

# TOTLEY INDEPENDENT

PUBLISHED BY THE TOTLEY RESIDENTS ASSOCIATION SINCE 1977

OCTOBER 2000

No. 237

15p.



## TURNPIKE ROAD

Turnpike Road, now Baslow road, looking towards Totley. It looks a bit rough, again we do not have the date, perhaps you know. Originally the main road in the village ran along the line of Hillfoot Road and Totley Hall Lane but this changed when the Greenhill to Baslow Turnpike Road altered the axis of the village by 90 degrees.

## THE NEW TOTLEY SHOW RESULTS

The Totley Show, held this year at Totley Primary School, on Saturday 16<sup>th</sup>, September was supported by 277 entries by 81 entrants. The Totley Residents Association would like to thank all entrants for their support.

We would also thank the following: -

The Gentlemen of Jazz, for providing entertainment throughout the afternoon.

All the judges. Anne Rose, Margaret Spivey, Betty Booth, Peter Rhodes, Pauline Hutchenson, J.Davenport LRPS, Tom Steel and Amanda Hardwick. Abbeydale Garden Centre for the raffle prize of gardening advice for the winner. Totley Coffee Shop for providing refreshments for the judges. Martin Scrivens for his donation to the raffle. Andrew Bridgens for transporting tables and boards etc. The craft demonstrators Margeret Spivey, Trish Lamb and Ally Thornton.

Betty Clarke, Betty Warwick and Betty Houldcroft for serving tea and coffee. Andrew Spivey for Auctioning off donated items.

The only unclaimed raffle prize was on the "Children in Need Raffle" won by number 32, would the winner contact Pauline Perkinson on 2361601

"Name the Doll" had the name of Lydia.

### RESULTS

**OVERALL BEST EXHIBIT OF THE SHOW** Judy Ncedham for her entry in Textile Art

Continued page 2

## Totley Show Results (continued from front page)

### HANDICRAFTS.

Best of class

D.Scotton

	First	Second	Third
1. Hand Knitted Garment	P.Allen	B. Willis	
3. Decorative Cushion	E. Ogley	P. Perkinson	J. Needham
4. Soft Toy	D. Andrews	S. Measures	C. Wrigglesworth
5. Tapestry	J. Gray	C. Billard	P. Mettam
6. Lace	V. Fillicul		
7. Cross Stitch	E. Ogley	V. Waite	B. Willis
8. Decoupage	J. Gray	K. Liversidge	G. Marsh
9. Paper Craft	P. Perkinson	J. Gray	
10. Textile Art	S. Measures	J. Needham	B.R. Howarth
10a. Hand Embroidery	B.R. Howarth		

### DOMESTIC SECTION Best of Class

K. Aikin

	First	Second	Third
11. Victoria Sandwich	M. Snowdon	B. Houldcroft	R. Carter
12. Dundee Cake	D. Bond	R. Carter	M. Hodges
13. Decorative Buns	P. Perkinson	K. Liversidge	R. Carter
14. 4 Scones	C. Steel	D. Styles	
15. Apple Pie	K. Aikin	M. Snowdon	R. Johnson
16. Jam	M. Hague	D. Froggatt	D. Firth
17. Lemon Curd	C. Steel	K. Aikin	
18. Marmalade	J. Pocock	K. Aikin	M. Sockett

### FLORAL SECTION Best of Class

M.A. White

M.A. White

	First	Second	Third
19. Table decorations Fresh Up to 6"	M.A. White	K. Watson	D. Froggatt
20. Table Decorations Fresh over 6"	M.A. White		
23. 3 Cut Flowers	P. Perkinson	A. Atherton	C. Billard
24. House Plant Container up to 12"	T. Steel	B. Willis	J. Street
25. House Plant Container over 12"	A. Atherton		

### FRESH PRODUCE Best of Class

A. Sockett

A. Sockett

	First	Second	Third
26. 4 Eating Apples	J.B. Hammond	A. Atherton	A. Atherton
27. 4 Cooking Apples	A. Sockett	S. Moffat	G. Styles
28. 12 Blackberries	A. Sockett	T. Steel	J. Pocock
29. 4 matching Potatoes	A. Atherton	J. Pocock	A. Atherton
31. 3 Matching Leaks	A. Atherton	T. Steel	
32. 3 Matching Onions	A. Sockett	A. Atherton	A. Atherton
34. 5 Matching Runner Beans	A. Atherton	T. Steel	A. Atherton
35. 5 Tomatoes	T. Steel	T. Steel	J. Perkinson
36. Cucumber	A. Sockett	A. Sockett	J. Street
37. Marrow	A. Atherton	A. Atherton	T. Steel
38. 3 Matching Beetroot	A. Sockett	A. Sockett	A. Atherton
39. Largest Onion	A. Atherton	A. Atherton	A. Sockett
40. Heaviest Marrow	A. Atherton	T. Steel	P. Perkinson
41. Longest Runner Bean	A. Atherton	A. Atherton	A. Atherton

### ART Best of Class

A. Sockett

A. Sockett

	First	Second	Third
42. Oil /Acrylic Painting	I. Wells	R. Johnson	R. Carter
43. Water Colour	A. Sockett	J. Wells	D. Scotton
44. Pen & Ink Sketch	R. Johnson	R. Johnson	
ART CONTINUED			
45. Pencil Sketch	R. Lamb	R. Carter	R. Carter
46. Open Multi -Media	J. Street	I. Wells	K. Liversidge

### PHOTOGRAPHY Best of Lass

T. Steel

T. Steel

	First	Second	Third
47. Colour	T. Steel	D. Firth	J. Handley
48. Black & White	T. Steel	J. Handley	J. Handley

### WOODWORK Best of Class

R. Wells

R. Wells

	First	Second	Third
51. Small Furniture	R. Wells	J.B. Hammond	
52. Sculpture		M. Lofi	

Continued page 3

# TOTLEY SHOW RESULTS continued

## CHILDRENS SECTION

Best of Class

A. Buskwood

First

Second

Third

	First	Second	Third
53. Up to 7 Animal Vegetable	Alex Buskwood	Freddie Nicholson	
54. 8 to 12 Miniature Garden	David Rose	Sophia Nicholson	
56. 9 to 14yrs Computer Art	K. Liversidge		
57. Open Craft all up to 14	D. Sanders	Alex Buskwood	H. Sanders

## Farming Scene.

It had to happen eventually and at the beginning of September it did! Farmers exasperated by a 75% drop in farm incomes, an unsympathetic urban orientated government, and an unprecedented increase in regulations and form filling, followed the example of their French counterparts and resorted to direct action to bring attention to their plight. The spontaneous demonstration by a small number of Welsh livestock farmers incensed by the prices they were receiving for their sheep and cattle, sparked a popular and peaceful revolt by other farmers and lorry drivers that could have paralysed the nation in a matter of days. To say this came as a shock to the government, and to most non-agricultural people, is probably an understatement. Generally speaking the agricultural fraternity is known for its peaceful acquiescence in adversity. Yes, they may spend hours-lobbying governments and complaining to the general public, but militant action is not their normal response. However the sight of most other sections of industry and commerce receiving large increases in salaries and incomes, particularly those in service industries, while many farmers are struggling to avoid poverty and bankruptcy, has lit the blue touch paper so to speak.

There are many things the government could, and should do, to help redress the imbalance in prosperity. As mentioned in last months 'Farming Scene', many thousands of pigs are being slaughtered to prevent the spread of Swine Fever. This is a Government sponsored policy but the compensation paid to farmers for the loss of their stock, and livelihood, is only 50% of the stock value. This represents a huge loss running into many thousands of pounds for each herd destroyed, and is a huge blow to an industry only just starting to recover from a long loss making period. A fraction of the money spent on the Millennium Dome could redress this loss if the government had the will so to do.

Many millions of pounds of agri-compensation money is available to help British agriculture caused by a highly valued pound. Whilst other countries are quite willing to make use of these monies, the British government refuses because one of

the conditions state that it must contribute a similar amount from it's own coffers.

One of the options available under the latest CAP reform programme, is a government/EU funded retirement scheme for farmers aged 55 plus. This is designed to enable older farmers on small farms to retire, with the land being amalgamated with other neighbouring farmer's land, to increase their size and viability. While other countries have adopted this scheme, this government is unwilling to introduce this programme.

France operates a government sponsored loan scheme with very low interest rates for new entrants, i.e. young agricultural graduates etc., to enable them to get a start in their chosen career. Britain does not, therefore it is near impossible for anyone whose family is not in agricultural, or very rich, to enter the industry.

I hope the above information helps you to understand the reasons behind the protests. The personnel in the industry may only represent 2% of the voting public, but we are still the most important basic industry in the country. How long could you last without food?

On a more local note, we took delivery of our turkey poult last Friday. Rather than the normal white feathered hybrids, that have become the conventional norm these days, we have stocked up with a bronze coloured hybrid that has the appearance of a wild turkey, but the growth potential etc. of it's white cousin. Some of the wildness seems to have been retained by this stock, as by Sunday morning one had squeezed it's way out of the shed door and drowned itself in a nearby water trough. On Monday morning one had died of exhaustion after becoming trapped in the top of the feed hopper, only 12 inch wide! In the 15 years we have been keeping turkeys, we have never had either of these incidents occur before. To top it off, a ewe lamb died for no apparent reason on Sunday as well, bringing us up to the proverbial three of a kind!

Edwin Pocock

# TOTLEY HALL FARM PRODUCE

## TOTLEY HALL LANE

25kg. SACK OF POTATOES (Now Only £4-00)

4.5 kg PACK @ £1.30

EGGS, HAY and STRAW ALSO AVAILABLE

8-00am. to 8-00pm. MONDAY to SATURDAY



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## OBERRAMMERGAU PLUS By Alan Faulkner Taylor

My wife and I visited the Austrian Tyrol for a week in mid-August but the main intent and culmination of our holiday had been to attend the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

We travelled by coach with the holiday company Travelsphere, starting at Dover and finishing, via Dover, at the Victoria Coach Interchange in London.

We made two overnight stops, staying in good hotels in France: the first night in Lille, the second in Strasbourg.

The first thing I noticed in France was the condition of the Autoroutes (their motorways): these are their toll roads. The condition of the surfaces was quite the best I have ever been driven on, no doubt due to the fact that the motorists pay directly for their upkeep. Then - the emergency telephones: each has a solar panel aimed in the direction of the midday sun; each has a short radio mast - indicating that it is a radio telephone.

During our second day in France we were dropped off in Reims for about three hours. This allowed us plenty of time to investigate the city; naturally our first aim was to find the cathedral. The exterior is an exact replica of Notre Dame in Paris, a magnificent example of Gothic architecture, and in spite of being bombed by the Germans during the Second World War the exterior appears to have suffered little damage; neither does the interior for that matter. The organ was being played and a choir was singing - both contributing to the magnificence of this ancient building. Cameras were flashing almost continuously; people were wandering about with their video cameras, so there was obviously no ban on photography. I switched on my Canon Ixus Elf APS (Advanced Photographic System) camera and set the flash mode to "no flash". By doing so I conserve the life of the battery, but more importantly, I avoid over lighting any object, such as the back of a pew, that happens to be in the immediate foreground. When taking photographs of most church interiors I seek to place the camera firmly, in the upright position, against one of the columns: I estimate the aim (because it is usually difficult to get one's eye to the viewfinder), make sure that the camera will not move, then permit the camera to calculate its own correct exposure. This technique works, providing the daylight is sufficiently strong and the film is fast enough, to give the correct exposure.

After leaving the cathedral we walked in the direction of the river - the Vesle. We arrived at the river just in time to eat our lunch; my wife had made sandwiches from rolls, marg, cheese and ham that had been part of our continental breakfast at our hotel in Lille. We still had a couple of bananas left - purchased at home in anticipation of makeshift lunches. It was in one of the streets, between the cathedral and the river, that we noticed something quite new: a dog loo! This was located at the edge of, but within, the pavement; it was roughly triangular in shape, marked out with edge stones, approximately four feet along the three sides; the space was filled with rubble. It had the image of a dog, some three feet by two feet, outlined in white paint, painted on the pavement, to indicate its purpose. Our only regrets were that we never saw a dog taking advantage of this amenity! A similar symbol, painted on the pavement, is used to indicate dog road-crossings; these occur at some pedestrian-crossings. As with the dog loo, my wife and I were disappointed not to see one of our canine friends cross the road, neither accompanied nor unaccompanied by its owner. We wondered: were the dogs trained to use the facility or were they always accompanied? We may never know! It appeared to us that the Frogs are not quite as bad at hygiene as we make them out to be! (My apologies to any French person who may read this

article. I have no wish to offend.)

When we were walking back beside the cathedral we heard the awe-inspiring chords of the organ again. After walking another few paces we found a young man, sitting on a stool in one of the recesses of the building, playing his piano-key accordion. He was an extremely accomplished musician and one wonders why our modern society permits such talent to be wasted. Perhaps he was a student trying to earn an honest franc or two during his vacation?

When we stayed at Strasbourg our tour manager, a single lady in her thirties called Min (Christened Maria Jane, but called Min because her young sister couldn't pronounce Maria, suggested that the best place for dinner would be in a gasthaus in Germany - on the opposite side of the Rhine. With the exception of one couple, we all concurred. The three-course dinner was excellent and well worth the £7.50 per person that we had paid to Min.

One the following day we travelled briefly through Switzerland and the tiny principality of Lichtenstein, bypassing its capital - Vaduz. We entered Austria via the Arlberg Tunnel, travelled in an easterly direction, bypassing Innsbruck and arrived at our hotel in Kirchberg at about 4.30pm.

Taxacher Hof, our hotel, is situated on the outskirts of Kirchberg - at about three-quarters of an hour's walk away. The hotel is surrounded on three sides by magnificent views: at the front, a field of grass topped by a wooded hillside from which we saw a couple of small black deer, ginger deer, emerge one morning. From our bedroom window we could see, up the valley, a rocky mountain; its limestone was tinged with pink as it was caught by the early morning light, turning to pale grey as the sun moved higher in the sky. At the back of our hotel, perhaps a hundred yards away, ran a swiftly-flowing stream; its colour varied from muddy-grey to clear, through which rounded boulders of limestone could be seen, the ferocity of the flow and the visibility changed from day-to-day depending on the overnight rainfall in the higher mountains. There is a footpath, going up and down the valley, on our hotel's side of the stream; on the opposite side there is a narrow road which later, up the valley, becomes a track for pedestrians and cyclists. The track then enters a wood; here there are excellent facilities for youngsters and their families, with wooden shelters for picnicing. About one and a half miles up the valley, the track rises steeply above the stream. It was here where my wife and I sat on a conveniently sited bench to eat our sandwiches and bananas; we were rewarded with the magnificent view down into the bottom of the valley and up to the superb bulk of the mountain.

One morning we walked down into Kirchberg and after we'd bought bread at one of the supermarkets, we came across a pram, complete with baby, on its own and whimpering with the heat of the sun on its forehead. Just as we were wondering what to do, its mother hurried out from a shop on the opposite side of the street and re-joined her baby. In spite of the extremely low crime-rate in the area (according to Min) it seems incredible that a woman can leave her baby unattended!

The locals pronounce Kirchberg "Kershberg" - not as in the High German that I taught at school "Keeshbearg (as in the animal - "bear"). Min told us that accents in the Austrian Tyrol vary to such a degree that people from one village find it impossible to understand what villagers from an adjacent village are saying.

My wife and I had been the last people to join the Travelsphere coach at Dover; we had been the only people to

travel by National Express from Victoria Coach Interchange. Whilst we were queuing to buy lunch in the cross-channel ferry, a bearded man, who bore a remarkable resemblance to David Bellamy, had said to me: 'I wonder why the Taylors were so late at joining our coach? I had responded: 'My name is Taylor and my wife is here - in front of me in the queue.' To which the bearded man had replied: "I meant no offence. It was only a casual remark". When we had entered the dining room in our hotel in Austria, my wife and I joined my bearded friend, his wife and another couple, at a table that seated six; we retained the same seats during our stay in Austria. After we'd exchanged the usual pleasantries and after Keith Mason discovered that we were from Sheffield he told us that when he'd been in business he would regularly visit Sheffield - he and his partner had had a company called Data Label (producing the small labels at that time which at the time had been used to mark the prices on goods before laser scanners became the norm); the company was part of the British Siphon Group of companies. When I had my own company - producing promotional films and audio-visual presentations before I retired in 1984. British Siphon was one of my best clients for some three years. Keith Mason had remembered me when I visited his company, some twenty years ago, to take a series of colour slides for the audio-visual presentation which the then Master Cutler, Mr James Eardley, had used to show his guests on the morning after the Cutlers' Feast. It's a small world! (continued next issue)

## PEAK DISTRICT EVENTS

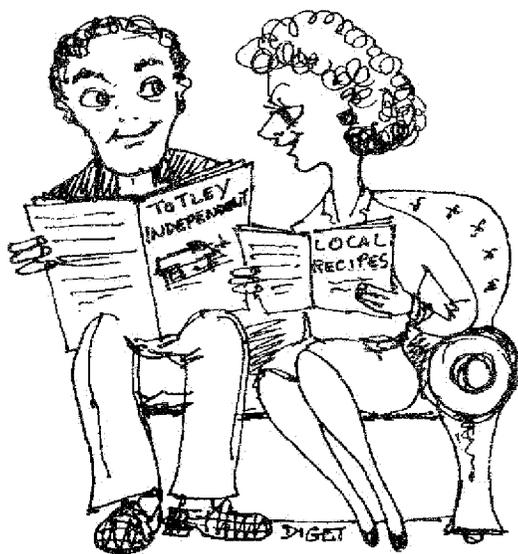
### OCTOBER

1-28

**MATLOCK BATH ILLUMINATIONS & VENETIAN NIGHTS** Derwent gardens, Lovers' walk and Matlock Bath, Village illuminations, parade of decorated and illuminated boats, entertainment, from dusk each evening. Tel Anita Proctor 01629 580580 ext. 2840

12-15

**THE 7TH BUXTON AUTUMN FINE ART AND ANTIQUES FAIR** Pavilion Gardens, Buxton. 12th 1pm-8pm, 13 & 14th, 11am-6pm, 15th, 11am-5pm. Tel: 01277 213139



LISTEN TO THIS RECIPE FOR SCONES  
2 OZ'S MARG 1 OZ SUGAR, SULTANIAS  
& 14 OZ'S TOTLEY RISE'ING FLOUR

## TOTLEY & DORE SUPPORT GROUP FOR THE VISUALLY IMPAIRED.

October, Tuesday 24th.

**NIGEL GARRY OF RNIB WITH EVIE TALKING ABOUT HIS WORK.**

Remaining date for our 2000 meetings is

November, Wednesday 22nd.

ALL MEETINGS ARE AT 11a.m. at  
4, GROVE ROAD, TOTLEY

## THE OLD WELL, SUMMER LANE

Dear Totley Residents Association

I notice that the old stone feature at the end of Summer Lane has been destroyed. I understand that formerly this used to mark the village well, and remember seeing a Brian Edwards drawing of it in the Totley Independent.

Would it be possible to register a complaint with the planning department. I am sure it would not have cost much time or money to save this nice feature. After all what is the point of a conservation area if historic features are then bulldozed? (Signature not readable)

In response to the above letter, the top shaped stone of the old well has been preserved by the builder and the well will be rebuilt on its former site.

As a point of interest, research has been carried out back as far as 1750 and no well was marked on any map.

It is thought that this was the site of a communal tap for the residents of the area. (Ed.)



## SHEFFIELD BACH SOCIETY

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**UNDER OUR NEW CONDUCTOR, PETER COLLIS**

Saturday 7th October 2000, 7.30 p.m.  
St. Mark's Church, Broomhill, Sheffield

### Fauré

Requiem

Cantique de Jean Racine

### Handel Chandos Anthems

O Come, let us sing unto the Lord O Sing unto the Lord  
O Praise the Lord with one consent

Jenny Leasibeater, soprano; Margaret Atherton, contralto  
Jeremy Dawson, tenor; David Townend, bass

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## THE CURSE OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY By C. N. Railton Holden

I am come to the unwavering belief that for many years our present-day scientists have been creating a world, which the rest of humankind does not understand. I personally find it difficult to cope with the way our lives are changing and there may be one or two worried souls who belong to my category. Children who find themselves unable to operate a computer at school will, as an eminent professor declared recently, be sidelined for the rest of their lives: always subsisting on social security cheques or else labouring in the most menial of jobs. And how will senior citizens fare in our new, complex, fevered, modern age? Not too well I regret to say. This latest marvel, the decoding of genes, has all the hallmarks of a long-lasting nightmare. I certainly don't wish every Tom, Dick and Harry to be studying my gene makeup. There are some items which, to my mind, are best kept in the dark, though as technology advances these items could be removed and buried in a suitable landfill, for the benefit of mankind and the benefit of me.

Most of the packaging that comes with our everyday purchases ends up in those very landfills but first of all the packaging has to be removed from the everyday purchases and there the battle is well and truly joined, with scissors, knives, screwdrivers and sledgehammers. Next comes the instruction leaflet or book, which tells us how to assemble and use whatever item, emerges after the sledge hammering. For this stage in the proceedings the customer with an honours degree in science has a distinct advantage whereas I simply become agitated and dangerous to approach. If you have an I.Q. of less than two hundred then be advised by me - entrust printed instructions to the wheely bin.

About three years ago our old central heating system was replaced by a more modern piece of equipment. I have learned, during those three years, how to switch our latter-day marvel on and off, but when summer time or wintertime demands a one-hour alteration to the clock then I leave such complications to my daughter. Life for me was so much cosier and danger-free in the 1920's when paraffin lamps illuminated dark evenings and when uncles and aunts carried buckets of water in from the nearby spring and nobody seemed to need instruction books.

Here I can give you more evidence of the way technology is leaving most of us behind. I was fortunate enough to be on holiday beside Lake Maggiore in Italy just a few weeks ago. The summer scenery, lake, trees, architecture and mountains were truly gorgeous. In our hotel room there was an activity panel set into each bed head. The panels measured approximately nine inches by six inches and presented yet another electronic device cobbled together to outsmart we geriatrics. Fifteen symbols were on every panel. Press the correct symbols and you would bring into life an amazing assortment of services. My daughter showed me which symbol would illuminate the bedside lamp and I confined my finger pressing to that one function, for these panels suggested to me and my nervous disposition another case of technology gone mad. In that room it was possible for a guest to lie in bed while opening the door for visitors, switching on the television set, raising the sound, lowering the sound, blind up, blind down, room service, doctor, dentist, chiropodist, police, fire service, plumber, electrician, and the final symbol would summon a troupe of flamenco dancers. Bewildering? Of course it was.

One night, a week after the holiday had ended, I found myself helplessly embroiled in a most disturbing dream. In this dream I was lying tucked up under the blankets, having pressed a variety of symbols which, hopefully, would light up

the television screen and show me a replay of that wonderful match where England beat the West Indies by two wickets. Of course it would have been wiser to leave the panel in peace but you must realise that I was acting in a dream and unable to control my wisdom. Furthermore my daughter failed to appear in this dream. Soon it became impossible for me to either see or hear the cricket replay because, sitting on my wife's bed were doctor, dentist, chiropodist, police, plumber and electrician, while sitting on my bed were six hefty Italian firemen: all these visitors watching a live bedroom performance by the flamenco dancers. Of course such a situation could not possibly arise in real life..... or could it? Truth is stranger than fiction.

During the final evening of our Maggiore holiday I decided to take a bath. It is something I do from time to time and I suppose it stems from a family tradition dating back probably as far as those 1920's. My mother would fill the bath with warm water and then despatch her three children, one at a time, into what seemed to us like an alarming abyss until we became acclimatised. Most of our neighbours used their baths for the storage of coal so they sniffed at my mother and called her a snob. She responded with a superior sort of smile for she had once read in her women's magazine that neither King George V nor Queen Mary ever stored coal in their baths. The Maggiore bath was a fine affair, clean, white and pleasurable without being elitist. I lowered myself into it, grasped the bar of soap and as I did so the hotel lights went out. Blackness everywhere. I had to wash my various parts from memory and when the soap became lost it stayed lost. A first-rate example of this much vaunted modern technology. The paraffin lamps of bygone days were far more dependable.

On the following day at Bergamo Airport near Milan our aircraft for the homeward flight was late in arriving and passengers were urged to take their seats with all haste or the captain might lose his "slot", a mythical slice of the heavens which pilots seem to need. If your "slot" is lost then another aircraft captain will nick it without any qualms and you will find yourself frustrated by yet another delay. In this particular instance the passengers made all haste, were dutifully belted into their seats when a lordly voice issued from the cabin microphones. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. I must apologise for the delay but our engines refuse to start and I cannot understand why because they started without any trouble before we left Manchester this morning." It was rather like announcing an outbreak of the Black Death. "Specialist engineers are on their way", continued the captain, "and the engines will then be given a jump start." Wonderful! My Uncle Ronald bought himself a bull-nosed Morris during those days almost beyond recall and on winter mornings he would crank it for at least fifteen minutes before the engine showed any sign of life. That was probably my first experience of modern technology. The dear man should have retained his horse and carriage. Horses operate without cranking.

At Bergamo that morning the outside temperature had reached the nineties while we passengers sweated away and knew what it felt like to be inside a microwave oven. No engines: no air-conditioning and we were kept alive by a hostess who scurried up and down handing out beakers of cold water and almost splitting her face with a reassuring smile. Half an hour passed and then the captain appeared before us in the flesh. Once more he apologised and followed this by saying: "the specialist engineers, apparently, are not familiar with this type of aircraft and another team of engineers has been sent for." He explained the difficulties in

great detail, most of which I could not hear, but I did identify one significant phrase: "so we are between the devil and the deep blue sea". Truly, a most insensitive remark as we had only just been given "ditching drill". Not a glimmer of festivity could be seen amongst the overheated passengers and when, some time later, our plane did move and streak down the runway, there was a communal crossing of fingers, a mumbling of incantations and, by those who had them, a wholesale clutching of lucky charms. During the next few minutes I doubt if anyone on the plane was thinking about technology, ancient or modern.

Some of you will be telling yourselves smugly that you can operate computers, manipulate electronic panels with ease, deal with hotel lighting failures and cure intransigent jet engines. All right, all right! But, when dotage takes its toll, you also will be bamboozled by the new technology of the day and the awesome march of civilisation. For my own part, the next time I fly away on holiday I shall be equipped with jump leads and half a dozen candles. Perhaps, also, some kind person will lend me a reliable lucky charm, as an added safety measure.

### TOTLEY METHODIST CHAPEL

I wonder if any Totley Independent reader knows what happened to the Datestone of the little Totley Methodist chapel after it closed in 1967 and was converted to a private house by Brian Edwards? It was a large block of stone over the chapel doorway and was inscribed 'WESLEYAN 1848'. I took photographs before the stone was removed and understand it may have laid in the small garden for some time. But where is it now? Before somebody suggests I ask Brian, may I say I have and he does not know where it is.

Incidentally the public footpath down from this former chapel across the fields to join Penny Lane below the Cricket Inn is named as "Chapel Bank" in your July/August issue, page 2, but the much older name is "Bents Footway". The path was thus named in the Totley Enclosure Award of 1842. I have also been told it was shown as "Bents Footway" on a 1728 map but I have not seen this map myself.

Certainly it is still a good path, although not as wide or clear of grass and soil as it was when I walked it as a boy in the late 1920s and 30s. Of course, in those days most people, including the residents of Totley Bents, did not have cars, so they kept the way clear as they walked to and from Totley. People's boots and shoes kept the surface trim and the setts were almost polished; nowadays it is used more by ramblers than local people, except perhaps when there is enough snow for sledging down the fields. Roy Bullen.



**Dore  
Male Voice Choir**



presents its

**Annual Concert**

with the

**The Kinder  
Children's Choir of the  
High Peak**

7.00 p.m. Saturday 21st October, 2000  
All Saints Church Ecclesall Sheffield

Tickets £6.50 from  
Wilson Peck Pianos

Charter Row, Sheffield S1 4JD Tel: 0114 275 0808

Dore Male Voice Choir is delighted to welcome back the Kinder Children's Choir as the principal guest at its Annual Concert this year. The large audience who came to hear the children 2 years ago at Ecclesall Church will long remember the great pleasure they gave by their highly skilled but totally charming and enjoyable performance.

Since their last visit the Kinder Choir has performed in St Paul's Cathedral for HRH the Duchess of Gloucester, sung in the Crypt Chapel in the Palace of Westminster for the Black Rod and performed in the Queen Elizabeth Hall as part of the National Music For Youth Festival. They have made a series of appearances on BBC TV and Granada TV including A Celebration of Christmas, Your Favourite Hymns, and Friday Night is Music Night. They have also shared the platform with the London Symphony Orchestra, the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and the Chorus of Opera North.

Dore Male Voice Choir will be performing for the first time under the baton of its new Music Director, Paul Green. Paul is a local man and many, with music connections in the Dore and Totley area, will know him as a composer, a skilled choral arranger and an accomplished pianist and organist. He is a past Music Director of the Gilbert and Sullivan Society at Dore and is the present accompanist for both John Wade Singers and the Dore Mercia Townswomens Guild Choir. Under his direction the Choir is confident that it will develop and improve its standard of performance, extend its repertoire and continue to excel in any competition or festival in which it participates.

Tickets for the Annual Concert cost £6.50 and are available from Wilson Peck Pianos, any member of the choir or by application to the Concert Secretary, Tom Ogley, Telephone 2364367.

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Janet Alton MNIMH, Medical Herbalist, presents a series of articles about the medicinal uses and folklore of wild plants growing commonly in the Totley area.

## 6. Goosegrass, Cleavers (Galium aparine)

Goosegrass is one of those green, insignificant plants which tends to be largely overlooked - until you walk through a patch of it and get covered in the sticky fruits! The stickiness is due to the little round fruits - and for that matter the stalks and leaves - being covered in dense, hooked bristles which readily attach to clothing or animal fur - the plant's trick, of course, to get its seeds distributed. The name 'cleavers' is therefore self-explanatory, and 'goosegrass' comes about because the plant can be used as a nutritious feed for geese and other poultry. One curious result of this practice, at least if the poultry was allowed to eat the roots as well as the stalks and leaves, was that it dyed their bones red! It was also fed to stallions in the spring because it was thought to increase their fertility. It is said that the seeds of the plant can be roasted and made into a drink which closely resembles coffee - though I haven't tried this! The stickiness of goosegrass stalks was once exploited in Scandinavia to make a sort of sieve through which to strain milk.

So - a weed, a nuisance: given half a chance it will climb up and straggle over other more robust plants. And yet, goosegrass is one of the most generally useful herbs in the medical herbalist's pharmacy. The old herbals speak of goosegrass as a 'purifier of the blood'. While modern herbalists no longer use such terms, we still consider there to be some truth in the notion, in that certain medicinal plants can and do help to shift accumulated toxins from the body. Some of them do this by assisting the action of the kidneys; yet others help the liver do its job. Goosegrass is one of a number of herbs which act primarily through the lymphatic system, with a secondary diuretic effect on the kidneys.

People throughout the ages have recognised the 'cleansing' properties of goosegrass. It was recommended by Culpeper (17th century) as a 'spring tonic' to be used with fresh nettle tops to make a tea or a soup in early spring, one of the first chances to eat fresh greens after the privations of the winter. The fact that both plants contain substantial amounts of Vitamin C would have been particularly important, in the days when people commonly suffered from mild forms of scurvy, especially in the winter when fresh vegetables and fruit ran out. Culpeper records a first aid 'cure' for adder bite: mix the fresh juice of goosegrass with wine and drink it. It was said to work by 'preserving the heart from the venom'. It was also a slimming aid: 'It is familiarly taken in broth, to keep them lean and lank that are apt to grow fat'. Presumably if there was any improvement in either snake bite or obesity, it was due to the diuretic effect. The juice of the plant is also quite astringent and has a long history of use in treating cuts, scratches and minor burns.

Goosegrass can be particularly helpful, used with other herbs, in chronic inflammatory conditions such as allergic eczema, psoriasis and other skin diseases, or rheumatoid arthritis. Because of its action on the kidneys it can be beneficial in diseases characterised by fluid build-up. It may also be of use in people who have a tendency to form kidney stones, because it helps flush out the substances which would otherwise clump together to form the stones. It may surprise you to know that plants like goosegrass are still valued and prescribed with great benefit by medical herbalists. As a

qualified member of the National Institute of Medical Herbalists I am now offering consultations in Totley. If you would like to know more, just ring me on 236 4765.

## Our Lady of Beauchief and St Thomas of Canterbury Tel. 0114 2747257

### Harvest Festival

All our Masses will be on the theme of Harvest, but with the emphasis on sharing our skills and talents-the harvest of ourselves. All are welcome to join with us. Bring your own skills!

Times: Vigil Mass

Saturday 6-30 p.m. English Martyrs, Totley

Sunday 9-15 a.m. Our Lady and St. Thomas'

11-15 a.m. Our Lady and St. Thomas'

Enquiries- 0114 236 7736

### 22<sup>nd</sup>. October Rejoice 2000

This will be a huge celebration Mass for the whole of the Diocese of Hallam, in the Sheffield Arena. It will be led by Bishop John Rawsthorne, and promises to be a spectacular event.

Time: 2-30 p.m.

Date: Sunday 22<sup>nd</sup>. October 2000

Further details from Renato Portaluri Tel. 0114 258 4865.

## POST OFFICE NEWS

Last posting days for Christmas :-

**Outside Europe** 7<sup>th</sup>. December

**Europe** 14<sup>th</sup>. December

**Second Class** 18<sup>th</sup>. December

**First Class** 21<sup>st</sup>. December

### Surface Mail last posting dates.

Surface mail is an economical way to send your letters, greeting cards, postcards and gifts abroad but, as the service takes longer than Airmail, it pays to plan ahead.

All destinations outside Europe, except Canada, Far East, Middle East, Hong Kong, South Africa and U.S.A.	2 <sup>nd</sup> . October
Far East and Middle East	16 <sup>th</sup> . October
Canada, Hong Kong, South Africa and U.S.A.	30 <sup>th</sup> . October
Eastern Europe	11 <sup>th</sup> . November
Western Europe	18 <sup>th</sup> . November

**Note.** There is no surface mail service to European destinations for letters, postcards or greeting cards. Gifts may be sent by the Surface Small Packets Service both to Europe and world-wide destinations.

### HM Forces Last Posting Dates

Surface mail letters, cards and small packets	6 <sup>th</sup> . December
Airmail letters, cards and packets, including Exercises and Operations.	13 <sup>th</sup> . December

## NEW BOOK - NEW TALK



Totley writer Marjorie Dunn has prepared a new talk entitled "History Afloat" in conjunction with the publication of her latest novel. The book "The Maggie Kelly", and talk, takes us on a journey from Sheffield along the canals and rivers of South Yorkshire and Humberside, to Kingston-upon-Hull. In both instances we are given a glimpse into the history of the old Humber sailing keels which came right into the Sheffield Basin.

Whilst the talk gives us a fascinating insight into the life of these waterways over the centuries, the novel sets a scene for 1851, when canals were facing fierce competition from the railways.

Written with a touch of humour and sympathetic understanding, and partly set in Sheffield, Dalton Magna and Humberside, the story tells of Michael who, after the death of his father, struggles to keep the keel with the help of his sister. Their future looks bleak until help comes from an unusual man and his family, and this has far reaching consequences for them all. The trials, tribulations, loves and adventures of these characters will keep the reader absorbed to the last page.

Marjorie Dunn can be reached on Tel. No: 0114-235 1827  
Copies of "The Maggie Kelly" price £7.95, can be obtained from all good bookshops, or direct from the Publishers, The Hallamshire Press Ltd., 8-10, Broomhall Road, Sheffield S10 2DR. Tel: 0114- 266 3789.

Local and live Community Theatre  
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A hysterical look at historic Sheffield  
from the Viking invasion to more recent times  
at

Totley Library  
Thursday, 26th October  
at 7.30pm

Tickets £1.00 available from the Library

## SLIMMING NEWS

Jenny Ellis and Denise Hibberd are ½ the size and twice as happy as they used to be - thanks to Slimming World. Their fantastic success has meant they have lost 7 stone, between them giving them the title of their class Woman of the Year, and now have the chance to win a National prize of £3000.

Jenny joined the class held on Thursdays at Bradway Annexe just over a year ago after worrying being overweight would seriously affect her health and her future with her family and 2 small sons. Deciding there was more to life than feeling miserable and having no self esteem, she decided to join her local class.

Jenny says 'I love the foods I can eat & I'm never hungry. Shopping for clothes is now a joy and I'm no longer silent, hiding in the background - I've my confidence back and I've found my voice again'.

Denise - Woman of the Year for the Dore class held every Tuesday, can't believe the difference the loss has made to her life - "This time last year I was hating the thought of being fat and frumpy at Christmas and New Year, all my friends in lovely clothes and I had to make do with what I could fit into. But this year I can't wait - I am now able to choose what I want to wear."

Both believe they would never have achieved their terrific success without the dedication of their consultant, Alison and the help and support of the rest of the class

They both now go through to the Woman of the Year District Finals.

Many congratulations go to you both for being an inspiration to so many.

For further information call Alison (01246) 410145.

## DORCAS LUNCHEON CLUB

Could you spare 2 hours on a Friday to help with serving coffee and washing up at our luncheon club?

United Reformed church, Totley Brook Road.

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Thank you.

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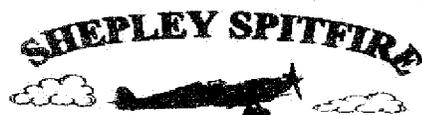
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7-00pm. to 10-30pm.

## GARDENING TIPS FOR OCTOBER

And a good time was had by all just about sums up the New TOTLEY SHOW. The new venue was excellent with plenty of space for exhibits, also for visitors looking round. The craft demonstrations went down well especially with the youngsters having a go, the 'cafeteria' was buzzing in the afternoon with home made cakes, tea and coffee, though the power cut caused the tea to cool off. I think iced tea would have been appropriate at that stage. The power cut did not deter the 'Gentlemen of Jazz' they played on regardless of the lack of electronic assistance, everyone enjoyed their repertoire which lent a special atmosphere to the show.

The exhibits were up on last year though I would like to have seen a bit more of the talent which abounds in this area exhibited in the arts and crafts sections. The painting and photography sections were not as well represented as in previous years, and I am sure the children's section will be up next year. I heard the children saying they will have a go, so let's hope so. Thanks to everyone who took part and to the visitors in the afternoon. Thanks also to the TRA committee and all the other helpers who gave up valuable time and a bit of petrol to make the show a success. Time now to get cracking and think about what you will be entering in September next year. Congratulations to JUDY NEEDHAM who took the cup for best exhibit in the show.

### FLOWERS

Clean up borders and beds ready for Autumn planting, good time to plant alpine and rockery plants and top dress with fine grit. Lift and dry out gladioli for storing over winter. Lift and store dahlias when the tops have been blackened by the frost. Store them in a frost free place in newspaper, sand or peat. Plant out wallflowers, polyanthus, forget me nots, sweet williams, foxgloves and other similar plants which are biennials or grown for spring bedding displays. Do not hang on to the summer bedding plants too long, so that the new plants can get established before the winter weather sets in. Make sure the soil is in good fettle by adding humus making compost and bone meal or similar nutrients. Most bulb planting should be completed by the end of the month except tulips they can be left until November. If you have not brought in the tender plants from outside don't delay any longer or the frost will nuzzle them. Rambler roses should be pruned now, if you have not done so already, train them to the supports.

### VEGETABLES

Onions which you are keeping in store should be exposed to as much sun as possible and out of the rain they will keep much longer if they are a golden brown colour, strung together in a frost free place. Gather french and runner beans as they develop before the frosts finish them off. Earth up celery and leeks, prepare ground for planting spring cabbage. October is about the latest month for gathering herbs for winter drying. Marrows can be stored, if you have too many for immediate use hang them up in old stockings in a frost free dry place. Carrots and beetroot should be lifted now to prevent the roots from splitting they will keep well if packed in dry sand. Lift young parsnips now for immediate use, leave the rest in the ground to pull as required, watch out for slugs. Pick winter and perpetual spinach regularly to encourage new growth. Main crop potatoes should be lifted and stored. It might be a good idea to put stakes in to support Brussels sprouts it can get a bit windy in Totley, pull off any yellowing leaves.

### TREES FRUIT & SHRUBS

Prepare ground for tree, shrub and hedge planting make sure newly planted evergreens are sheltered from cold winds by placing temporary guards. Hardwood cuttings can be taken now they do take a long time to root. Put grease bands round apple and cherry trees, spray trees with fungicide if canker or scab has been a problem. Prune blackcurrants not pruned earlier. Its a good time to plant new fruit trees between now and the end of November. Clean up strawberry beds, remove dead or dying foliage and weeds, top dress soil around the plants. Make sure the supports for Raspberries and loganberries are adequate, planting new plants of raspberries, loganberries etc can be undertaken now, the new strains they keep bringing out are well worth a try.

### GREENHOUSE and INDOOR PLANTS

Chrysanthemums should be brought in now before the petals begin to open or if frost threatens, as mentioned before bring in any tender plants to prevent any damage or loss by frost. Regulate greenhouse temperature, close the side vents for the winter. Ventilate on fine days to prevent the buildup of mildew and diseases which are spread by damp atmosphere. Make sure the greenhouse is clean and tidy this will help you to spot anything untoward, before it gets too bad. Feed cyclamen plants with a weak feed about once a fortnight. If you are growing schizanthus and calceolarius for a spring show do not let them become pot bound at this stage. Keep all pot plants tidy especially geraniums, remove decaying leaves as disease can soon spread to the main stems. Do not use too much heat in the greenhouse yet, just enough to keep the air dry and keep out old jack frost. Dry off begonias, gloxinias and achimenes growing in pots, turn the pots on their sides and do not water them. Gradually reduce the amount of water given to fuchsias but do not dry them out, pot on any cuttings never let them become pot bound or starved, check bulbs being brought on in darkness, and water, if necessary. Plant cape cowslip, freesia, indoor gladioli, Dutch iris, lillies, daffodils, hyacinths and tulips in pots to flower in spring and summer, keeping them cool and in the dark until the shoots appear. Some gardeners think that ferns do not need feeding, not true, they should be fed very occasionally this is a good time to do it. Very weak liquid manure should be used. Be careful with all watering under glass now keeping all plants a little on the dry side rather than too wet.

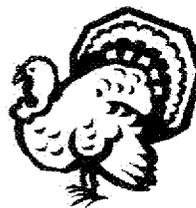
### LAWNS

Rake, scarify and spike top dress add a dressing of autumn winter fertilizer. Turf can be laid if the weather is fine, pick off stones and lightly roll newly seeded lawns.

Cheerio for now, TOM BUSY BEE.

*Did you know that if you put a banana in the greenhouse it will help to ripen tomatoes.*

## TOTLEY HALL FARM



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## TRANSPORT 17

Our new bus, which will be a Volkswagen is ordered and being converted to Michael's specifications. A lot of time and thought goes into making sure everything is safe and comfortable and good for drivers and escorts, as well as our passengers. Of course, all our buses are fitted with safety belts and tracking for clamping down people in wheelchairs. Before our close down for a break many clubs and nursing homes went out for trips and bar lunches. These were all very enjoyable. Our drivers really are the best and it was particularly memorable when lightning struck while we were ready to have lunch at Carsington Water. The building had to be evacuated and we had to find a hostelry to feed 13 passengers and staff!! Intrepid is the word for Transport 17ers. The book sale and 'Friends in Harmony' concert filled our coffers by nearly £220. Thanks to everyone for their support at these events. As ever, All Saints were very kind to us especially Joan Beeley and Derek Maltby. The performers came from Frechville and Jack Creswell, one of our drivers had done a good job in arranging and playing. The scones came from the Coffee Shoppe at Totley Rise and went down a treat.

We are still in need of drivers and escorts. Can you help. We do not get paid but it is a good group to work with and very interesting. No two days are the same. Ring our office 2362962 or pop in and see Michael Finn (He is our only paid staff) because he runs everything aided by John Savourin and a Management Committee.

During the summer Isabel and Dan Reynolds of Baslow Road celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary. They were kind enough to invite Danny and I and Vera Booth of Good Companions club to their party at the Heatherfield Club. The family made us very welcome and there was a hidden agenda. The happy couple did not want presents so there was a collection. Transport 17 received £150 and Good Companions £180. We were all very touched by their kindness and Dan suggested other people might like to follow this trend!

Best wishes Margaret Barlow.

### THE CONGREGATION OF DORE & TOTLEY UNITED REFORMED CHURCH TOTLEY BROOK ROAD,

Invite all friends and well-wishers to the evening service on **SUNDAY 15<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER @ 6-30 p.m.** Which will be conducted by the Reverend David Hudston, the new minister for Sheffield South, Group of U.R.C. Churches.

## 1<sup>st</sup>. TOTLEY SCOUT'S JUMBLE SALE

SATURDAY 21<sup>st</sup>. OCTOBER 11-00 a.m.  
Scout H/Q, Aldam Road, Totley  
11-00 a.m.  
Admission 20p.  
Anyone requiring collection please telephone  
**236 3881.**

### SCOUT LOTTERY

We are in danger of not being able to continue with the lottery as only 20 people, at the time of the Independent going to press, have sent in the forms for the next lottery. If you do not have a form and you would like to continue supporting the above lottery please ring Peter Casson Telephone 236 3881  
Peter Casson

## A BOXING CLASS in TOTLEY

Top amateur boxers from the Parson Cross A.B.C. aim to stage a "Boxing Exhibition of Skills" at the **Heatherfield Club, Baslow Road on Wednesday 4<sup>th</sup> October at 8-30 p.m.**

Junior A.B.A. national champion, Robert Brown and rising club mates Nicky Bratton and Ben Atkin will display their skills. There will also be a "Question & Answers" session with local trainer Mick Otter.

Admission is free for this event, so please come along and support the lads and find out what amateur boxing is really all about.

## CHILDREN'S FUN DAY IN THE SHEFFIELD BOTANICAL GARDENS

**THURSDAY, 26 OCTOBER, 11am-3pm**

Meet at the Demonstration Centre, Thongton Road end of the Gardens  
(off Ecclesall Road)



For children of all ages



Events:

Paper making, bulb planting, collecting trail, mask & badge making, earth games, woodland scene & tree collages, leaf prints, feeble things

Punch & Judy Show, and Live Small Animals



Admission: £3 per child, no concessions

Children must be accompanied by an adult

Light Refreshments (small charge)

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## GREEN OAK BOWLING CLUB by David Ruthven

The club was formed in the spring of 1957 by Harry Young and George Willis. The park was opened on the 23rd March 1924 as Totley Recreational Park. The Bowling Green was created in the spring of 1956. While it was seeded, fed and cut many times play was not allowed until April 1957. Harry Young played in the Millhouses team and instructed us on the dos and don'ts. He was assisted by George Willis the only other player who knew the rules and had his own woods. The green attracted members of the good companions club and relatives of Harry Richards and Henry (Dick) Whittington. We formed Green Oak club making George

Willis President and Harry Young Captain. They wanted Green Oak to enter the Sheffield and District Association League. We were all rookies but as a sort of test played a friendly match with St Mary's on their small green. We had 4 or 5 winners so we were persuaded by their captain Keever Wait to join the Association. He said he had enjoyed playing on different greens and had made many friends over the years while playing bowls. How right he was. George said we should practice as much as possible under match conditions. He provided a cup called the Baslow Cup to give us more incentive and more practice. The greenkeeper Harry Bellamy was the first winner in 1957. George persuaded the members that entering competitions as a team or singularly would in the long term improve our bowling. Our first outing in the Mason Cup nearly made us resign from the league as we played Crookes Working Men's Club without having a winner. George and Harry pointed out that they all had their own woods and had played on this green before and that all we lacked was experience. I would say it was not until 1985 and 1989 that Green Oak won this cup. I would also point out that we were the runners up in the years 1989 and 1993. We stayed in the Jarratt League for a few years before as runners up entered the Lant League. We won this league in 1964 progressing to the Naylor League in 1967 and again in 1969. We were all improving and with some young players went on to win the Naylor League in the years 1971 and 1974. The next League - "The Fitzwilliam" we won in 1976 going into the top League:- The Telegraph Cup. It was not until 1987 that Green Oak won this League. Frank Woodhead was the captain who had encouraged good players to join Green Oak. So it was 30 years for the Club to get to the top. So far I have only followed the Saturday team.

From the start the club was very well run with active Presidents and a large committee which met weekly. George Willis and the committee members Sam Roebuck, Henry "Dick" Whittington, Harry Richards, Jack Maddock, Harry Young, Sid Evans, Mark Hamilton, Herbert Ashmore and Norman Cann were all keen and worked hard. They also had outside help from Arnold Varley, Harry Wolstenholme Bob Archibald, Maurice Pearson and Marriott Fox who all had decided opinions. The committee, wives and friends kept in touch during the winter visiting each others houses playing various games including bingo, whist and beetle drives, earning a few shillings for the club.

In the early years we invited guest speakers to our Annual Dinner and prize giving. Most were well known in the Association. We had words of encouragement from the following:- Ken Armitage who also provided a set of bowls and a jack. A "Burdall Cup" from J. W. Burdall and he continued as a vice president for over 10 years. Words of "Wisdom" from Norman Barker. Bob Jackson was a good and interesting specchmaker. G. Woodward, Thornton Lambert and Dr Linfoot gave witty talks. The latter was a local "boy" and also our vice president. His Doctor jokes

were enjoyed by all.

He was thereafter acknowledged as a brilliant after dinner speaker by other organisations and clubs. Other guest speakers were Brian Ross, George Turner, Harry Storer and many more who gave us information about other Leagues and teams. The membership fees were kept low by having jumble sales and the sale of teas etc. Occasionally football cards were sold round the green. We also had annual outings to various destinations including Alton Towers, Scarborough, Windermere and a number of trips to London. We also arranged friendly matches on a home and away basis with Chatsworth Park on their small green and with the diminishing green at Cross Scythes. Ernest Jackson the postmaster, Hodgson the plumber and Herbert Crowther were all good players and usually carried the match in Cross Scythes' favour. We also had a novelty competition run for a number of years by Bert Ashmore for the benefit of Cheshire homes. Bert divided the green into rinks and ladies and gentlemen competed playing in all the rinks. Tea, coffee, home made buns and cakes made many memorable days.

George Willis our first President did not manage to see our promotion out of the Jarratt League as he died in 1962. Our second President Gordon Robinson did a lot of work behind the scenes 1962 to 1984. He was also an active player and a well known personality. Our third President did not play at bowls but we did have a number of feasts at the Crown where he was the landlord. John Harrop had to relinquish his presidency for private reasons in 1989. Our fourth President has played for the Tuesday team several times to help out. Now that he and his wife have retired we may see him on the green more often. He is at least a good marker and supporter. We have been supported by our vice presidents Dr. Linfoot, J. W. Burdall, Thornton Lambert, George Revitt and Jack Crapper. Only the last two played in the teams for Green Oak. We are indebted to our chairman Harry Young from the start to the year 1973. Denis Taylor took this position until 1979. He was followed by Norman Cann until 1989, Frank Woodhead to 1992 and Trevor Stacey to date. The only vice chairman named in the records is Nick Owen from 1985.

The treasurers all did good work over the years. The first Dick Whittington had the most difficult part setting up the system from 1957 to 1970. Winnie Unwin for one year, Eric Bullard to 1984, Peggy Charles for 1985, Claire Billard to 1987, David Ruthven to 1993 and Duncan Merrill to date.

The Registrars were Sam Roebuck to 1981 followed by Harold Foley to 1986, David Ruthven to 1993 and the secretary there after. The Club secretary:- First Sam Roebuck, then Herbert Ashmore followed by Norman Cann, Trevor Stacey, Frank Woodhead and finally Brian Turner from 1992. The competitions and veterans secretaries were Sam Roebuck, Cyril Hughes then Ken Parkin to date. Ken relinquished competitions secretary in 1996, and has yet to be replaced.

The Captain of the Saturday team was regarded as club captain and they followed in order as follows:- Harry Young to 1965, David Ruthven 1966, Norman Cann then Frank Woodhead, Trevor Stacey 1992 to 1998, David Button 1999 and Trevor Stacey for 2000. The captains of the other teams were revised quite often and would make a grand list. The old records are missing so I could not name them all. The Saturday "B" team started in 1963 and ceased in 1985. It was raised again in 1988 winning the Rudge Trophy in that year, the Horton Cup in 1989, The Jarratt Cup in 1990, the Lant Cup in 1991. Runner up in the Naylor Cup in 1992 and finished in the Lynch League in 1993. This occurred because

a number of the players left the club and in effect the B team became the "A" team. The ladies having played in club competitions were finally coaxed into forming a team in the year 1967 and played on Thursday afternoons. A number of the players were wives of the original members. A second ladies team was entered in the Wednesday evening League and were thrilled when they won the Richmond Cup in the first year. Being runners up in the Hall Trophy they went on to win the Jackson Trophy in 1993 and are still in that League. A third ladies team was entered in year 1995 in the Lady Veterans League. They were runners up in 1995 and 1996 thereby gaining promotion to the Ross League. We now had a number of original members over 60 so we entered a team in the Gents Veterans League in 1969. A second Vets team was created in 1975 as our numbers increased because we attracted players from the bowlers of Abbeydale Sports Club. This team continued until 1987 finishing in the Henshaw League: - The 4th Division. The "A" team played in the top Vets League in 1991 only. Since then we have slipped back to the Sedgwick the 3rd Division and in 1999 escaped relegation by one point after winning 9 - 1 in the last match of the season. The Vets entered two teams in the Friday Presto Doubles in 1981 but the "B" team lasted only until 1987. The "A" team won the Presto Cup in 1986 and again in 1989 before slipping down from "A" to "C" Division. The club entered the Thursday Kaye Cup in 1972 until 1990. During this time we won the League or were runners up so therefore we competed 8 times for the Half Holiday Shield against Leeds Bradford and the Spen Valley area. We won this Shield 5 times before being banned, for a trivial error, for 5 years. We were only one of a dozen clubs who did the same in one or more of the Associations clubs. Green Oak club entered a team in the Sheffield & Hallamshire "K" Division in the year 1991 and the team has been promoted nearly every year until 1999 we arrived in the "B" Division. Green Oak entered a team in the South Yorkshire League in the year 1983 and won the League. It was considered that there was too much travelling and so we withdrew the following year. Again in 1995 we entered a team in this League. In 1996 we entered two teams as we had some lady members who wanted to play in the mixed team. It went well until 1999 when it was decided to finish because of the distances travelled. I have tried to give an accurate account of Green Oak club but some errors may have arisen as some of the old records are missing. The handwriting has changed over the years and some were not easily deciphered. In addition initials only were given and the year not always given in addition to date and month. The club is made up of members and while nearly three hundred names are on the books I am only going to mention a few who helped to bring the name of Green Oak to the notice of the other clubs in the bowling world. Mark Hudson won the junior handicap of the Association in the Years 1975, 1976 and 1978. Peter Jukes and Nick Owen also did well in junior competitions and are now top class players. David Ruthven won the League average in the first year but although a good team player did not win any Association competitions until 1975. He has played twice for the County while Frank Woodhead went on to be County Captain. Green Oak lost an excellent player when he joined Meersbrook B. C. I think Ken Collins and

R. V. Smith must be mentioned having won the Association Doubles. This Cup might have been won earlier by Joe Husband and David if a tennis ball hit by John Sykes at Firth Park came over the net and bounced several times before landing on David's fast wood. The end was scattered and "dead end" called before looking for the nearest wood. Our

ladies also helped when Sheila Parkin and Barbara Cartwright formerly Shale won the ladies Association doubles. Mary Ruthven was Runner up in the Rotherham Civic Merit. Other good lady bowlers included Nellie Husband, Jean Greenhough, Sylvia Cooke, Audrey Proudlock, Peggy Charles and many more. Winning cups and Leagues is only like icing on a cake - very sweet. The fact that you enjoyed competing whether winning or losing makes the game worth while. We all know that we would have won if the conditions were right for us. Looking for a good season in 2000 when length, land and luck will be in our favour.

## Music Society

Hello again! Just to bring you up to date with our little venture of starting a new Musical Society from scratch. You may recall that I wrote in July's issue that we had given our first Concert (in aid of Leukaemia Research), and that we had two more performances lined up. Unfortunately we had lost 3 male singers due to various reasons, and were "advertising" for anyone to come and give us a trial.

This theme was taken up by the "Star" and the "Telegraph", who gave us a smashing bit of coverage, which has resulted in us now having SEVEN new male, and FIVE new lady singers, swelling our ranks to twelve of each, and they make a terrific sound! One of the "New Boys" travels from Doncaster each week!

We are rehearsing hard for our Concert on 11th November, at the Blind Institute, on Mappin Street, at 7.30 p.m. Admission £3.50 and £3.00 concessions.

In this instance, because of some admin problem, we cannot do it on behalf of the Children's Hospital, so we have decided to do it as a Fund Raiser for ourselves - to buy sheet music etc. The Children's Hospital concert is to be arranged for the early New Year.

Whilst mentioning sheet music, does anyone have any copies of Shows that they have been in: songs that they feel would be suitable to include in a Concert, or any comic ditties that will make people laugh? Nothing too "highbrow" please, and they don't have to be in pristine condition. Any contributions would be gratefully received... as they say.

Anyone who feels they may like to join a very friendly crowd who just like singing songs, purely for pleasure, and can raise some money for local Charities, please give me a ring on 236 6891. Tony Reynolds.

## T.O.A.D.S. AUTUMN PRODUCTION

"The Importance of Being Earnest", that well loved comedy by Oscar Wilde, is our choice for the Autumn Production this year. Full of interesting characters. I suppose the one line everyone remembers is "A Handbag?" But there are so very many more equally funny lines that no one ever remembers afterwards?. The play demands costumes, always an attraction, and two sets. Jcff Bagnall has PLANS, totally different from the last sets he designed when we did the play back in 1983, and has obviously forgotten all the hard work he was involved in designing and constructing five sets for our last play "Confusions" If you see him, please don't remind him or he may back out!

The dates to remember are Wednesday to Saturday, **November 22nd to 25th**, at St. John's Church Hall, Abbeydale Road South, at 7.30.p.m. Tickets still at £2.50, with concessions £2, from me, Kate Reynolds, phone 2366891 or call at S.E.Fordham, Opticians, on Toitley Rise nearer the dates with your order.

## THE POWER OF FEAR by Jo Rundle

September 1st. 1939. 9pm. Pavilion House, Bunihope, County Durham.

My husband and I and our two year old son returned to my Mother-in-Law's home to find the local police-Sergeant waiting for us with the message. "You have to return to Sheffield tonight, there's going to be a War". This was shock, but, before becoming a Police officer on the Sheffield Force my Husband had been a Coldstream Guardsman and was used to taking orders, "pack your bags and have a bite to eat", continued the policeman. I'll be back at 11-30 to take you to Durham, there's a train at midnight, and a police car will be waiting for you at Sheffield, he'll drop you off at West-Bar, and take your wife home".

We all know what happened at 11am on Sunday 3rd September, and no surprise to me to know that my Husband, a Reservist, Drill Sargent and small arms Instructor, had soon to report to Caterham Barracks in Surrey.

In July 1940, after nine months of turning out Squadrons of volunteers and conscripts in six weeks, instead of the usual three months training, and the immediate urgency was over, he was allowed home on two weeks leave, during which he decided that I needed a change, at least of the four walls around me. After negotiations with the Duty officer for a two week sleeping out pass at the end of August it was arranged that I would stay with the wife of a Sergeant friend who, in private life was a Mental Nurse in a local hospital, and his three small sons in the near-by small town, of Coulsdon, Surrey. With my son I arrived at St. Pancras Station, London, in the middle of an air-raid alert; my first visit to London and the streets were quite empty of traffic. The taxi driver taking us to Waterloo Station was warned to "Get off the streets" "Now"! Instead, knowing that this was my first visit, and the streets were quiet, he decided to take me on a tour of the sights: 'The Guild Hall', 'The Houses of Parliament', 'The Tower of London' 'Trafalgar Square', 'Marble Arch', 'The Mall' and 'Buckingham Palace', where, in a serge of excitement I lifted my two-year old to look out of the back window explaining that "That's where the King and Queen live". I don't think he understood! My Husband met us at Coulsdon Station and we were soon settled in with Eva, the Sergeant's wife, and Arthur took to the three Wilkinson boys immediately, so, the holiday looked promising.

But, events don't always turn out as we think, or as we would like, and it wasn't so quiet at Coulsdon after all, for it was on the direct flight-path to Kenley Aerodrome, and at 6 o'clock the sirens sent my Husband on the quickest route back to camp, and the rest of us diving into the air-raid shelter at the bottom of the garden, where we stayed until early morning. This drill said Eva, had been the same for the past week, but there had been no local danger, the shelter was just a precaution. However, the drill was repeated on the following nine nights, when sadly, 'Hubby', whose Sleeping Out Pass was invalid during emergencies, did not appear, although he was allowed two hours off duty in the afternoon if there was no Air-raid warning, which happened three times. During that nine days the children watched daytime 'Dog-fights' between Spitfires and Messerschmitts, playing near to the door of the shelter in order to dive in if the planes came too near, and Messerschmitts strafed the main street of Coulsdon almost every day. One afternoon when things had remained quiet all morning, Eva decided to risk a shopping trip in Coulsdon. We had just reached the main street, when the sirens started and a single Messerschmitt appeared in the distance, and Eva shouted, "Quick, into Woolworths" Without asking "why" I followed her, through the big double door, and paused,

amazed. Most shops in those days displayed the goods on long counters, with the 'Till' at one end, and I watched now as an assistant tipped the contents of the 'Till' into a huge Gladstone-bag that was held open by another assistant, while two of their colleagues grabbed the corners of a roll of cloth, fastened to the other end of the counter and ran with it covering the whole counter in a few seconds: precision to delight even the most critical Guardsman.

"Don't stand there, hurry up" from Eva made me run quickly to the end of the store, and with the last of the assistants diving into the shelter to the noise of bullets and breaking glass as the plane dived with guns blazing. The 'All clear' sounded after about ten minutes when we emerged onto the street to find only one casualty lying on the pavement, an elderly woman who proved not badly hurt. No bombers had appeared, but that single plane had caused the Alert.

On the morning of the tenth day a telegram arrived from my Mother, 'Please return home, Jeff on embarkation leave'. After a hurried message to my husband, and permission granted for him to leave Barracks to say "Good bye", we spent a few quiet moments in the 'Red Lion' at the bottom of the street. (The 'Pub' was destroyed the following Saturday by a stray bomb). Then, next morning, we left Coulsdon to catch the 8 a.m. train to Waterloo, once more in an Air-raid alert, and again I was stopped by an Air-raid Warden, who warned me that I was not allowed on the streets during an Alert.

This time I protested. I was needed at home, and he couldn't stop me. "All right" he said, "if you want to be killed, let it be on your own head". "But be careful", he shouted as I walked on, a heavy suitcase in one hand, the other holding the hand of my son. Slowly we negotiated two streets to the approach to Coulsdon Station, which was situated at the top of a gentle incline about quarter of a mile long, with fences on each side and open fields beyond, a daunting sight, as the suitcase grew heavier at every step, and Arthur's legs were beginning to buckle.

We were about halfway up the slope when, in the distance I heard the faint drone of planes, and soon, the huge shapes appeared, moving nearer as we made our way step by hesitant step. There was no shelter here, no place to run for safety; we shall be seen; they'll shoot us; thoughts came thick and fast, then I saw the barn about ten yards away; an old building with its back wall on the edge of the road, obviously left there when the road was cut through the fields. "Come on duck" (Pet name) I shouted, "They're not going to get us" pulling him as fast as his legs would move. "To that barn quick". Another spurt and we made it, crouching against the wall in terror of being seen. The planes drew nearer, the noise deafening. "Sh" I whispered, "Quiet now, don't make a noise, and don't move". As they passed overhead, I shut my eyes, terrified, whispering, "They're not going to get us, sh, I won't let them get us, still now, they'll soon have past". Some moments are like eternity, and relief is beyond description, of course, they did pass, even had they seen us we were of no consequence when there was a real target two minutes away. We do silly things, experience ridiculous thoughts, irrational behaviour, but such is the Power of Fear.

We continued on our way for a few yards, when, out of the station ran the Station Master and, as he grabbed the suitcase, lifted Arthur, shouting "Come on Ducks, the train's ready for moving now", we ran on to the platform and he helped us into the nearest carriage. "Get on the floor, under the table, and don't lift the blinds" he said, as he shut the door and signalled to the driver. This was the most friendly and unusual journey

I have ever had. Everybody sat on the floor, business men in bowler hats, workmen in dungerees, women in all kinds of fashion, and everybody talked to each other, mostly in whispers. A young girl near me defied the order and discreetly lifted the blind nearest to us, and I took a peep too. Looking up we could see a Spitfire flying alongside, following the train on its way to Waterloo, and a woman on the opposite side of the carriage said there was one on that side too. A bowler-hatted gentleman explained that it happened every morning on that train if there was an Alert, and, as he said they would, when we came within sight of Waterloo they did a 'Roll', turned round and returned to the Kenley

In 1978, I was spending a holiday with my daughter, an Army Nursing Sister, when an Army Captain friend who patrolled 50 miles of the 'Wall', offered to take us to a point where we could experience the feeling it gave. I was eager to accept, as I had already been through 'Check-point Charlie' in Berlin, an experience not to be forgotten, and I was ready to see whether a barbed-wire fence with a ditch would leave the same impression. David took us to a village divided by the 'Wall'/Fence, where the husband of one woman, who worked at the other end of the village, had been left on the other/east side on the night the Fence was erected. Since 1961 they had waved to each other every Monday morning just to see that they were both alive. David drove through the village where children played beside the dividing Fence with its notices 'ACHTUNG (DANGER)' 'MINES' about every 20 yards, the nearest mine only 12 inches away, until we reached the high ground bordering on open country, and stopped about twenty yards away from the Fence, where the notice 'ACHTUNG' seemed particularly ominous. He got out of the car, and I followed. "You can go nearer you know" he told me, and I moved a step or two. "Go nearer" he smiled as he said this, and I moved another step or two until I was about three feet away from the Fence, and could see the two Russians in the Control Tower on the other side with their huge gun trained on us. "They'll have your photograph you know" he said, "it'll be on all their files by now, they have mine, and the number of my car". The vertical back of the Ditch was ten-fifteen feet away, which David had explained was covered with the blood of those who had tried to escape and were shot in the attempt. Had they managed to negotiate it they still had to cross the 'Mined' area, and the ten foot high Fence. I stood there for a few minutes, looking at the far slope of the ditch, then at the Control Tower, then at that forbidding notice 'ACHTUNG'. "Go nearer" said David, but I didn't move. "You can go right up to the Fence you know, there are no mines on this side". But I still didn't move. "Go on, go right up to the Fence", I moved one foot, then drew it back. "Go on, it's safe this side", I moved one foot forward,

then slowly lifted the other, and stopped, stood still for what seemed eternity, then I turned round and went back to the car. There was no way I could make myself touch nor even go near that awful, threatening Fence. Such is the Power of Fear.

### Brain Teaser

#### PUZZLING PUNCTUATION

I am not old enough to have been at school when only the three R's were taught but it was a long time ago. Like many older people I can recall some things from those times better than more recent events.

Here is a problem set by one of my teachers more than 65 years ago.

Punctuate the following:

Smith where Jones had the approval of the examiners Smith would have passed

*Don Ashford* (Solution next issue)

#### Numerical Triangles Solution

Put the numbers 1 to 6 in the circles so that each edge of the triangle adds to 10.

	1	
Sequence was	6	4
	3	2 5

6 circle triangles (Nos. 1 to 6)

For each edge to add up to 9, the sequence is 1,5,3,4,2,6,

For each edge to add up to 11, the sequence is 2,3,6,1,4,5,

For each edge to add up to 12, the sequence is 4,2,6,1,5,3,

9 circle triangles (Nos. 1 to 9)

For each edge to add up to 17, the sequence is 1,9,4,3,5,7,2,6,8.

For each edge to add up to 19, the sequence is 2,6,4,7,8,1,3,5,9.

For each edge to add up to 20, the sequence is 1,3,7,9,4,2,5,6,8.

For each edge to add up to 21, the sequence is 3,6,4,8,5,1,7,2,9.

For each edge to add up to 23, the sequence is 7,4,3,9,5,1,8,2,6.

12 circle triangles (Nos. 1 to 12)

For each edge to add up to 28, the sequence is 1,10,8,3,4,7,12,2,11,9,5.

For each edge to add up to 29, the sequence is 1,12,9,2,5,10,7,4,3,8,11,6.

For each edge to add up to 30, the sequence is 2,10,7,5,6,8,9,3,4,12,11,1.

For each edge to add up to 31, the sequence is 1,7,4,11,2,5,10,3,12,9,6.

For each edge to add up to 32, the sequence is 8,4,12,5,3,10,1,11,7,9,6,2.

For each edge to add up to 33, the sequence is 3,6,8,9,7,12,2,1,11,5,10,4.

For each edge to add up to 34, the sequence is 12,6,1,10,5,2,11,9,7,4,3,8.

For each edge to add up to 35, the sequence is 7,6,8,5,9,12,1,2,11,3,10,4.

For each edge to add up to 36, the sequence is 10,9,1,4,12,2,3,11,8,6,7,5.

For each edge to add up to 37, the sequence is 10,4,5,6,12,2,3,9,11,8,7,1.

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## PEAK TOWN STORY Chapter 28 by Hugh Percival

On a Thursday evening in late December prior to the wedding on Saturday an event took place to commemorate the final hours of John Winter's bachelorhood.

In one corner of the warm, well-lit barroom at the Yellow Lion a motley group of men, conspicuous by their jovial demeanour and casual clothing, sat drinking beer while discussing the forthcoming nuptials. Present were Harold Bottomley, whose corpulent frame was covered by a red polo-necked jumper and green corduroy trousers; Mr. Salmon bedecked in tweed jacket and grey sports trousers; Alan Brown in a dark-blue boiler suit; Reginald Forsythe wearing a striped sports suit and a rugby-club tie; Roger Heath still in his blue office-suit having come direct from Smith Square after working late; Alastair Jackson, best man designate, still wearing the overalls used in his occupation as an electrician; Dick Burgess, a playing colleague from Baron's House Cricket Club, in blue blazer with badge and grey flannels; and the celebrant himself, John Winter, in green jacket and trousers of a similar hue.

"Are you really going ahead with the wedding John?" asked Dick Burgess facetiously. Mr. Burgess, a burly, red-faced man somewhat overweight, had seen service in the army overseas where he had reached the rank of sergeant.

"No. This occasion is merely an excuse for a night out" the balding Alan Brown remarked with a laugh.

"Of course he is. He's already arranged the reception at the Plough at Oakley, Alastair Jackson, a handsome young man, stated categorically.

"It's never too late to withdraw before the vows are taken" advised Reginald Forsythe facetiously in his upper-class refined accent.

"There was I waiting at the church, waiting at the church, waiting at the church, when all at once he left me in the lurch, oh how it did upset me," sang the assembled company, after an initial prompting by Dick Burgess. John Winter joined in the ensuing raucous laughter but did not deign to reply.

Harold Bottomley, convivial as always, came to John's aid by remarking "Don't let them upset you John. Marriage is a wonderful institution. I can recommend it whole-heartedly."

"True" agreed Reginald Forsythe reflecting his bachelor status. "But who wants to live in an institution

More laughter rang out particularly from Dick Burgess, another bachelor.

"My aunt says that anyone who stays married for twenty five years should get a gold medal" remarked Roger Heath, the youngest person present and also a bachelor. Roger had little experience of the fair sex, unlike Dick Burgess with many conquests to his credit.

"I was engaged once Dick Burgess said casually.

The others pricked their ears.

Dick continued " But we were incompatible. She was religious - and I was C. of E."

Hoots of laughter came from Dick's auditors while an impish grin enlivened his features.

The former sergeant continued "Also she supported United and I did not think it right to introduce insanity into the family" More laughter.

"Or add to it" suggested John Winter with glee.

"Watch it!" exclaimed Dick in a mockingly menacing voice.

John was of course a fervent Unitedite while Dick was a rabid fan of City the other football club in Peaktown.

"Where are you spending the honeymoon, John?" enquired Alan Brown.

"It's a secret" replied John Winter. "I don't want any disturbance from you lot".

"Somewhere in Europe" suggested Roger Heath.

"Definitely in the U.K. I believe" opined Alastair Jackson "John hates flying and abhors sailing".

John Winter made no comment at these or other outrageous guesses at unlikely locations in England, Wales, Scotland, Europe and even further afield.

"Why go far when most of the time will be spent in bed" said Dick Burgess with a snigger.

At this point John Winter bought a further round of pints of bitter. He had well in mind a previous dissipation on Mr. Badger's retirement when, on Reginald's instigation, he had consumed a variety of wines, beers and spirits with disastrous consequences. John was determined to drink beer only on this occasion and ignored Reginald's suggestions to sample other beverages.

There now followed a profusion of jokes about incidents or honeymoons, some of them obscene. Alan Brown told the old chestnut about the bridegroom who stayed up on the first night having been told by his father that this would be the happiest time of his life. He did not intend to miss a moment of it by going to bed despite exhortations from the bride.

The evening passed merrily along, the consumption of beer helping in this respect. Mr. Salmon, rumoured to be hen-pecked and under the influence of a domineering spouse, had been unusually quiet during the previous exchanges. He had sat inconspicuous in his chair pushing out his lips with his tongue, a rather engaging habit of his. However, after drinking several pints of beer, he showed evidence of manhood by challenging Roger Heath to an arm-wrestling contest. This after Dick Burgess had defeated Reginald Forsythe by two bouts to one in a similar contest. Mr. Salmon triumphed by two bouts to one but did not have the temerity to challenge Dick Burgess.

Dick resisted the challenges of Harold Bottomley and Alastair Jackson and became undisputed arm-wrestling champion for the evening. However, the contest with Harold Bottomley was a close encounter, the auditor's tenacious grip coming as a surprise to all. An air of suspense and excitement occurred during the dramatic final tussle. Both contestants grimaced with extreme effort, eyeballs bulging from their sockets, before Dick finally prevailed.

"Mr. Salmon - how many years have you been married, if you don't mind my asking?" enquired John Winter during a lull in the conversation.

"Don't be formal John" Reginald interrupted. "On such occasions as this christian names only should be used"

"Very well" replied John. "I'm afraid I don't know Mr. Salmon's christian name

No one else knew it either. Mr. Salmon made no attempt to enlighten them pushing out his lips with his tongue as before. Reginald at last posed the question direct to the senior auditor-clerk.

"Asparagus" came the reluctant reply from Mr. Salmon to the considerable amusement of his colleagues.

"May we call you Gus for short?" asked Alan Brown.

"Yes - but not for long" replied Mr. Salmon embarrassed at the state of play.

Timorous laughter followed this repartee.

"Well Asparagus, how long have you been married?" asked Reginald.

"Twenty six years in January - on the twenty fourth to be precise" replied Mr. Salmon quietly.

"Well done indeed, Asparagus - to remember the date of the anniversary after all these years" Alan Brown remarked in admiration. "I've only been married a few years and always

forget the anniversary

Towards closing time it would have been apparent to a sober observer, if one such was to be found, that several of the party were the worse, or better, for drink.

"You're drunk Alastair" remarked John Winter in slurred tones that cast doubt on his own sobriety.

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the best man. "The leaf polcath dithmthess uss".

"There you are - you're drunk sir" said Reginald.

"You say it then" insisted Alastair indignantly.

"Alright" said Reginald with confidence. "The lease polcace dithmthess uss".

Following hysterical laughter each member of the party was obliged to recite the well-known sentence. They did so with varying degrees of clarity. The consensus of opinion was that they were all drunk with Dick Burgess and Harold Bottomley less so than the others.

The landlord, an amiable, red-faced, burly man, now entered into the spirit of things. He drew a straight line in chalk on the wooden floor with the help of a strip of wood. The landlord was to be the self-appointed judge of each person's sobriety, as all were obliged to walk heel and toe along the line. Reginald, the first to go, staggered along with little contact with the line and was judged inebriate by a unanimous vote of the participants. The landlord confirmed this decision. Alan Brown, Roger Heath (who fell over), Alastair Jackson, Asparagus Salmon, John Winter and Harold Bottomley all failed to keep a straight furrow and were likewise judged to be drunk. Only Dick Burgess, commendably keeping near to the straight and narrow path of the line as befitted his military status in the former rank of sergeant, was held to be sober or partly so.

Having been advised several times by the landlord that the Yellow Lion was now closed to the public, the party bade that gentleman a fond farewell by shaking his hand or, in the case of Reginald, by embracing him, and left the premises.

Then to the hymn 'Christians Awake' they made their way jovially through the streets to the bus station. Here, the night being mild for the time of year, John Winter was thrown, under protest, into a horse-trough and left to make his own way back to his lodgings. The others took buses or trams back to their respective abodes where, no doubt, they soon fell into deep sleep to dream of the evening's momentous events.

## The Bridge

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## Churches Together in S17

### Queuing

It was during the week of petrol shortages, that I was thinking about events in Totley throughout October. Seeing people queuing for petrol was a familiar sight, or petrol stations were closed altogether. There were also the supermarket shelves, bare of what we would call the essentials of daily living, bread and milk and even dried milk and some vegetables were in short supply. Fortunately for us, these inconveniences were temporary and for many people worthwhile to make a stand against high petrol prices.

This month our local Churches will be celebrating the Harvest season when we give thanks for everything we have and offer prayers and practical support for the many people in this country and elsewhere who do not have even the most basic of daily needs. It makes our temporary shortages seem very little to have to put up with when queuing or a trek of several miles for food and water is a regular part of life for people in third world countries.

During the petrol shortage I wondered what else the people who were buying half a dozen loaves at supermarkets, or putting, so I heard, forty-two pence worth of petrol in a tank just to fill up, had in their cupboards at home. I should imagine there would be beans, rice, pasta, cereals, biscuits and many other tins of food to keep them going and yet they felt the need to stockpile bread and get the last drop of petrol at the expense of people who found it difficult to get out. One World Week towards the end of October gives us the opportunity to see our world as one people, with equal rights to all the world's resources. This month let this begin here in Totley.

Elaine Ferguson

The Ecclesall Townswomen's Guild are holding their

### "AUTUMN FAIR"

at Ecclesall Church Hall, Ringinglow Road  
on Wednesday 25th October 2000

1 pm -4 pm

Stalls will include Bring & Buy, Cakes, White Elephant  
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Contributions for the stalls also welcome, for further details  
contact Jackie Short, Tel. 0114 236 7491.

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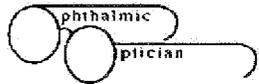
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- MONDAYS** COFFEE MORNING. All Saints' Church Hall, 10am. To noon
- TUESDAYS** COFFEE MORNING. Totley Rise Methodist Church Hall, 10am. To noon.  
CRAFT GROUP, Totley Library, 2pm.  
LADIES EXERCISE TO MUSIC, All levels, United Reformed Church, 10.30am. to 12 noon. Tel 2359298
- WEDNESDAYS.** COFFEE in the LIBRARY, 10am. to 11.30am.  
MODERN SEQUENCE DANCING. All Saints Church Hall 8pm. to 10pm.  
AMERICAN LINE DANCING. United Reformed Church 8pm. to 9.30pm.. Tel. 2369298  
TODDLER GROUP, 10-00 a.m. to 11-30 a.m., All Saints' Church Hall. Details tel. 2360097 or 2620741
- THURSDAYS** PUSHCHAIR CLUB. Totley Rise Methodist Church Hall. 1.30pm.. to 3pm. Tel. 2363157 for further details.  
AMERICAN LINE DANCING. United Reformed Church 1pm. to 3pm.. Tel. 2359298
- FRIDAYS** TOTLEY TOTS. Baby & Toddler Group. 1.30pm. to 3pm. Wizz Kids Preschool Building, Totley Primary School. Contacts Julie 2350839, Lucy 01246 470971, Alison 2364316.
- SATURDAYS.** MODERN SEQUENCE DANCING. All Saints Church Hall 2<sup>nd</sup>. And 4<sup>th</sup>. Saturdays 7.30pm. to 10pm.

### OCTOBER

- TUES. 3<sup>rd</sup>.** WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP. "Denby Dale Pie" by Mrs. J.Hatfield, Totley Rise Methodist Church 2.30 pm.
- WED. 4<sup>th</sup>.** "BOXING CLASS." Heatherfield club. Baslow Rd. 8-30 p.m. Full details inside
- SUN. 8<sup>th</sup>. & 22 nd.** MINATURE RAILWAY. Abbeyle Rd. South., 1-00 pm. to 4-30 pm.
- TUES. 17<sup>th</sup>.** TOTLEY TOWNSWOMEN'S GUILD. Totley Rise Methodist Church Hall, 10am. "Millennium Awards" Rev. G. Lacey
- TUES. 17<sup>th</sup>.** WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP. "What Happened Next" Totley Rise Methodist Church 2.30 pm.
- WED. 18<sup>th</sup>.** WEDNESDAY FRIENDSHIP. Totley Rise Methodist Church Hall. "Current Issues of Refugees and Asylum Seekers in Sheffield" by U.N.A. Adam Yusuf. 8p.m.
- SAT. 21<sup>st</sup>.** "JUMBLE SALE" Totley Scout H.Q. Aldam Rd. 11 a.m. Full Details inside.
- SAT. 21<sup>st</sup>.** DORE MALE VOICE CHOIR. Annual Concert, All Saints church, Ecclesall, 7-00 p.m. Details inside.
- SAT. 21<sup>st</sup>.** "EXPLODE DISCO" for teens, Heatherfield Club, Baslow Road, 7-45 p.m. Full details inside. Admission at managements discretion. £1.50
- THUR. 25<sup>th</sup>.** AUTUMN FAIR Ecclesall Church Hall 1p.m. to 4 p.m. for Leonard Cheshire Home. Further details phone Jackie Short 0114 2367491, Details inside.
- THUR. 26<sup>th</sup>.** CHILDREN'S FUN DAY. Sheffield Botanical Gardens. 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Details inside.
- THUR. 26<sup>th</sup>.** ROLL BACK THE YEARS Totley Library, 7-30 p.m. Full details inside.
- TUES. 31<sup>st</sup>.** WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP. "Whirlow Hall Farm" Totley Rise Methodist Church 2.30 pm.

### THE INDEPENDENT FOR NOVEMBER

The next issue of the Totley Independent will be available from the usual distribution points on **WEDNESDAY 1<sup>st</sup>, NOVEMBER**  
**COPY DATE FOR THIS ISSUE SATURDAY 14<sup>th</sup>, OCTOBER**  
Editors Les & Dorothy Firth, 6, Milldale Rd. Tel. No. 236 4190  
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