasm ran high (rather too high for a certain senior lady who spent eight days learning to walk again — no names mentioned of course, Teresa).

We are pleased to welcome Mrs. James and Miss Brennan to the House and wish Mr. Spaul and Mrs. Simms all the best for the future as they will be sadly missed when they leave Troy this summer. Our greatest thanks must go to Mrs. Roshier who's indomitable spirit (and threats) have hung over every Trojan during the past year. Finally, we would like to say how much we have enjoyed our year as House Captains of the schools greatest house and we wish next years Captains all the best in taking charge of what has come to be carried throughout the past year in school "The Roshier Road-Show."

The House Captains

SEAHOUSES '76 OR EXTRACTS FROM A LVI BIOLOGISTS DIARY

Saturday:

Came to Seahouses. Entered the Longstone Guest House via the wooden fire escape. Discovered we could get seven people in our clothes closet. Spent evening being introduced to Seahouses beach.

Mr. Swift — "Sixth form, this is Seahouses beach."

Us — "Hello Seahouses beach."

D.C. (that's you Diane!) was shocked to find that algae are in fact plants and not slimy green animals we have to catch with nets and lock up.

Sunday:

Got up at 6.00 a.m. (is there such a time?). Extremely hot day. Lay in sand dunes getting sunburnt while pretending to listen to a lecture on grasses that Mr. S. pretended to give us. 1st packed lunch — Spam and soggy crisps. Lost Mrs. B. (cheers?), found her some six hours later (more cheers?). Spent evening in strange positions on beach looking for non existent specimens. Discovered art of "Limpet bashing." Most successful when done with good quality wellies.

Monday:

Visited the Holy Island. Walked round entire perimeter of island suffering from, i) Heavy rucksacks, ii) Severe sunburn, iii) The urge to answer the calls of nature. Highlight of trip — visiting the Mead factory, suspect only reason for Mr. S. organising outing). We were just about to partake of a free sample (purely for scientific reasons you understand) when someone (no names Pat) announced loudly, "But Sir, we aren't eighteen!" 2nd packed lunch — Spam and soggy crisps. Spent evening on beach, stunning limpets, putting our feet in rockpools (discovered water has wetting effect) being bored and arguing about the position of the all-important transect line.

Tuesday:

Eagerly rushed down to beach (under extreme pressure from two rather more conscientious members of the group), to argue about transect line again. 3rd packed lunch — Spam and soggy crisps.

Had a very busy afternoon, washing hair and filing our nails (and that was only the boys). Went to nearby Bamburgh to empty some buckets. Mrs. B. presented us with a lecture on Sampling techniques in the by now dreaded 'Room 5' (a guest house bedroom converted into a marine biology laboratory complete with all mod cons. and foul smelling seaweed).

Wednesday:

Back on normal form — got up late and nearly missed breakfast. Spent the morning on Transect and Sampling — or, to be more accurate — falling in rock pools and ignoring seaweeds that are too difficult to identify.

4th packed lunch — Spam and soggy crisps.

Went out in a boat to the Farne Islands. Didn't feel well. Fed twelve people's packed lunches from the previous four days to the gulls. None actually collapsed while we were there. Discovered David Carradine/Grasshopper (of Kung Fu fame) is alive and well and living under the pseudonym of Andy F.

Mr. S. put his best gear on and told us all about plankton — only 50% of the group fell asleep! The other 50% were kept awake by the strange aroma of BRUT and decaying seaweeds tantalising our olfactory senses.

Thursday:

Crawled out of bed (late) and finished sampling with eyes closed — could account for accuracy of results. 5th packed lunch — Spam and soggy crisps. Mr. Palmer (alias Ken) insisted on carrying seaweeds back to the guest house in his golf umbrella. (Locals alerted police who later put it down to lunacy!). Mr. S. took our team (pronounced te-um) to Scotland. Forgot about identifying marine organisms and spotted local talent instead. School mini-bus floated back to Seahouses due to torrential rainfall.

Spent fun (?) evening in the ominous Room 5 comparing sampling results. 100% of group fell asleep. All went down to the "Seahouses Slot Machine." (Well, I must admit, they are getting another one next week).

Friday:

Projects!! Fun game consisting of dividing group into smaller groups and seeing who can do the silliest things while still looking like 'Impressive Marine Biologists.' The dynamic duo, Anne and Anne, were to be seen standing near rockpools with intelligent expressions on their faces. Others were to be found acting out parts of kami-kazi marine biologists in the Laminarian zone. (Laminarian — six foot long seaweed, useful for decorating guest houses). Also involves hanging out seaweed on the washing line with the landlady's undies. Star turn — 'Mr. S. teases limpets in a bowl of alcohol.' 6th packed lunch — Spam and soggy crisps.

Evening — the dreaded Classification Test. Attempts to hide in clothes closet foiled. The much coveted prize (?) carried off by A.M. (suspected he'd been working), crept out of guest house to supply gulls with twelve peoples packed lunches from previous two days.

Saturday:

Left Seahouses. Mr. & Mrs. Landlord looked suitably relieved. 7th (and last) packed lunch — Spam and soggy crisps, left in mini-bus for benefit of future users.

I would like, (well, I'm going to have to anyway) to thank Mr. Swift and Mr. Bassingdale for putting up with our strange little habits and providing us with such an entertaining week of hard graft, blood, sweat and tears. Also, many thanks to we ten dedicated sixth form biologists for working so hard. (If I don't say it no-one else will).

Liz Ward (6R)

(who only signed her name to this trash while being held at gunpoint by a bucketfull of dead limpets (*Patella vulgata*))

THE MAD SAGA OF ULLSWATER

With apprehension in our hearts and our eyes agog with amazement, we watched the intricate process of packing both equipment and people into the two minibuses. The journey was hot, long and tedious but was brightened by light conversation from various quarters — notably from 'Super M.P.' and his endless recital of members of Parliament, constituencies, and majorities. Four hours after our departure we could be found bouncing our way up the rough track to the hostel, which was more like two miles from Glenridding than the expected four hundred yards — no doubt someone must have moved it since the previous Edge family visit! Visible pain reared its ugly head in goggling Godber eyes as he manoeuvred his beloved vehicle's precious tyres over the potholes.

The hostel was bounded on one side by Glenridding Beck and a high fell, whilst on the other we had a picturesque view of a scree slope and the relics of an old lead mine. As we jolted to a halt, we began to peel ourselves apart and clambered out to inspect the premises. After an entertaining evening we tried to settle down for the night. Early next morning, full of fitness and vitality, we rose from our luxury bunks and prepared ourselves for the day's venture, which was a visit to Aira Force — a magnificent waterfall cascading into a deep, icy-plunge pool. Some bathed in the pool whilst others explored the surrounding woodland. As we were about to depart a screaming mob descended upon us from above. This was Mr. Price and his merry band of second and fourth form fellows. Later most paddled in the lake while a select group of more energetic people explored the depths of Glencoyne Wood. We met afterwards to enjoy one of the tastiest meals of the whole week — cooked by ourselves!

After Tuesday breakfast some of our party decided to display themselves in the beck swimming-pool, whilst others took to the waters on the steamer. Travelling by steamer was by far the best way to see the lake as a whole, and after a brief stop at Howtown we arrived at Pooley Bridge. We left the steamer behind with the intention of finding a picturesque spot by the lake. That madman of Hemsworth, later known as Tutankhalumb, succumbed as usual however to the hypnotic allure of a "Footpath" sign and promptly led the way up a steep, pine-clad hillside. Needless to say, after walking up, down and around, we arrived at the same spot we had started from. So much for his infallible (his own adjective) sense of direction. Those who had also been to Germany must have thought of his circular tour of Aachen in search of the lost bus. While looking around Pooley Bridge, if you were lucky, you would be able to see Mr. Godber anointing himself with suntan oil. When we returned to the hostel after a very enjoyable day we learned that High Price had taken a certain delight in pushing young, unsuspecting girls into the swimming pool.

Wednesday was hiking day, inspiring aching limbs, profuse sweat, staff enjoyment of young suffering, and gasps of 'How much further' and 'I can't go on' from third year females pretending that they were not delighted by the exercise. Thursday saw Godber and his crew spend a day on the lake whilst the more intellectual types visited Rydal Mount and the outside of Dove Cottage — both houses being famous as homes of the poet Wordsworth for many years

Early next morning the Price gang were up like larks, making a record ascent of Helvellyn in fifty five minutes. The rest of us followed Looney Lumb on a tour of Grisedale — the beginning of which was more like an endurance test. It was worth the effort however. We were miles from anywhere and anybody, the scenery was magnificent, and altogether it was the best walk we tackled.

On Friday evening we held a barbecue on the mountain-side, partaking of such delights as chicken and Scat (Wath's answer to Fanny Craddock's) sausages. The night was concluded by raucous camp-fire singing, ably conducted by 'One Banana' Price, coupled with our ever-witty friend Mr. Lumb, endeavouring to make up rhymes about us all — without much difficulty.

Our last day we spent rambling around Glenridding and Patterdale, and it was now that we discovered Mr. Lumb's singular attachment to park benches and seats of any description. After a full week of the Ultra Lumb Treatment the time was ripe for revenge. Ice down his neck, washing-up liquid in his tea and sugar in his soup were not to his liking, but at least his failure to finish the latter proved that his stomach is not the human dustbin some people accused it of being.

By now Mrs. Edge must be feeling left out. Without her cooking we would probably have starved, without her medical genius we would not have seen the week out.

Other memories of a fine week's holiday are of the Hague Plague — named after the main sufferer, of the regular patriotic renditions of the national anthem and the danger to motorists caused by Wath females showing off their figures and Mr. Godber his knees. They are of D.L.'s fireside shadow dance, of P.H.'s naughty paperback and 'Super M.P.' reciting from Hansard. Who could forget the staff-led attack upon the German fleet and U-Boats at Pooley Bridge, the crazy game of spoons, the episode of the crisps, or the heaps of blancmange? Why did a member of staff use L.F.'s head for a battering ram? Why did young 'Jaws' appear as a cardboard box with legs walking round and round in circles? Why was the maggots warfare declared? The memories linger on.

Finally many thanks to Mrs. Edge for all her efforts (not forgetting her black woolly jacket loaned to all her invalids), to the Godber-Price Catering Company, and to Mr. Lumb for preserving law and order and for his light and witty entertainment. Last but not least a thank you to our drivers without whom we could not have managed.

by Sarah Clarkson & Carol Biram



1st XI Football

FOOTBALL 1975 - 76

1st XI

The 1st XI had a disappointing season. They lost in the first round of the English Schools Cup and because of various injuries, never achieved their full potential. Despite this there were individual successes — Senior and Glover went to the Rotherham U19 trials and goalkeeper McMahon had a fine season. Chapman and Pyott deserve mention as does Hurt for turning out towards the end of the season.

2nd XI

The 2nd XI were one of the most skilful sides in the school and had an excellent team spirit. This compensated for their lack of physical stature and they had a fairly successful season. Regular players included Leslie, Usher, Jackson and Reader. Later in the season Ward went in goal and made the place his own, showing much promise for the future.

U15

The U15's had a moderately successful season. They began and finished badly but enjoyed a good string of victories in mid-season. There was a lot of depth in the squad and a lot of competition for places. Roberts, Jackson, Bailey and Clark were the leading goal scorers. Other players deserving mention are Luty, Godfrey, Stevens, Waller and Scattergood. Turner played some useful games in mid-field in the second half of the season.

U14

The U14's had a bad season, but despite the string of poor results, they were kept going by the enthusiasm shown by Mr. Irwin. They had a good team spirit and tried hard. Players worthy of mention are Jaques, Wakefield, Anderson and Ward.

U13

Along with the U12's, the U13's were the most promising side in the school and we can look forward with relish to when they reach the first XI. They had an excellent season, losing very few matches. Players to note are Gillis, Fox, Dunn, Levin and Frodsham, with a special mention for Woodhouse and Hitchins who were patient substitutes for much of the season.

U12

The U12's also showed much promise. They had a lot of depth in a large squad and maintained their interest for the whole season. Players to watch include Waller, Love and Stewart.

RUGBY 1975 - 76

First and Second XV's

Both teams enjoyed a worthwhile season. There was a fair blend of youth and experience in the sides and it was felt that there would be enough experienced players in the 1976-77 First XV to make it successful.

Among the junior sides the U14's with Horton and Sykes among the outstanding players had a good season.

The U12's and U13's showed much promise and enthusiasm and a good future for the game at Wath seems ensured for some years to come.



1st XV Rugby

UNDER 15 XV RUGBY REPORT 1975 - 76

This season the team has scored a total of 778 points and has conceded only 163, so what more can be said, other than the fact that we have had an excellent season. Throughout the season, the team has strung together a total of 19 victories often by overwhelming scores of 80 - 0 against Don Valley, 60 - 0 against Garforth (even if they did only turn up with eleven men) who in previous seasons have given us a tough match. The four defeats this season have only been by 2 points or so and one of those was against a team containing many fifth formers. Incidentally, one of our victories was against OUR OWN 2nd XV SIDE composed of fifth and sixth formers.

This season we have welcomed into the team, at full back Jeremy Gomersall and in 2nd row Rick Sloan. I'm sure that the rest of the team would like to congratulate them on a sensible decision.

The highlight of our year in February was that six of the team were to get a trial for South Yorkshire, these lucky few were Ian Hirst, Mark Weston, Darren Beal, Kevin Marriott, Paul Hayes and myself. Only Ian and Paul were lucky enough (more like daft enough) to play for South Yorkshire. It now remains for me to thank Mr. Fisher for passing on his experience as coach, to the team and Alf Biggs for standing in all season for the injured Martyn Fisher. Finally my thanks go to the girls who have provided refreshments in the canteen every Saturday and to the usual one or two fans, who watch us play come rain or shine.

Andrew Jones

HOCKEY

1976 was an excellent year for hockey at Wath. Among the senior players, Karen Stanger, Janet Hole, Diane Jarvis and Ann Pearson all played for the Rotherham team and were members of the South Yorkshire squad.

In school matches, the Senior team, captained by Diane Jarvis, had a very good Season, winning the Rotherham U18 tournament.

The U15 team, captained by Ellen Phelps, also had a good season. Outstanding players were Karen Mosely, Amanda Dyson and Amanda Reader.

Among the junior teams, the U14s, with Jill Radley, Tania Clarke and Mandy Waller and the U13s, captained by Ann Breislin, played with enthusiasm and had good results.

The U12s made a very promising start, winning most of their matches.

All the teams had good results in indoor hockey and this is encouraging for the future.

NETBALL

All the netball teams had a fair season, with the U12's making a particularly promising start.

CROSS COUNTRY

There were some good results in cross country in 1976. The girls won the Inter-school Cross Country Championship and the first year pupils (girls and boys) won the Rotherham School Championship.

ATHLETICS

1976 proved to be an outstanding season for Wath. The school team won the junior trophy at the Inter-school Sports, finishing second overall. Every inter-school match resulted in victory for Wath.

Among the girls, mention must be made of Sue Morley who ran for South Yorkshire. Apart from being the Yorkshire 100m champion, she attended the English Schools Championships and reached the final of the 200m.

Kay Morley and Beverley Smithyman ran for the Rotherham team. Fiona Thompson and Janet Corcoran also ran well.

MAGAZINE REPORT — GARDENING CLUB

"If you can do anything with the top quadrangle it will be a miracle" (Mr. Murphy to Mrs. Bassindale).

The challenge was accepted and the Gardening Club reformed. With only a few members, we managed to deal with most of the weeds which had flourished for some time and by the end of the Autumn term we had planted trees and shrubs especially chosen for aspect and seasonal colour. Most of these have grown very successfully and we then planted a number of rockery species which have largely survived despite the drought. Other activities have included the planting of many different bulbs in pots and these considerably brightened up the school during the winter months and were much appreciated. We urgently need new members to help with the work and invite anyone who enjoys working with plants to come and join us.

Mark Ellis, Andrew France (3TH ST)

STAMP CLUB REPORT 1976

Inevitably, women's lib. has broken through into the field of Philately and during the last year our stamping ground (L12) has been over-run by a mass invasion of first-form female philatelists, an act which must have disgusted some of our male-members who were forced by their pride into exile to lick their wounds.

But the females have indeed proved their capabilities by making a clean sweep of the Annual Album Competition (judged by the ever-loyal fourth-formers), Jane Kay a creditable winner with her collection based on a wildlife theme. All new philatelings (mas., fem. and neut.) are always welcome (Thursday, L12, 1.15 p.m.). After apprenticeship to the old master himself (Mr. Ward), new members receive a nice new 'Stamp Club Pass' and their training begins. They are advised whether to collect stamps, timbres or Briefmarken, etc. (There's an endless choice!) and receive invaluable advice by the senior members in their choice of Album, buying and selling stamps and are also warned of scheming adversaries (dealers, approval service) as well as other useful information such as the 'Philatelic Language.' There are also regular quizzes, crosswords, recognitions, competitions providing most interesting and varied agenda.

Kevin Lyons (4A AY)



Under 15 Football

CLIMBING CLUB REPORT 1976

Introducing the even further improved Climbing Club, with secret formula, guaranteed to kill 99.99% known garden gnomes.

The third year of the Climbing Club's existence has seen several changes, none more so than the loss of that well known Climbing Club report writer S. Hanstock whose instant wit is much lacking from this year's report. (Please come home, Sam, all is forgiven).

But sensibly folks, now for something completely different. The beginning of Autumn term '75 saw Messrs Blakeman and Burrage, accompanied by a bevy of females, on safari to the Roaches edge in Staffordshire - slanderous rumours spread of strange goings on, with both members of staff apparently showing the girls the ropes.

The influx of new talent was much in evidence, especially from the fourth form, following last year's recruiting campaign. Several trips and weekends were arranged for these newcomers, which proved very successful and had the old guard pulling their socks up.

Christmas saw the end of an era when Mr. Burrage announced his retirement from the hot seat and left us in desperate straits to find another mug, (Oops! shouldn't that be 'driver'?) However, we still managed to arrange a mixed sixth form trip to Snowdonia, after much friendly persuasion, in the following half term holidays.

This was a great barrier broken down and hopefully will not be the last of its kind. It also proved to be the swan-song of another of our drivers, namely Mr. (What a night to go up Snowden!) Irwin, who, with bursting enthusiasm, more or less dragged the whole party to within reach of Snowden's summit under somewhat disadvantageous conditions.

Following this disappointment, however, our spirits were again raised when two of our members went on to 'wop the pants' off an all American football team from Birmingham University, a prestigious victory for the old country.

Again with the departure of Mr. Irwin and difficulties in obtaining the school van, we nearly had to resort to public transport. However, at the eleventh hour in stepped Mr. Oscroft, that well known super athlete who is frequently seen walking about school half-naked.

Although the presence of the upper-sixth has not been very apparent this year, due to work commitments, the club has still enjoyed many entertaining meets, both in Derbyshire and even further afield. It is hoped that next year will see a further influx of fresh talent and also be as successful as last, after the departure of many of its founder members.

Thanks must be given to all the members of staff who have kindly offered to drive for us. A special thank you should also be given to the P.T.A. who donated lots of lovely lolly with which to buy equipment and make everything possible.

T. Hirst

N.B. The writer disclaims any responsibility for statements issued in this report.

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Under 12 Netball — 1st year



3rd year Netball — Under 14



Under 12 Football



Under 12 Rugby

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A JOURNEY THROUGH MIDNIGHT IN MY MIND

Part I — Thoughts

I could not tell, from the way I walked in dreams,
This house, my home, all my life had been.
Maybe you sometime have also accompanied me,
Because in time and space, that's the way it should be.
Through doors, so long closed, I strolled
Into space, crammed with time I was told.
I saw a face, it seemed neither old nor young,
But I was told it was as death to life,
Recently terminated, yet really just begun.
I was stumbling, grasping desperately for life,
But what life?
Not Old Life, but New Life, This Life, the Only Life
I cannot say I found what I sought.

Part II — Illusions

The days of thought-corrosion are over.
I saw through a window,
A world so different, filled with pleasure,
That I somehow made my way back through
The mental portal, so now I am here with you,
Mine forever.
Your solitary castle of stone I seek
And some day soon I hope we shall meet.
I can, but then cannot see your face
But I know you know and care,
Of hopes and ideals, a Utopia we can share
But just as life in death, time strolls further on,
So I walk through space and light and time,
Ever searching for my mistress, my ally,
The Goddess of Time.

Part III — Reality

Her luring reflection draws me on still.
I search,
She knows,
And I continue.

W. Lenton

SILENCE

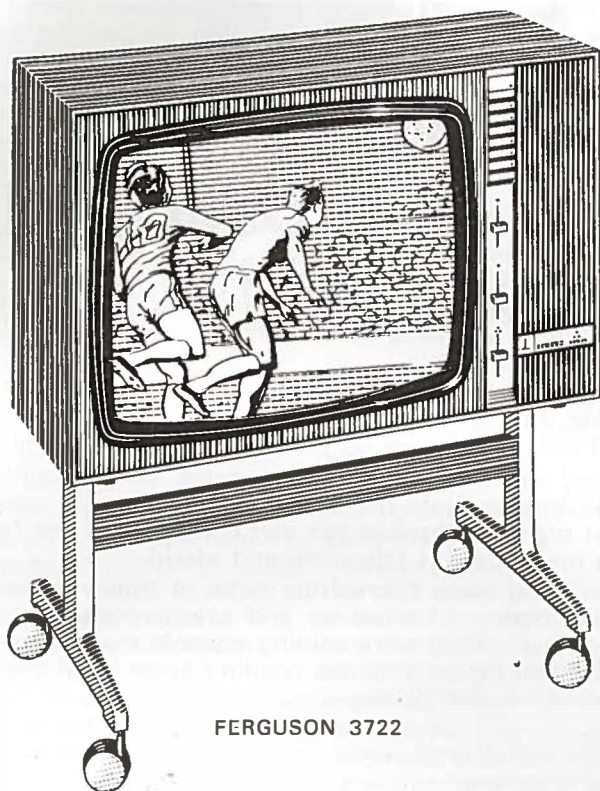
A solitary bird hovered above the sleeping water of a smooth
silent lake
Its surface covered in the reflected beam of the sun.
A soft and gentle breeze ruffled the water
And imaginary jewels, orange and red shimmered slightly.
No single sound broke the silence.
Lazy, docile hills hid the sinking sun, sad and mysterious
Surrounding, silhouette trees like silent ghosts.
The sky was a dazed, hazy red,
And the once caressing breeze whispered through skeleton
trees.
Darkness came and lightness went, brought sinister silence,
Except for the solitary sound of a bird's wing far away.

Alison Graham

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IN HOSPITAL

It all started off as a silly game really, with John, Pete and I playing in some old abandoned houses on the wasteland. We had been told quite often by our parents that one day there would be an accident in them, but we took no notice. Suddenly everything around me went black. I fell to the floor clutching my stomach in agony. I remember being picked up and put down gently on a stretcher. I was in an ambulance, the siren was going, then everything went black again.

When I finally woke up I was in one of those horrible, always clean, hospital beds. My mum and dad were there waiting for me to smile and talk. I tried to sit up, but gave up because of the pain.

"It's all right love," I heard mum say. "It's only them silly appendix." I heaved a sigh of relief. Ping! Ping! Ping! It was a bell ringing to tell the visitors that it was time to leave. All of a sudden I felt a great longing to be going with them, I hid my face in the pillow, I was going to cry. When they had gone I had time to look around the ward. Everywhere everything was spotlessly clean. My eyes at last settled on a young nurse coming up the ward with a tray in her hand. She came to my bed smiling and said, placing the cup of tea in my hand: "Now then, love, drink this, but not in a hurry, mind-you."

She put down the tray on the table top and went back to her other duties. As she walked away I noticed a hole with a small ladder creeping up the back of her black tights.

I enjoyed the tea and when she came back to collect the cup and tray she told me that the doctors would operate on me that night. I thanked her and choked back the frog that was in my throat. I felt alone and afraid.

I was reading when I heard the rattle of trolley wheels upon the ward floor. I looked up and saw two men dressed in white gowns. They were coming towards me. Even though I did not feel the prick of the needle I knew I had been given a sedative. I felt drowsy.....

The next time I awoke I was once again in my bed. The pain was not as sharp now. Mum and dad came at the next visiting time and told me that I would be home in three days time. All that would be left would be a scar left as a memory.

Lesley Woolfenden

SIEG HEIL !!

In what land is this

This land of oppression and tyranny

Where Hitler is the God over all?

This not a land of men,

It is the schooling place of the devil,

His school for tyrants yet uncalled.

A land where once the call was Freedom! Freedom!

But where now only an oppressed silence prevails.

Oh why, God, do you not set free

These beaten and weary spirits?

Stephen Herstell

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LIFE WITHOUT LIGHT

Why, God, why
Do I deserve this eternal hell,
This ultimate in punishment?
Why not take my life?
'Tis hardly worse than
This life without light.

Stephen Herstell

REALITY

When you are young, everything is colourful,
Everything is fairytale, delicate, content.
Things improve, grow stronger, bigger,
Till they are tall and erect.
Your world is growing, but is safe,
Safe against the crushing pressures
Of the adult world,
Safe wrapped in your childhood thoughts
And dreams.
But as you grow up,
And reality rears its ugly head,
Your dreams and fantasies crumble
Just as a leaf must lose its colour.
Your delicate colourful world, slowly but surely
Changes to black and white.

Linda Hoyland.

NO ONE LEFT

Deep eyes all folorn,
Cold features, clothes torn,
Sorrowful face never glows.
Like this from head to toes.
Grasping hand,
Yearning heart,
Wondering when friendship will start.
Behind that frontal face,
A body full of disgrace.
No mother, an orphan child,
So eager, so mild,
This child friendless,
In a state, what a mess.
Nobody comes, dares
To speak,
Even meak,
Running feet,
Voices fading,
On the floor she was lying
That poor child all folorn.

Joanne Mellard (F10)

THE BIZARRE RAVEN OF DESTINY

Night follows day, which follows night.
Light follows dark, which follows light.
The Moon follows the Sun, which follows the stars.
Is time an endless spiral?

Time was undoubtedly the beginning,
And will regrettably be the end.
The chronology of time is vast
And you are but minute seconds.
Your life is an empty expanse,
Exploring the echoes of a dream.
The sky is what . . . ?
Blue . . . ? Black . . . ? White . . . ? Red . . . ?

It is nothing until time waves his age-old wand.
Life is experienced for a division of time,
And in the black depths of my tortured mind,
I cannot see the relevance.

Life is not a pleasure
It is taught, and to be learnt — so harsh and austere.
The anticlimax of birth is hateful,
And the mother's pain utterly wasted.

The starry eyed Beauty Queen has her day.
The deceptive smiles so soft,
The graceful elegance so chic,
The Perfect Chiffon Concoction,

But time will cheat her,
As it will everybody.
I can see no distant light,
No brilliant cross in the lonely night sky.

The animistic dream is shattered.
In the end the Soul has to submit.
The warped minds tangle to a halt.
Not even the birds dare sing,
Never mind a Homo Sapien Beauty Queen.
My Anthropomorphic period is almost at an end.
I have told you my little anotation:
Pursue Love not Hate,

My powers fail, I become a human aphasic,
But the joke is on you my friend.
For I reach to the skies for my winged chariot of time
And slowly fade away through the cosmic winds.

W. Lenton

SUPERSTITIONS

Superstitions derived deep rooted from long ago
By influences long forgotten and unknown,
Ridiculed by educated intellectual people
Whose imaginations imprison themselves alone.
Imaginations that spring from fear and distrust
Of unknown forces that shape their destiny.
Fearful thoughts or automatic reflexes
Cause us to act unconsciously.

Jackie Jackson

A WARNING TO PROSPECTIVE UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE ENTRANTS

When you arrive
at your seat of learning
and they ask you where you're from
please
don't say Barnsley.
I did.
Look what happened to me.
I'm a laughing stock.
People from places like
Manchester, London,
Newcastle upon Tyne,
shuffle up and shout
ECKY THUMP, EE BAR GUMM,
or
TRUBBLE AT MILL, MESTER ACKROYD,
or
ARE THA GOOIN DAHN T'PIT, SAM?
even though my name isn't Sam.
And I have to smile
and grin and laugh
and be sick in the privacy of my own room.
So for your own sakes
tell them you're from Sheffield.

Ian McMillan
(from North Staffordshire Polytechnic)

EARTHQUAKE

Earthquake
Ground splits
Revealing black.
Noise, thundering blasts,
Trembling, clattering,
Screams of surprise from people
Who cannot understand
The wrath of the world.
Ground which sends
Trees and people
Down into depths
Engulfs all.
Red-roaring lava rushes upwards,
Outwards from the cracks of doom.

David Harns

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HEBRIDEAN SUNSET

The large, red ball of fire
Sinking into the now calm sea
Showed the shape of a small, slow boat.
The dull light shone across the sea,
Giving the effect of strewn blood.
The red blaze was going out,
Just the crescent shape alive.
The gently lapping sea
Seemed to sense the sun was going.
The drifting seagulls disappeared,
The light of the earth sank into the sea.
The quiet island settled down to sleep,
To wait again for the dawn
To rise out of the now dark sea.

Alistair J. Simms

THE HAWANTSI MOUNTAIN DISASTER

A sickly, firey, brown mountain:
Over the horizon, through the trees,
Under the brambles everyone flees.
Red hot lava pours round and down,
The Hawantsi volcano groans and frowns.
Ferocious or friendly?
There are no doubts,
It's like a champagne bottle with the cork pulled out,
Like blood pouring out of a cut,
Like a furnace of fire,
Like a red devil quickly let loose,
Which cannot be killed with a hangman's noose.
Ferocious:
Wicked and devilish as every creature hides,
Down the volcano's body the lava slides.
Bubbling:
Like boiling milk it flows over,
Over the brown Hawantsi mountain
Which stands still and very sober.
Over the great, green eiderdown,
Through the meadow and into town,
People scream and people shout —
"Get us out, **please** get us out!"
And as bones protrude from the debris,
Ghostly phantoms gasp and scream —
"Get us out of this terrible dream
Get us out of this
Get us out
Get
G"
And as the last coating of lava covers the bones of the dead
There is only one last thing to be said —
AAAGGGGGGGGGH !

Joanne Pearson (21)



Under 15 Basketball

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

At the beginning of April, the school's annual Gilbert and Sullivan production took place as usual. However, the end result was only achieved after a hard-fought battle against 'flu and inflation. The latter was the first to strike and, despite the efforts of the choir and several determined individuals who organised a "Sponsored Sing" and a Disco in aid of the G. and S. fund, the customary five nights of performance had to be cut down to four; owing to the increased costs of musicians, costumes and printing expenses. Our second adversary; influenza, did not take long in getting a hold on most of the members of the cast who nevertheless continued to appear at rehearsals despite sore throats and sneezes, and, arrived with handkerchiefs (soggy) and lozenges (yeuk) courageously battled through to the finale where they ended with a hearty (?) rendition of "Poor Wodrig Wod"!

In addition to these major setbacks there were other dilemmas to be overcome perhaps typified by the ever-recurring question: "Where shall we put us flags Mr. Godber?" (Say no more!)

As in previous years, the costumes were, well, amazing. ("Mr. Godber, why have they put a pocket there?" — Pause — "Oh" — exit a red-faced Pirate). The leading lady looked ravishing (or was it "ravished") in a dress she was almost wearing and her singing was lovely.

The principals were generally well-cast and gave good performances supported ably by the chorus; some of whom played both cops and robbers. However, Mr. Godber's lot was definitely not a happy one when attempting to co-ordinate the policemen's actions with the gurgling brook and village chimes but in the end, their much-rehearsed antics delighted both children and adults who were present.

Uncle Bobby (as yet unmentioned in this report) and Auntie Barbara earned the gratitude and thanks of the cast as well as the appreciation of the audience — the former for his dual role at producer and actor and the latter for the patience and calmness (?) she displayed throughout (we know you love us really Auntie B)!

Mention must be made of the enthusiastic help of the senior members of the school. Ably directed by Mr. Barlow, they helped to ensure that the show ran smoothly and although rarely seen, their assistance was much appreciated in connection with refreshments, lighting, props and general house management.

It only remains to be said that the cast were justly rewarded for their dedication by the eventual success of the show.

Two Jolly Spiffing Chorus Girls, eh, what!

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

In January 1976 the first straight dramatic production for some years was seen on the stage of the school hall. The play chosen was Arthur Miller's "A View From The Bridge", a powerful story of family conflicts among Italian immigrants in Brooklyn. It is a difficult play to bring off convincingly, but the production was imaginative and sensitive and proved a great success.

There were excellent performances from several of the principal actors. Terry Deeley played the part of Eddie Carbone, a New York longshoreman, and conveyed very well the man's growing sense of confusion and frustration, culminating in the final tragedy. As Beatrice, his wife, Angela Clements looked and sounded convincing. Vincent Ward played Marco, the illegal Italian immigrant betrayed by Eddie, with great dignity, yet one always sensed the brooding Sicilian passion under the surface.

Robert Godber played Alfieri, the lawyer who can see how the tragedy must end, and brought out very well the man's sense of helplessness. Rodolpho, Marco's younger brother, and Catherine, Eddie's niece, were played by William Lenton and Karen Earnshaw, who were both convincing in difficult roles.

Other parts were played by Richard Marshall, James Sharkey, Neil Marsden, Harry Whittingham, Andrew Millican, Jane Haigh, Ian Yates, Steven Lawrence and Lynne Hopkinson.

The scenery was by Mr. Wheatley, Mr. Stone and Miss Marples.

The house manager was Mr. Barlow.

The stage manager was Jane Edwards.

The property mistress was Denise Martin.

Make-up was by Mrs. Bacon.

Lighting and sound were by Mr. Fleming-Smith, David Coughtrie, Gavin Rawson, John Smith, Michael Hague and Kevin Guest.

The producer, to whom must go all the credit for this excellent venture, was Elizabeth Edge.

A.J.F.

PRIZES AND AWARDS

Deeks' Memorial Prize for English Literature	Anita J. Carr
John Ritchie Memorial Prize for Science	- John G. Bacon
Pratt Memorial Prize	- - - - Robert E. Chapman
Black Memorial Prize for most distinguished contribution to School Sports	- - Karen Stranger
Prendergast Memorial Prize for History	- David Carr
Dr. Saffell's Prize for Languages	- - - Kim M. Pimperton
Best Results at 'O' Level, 1975 —	
Headmaster's Prize	- - - Timothy Woods
Senior Mistress's Prize	- - - Carol L. Cooper
The Winifred Cooper Award 1975-1976 —	
The Head Boy	- - - S. Paul Trickett
The Head Girl	- - - M. Jayne Hague

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, 1975

ADVANCED LEVEL

These figures represent passes gained in 1975 only, and do not include passes gained in previous years.

FORM 6 ATHENS

Allen, Robert C. (2)
Baker, Keith (1)
Berry, John P. (4)
Catley, David E. (4)
Corbishley, John (4)
Edwards, William J. (4)
Hodson, Paul S. (4)
Oldknow, Martin (4)
Summerfield, John M. (4)
Addey, Katherine M. (3)
Beaumont, P. Anne (1)
Ennis, Carol (3)
Gregory, Janice (3)
Stevenson, Shirley A. (4)
Straw, Gillian I. (1)

FORM 6 CARTHAGE

Carr, David (4)
Hutchinson, Nigel (4)
Kay, Roger (3)
Thompson, John E. (3)
Ward, Nicholas (4)
Binns, Helen J. (1)
Bond, Kathryn J. (4)
Carle, Bridget L. (4)
Hague, Caroline (3)
Kenworthy, Diana M. (4)
Mason, Caroline S. (3)
Smith, Christine N. (3)
Woodcock, Shani (2)

FORM 6 ROME

Bacon, John G. (4)
Bell, Roger A. (1)
Chapman, Robert E. (4)
Coy, Roger N. (4)
Cunningham, Robert M. (4)
Hanstock, Ronald S. (4)
McMillan, Ian (1)
Stewardson, Stephen M. (2)
Bristow, Susan (4)
Carr, Anita J. (4)
Millican, Kathryn (1)
Stewardson, Christine A. (1)
Ward, Colleen (2)
Warren, Jillian L. (3)

FORM 6 SPARTA

Anderson, Michael R. (3)
Craven, Paul D. (3)
Godfrey, Philip J. (3)
Hoyle, Keith (2)
Knowles, Stephen G. (4)
Markham, Colin (1)
Wainwright, John (2)
Facer, Sandra (3)
Heeley, Andrea K. (3)
Hickling, Janet (2)
Newton, Elaine (3)
Roebuck, Barbara H. (2)
Waring, Kathleen R. (2)

FORM 6 THEBES

Fidler, Kevin P. (3)
Adamson, Brenda (2)
Bromley, Jacqueline (2)
Clarke, Julie D. (3)
Cooke, Lynne P. (2)
Horner, Maureen (3)
Lowe, Kathryn J. (4)
Mapplebeck, Sharon (1)
Ravenhill, Kathryn (1)
Webb, Mary (4)

FORM 6 TROY

Dawber, Peter J. (2)
Fawthrop, Russell H. (4)
Hind, Graeme J. (1)
Lomas, Stephen (2)
Makin, Paul A. (2)
Sykes, Trevor M. (2)
Turner, Anthony H. (4)
Venables, Richard (1)
Ward, Trevor (4)
Wood, William (2)
Campbell, Amanda R. (4)
Cooper, Jane (4)
Evans, Rowena L. (4)
Fowler, Olive (1)
Hall, Janet (4)
Pimperton, Kim M. (3)
Reader, C. Elaine (2)

FORM 5

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

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

Coupland, Lester (9)
Crookes, Alistair P. (3*)
Hutchinson, Anthony (8)
Parker, John (7*)
Quine, Andrew (4)
Wood, David K. (7)
Woods, Timothy (9)
Booth, Caron (4*)
Bower, Roslyn (8)
Coddington, Jane E. (7*)
Craven, Angela (9)
Edwards, Susan J. (8)
Gray, Sally A. (9)
Harrison, Janice D. (7*)
Hewson, Kathryn M. (8*)
Holtom J. Elizabeth (10)
Hope, Freda G. (5*)
Hudson, Susan P. (5)
Jarvis, Yvonne M. (9)
Moore, Gale (6)
Ormandroyd, Lynne (6)
Plant, Rowena M. N. (6)
Robson, Ruth (7)
Shepherd, Eunice (6)

FORM 51

Callaghan, Stuart W. (4)
Jackson, Mark A. (3*)
Lawrence, Stephen (7*)
Marshall, Richard H. (7)
Pugh, Robert G. (3*)
Daglish M. Lesley (4*)
Davies, Hazel M. (9)
Frost, Suzanne V. (6*)
Glass, Karen M. (8)
Keeling, Barbara A. (6)
Mason, Jacqueline L. (8)
Warren, Paula (8*)

FORM 52

Bletcher, John R. (6*)
Connor, Kenneth (4)
Fox, Paul M. (6)
Gyte, Christopher (3***)
Watkin, Jack (6*)
Cook, Susan (2**)
Corbishley, Jane (5*)
Lowe, Angela (3**)
Moore, Jill (5)
Needham, Patricia M. (7)
Taylor, Helen (3*)
Whatley, Gillian (4)
White, Lynn (4)

FORM 53

Booth, Charles A. (6)
Crofts, Andrew (5*)
Hickling, Christopher (7)
Lenton, William (7)
Mattock, Andrew J. (7)
Millican, Andrew J. (6)
Murfin, John G. (5*)
Pickering, Michael (4)
Pyott, Kevin (4)
Roebuck, Graham P. (9*)
Roebuck, Stephen A. (4*)
Taylor, Nigel J. (5*)
Thorpe, Alistair C. (5)
Vizard, Robert N. (9)
Bradbury, Amanda J. (9)
Fisher, Elizabeth (5)
Gittins, Karen (6*)
Houlton, Angela (5)
Parry-Aldred, Angela (4)
Robinson, Karen E. (5*)
Snowden, Julie A. (7)
Wilkinson, Janet (8*)

FORM 54

Brown, Stephen (9)
Burtoft, Keith (4)
Darby, David G. (3*)
Gregory, Andrew N. (6)
Hall, Stephen K. (3*)
Herrington, Kevin J. (6)
Mitchell, Robert K. (4)
Oliver, Barry (6)
Ratcliffe, Glyn (7)
Stevenson, Francis W. (8)
Abbott, Diane (9)
Barraclough, Carol M. (8*)

Cooper, Carol L. (9)
 Cole, Carol A. (6)
 Firth, Angela (8)
 Godfrey, Ruth (5)
 Greensmith, Gillian L. (8)
 Hague, Vivienne M. (6)
 Martin, Denise A. (8)
 Oldham, Vivienne (6)
 Schofield, Alyson J. (5)
 Sides, Hilary A. (9)
 Steer, Patricia A. (9)

FORM 56

Auckland, Michael J. (*****)

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE ENTRANTS, 1975

Allen, Robert C.	-	-	Leeds Polytechnic
Bacon, John G.	-	-	Manchester University
Baker, Keith	-	-	West Midlands College of Education
Bell, Roger A.	-	-	Warrington College of Education
Berry, John P.	-	-	Manchester University
Catley, David E.	-	-	Sheffield University
Corbishley, John	-	-	Manchester University
Coy, Roger N.	-	-	Bradford University
Craven, Paul D.	-	-	Borough Road College of Education
Dawber, Peter J.	-	-	Trent Polytechnic
Edwards, William J.	-	-	Sheffield University
Fawthrop, Russell H.	-	-	Newcastle University
Fairman, Christopher P.	-	-	Bradford University
Fidler, Kevin P.	-	-	Matlock College of Education
Godfrey, Philip J.	-	-	Manchester University
Hanstock, Ronald S.	-	-	Bath University
Hind, Graeme J.	-	-	Bingley College of Education
Hutchinson, Nigel	-	-	Birmingham University
Kay, Roger	-	-	Hull University
Knowles, Stephen G.	-	-	Salford University
Lomas, Stephen	-	-	Lanchester Polytechnic
Makin, Paul A.	-	-	Chester College of Education
Markham, Colin	-	-	St. John's College of Education, York
McMillan, Ian	-	-	North Staffordshire Polytechnic
Oldknow, Martin	-	-	Kent University
Stewardson, Stephen M.	-	-	Leicester Polytechnic
Sykes, Trevor M.	-	-	St. John's College of Education, York
Turner, Anthony H.	-	-	Sheffield University
Wainwright, John	-	-	Teeside Polytechnic
Ward, Nicholas	-	-	Bradford University
Wood, William	-	-	Sheffield Polytechnic
Adamson, Brenda	-	-	Bretton Hall College of Education
Addey, Katherine M.	-	-	Aberdeen University
Beaumont, P. Anne	-	-	Bishop Grosseteste College, Lincoln
Binns, Helen J.	-	-	Leeds Polytechnic
Bond, Kathryn J.	-	-	Bath University
Bromley, Jacqueline	-	-	Matlock College of Education
Bristow, Susan	-	-	Lanchester Polytechnic
Campbell, Amanda R.	-	-	Liverpool University
Carle, Bridget L.	-	-	Hull University
Carr, Anita J.	-	-	Keele University
Clarke, Julie D.	-	-	U.M.I.S.T.
Cooke, Lynne P.	-	-	Alsager College of Education

Cooper, Jane	-	-	-	East Anglia University
Dickens, Philippa J.	-	-	-	Nottingham College of Education
Ennis, Carol	-	-	-	Bradford University
Evans, Rowena L.	-	-	-	Leicester University
Facer, Sandra	-	-	-	Walsall College of Education
Hague, Caroline	-	-	-	Exeter University
Heeley, Andrea K.	-	-	-	Matlock College of Education
Horner, Maureen	-	-	-	Bristol Polytechnic
Lee, R. Margaret	-	-	-	St.Bartholomew's Medical School
Lowe, Kathryn J.	-	-	-	Bristol University
Mason, Caroline S.	-	-	-	Bristol Polytechnic
Millican, Kathryn	-	-	-	Sunderland College of Education
Parkin, Andrea	-	-	-	Bingley College of Education
Ravenhill, Kathryn	-	-	-	Ripon College of Education
Reader, C. Elaine	-	-	-	Sheffield Polytechnic
Roebuck, Barbara H.	-	-	-	Bedford College of Education
Smith, Christine N.	-	-	-	Aberystwyth University
Stevenson, Shirly A.	-	-	-	Bradford University
Ward, Colleen	-	-	-	Leeds Polytechnic
Waring, Kathleen R.	-	-	-	Ripon College of Education
Warren, Jillian L.	-	-	-	Loughborough University
Woodcock, Shani	-	-	-	Cardiff University
Worton, Eileen G.	-	-	-	Goldsmith's College, London

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

Bedford, Eric	-	-	-	Army
Bennett, James D.	-	-	-	Army
Blacklock, Robert	-	-	-	Army
Conner, Kenneth	-	-	-	Army
Harding, Christopher	-	-	-	Army
Higgins, Graham	-	-	-	Barnsley College of Technology
Horsley, John	-	-	-	Rotherham College of Technology
Layhe, Stewart	-	-	-	Army
Moore, Gary	-	-	-	Merchant Navy
Roberts, Philip D.	-	-	-	Rotherham College of Technology
Bailey, Teresa	-	-	-	Nursing Cadet
Danforth, Carol	-	-	-	Pre-nursing
Froud, Susan	-	-	-	Nursing Cadet
Gill, Wendy	-	-	-	Rotherham College of Technology
Godfrey, Ruth	-	-	-	Pre-nursing
Horton, Lesley	-	-	-	Nursing Cadet
Hubbard, Katrina	-	-	-	Nursing Cadet
Kerr, Barbara A.	-	-	-	Nursing Cadet
Rodgers, Carol	-	-	-	Nursing Cadet
Stewardson, Christine A.	-	-	-	Barnsley College of Art
Straw, Gillian I.	-	-	-	Rotherham College of Art
White, Lynn	-	-	-	Rotherham College of Technology

DEGREE SUCCESSES OF PAST STUDENTS

Bailey, Martin	-	-	-	B.A. York
Bellwood, Neil	-	-	-	B.Sc. Sussex
Binns, Timothy R.	-	-	-	B.A. York
Clegg, Michael	-	-	-	B.Sc. Southampton
Coles, Dorothy	-	-	-	B.Sc. Liverpool
Edwards, David C.	-	-	-	B.Sc. Manchester
Fuller, Steven	-	-	-	B.Sc. York
Haywood, Robert	-	-	-	B.Sc. Hull
Lumb, Susan	-	-	-	B.A. Nottingham
Macbeth, Ian	-	-	-	B.A. Warwick
New, Roger	-	-	-	B.Sc. Birmingham
Platts, Gary	-	-	-	B.Sc. Essex
Stables, Christine	-	-	-	B.Com. Birmingham
Swift, Michael	-	-	-	B.A. East Anglia
Symcox, Andrew	-	-	-	B.A. Hull
Taylor, Andrew J.	-	-	-	B.A. Manchester
Wade, Carol S.	-	-	-	B.A. Newcastle
Walker, Patricia	-	-	-	B.A. East Anglia



Under 13 Hockey — 2nd year

P. T. A.

Our aims are to encourage good relations between parents, pupils and staff, and to promote interest in things educational. The Committee members who will be trying to carry this out in 1977 are . . .

Mr. Pollard, (Secretary), 24 Melton Green, Wath
Mr. Godfrey, (Treasurer), 28 Chestnut Avenue, Wath
Mr. Paskell, 13 Chestnut Avenue, Wath
Mr. Johnson, 16 Brookside Crescent, W. Melton
Mrs. Pursglove, 8 Romwood Avenue, Swinton
Mrs. Blackburn, 62 Wath Wood Road, Wath
Mrs. Dungworth, 47 Haugh Road, Rawmarsh
Mrs. Wilson, 33 Racecourse Road, Swinton
Mr. O'Donnell, 18 Michael Croft, Wath
Mr. Biggs, 13a Boswell Road, Wath
Mrs. Fisher, 40 Chestnut Avenue, Wath
Mrs. Burns, 64 Wath Wood Road, Wath
Mrs. Gillott, 90 Wath Road, Bolton
Mrs. Oldfield, 57 Flintway, Wath

Staff

Mr. A. R. H. Murphy, Miss Clegg, Mr. D. Dunsby,
Mr. W. Martin, Mr. G. Rhodes, Mr. M. Whale

Sixth Form

Lynne Hopkinson, Michael Crofts

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

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

Demonstration by Milk Marketing Board
Insurance on School Mini-bus (£98)
Printing equipment (£160)
Buffet Dances
Rugby shirts for four teams (£270)
Educational Evening
Racquets for Badminton Club (£50)
Wood for use in School (£100)
Financial assistance to pupils for course work
Science equipment (£105)
Cheese and Wine evenings
Maps (£116)

Forthcoming events in School:

Film Show by Mr. Leeson	-	-	9th March 1977
Antique Fair	-	-	19th March 1977
Silver Jubilee Dance	-	-	21st May 1977

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

**People will
always
need
coal**



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