

We were hoping for a dry sunny day on 4<sup>th</sup>. December. Rony Robinson was coming to plant two oak trees in Greenoak Park to commemorate the new millennium. Instead, the day dawned wild, windy and sleeting. We needed to get the trees in the ground

urgently, before the roots got frozen, so we carried on, hoping things would improve.

At 1 lo'clock, the clouds parted, the sun came out and Rony came striding across the park. He regaled us with tales of his boyhood in Totley, when he used to play in the park. He once kicked his ball out of the park and broke a window. He said that he was honoured to plant the trees. He asked if anyone remembered a big tree in the centre of the



park many years ago. None of the people there did remember, but maybe you do. The Independent would be very interested to hear anyone's memories of Greenoak Park.

As well as the tree planting, members of the Residents' Association and the Sheffield Park Rangers finished planting some 6000 assorted daffodils and 600 crocuses around the old tennis courts that day.

Activities resumed in the park early in January, when the Park Rangers came back to install four new seats. The two traditional benches used to be in the Peace Garden in the city centre. I think they look much better in our park.

The two rustic benches are made from the beech tree that fell across the dam by Abbeydale Industrial Hamlet last year. The legs are recycled telegraph poles.

Whilst the rangers were putting in the benches, which are fixed down so that they cannot migrate to the centre of the field, we collected litter from the hedge and around the park. There were over 100 crisp packets, plus some more interesting items.

Continued page 2

### Rony Robinson comies to Greenoak Park (continued from page 1)

The hedge behind the houses in Mickley Lane yielded an electric lawn mower and a table top, whilst that behind the Lemont Road houses yielded several plastic bags full of garden nubbish, which were difficult to drag through the hedge. It is sad to see people in Totley treating the park like a rubbish tip. There is a regular skip in the library car park or the council will collect bulky items free of charge.

Whilst collecting litter. I was saddened to see that two sections of the hedge had been grubbed up and replaced with ugly fencing, and in one case Leylandii fir trees. The hedge round the nark is a valuable wildlife haven. It is part of the park. It does not belong to the houses. Please do not destroy it. It is part of our local heritage.

Totley Residents' Association would like to thank Sheffield City Council for the grant, the Park Rangers, the Three-Valleys Project. Derbyshire Dales District Council, Tom of Busy Bee, and all the residents of Totley, especially the youngsters, who planted the bulbs.

We look forward to seeing you in the park. Please drop the editor of the Independent a line with any ideas you have for Greenoak Park.

Ros Stokes

# Planning Application for Veterinary Hospital - Garage Site. The Latest

Totley Rise residents attended the planning meeting on November 22nd 1999. The way the meeting was organised left us feeling humiliated and angry. We were under the illusion that elected representatives were there to listen to our concerns. Committee members from both parties wandered in and out of the room. When the resident's statement was read out five members were not even in the room! How can a just decision be made by people who do not listen to both sides of the argument? No notice was taken of the residents' statement. The only discussion that took place was that if the garage were to reopen there would be disturbance.

The chances of this happening are very slim, as the petrol tanks have been filled in with tons of concrete. Residents were not allowed to speak again. It was obvious the decision to grant planning permission had been decided before the meeting. We were left feeling angry and frustrated as to how we can prevent additional highway problems in the residential area where we live. As a result of the planning meeting and the way permission was rushed through and the way residents were treated, it was decided to do something about it. A letter was sent to the Council Leader complaining about the treatment we received. We have also complained to the Ombudsman for Local Government. The office in York has been in touch to let us know the complaint is being dealt with, but will take several weeks. Richard Allan is aware of what has happened and is being very supportive.

Avril Critchley

(On behalf of Totley Rise Residents who attended the meeting)

If you put a tool away that you are certain you have finished with you will need it instantly.

# I.OCKING FORWARD

The Committee of Totley Residents Association welcomes the New Year with the announcement of a Ten Point

### MILLENNIUM CHARTER

1.Monitor all aspects of over interestate environment.

2 Persuade residents and visitors in keep Torley tidy

Protect our open spaces and maintain the Green Belt.
 4.Support local trades, business and services.

5. Work towards the provision of a permanent Meeting Room, Community Centre or Village Hall

6. Liase and work alongside other community groups

7 Assist schemes for providing leisure, recreational and educational pursuits for all sections of the community.

8. Speak up for Totley in City while matters

9. Continue to spread the news via the Totley Independent.

10. Encourage all that live and work in Totley to participate in the spirit of this Charter.

### **CHURCHES TOGETHER IN S17**

It is part of my task as a Minister, to be with people in those difficult days after a death. In approaching the funeral, so many good things are often said about the person who has died

What is most sad, is the realisation of how good it would have been, if these things had been expressed while the person was still alive.

We are not always good at expressing our appreciation. Criticism can be easy, but ought I fancy to be matched by our praise.

You may be fed up with all the Millennium business and be glad that it's all over. However it remains a special year.... It could become the more so, if we use it as a special opportunity.

A friend of mine has decided in the course of this year, to recollect significant people in his life who have influenced or helped him memorably.

He has done all he can to locate these people and to write to them expressing his appreciation. He has been astonished at the replies he has received - some expressing great pleasure, but others surprise at the accolades. Often people do not know or realise the impact they have had upon us *unless we tell them*.

Perhaps a special year could provide us with the chance to get over our normal reserve. Research shows that people nearly always perform better when in receipt of praise.

It is a simple idea. It is a way of making this year special. It is also a challenge to learn to express our deep and heartfelt gratitude to people while they are still drive. Many of us long to make a difference. Here is one small way. True it will cost us a little time and effort. However it will enrich others and may actually enrich us too.

Vic Filer. Vicar of St John's Abbeydale.

The Churches Together in S17 will present the "FAURE REQUIEM" sung by the joint choirs and other members of the churches in St. John's Church, Abbeydale on Sunday, April 9<sup>th</sup>, at 6-30 p.m.

It will be conducted by Alan Eost with Paul Green on the organ.

Soloists will be Bill Hale and Anne Brookes. We invite everyone to come and hear it. Phyllis Glossop, St. Johns Choir

#### GOOSANDERS b) Alan Faulkner Taylor

Recently my wife and I were walking alongside the Derwent downstream from Froggatt. We saw a pair of goosanders and view cominded of an occasion some three years previously when walking the same stretch between the old bridge at Froggat and the "New Bridge" the one further downstream.

So what are goosanders? They're not geeset they're not quite duchs, although to a non-birdwatcher who sees one for the first time they might seem to be cross between the two. But they're not. A goosander is a member of the family of sawbill ducks: there's only one more sawbill in the British Isles, the red breasted merganser. Sounds even more like a goosey – geosey - gander, doesn't it?

As the name suggests both sawbills have serrated bills, with the added feature of down-turned hook at the end of the upper mandible.

These features combine with amazing manocuvrability under water to make them very efficient predators. For this reason both species were targeted mercilessly by water bailiffs in Scotland before being protected by the law.

So what's so special about sawbills to Derbyshire folk? Successful breeding of goosanders in Derbyshire was not recorded until 1982 and 84. The nesting of mergansers had been noted on three occasions between 79 and 85 in the Howdon/Dewent reservoir area.

My Handbook of British Birds (1948 reprint) records the main nesting immigration of goosanders into Scotland from further north as 1875-6. The first time goosander was known to nest in England (Northumberland) was in 1947. In more recent years I had seen many flotillas of small chicks

with mother in the Lake District and on rivers in the Yorkshire Dales; therefore with this southerly movement I guessed it was only a matter of time before chicks would appear as an annual event in north Derbyshire.

I will return to the occasion when my wife and I were taking our regular walk downstream from Froggatt, just before we reached the "new" bridge we saw a family party of goosanders - five chicks<sub>9</sub> possibly a week old, with their mother. They were delightful to watch - maintaining singlefile line astern of mum as she swam upstream, then one after another climbing onto her back until three were aboard. As 4 and 5 attempted to scramble up she submerged - leaving all five still in line. After a few seconds she had surfaced and the performance would start again.

I returned later that day with camera and long telephoto lens, by which time they were a half-mile downstream. They still maintained a straight line but only one chick was allowed to climb aboard. A day later they were in the same place but resting on a rock, These may possibly be the first photographs to be taken of a family party in Derbyshire. For the bird watcher, identification is easy but being lucky to record the event on film is another matter. You need a long lens, astrong tripod - and luck!

The goosander story doesn't end here. About a month later we lound a party of twelve half-grown youngsters with mother on the same stretch of river below Froggatt. Three weeks later I coulited thirteen In Chatsworth, the large youngsters were indistinguishable from the female -they were all brothillbads". Had I been flanked by the ghosts of Charles Centry and Isaak Walton as I watched, then their mortal remains would assuredly have turned in their graves; the silvery splash as each bird dived created a veritable maelstrem. Where have all the fishes gone? Of course not every dive is successful!

### HERON HERON

10.30am January 11, 2000 My wife and I were just walking past the Methodist Church when a heron flew low, very low, across the dual carriageway. When he (or she) saw us, he flew in a narrow circle, then immediately flew to our right though the leafless trees. Just as he was about to land alongside Old Hay Brook, some 20 yards away, another heron flew across the road; even lower. The second bird landed no more than three feet from the first. After a few seconds both birds took off and flew upstream. They didn't fly far - perhaps 25 yards, landing again by the brook.

It is extremely unusual to see two beron standing so close together. I have heard it said that if you erect an artificial heron beside your garden pool, no other heron will join it. As Gilbert & Sullivan's admiral would have sung: ".. well.

Never! Hardly ever! Well - I've never seen two herons that close before! A Faulkner Taylor

### Naturalist's Third Eye

#### Memoirs of a Wildlife Photographer, Artist By Alan Faulkner Taylor

Whether on safari in Africa, or in his own back garden, Alan Faulkner Taylor, in this beautiful volume, displays his keen eye for a pictorial opportunity, his skill in setting up a shot, and above all his infectious passion for his subject. Over one hundred photographs in black and white and colour bring vividly and beautifully to life birds, big cats, and British mammals alike, all clearly captioned with anecdotal tales from the author and artist about how each photograph came about.

In addition, this book is a brief history of bird photography, illustrating photography's crucial role in the amazing growth in the public's interest in birds; the author's own story of his path to recognition in the form of the coveted Society's Medal of the Royal Photographic Society; and an easily-read guide, for others who want to emulate his success using today's equipment. *Naturalist's Third Eve* is aimed at lovers of wildlife as much as at photographers, and it will delight both.

#### About the Author

Alan Faulkner Taylor was an industrial photographer by profession, and is a lifelong wildlife enthusiast. He has long been a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society, and served on the Applied and Cinematography sections of the Associateship and Fellowship Acceptance Committee of the Society for ten years.

He has received much acclaim for his photography: in 1955 he was awarded the Society's Medal for a set of natural history prints (the same year in which he won the Hood Medal for industrial colour prints); his films have been shown on BBC's *Look* programme, on which he appeared with the late Sir Peter Scott in the 1950s, and one film was awarded the Grand Prix in the Budapest Film Festival of 1961. He has previously published *Photography in Commerce and Industry*, and *Peakland Rockscapes*, and many of his articles are published in several periodicals.

This book was completed in his eightieth year. He says of it: 'This book will interest anybody who loves wildlife. I have tried to choose photographs to be enjoyed, rather than just straightforward records. Previously, bird recognition books contained artists' paintings, probably copied from taxidermists' products. Photography brought to have wildlife truly to life for the first time, and made identification much easier for the beginner."If any reader happens £22 to spare - phone me at 236 5979

# FARMING SCENE

We have been busy pruning our soft fruit canes and bushes for the last 3 months, and I am pleased to say that we have now (13-1-00) nearly finished. Only 4 rows of Tayberries are left to have the old wood cut out, the new canes tied in and the resulting rubbish collected and burnt. After 12 years of practice we seem to have mastered the technique, and are now able to complete the job in a much quicker and easier way. Having run a bit short on firewood, we decided to fell "Ye Olde Oak Tree" at the bottom of Totley Hall Lane. This tree has been dead for 5 or 6 years now and a replacement tree, a Horse Chestnut, planted nearby. What looked to be a smallish trunk from a distance seemed to get bigger as I approached it with the chainsaw! As I cut the first wedge out of the trunk I realised it was moving a bit as I cut, and on removing the wedge I found the majority of it was rotten. Only the outside 2-3 inches around the trunk was sound, and a minor cut behind the wedge brought it crashing to the ground. A severe gale would easily have blown it down, maybe causing damage to fences, livestock or passing walkers. Only the top half of the tree was suitable for firewood, so we ended up with one load of firewood instead of two. The rotten trunk, will I suspect, come in handy on Nov. 5thl

The 'Traditional Farm Fresh " Christmas turkey trade was very buoyant this year, with demand exceeding supply. It would appear that discerning consumers are turning away from the mass produced, frozen birds in favour of the less intensively reared Farm Turkey. One new development in this area is the introduction of a new strain of the traditional Norfolk Bronze Turkey. This combines the feather colour and meat flavour of the older strain with an enhanced growth rate and breast size. These are becoming increasingly popular with consumers and we anticipate that we shall be able to offer these to customers this year. The plight of the pig farmers is again making the headlines as production costs continue to exceed sale values. The ever-increasing value of the Pound is having the effect of forcing British producers to give up, while imports from Holland and Denmark continue to increase. Thousands of sows are being killed each week as producers seek to reduce herd sizes and therefore losses. Workers in the industry are being laid off, with their jobs being exported to European producer countries. Our first lot of ewes are due to start lambing on Feb 21st ending the relatively relaxed workload and life style we have enjoyed over the winter period. The poor lamb prices of the last 2 years is causing many shepherds to reduce their flock size. with cull ewes sales now running at 20 % above last years.

This should reduce the national flock size and lead to lower lamb production and higher prices. A further incentive for de - stocking will be the introduction of a revised sheep subsidy scheme. Over the next 2 years the scheme, currently based on headage payments ic, the farmer receives a lump sum for every ewe he has on the farm, will change to one where the area of land used for sheep production will determine the amount of subsidy paid.

Under these rules those farmers who have high stocking rates, say 7 ewes per acre, will receive the same payment as those who only have 4 ewes per acre.

The intensively stocked farmer will therefore see a reduction in his subsidy levels, where as the lightly stocked farm will receive more. This could lead to a scramble for more land by the intensive producers as they try to maintain their viability. This has already happened in the beef suckler cow industry where farmers have paid very high rents for extra land so that they can claim extra subsidy payments for extensive production. This follows the recent trend whereby farm support schemes are geared to decrease production, whereas 15 - 20 years ago they were all designed to increase production in order to make the countries food supplies home produced.

The Lowfield building site is slowly taking shape with the main access road under construction and the first new roofs obstructing the skyline. The Highfield site now has planning permission and the latest word is that the work should start here at the beginning of February. We will then be surrounded by building sites with all the attendant problems this creates. Those of you who live near too, or have an interest in the future of the ' Pely Playing Field ' will be interested to know that the City Council have now leased the land from the Hallam University. It is to be used as public open space, and they have received a large sum of money, believed to be in the region of 68 (00%) for the development of this facility. The initial proposals were for a childrens play area with all the usual equipment, plus new footpaths, gardens, seats, trees and landscaping, alongside a re-vamped ball-games área. As I understand it, no firm plans have yet been made, so if you have any specific ideas to put forward, or comments you would like to make, please either write a letter to the Totley Independent or contact the Totley Residents Association chairperson Pauline Perkinton. This will enable the T. R. A. to carry forward your comments to any consultative meetings with the Leisure Services Department. Come on lets hear from you!! Edwin Pocock

# TOTLEY HALL FARM PRODUCE TOTLEY HALL LANE



25kg. SACK OF WHITE POTATOES 25kg. SACK OF RED POTATOES EGGS, HAY and STRAW ALSO AVAILABLE 8-00am. to 8-00pm. MONDAY to SATURDAY

RING 236 4761 FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

### RAG RUGS by Anne O.Domini

The ether night my feet were cold which started me off thinking about my child hood home and the living room cam kitchen. On winter nights the shutters would be closed over the window, a "sausage', put at the bottom of the back door to keep out the draught and the gaslight would be hissing away on its bracket. The wind would be howling in the chimney pot. We'd have the fire in the old Yorkshire Range banked halfway up the chimney. We children would sit as near in front of it as we dare. The heat was great and made our checks glow. We would take off our shoes and socks and curi our toes in the rag rug on the hearth to warm our toes. Oh those Rag Rugs. How comforting they were to little cold toes.

During World War I our Mum worked for MUNKS BESPOKE TAILORS in Bow Street, Sheffield. The workroom was above a locksmith in Trippet Lane. She was a first class machinist and made officers' dress uniforms. There were a lot of offents of the red and navy blue melton cloth from the cutting bench, which she could have for the asking. It was very hardwearing material and made marvellous rag rugs. When she brought it home it would be cut into 1" wide strips, then into 4" long pieces. Very precisely. As I became old enough to wield a pair of scissors it became a job for me in my spare time of which I had very little. When we had a sufficient number of pieces of cloth to make a rug (it took a long time) we would go to Burgons for a couple of sugar They only cost a few pence each. Burgons were bags. grocers, well known in Sheffield, and had several shops throughout South Yorkshire. Sugar came from the factory in I cwt hessian sacks those days and grocers had to weigh it into 1 lb. and 2 lb. blue paper bags. It didn't come ready packed then With the final tub of hot soapy water on wash day Mum would wash all the remaining sugar out of the bags. When they were dry we would unpick the stitching down the side and across the bottom. Mum would then sew them together on the machine to make a piece of hessian 6ft long by 4ft wide.

Now it was time to set to work. During the long dark winter evenings we would sit talking whilst we pegged the prepared bits of cloth into it with a 'patent' spring pegger. It was hard work and hurt our hands but we would all take turns in having a go at it. As it became nearly finished the rug would become extremely heavy on one's lap. When the rug was finally pegged back we'd go to Burgons to buy two flour sacks. These were made of white linen. This time we would carefully unpick the seams first, out in the back yard on a div windy day. Otherwise there would be flour all over the house inside and we would look like jolly millers. Mum had to wash the flour sacks in cold water so that the flour embedded in the material did not turn into sticky paste. After they were dry again these sacks would be sewn together to make a backing for the rug which was oversewn to it to prevent wearing on the backs of the pegged in bits of cloth. I forgot to say the bits of cloth were pegged in row after tedious row. I also didn't mention that flour came from the flourmills in 1cwt sacks, which the grocers weighed in 3.5 lb, and 71b white paper bags. That's what grocer's assistants and the 'errand lad' did on their Thursdav half-day off. They also had to weigh out currants, raisins, sultanas, figs and dates, which came squashed in wooden boxes of about 71b from Greece and Turkey.

How on earth did I get from rag rugs to Turkey?

Any old how, the new rag rug looked simply splendid in navy blue with a red border. It would only go down on the hearth on Saturdays and Sundays though. On Mondays it would be replaced with the old worn out one with the big oval hole in the middle. These rugs would last up to 3 years. You could buy one ready made from one of the numerous pawnshops in our district. They had them hanging up outside the doorway with a price tag on them. I suspect they were made from the unredeemed clothing.

My Mum wouldn't buy one. They were nowhere near as good as the ones we made.

# SCOUT NEWS

#### 1<sup>st</sup>. TOTLEY SCOUTS LOTTERY NOVEMBER

1<sup>st</sup>. Prize No. 5 6 piece Baron Cookware Set Mr. & Mrs. Shepherd, Milldale Rd.

2<sup>nd</sup>. Prize No. 41 £10 Voucher Mrs. Hobson, Totley Hall Lane.

Mrs. Hobson, Totley Hall La

#### DECEMBER

1<sup>st</sup> Prize No. 53, Chrismas Hamper Mr. Ellerton, Green Oak Rd.

2<sup>nd</sup> Prize No. 76. &10 Voucher

Mrs. Chapman, Main Avenue.

#### **CUB LEADER NEEDED** for the !st. Totley Scout Group.

Training and support will be supplied.

If you are interested please contact one of the following:-

Peter Casson	236 3881
John Lawry	236 8566
Alan Smith	236 1287

#### Scout Post for Christmas

Thank you to all in Totley who helped at such a busy time to collect and deliver Scout Post for Totley Scouts. Especially Rosies Ladies Outfitter on Baslow Road, parents and scouts for sorting and delivering.

Outgoing post from Totley was over 3.400 cards. Incoming post for Totley was 84.75 kilos, about 8,500 cards.

The only two cards not delivered in Totley were for Mr. Womack, addressed Quarry Road and Mrs. Slacks addressed Mickley Lane. Can anyone help, if they know them please contact Peter Casson on the number above.

All post mistakenly posted for Rotherham, Aston, South Anston, Todwick, Barnsley, Hope Valley and Bromley Kent are at the Electrial Shop on Baslow Road for you to collect. Peter Casson

#### SHEFFIELD, ST. JOHNS, ABBEYDALE Beavers, Cubs & Scouts Press Release.

Diary for 2000.

Antique Fairs: 18<sup>th</sup>, March. 10<sup>th</sup>, June, 4<sup>th</sup>, November Christmas Fair: 2<sup>nd</sup>.December.

The Antique fairs are held in the Church Hall, St. Johns, Abbeydale & doors open at 10a.m. until 4.30 p.m. Admission 50p. Refreshments available. All stalls run by bonafide antique dealers --no bric a brac, etc.

Thanks to all who supported all the Scout Groups in the area with the Christmas post, either by purchasing stamps or helping with delivery. Income is being totalled up & will be shared out with the Groups & nominated charities in the next couple of months. Mike Holindale

### **TRANSPORT 17**

I hope that it is not too late to wish you health and happiness in this year 2000. We are busy fund raising towards our first new bus in this century:

As I write this report many of our staff and passengers are suffering from flu. I hope everyone is recovered now. It shows even more how much we need more drivers and escorts. Please can you help? Just before Christmas a group Turkey and Tinsel " holiday in of 34 of us had a Scarborough. We also had trips to Whitby and Heartbeat Country and a good shopping time at Hornsea. We must thank Irene Wells for organising this. Her husband and mine were also a great help. Michael organised the minibuses to pick up the holiday makers, so once again our thanks go to the T. 17crs for transferring them to the Gordon's coach. We always have Gordons as they have a lift which can take people and wheelchairs. Sadly, due to many commitments this will be our last full holiday. Various clubs may be able to organise their own days out. Watch this space! Please would our passengers let us or their club organiser know if they cannot make it to their lunches or socials. Our number is 2362962. I know that many people hate answerphones but just talk after the long tone. We will understand you. Many thanks.

Best wishes, Margaret Barlow.

### A NEW BOARD GAME!

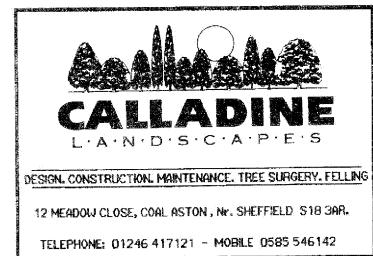
Stanley Chandler has developed a new board game for transport/rail enthusiasts. Based on the well known scenic Settle to Carlisle route, it is called the Settle to Carlisle Steam Game.

The game is played with a board, feature cards (a kind of Chance or Community Chest), dice and counters. The game is suitable for most ages, though not suitable for children under 5 because it uses small parts.

The objective of the game is to make a round trip on the railway negotiating all (or some) of the likely hazards on that line including sheep, cyclists, photographers, bad weather, staff shortages and of course Ribblehead Viaduet. Stan has had an interest in this route for a number of years. The game takes roughly an hour or so to play.

Copies of this limited edition game are available from him direct at £4 or £5 by post at "Aisgill", 3 Aldam Croft, Totley, \$17.

S. E. Chandler



### SLIMMING WORLD

I had always been very lucky to be a size 10/12, until the birth of my son in 1992. I gained far too much weight and never managed to lose it. My work as an actress always means 1 am being judged by how I look, especially on television. I became very self-conscious and reverted to wearing men's shirts and leggings all the time. My clothes size settled between 16-18. In 1997 I had a daughter and gained even more weight. I tried a slimming club and felt very alone and isolated. In 1999 I got parts in Coronation Street, Emmerdale and Heartbeat - my size when enlarged on a TV screen was huge! The final straw came when my bra snapped under the pressure!! The day after I saw an advert for the Bradway Annexe Slimming. World class, so I joined - I have never looked back since. I have lost 6 inches each off my bust, waist and hips: I look and feel like a new person.

As a vegetarian the green plan is excellent and its success shows. Even though I have followed the eating plans the main credit for me goes to Alison Murphy - the class consultant. She has such a warm, encouraging and uplifting personality. The classes she runs have become such a part of my new lifestyle and I can't thank her enough. She is the best advert a slimming club could have and her continual support has kept me on track since April.

I go to interviews in size 10.12 clothes feeling on top of the world. Seeing my work on television is not such a nightmare. I can actually concentrate on scripts instead of trying to hide behind props and scenery!

For more info, on the classes call Aleson on (01246) 410145



## FOOTPATHS AROUND TOTLEY

On the 28<sup>th</sup>. December I walked via Beachief Abbey, through Abbeydale Golf Course, passed the Castle Inn to Totley Rise then on to Back Lane through the Chemical Yard passed the Shepley Spitfire up White Drive for 200 yards, down to the bridge and by Totley Brook up to Gillfield Wood.

The path through the fields to Gillifield are all churned up by mountain blkes and at grid reference 314794, either a farmer's vehicle or some 4-wheel drive vehicle has churned up the field. As I neared the top of Gillifield a local, with his dog, remarked about the state of the paths caused by mountain blkes.

I crossed Baslow Road, and at grid reference 300794, the start of the path down to Totley Bents, a gatepost has been knocked down which could result in damage to the stile in the wall.

While having a pint and a plate of chips at the Cricket Inn, I shared a table with a young couple. The young lady was from New Zealand and was impressed with our footpaths system; she also liked our pubs.

After lunch I walked passed Bents Farm, through to Avenue Farm and up to Shorts Lane (more 4 wheel drive vehicles) on Newfield, Brickhouse and Parkers Lane and then down to Limb Brook, Rycroft Glen and back to Ladies Spring Wood, then home.

The walk, including lunch stop, took 4.75 hours in cold, crisp sunny weather. F. Young

### How rare is our Crayfish?

South Yorkshire's native crayfish may be on the brink of extinction in many of its former strongholds, according to experts from the region's Environment Agency. Damage to its clean river habitats and competition from the alien American Signal Crayfish may be to blame.

However, research at Sheffield Hallam University's Centre for Environmental Conservation, carried out by Dr Ian Rotherham over the last 10 years, shows that the native is hanging on, -- just!

'It does occur across a wide area of our region, and is surviving in tributaries along the River Sheaf; the Porter Brook and the Moss Brook and the Derbyshire Derwent. It also occurs in mill-ponds across Sheffield and Barnsley. Any records from the public, now or from the past would be of great interest to the South Yorkshire Biodiversity Research Programme. Probably the people that know the most are fishermen and kids; the problem being that they don 't often send records in.'

If you have any information you can phone Colin Avison (0114 225 2988) Dr. Ian Rotherham (0114 225 2874) or the Sheffield Wildlife Trust (0114 231 0120) Robert Marnock Lecture Series



Monday 14 February 2000 7.15pm Heeley Hall Birkdale School Off Fulwood Road

### Nicholas J Wray

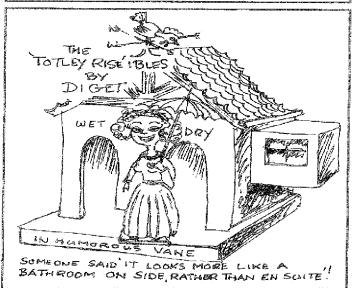
Superintendent Bristol Botanic Garden BBC Gardeners World Presenter

### Flowers of the Southern Cape

TICKET PRICE: £2.50 POBS & SOSBG Members £5 non members includes light refreshments

For tickets telephone FOBS line: (0114) 2670544

Organized by the Friends of the Botanical Gardens (FOBS) Fund-raising for the Restoration of the Gardens SBGT Reg. Chanty No.1057845





# GARDENING TIPS FOR FEBRUARY

The celebrations over, the diets started time to think about some serious gardening, nothing like a good dig to reduce the waistline, which can be done this month, if the ground is not frozen. You hear people saying that it's not a very nice month in the garden, but as you go around tidying up you will see lots of things already on the move. Spring bulbs will be starting to show, snowdrops and primulas coming into flower, buds swelling on the trees and shrubs, all of these a sure sign of Spring being just around the corner, what more can you ask. My onion seeds are just showing through the compost in my greenhouse they will be in good time for the Totley Show in September. It will be at Totley County School this year and just a bit later in the month. It is hoped that this change will be better and that more people will be able to enter the various categories and also attend in the afternoon, please make a special effort this year and make the 2000 show one to be remembered.

#### FLOWERS

Tidy up all flowerbeds, dig over borders not yet done. Introduce a little balanced fertiliser, such as growmore, add a topping of compost to encourage healthy plants, if the weather is kind you can plant out herbaccous perennials, also anemones and ranunculus 4 to 5cm deep and 15cm apart. Remove any rose leaves or cutting and burn them especially if you had a touch of black spot, spray the area with fungicide. Fill any gaps in the wallflower beds before the plants begin to grow more actively. Winter flowering heathers and jasmine can be pruned as soon as the flowers have faded. Have a look from time to time at dahlia tubers, in store, cut out any rotting tubers and dust with flowers of sulphur.

#### VEGETABLES

Firm in any spring cabbage which may have been loosened by frost and give them a feed of quick acting fertiliser such as nitrate of soda. Divide and replant chives.

Later in the month place potatoes on trays to encourage sprouting ( chitting ). Check all vegetable plots for lime content and add more lime if required. Onions need a very rich soil especially if you are going to try to beat mine on the showbench. A base of good well-rotted manure or compost topped with a dressing of bone meal and hoof and horn, dug well in, should do the trick. I don't know what Aaron used for his onions, he tells me he goes up on the 1st and 10th of each month at midnight and walks round the plot singing a special song. I've tried it, I think I must have sung the wrong song. You try it, it may work, on the other hand you may find men in white coats visiting your garden. Dig trenches for runner beans and celery.

Sow herbs, chervil, chives, dill, and parsley in slight warmth. Sow leeks these will be ready for Totley Show, plant them in deep trays or boxes in warmth gradually cooler as they germinate, prepare a rich soil, in the vegetable plot, similar to onions ready for those real whoppers. Plant seeds of cauliflower and broccoli, they benefit from a long growing season, place seeds in deep trays in a cold frost-free greenhouse, you will have strong healthy plants in good time for spring planting.

#### TREES, FRUIT, SHRUBS.

Complete the planting of trees and shrubs now before they start into growth, do not use tar oil winter wash when the buds are showing signs of bursting. Prune autumn fruiting raspberries now, the cane should be cut back to practically ground level. Make sure that cuttings of red and black currants and shrubs made during last autumn are firmed in.

Most flowering shrubs and clematis should be pruned now, include Hydrangea. Paniculata, Spiraca japonica, Hypericum, all kinds of willow etc.

#### **GREENHOUSE and INDOOR PLANTS**

Now is the time to bring the stools of outdoor chrysanthemums into the greenhouse and give them a little warmth and all the light possible so that they make sturdy cuttings. If you have a slightly heated greenhouse you could sow seeds of half-hardy annuals such as lobelia, snaps and petunias. If you make cuttings from your dahlias the roots should be boxed now, the tubers covered with moist peat and placed in a greenhouse to encourage them to produce plenty of young shoots make sure you label them with name, height etc.

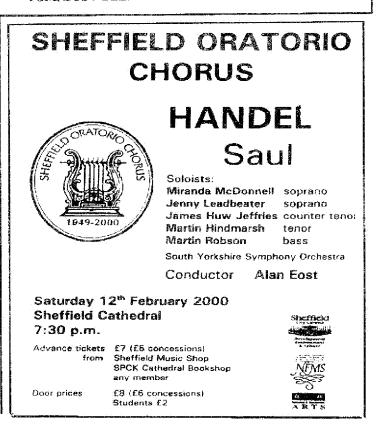
On warm sunny days ( we hope ) take the opportunity to spray fuchsias with clear water to encourage them to produce large numbers of young shoots. As I say most of the season but it bears repeating keep an eye on ventilation, on sunny days most plants in growth will benefit from a good dose of fresh air bear in mind temperature, close all vents in early afternoon even if the sun is still there.

Start into growth resting plants such as clivias, bird of paradise, begonia and gloxinia. If you haven't given your greenhouse a good clear out now is the time before it gets crowded with new plants and seedlings. Gradually increase watering of all indoor plants which have been resting. Stand African violets and Cyclamen and indoor primula on moist, pebble filled saucers to increase humidity.

#### LAWNS

Tidy up any leaves etc. that may be on your lawn, weather permitting spike any wet places and dress with said, keep off in frosty conditions. Don't forget prepare now for the Totley Show in SEPTEMBER.

Cheerio for now TOM, BUSY BEE.



### BOOK REVIEW

### The Mystery of Carl Wark

This new book by local author Mick Savage throws fresh light on the origins of one of the area's most enigmatic ancient monuments - the hilltop enclosure known as Carl Wark. Easily accessible from the main road just above Toads Mouth on the A625 between Sheffield and Hathersage, Carl Wark has remained a mystery to archaeologists and tourists alike. Now, after reading this book and perhaps paying a visit, you will be able to decide for yourself.

Was Carl Wark truly a prehistoric fortress as the official plaque alongside it declares, or was it merely some kind of prehistoric folly? What part

might the Romans have played in its history and could there even be a connection with the signing of the peace treaty by King Ecgbert at Dore? Or more remarkable still, might one of the earliest examples of a stone structure ever to have been built in Britain be right here on our doorstep?

The Mystery of Carl Wark is published by ALD Design & Print, 279 Sharrowvale Road, Sheffield Sll 8ZF, price £4.95, ISBN 1-901587-06-1 and is available from Totley Rise Post Office or Jimmy Martins, Abbeydale Road South and local bookshops

# TOTLEY & DORE SUPPORT GROUP FOR THE VISUALLY IMPAIRED.

The dates for our 2000 meetings are; January, Tuesday 25th. February, Wednesday 23rd. March, Thursday 23rd. April, Tuesday 25th. May, Wednesday 24th.



I understand the Grays take people to view the wild animals of the Kilimanjaro. It's not as far as you may imagine, just come upstairs. There on the walls of Becky's bedroom you can see a lioness and two cubs at play watched by a nearby Giraffe. In the distance are zebras and impalas in abundance. An elephant and a panda can be seen in front of the old volcanic mountain.

Becky wanted a bedroom with a difference so her parents asked Valerie to use her talents. Valerie also completed her Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award and will join the queue for Buckingham Palace. At present she is on her Graphic Design course at Staffordshire University to acquire further skills. Valerie thanks her friends for the fabulous lesson "on flying a helicopter".

David Ruthven

June, Thursday 22nd. July, Tuesday 25th. August, no meeting. September, Thursday October, Tuesday 24th. November, Wednesday 22nd.

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

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# THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CHAPEL

The two central pivots of village life until 1924 were the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel and the Church of England School: one might say the former offered Spiritual guidance, the latter Discipline in the Community, for it was not unknown for a boy to be chastised, or even punished, for not lifting his cap to an older person in the street, and woe betide misbehaviour out of school if the 'Grape-vine' canned the message to the Headmaster.

Sunday was a day of rest from the usual chores in most households, including ours: my Father was very strict about observing the 'Lord's Day'. If something had not been done by Sunday, it had to wait until Monday. We were not allowed to play outside on Sunday, no whips and tops, no shuttlecocks, no skipping, and even standing outside talking was frowned upon. Buttons must be stitched on, stockings darned and allsewing jobs finished before Sunday. If by any chance, something had been overlooked, it had to wait until Monday. Sunday was for Chapel

Sunday school classes for various ages were held in the morning from 10 am., the Superintendent. Earnest Elliot, and Jim Green from Mickley Lane, Assistant superintendent, took the older classes, whilst Doris Martin from Totley Rise was the teacher of the younger children. Dinner was at 2 pm. and the Children's Service from 3pm. to 4pm. the latter sometimes taken by the Minister from the Methodist Church at Millhouses when he was scheduled to take the evening Service.

I was two years old when I started attending Sunday School, for the only reason that Nellie Smith, who lived next door, asked if she could take me. Evidently I behaved myself and so was allowed to continue.

Although primarily a Centre for religious teaching, the chapel was also a meeting place for two Temperance organisations. One of these was the 'Rechabites', whose origins were connected with 'Rachab' who had a son called Jonadab'. Jonadab abstained from all meat and wine, and a 'Rechibite' was a disciple of Jonadab. The 'Rechabites' therefore, was a Society of total abstainers.

The other was "The Band of Hope", whose members were strictly forbidden to imbibe in any way. This, I believe, was the backbone of the Weslevan Philosophy, and many of the senior members of the Chapel were complete abstainers. The Band of Hope' was a more exclusive organisation. fewer people belonged to it as a more strict organisation and, on reflection, it was rather more a rehabilitation society for alcoholics for it was not discussed quite so openly as the 'Rechabites' and never organised outings for its members as did the 'Rechabites'. Most people supported the 'Rechabites, not I think because they believed in its philosophy, rather for the benefits to its members, for it was the Rechapites who arranged many of the outings from the Chapel. Such 'Trips' were popular, whether all the 'Trippers' were members is debatable; and no pressure was put on anyone to abstain. One or two regulars had 'Pumper's elbow' before the day was out. including the women.

One of the first outings that I remember was to Baslow. (Don't laugh, 6 miles in 1920 was a long way! And a six-mile ride on bare forms in a lorry was not exactly the comfort of a Channel-tunnel train!)

But, tea at one of the cottages at the entrance to Chatsworth Park after a pienic hunch, and playing with bats and balls in the park all afternoon was a novelty and a veritable feast.

I was a little older, about nine years old, when I remember an outing to Darley Dale, near Matlock, a journey of about 12

miles. We parked at the 'Orchard Cafe' at Darley Dale. Where we were later to have tea as part of the trip, and set off from there to walk to Matlock for a picnic hunch in the gardens there, leaving some of the party to play on the swings and roundabouts in the park opposite the Whitworth Institute. My Mother had risen early as she always did on outing days, after working well into the night preparing clean shirts, socks, and trousers for the three boys, and pressing needlework knickers. petticoat, and frilly dress for me. There were sandwiches to make, and bags to pack with home-made scones, teacakes. and other goodies for four ravenous children who could gobble through mountains of food after playing in the open air, particularly in competition with their friends. The one who could eat most was the greatest! We were just approaching Matlock when there was an agonised erv from behind, "My sandwiches, I've lost my sandwiches". Poor Dorothy Gascoigne was distraught. She had been happily walking along with the rest of us when, looking down, she realised she was holding only the string: the parcel of sandwiches was somewhere back on the mile of road we had just traversed. Two people offered to go back with her to see if they could find the offending parcel, but without luck. All the parents had a whip round when we sat down in the park to eat our picnic lunch, but Dorothy could only wail for the loss of "My tongue sandwiches", ours were nothing so grand as tongue: just jam, home made brawn and potted meat, but at least. Dorothy didn't have to go hungry.

Our transport on these journeys was not the most comfortable. The vehicle was a lorry owned by Jack Pearson. (who later kept the Grouse Inn in the Bents), and was garaged in the building called the 'Bates Stables' below the Cross Scythes. (As a matter of interest, the stable got its name through its use as a holding stable for overstaying and exchange horses for the old Stage-coaches. The name 'Bate' is believed to come from the old English meaning of To hold or 'To restrain' as He bated his breath" or" I'm batin' me time". expressions often heard amongst the old residents of Derbyshire). Jack hired his lorry out to the Totley football team when they played matches in the Derbyshire villages in the Hope Valley League. For their games two forms were positioned down the sides of the lorry, and the lads scrambled on board. For family outings there was a little more refinement, when extra care was taken to secure the forms to the sides of the lorry and, after letting down the back board, a flight of three steps was set ill place for easier mounting; refinements not always done for the footballers; not that they were concerned about such trivialities, they usually stopped on the way home at some 'Derbyshire Pub' and were too incbriated to notice, or care.

In wet weather, a tarpaulin was drawn over a frame, the sides being secured by a looped rope on hooks around the sides, and blinds of thick cellophane sheltered the passengers from driving rain.

Transport improved for later trips, the outings became longer, and travelling more comfortable. By the time we went to Cleethorpes in 1922 when I was six years old, we travelled in comparative luxury in a 'Chara-a-Bang', which we always called a 'Chara Bang'! Nothing like the coaches of modern times, it had a rounded 'boat-shaped' body on high solid wheels, and the uncovered top was open to the elements, to be covered over in wet weather by a fabric roof fitted to a metal framework which folded back like a concertina resting along the back of the 'Chara'

The seats were a great improvement on the bare forms, we

now had 'proper' seats, later covered with Leather, which were arranged in rows across the width of the body, with a pathway down one side, so that now we could see where we were travelling without too much craning and turning of necks.

Cleethorpes was a three hour journey, and exciting; not every day did we have chance to ride in so splendid a vehicle, and for me there were plenty of people to listen to, and children to play with.

Being only a little girl it was difficult for me to see over the side of the vchicle, but when we were well into the Lincolnshire countryside, there was a chorus of "00, look at all them poppies!". My Mother lifted me up so that I could see over the side, and what a sight!. All the fields were covered with bright red poppies, the glow seemed to stretch for miles as we turned each corner of the road, a sight never to be forgotten, such as the poor soldiers must have seen in Flanders in the War only recently over, as we children were reminded by our Elders.

I remember little of the actual day in Cleethorpes, except that there was a Helter-skelter on the sands with an iron staircase to the top of the tower, where we sat on mats and sailed round and round to the bottom, taking a header into the sand But, my Mother remembered the day very well.

Summers in those days seemed to be much hotter than the ones experienced today, (1999 excepted)

In fact it wasn't unusual for my Father, Maurice Johnson, and Charlie Smith' to sit on the wall outside our cottage talking at midnight because it was too hot to sleep, and we children sat in the window listening to the gossip. The day we went to Cleethorpes was no exception.

My Mother had made a new dress for me for the occasion, and I remember the excitement of wearing it for the first time. It was made of mauve checked gingham bought from Emily Green's shop at the end of Summer Lane. It had a fitted bodice with a Peter-pan collar, short puff sleeves, and a full' gathered skirt which I loved to pirouette in, seeing the skirt billowing round like a fully opened umbrella

My Mother was very pleased with her creation, and it was greatly admired. All Mums liked to be appreciated by their friends and they all took pride in the smart turnout of their children, no less than the smartness of their husbands. But, we for the hot day at the seaside, for, by the time we arrived home it was obvious that the sea air had taken its toll, and had removed all the colour from my pretty dress. It was bleached white.

As we grew older there were trips without our parents and on these occasions we always brought back a present for Mom, and the trip to Blackpool was no exception.

We had been saving for the occasion from our weekly spending money. Mom gave us a penny each on Friday after Dad had given her the housekeeping money, and Dad gave us a penny on Saturday dinner-time usually when he was getting changed for his weekly visit to Sheffield, at the same time, there was an extra penny for the lucky one who cleaned and polished his shoes for the visit, a penny well earned for he was very particular, I suspect partly because we were always drilled to do the job well, and partly it was another occasion for teasing.

By the time we set off on our trip we had at least sixpence each, although Geoff always had more than the others. Geoff was very thrifty, if by an unlucky chance one of us needed to borrow a penny from his earnings at the farm, he reminded us every day until it was returned. However, he never demanded interest, which was probably as well, for I'm sure it would have ruined the system. He was content to have all the debts called in when he needed them.

Presents from Gcoff had to be sensible and useful, nothing so frivolous as the little green cruet like two baskets of flowers that I had chosen. for, something pretty was what I thought most appropriate for my Mom. No! Geoff thought different, Geoff was practical. He looked long and hard, and when on the way home we compared purchases. He opened his parcel and drew out a serviceable white pudding basin. It had cost, he said, all of two pence. I had blown all my wealth, namely sixpence, on my cruet. I came back broke, but Geoff was wiser, as he always was on holiday. He came back with cash still in his pocket, seed to sow towards saving for the next trip.

Jo Rundle

(To be continued)

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# PEAK TOWN STORY Chapter 21 by Hugh Percival

John Winter and Susan had agreed to spend the holiday together, at Susan's mother's house on Christmas day and with John's parents at Oakley on Boxing Day.

On Christmas Day morning John together with Jack and Tom Rodgers, watched United play on a frosty ground and record a 1-0 win. This improved John's high spirits even more and he arrived at Susan's home full of seasonal good cheer.

The Lilleywhites residence in Park Street, a poor neighbourhood, was one of a row of terraced houses, two up and two down, with an attic and a front bay window. A small decorated Christmas Tree stood prominently in this window.

Susan blue eyes sparkling, introduced John to her mother in the kitchen with its appetising smell of the cooking Christmas dinner. Mrs. Lilleywhite, a petite, fair-haired, blue-eyedwoman, bearing a strong likeness to her daughter, gave John a hospitable welcome.

"Dinner is nearly ready: Would you like a glass of sherry?" she asked.

John accepted and, soon afterwards, they took seats at the dining table placed in the front room especially for the occasion. A blazing fire gave a comforting background as they ate. The fare was most appetising, comprising a roast capon, roast potatoes, peas and cauliflower amply covered ingravy, with Christmas pudding and rum sauce to follow.

"I hope Susan has inherited your culinary talents Mrs. Lilleywhite" remarked John in good humour as he enjoyed the meal.

"It is too early to know at the moment. Susan does

little at home but I expect she will have picked up a few tips at the cafe" replied Mrs. Lilleywhite looking askance at her daughter.

Susan wrinkled her nose and smiled at John but made no comment.

After the meal John assisted with the washing-up, overruling objections from Mrs. Lilleywhite. They then retired to the front room where presents were exchanged. Susan gave a squeal of delight, hugging and kissing John, after opening his present to her, a silver brooch in the form of a tree. Susan's present to John, a brown, woollen cardigan, produced an affectionate response. John gave Mrs. Lilleywhite a set of tablemats depicting old country scenes and mother and daughter exchanged gifts of clothing

John noticed a photograph of a smilling sailor on the mantchpiece. Is that Susan's father?" he asked.

"Yes" replied Mrs. Lilleywhite in a depressed key. "Jack was torpedoed while attached to the merchant navy and never returned".

"How terrible Mrs. Lilleywhite - for you both. I am so very sorry," John said in tones full of sympathy.

"Thank you. Life has to go on - but it is a struggle at times" replied Susan's mother wiping away a tear.

John, at a loss for words, made no further comment during an uneasy silence.

Later they listened to the Queen's Christmas message on the wireless in complete accord with the sentiments expressed.

Afterwards John and Susan went for a stroll in the frosty air.

"Did you enjoy your dinner? I am afraid it was not vegetarian as you prefer" remarked Susan.

"I did" replied John. "As you know I am a vegetarian by choice but am not catered for in this respect at my lodgings or at home. My parents are not vegetarians and I was brought up to eat meat

"If you marry will your wife have to prepare vegetarian food?" asked Susan.

"Are you proposing?" John teased. Susan laughed but made no other reply.

"i would hope that my wife and any children we might have would become vegetarians" replied John now of scrious aspect.

"Don't you like meat?" asked Susan.

"I must confess I do. The reason I object is the killing of animals and their treatment, particularly in the case of factory farming. Animals boxed in, restricted in their movements and never seeing the light of day. It is abhorrent and should be stopped" said John angrily as he withdrew his hand from that of Susan.

Susan let the matter pass and they continued their walk in silence.

After a long break in the conversation Susan broke the sombre mood. "Will you get a car if you qualify?" she asked.

"I hope so. If I pass the exams I intend to take driving lessons - providing I get a salary increase" replied John quietly.

"I will have lessons myself when I can afford it" remarked Susan.

"Let me know your route when you do. We don't want to be on a collision course" laughed John. "Remember to drive on the left. On the continent you know they drive on the right here only the women do"

"Brute!" exclaimed Susan while aiming a punch at her companion.

In the twilight they returned to Susan's home where Mrs. Lilleywhite had prepared a light tea of salmon sandwiches, sherry trifle and Christmas cake with cups of tea.

In the evening they listened to a concert on the wireless. Soon John rose to return to his lodgings to better make an early rising next morning. He thanked Mrs. Lilleywhite heartily before leaving having conceived an instant liking for his hostess.

John and Susan met early on the following day at the bus station to catch the first bus to Oakley. Susan, nervous at the prospect of meeting John's parents, was advised not to worry, as they would be pleased to see such an attractive girl.

At Oakley on a sunny, frosty morning they were welcomed at the cottage gate by Bruce, Monty and Augustus the rabbit. Bruce, tail wagging, jumped up on his hind legs to be caressed by Susan. She was delighted at this reception and even more so when John's parents had welcomed her cordially.

"What a bobby dazzler!" exclaimed Sam Winter with glee and Susan laughed her blushes away.

Mrs. Winter had prepared an appetising lunch of roast pork, applesance, peas, leeks and roast potatoes followed by gooseberry pic and custard.

In the afternoon, after presents had been exchanged, John proudly escorted Susan around the village while giving a commentary on childhood events associated with the church, school, shops and other buildings and with the fields, river and hills beyond.

"You were lucky to have had such a pleasant background to your childhood" Susan remarked. "So different to mine in the city".

"The countryside can be lonely at times," said John with care. "Whereas city life has more variety and interest. Perhaps not. I suppose a mixture of the two is the answer. Work in the city and home in the country. How about that?"

"That would suit me fine - providing I had suitable transport" said Susan enthusiastically.

"We shall have when we pass our driving tests," said John with a laugh.

Later, after tea, they had a musical evening in the lounge before a blazing fire. Sam Winter, forsaking his usual visit to the Plough Int, played the piano and accompanied the others in the rendering of seasonal and popular songs. These included "White Christmas", 'Good King Wenceslas', 'If You Were The Only Girl In The World', 'Sally' (for her namesake Mrs. Winter), 'Leaning' (a solo by Sam Winter), 'Mother Moree' 'Nellic Dean' amongst others.

Susan shed a few tears on hearing the nostalgic rendering of Leaning' and the countryman's remembrance of his late dog. She patted Bruce as the sealyham, seeming to sense the emotion, set up a howl of approval.

Sam Winter took a keen interest in family history and also had a vivid imagination. After the conclusion of the

singing he regaled the others with details of incidents from family lore, taken, he informed them, from researches at the archives in Peaktown, from church records and from stories passed down over the generations.

Sam began in serious tones "The first known record of the Winter family history relates to an incident at the battle of Bannockburn in 1314. At the height of the battle Sir Geoffrey De Winter, mounted on his trusty steed, took the initiative" Sam paused "And led the retreat". (hoots of laughter from Sam's audience) "hotly pursued by the McGowans. McSporrans and other clans. This initiative was later recognised by the authorities in London when Sir Geoffrey was hung, drawn and quartered at Smithfield. Parts of his anatomy were then distributed throughout the kingdom for display in public places as a warning to the populace against repeating similar initiatives

Sam Winter, with some difficulty, overcame the temptation to burst into laughter and continued

"Another interesting character - in fact my favourite ancestor - appears in the family chronicles in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Great Aunt Emily perished in the Artic on the eve of her one hundred and second birthday. She was the leader of an expedition trying to prove that the Dodo was not extinct. Great Aunt Emily went off piste late in the afternoon following tracks that promised to be those of a creature not unlike the Dodo. She was found the following morning frozen to her warming pan". (Unseemly laughter rang out from Sam's audience at this point).

Sam continued "The ladies among you will take this as proof that womens' lib is not a new idea. It was, I believe,

strong in Boadicea's time, no doubt declined in the Dark Ages, revived somewhat in the Middle Ages (the age of chivalry), became unfashionable in the reign of Henry the Eighth and is now at the height of its popularity following the Suffragettes and Women's' franchise". Cries of approval from Sally Winter and Susan rang out.

Sam acknowledged the interruption with a broad smile, took a swig from his glass of beer and continued "The

expedition to the Arctic had been

funded by Great Aunt Emily's husband, Upele Arthur - the welfare state not then being in existence" (Laughter) "Uncle Arthur had made money in the city and would have continued to do so if his first wife had not produced the printing press in court as evidence in the divorce proceedings". (Hysterical laughter with Susan near to a seizure following an uncontrollable outburst. John put his arm around her and eventually she recovered her composure). Sam, sharing in the laughter and showing no remorse at Susan's predicament, continued "Uncle Arthur never recovered from the loss of his beloved Emily. He took to reading the Times obituary column in bed in the mornings. If his name wasn't there he got up" (Laughter).

Sam continued in full flow "The family fortunes have declined in recent years and we are now considered to be of the working class - apart. of course, from Uncle Bill. He never did a days work in his life and died of inertia in his nincty second year". (Laughter)

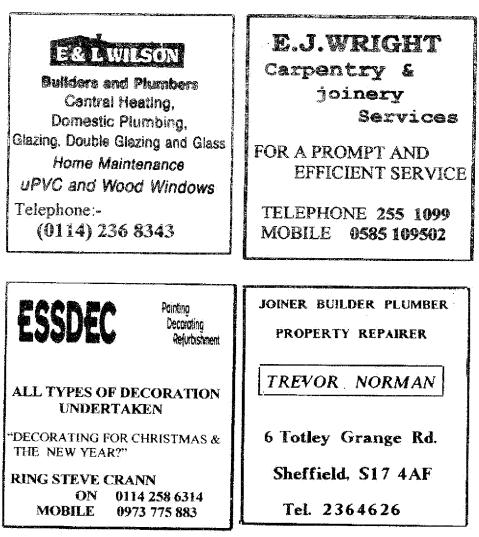
At this point Sally Winter produced some mince pies and cups of tea prior to the departure of John and Susan to Peaktown.

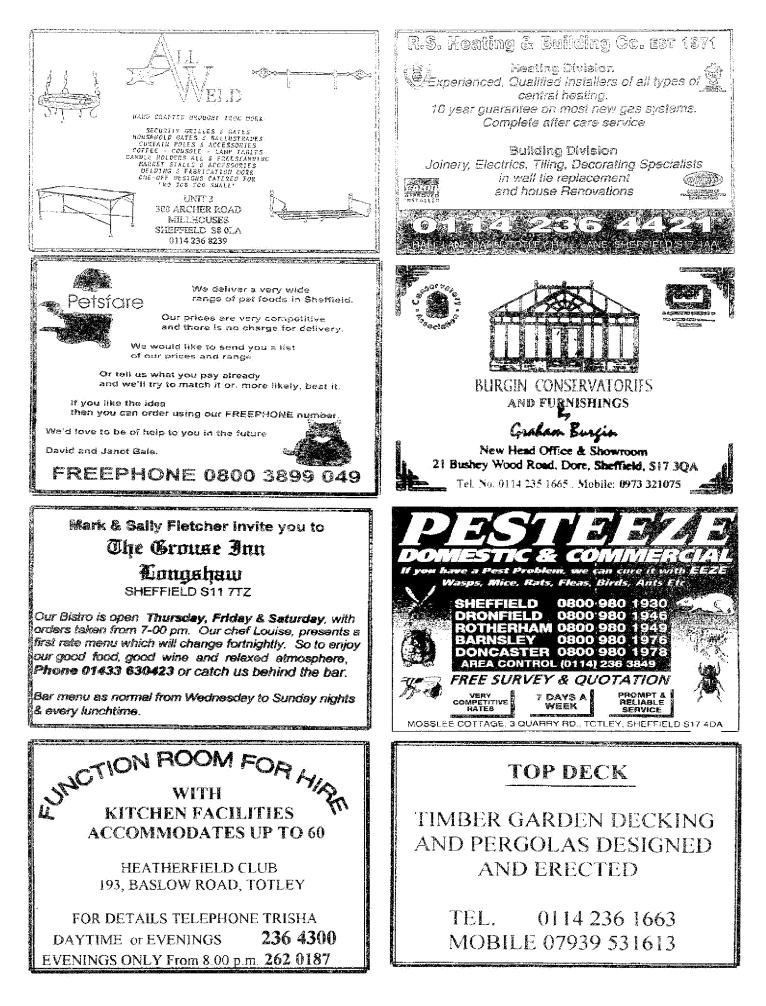
"I have enjoyed my visit. Your father's quite a character isn't he?" Susan remarked happily on their return journey on the last bus of the evening.

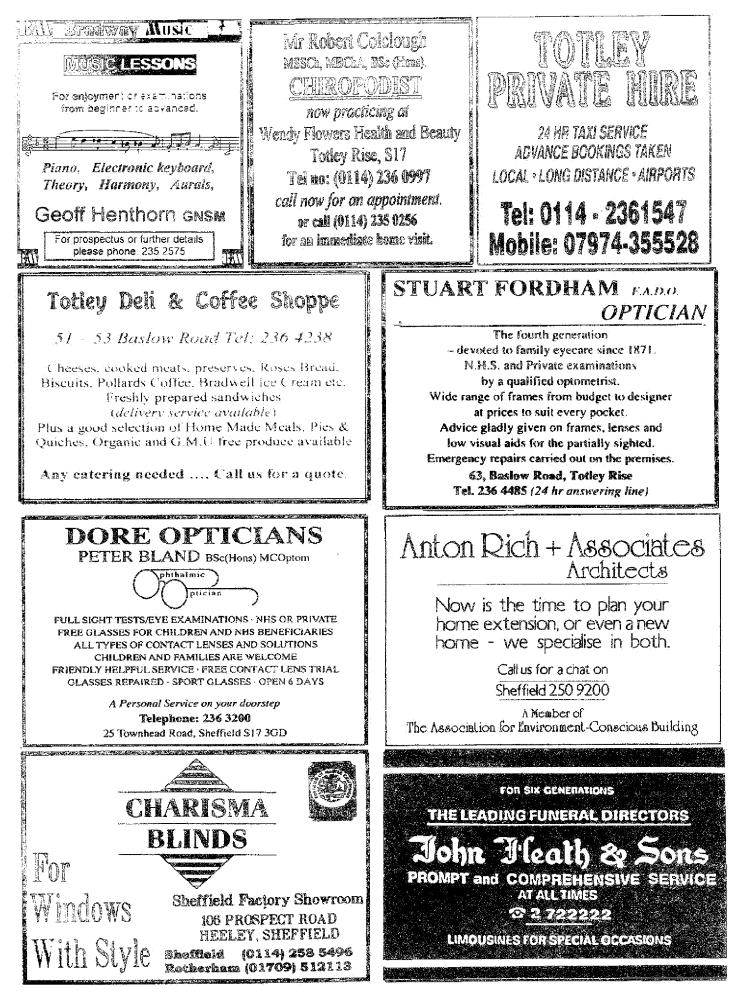
"Not always so pleasant I'm afraid" replied John. "Many's the time he's given me a good hiding with his belt"

"No doubt for good reason, John" Susan said with a smile. "No doubt" John said in ironic tones.

In the city they embraced and kissed tenderly. Then Susan took her train home and John returned on foot to his lodgings.







	TOTLEY & DISTRICT I	DIARY	
MONDAYS	COFFEE MORNING, All Saints' Church Hall, 10am. To noo		
TUESDAYS	COFFEE MORNING. Totley Rise Methodist Church Hall, 10am. To noon.		
	CRAFT GROUP, Totley Library. 2pm.		
	LADIES EXERCISE TO MUSIC. All levels. United Reform	ed Church 10.30am. to 12 noon. Tel 2359298	
WEDNESDAYS.	COFFEE in the LIBRARY, 10am. to 11.30am.		
	MODERN SEQUENCE DANCING. All Saints Church Hall		
	AMERICAN LINE DANCING. United Reformed Church 8p	m. to 9.30pm., Tel. 2369298	
THURSDAYS	S OPEN DOOR. United Reformed Church. 10am. To noon.		
PUSHCHAIR CLUB. Totley Rise Methodist Church Hall. 1.30pm. to 3pm. Tel. 2363157 for further details.			
AMERICAN LINE DANCING, United Reformed Church Ipm. to 3pm., Tel. 2359298			
FRIDAYS	$\mathbf{r} = \mathbf{r} + $		
School Contacts Inlie 2350839 Lucy 01246 470971, Alison 2364316.			
SATURDAYS.	$z = z^{2} z = z^{2} z^$		
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# FEBRUARY

TUES. 1st. WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP. Totley Rise Methodist Church Schoolroom, 2.30pm, "Sainsbury's Store" by Mrs. Lynn Winder. WED. 9th. WEDNESDAY FRIENDSHIP. Totley Rise Methodist Church Hall. 8nm, "Lest we Forget" by Douglas Lamb. SAT. 12th. SHEFFIELD ORATORIO CHORUS Handel's "SAUL". Sheffield Cathedral, 7-30pm. Full details inside. MON. 14th. "FLOWERS of the SOUTHERN CAPE" by Nicholas J Wray. 7.15pm. Heeley Hall, Birkdale School, Off Fulwood Rd. TUES. 15th. TOTLEY TOWNSWOMEN'S GUILD, Totley Rise Methodist Church Hall, 10am, "The Lake District" by Andy Firth TUES, 15th, WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP. Totley Rise Methodist Church Schoolroom, 2.30pm. "Devotional, Rev. J.R. Thompson SAT. 19th. BRIDGE & SUPPER. 7.15pm. Jackie Short's. 6 Ashfurlong Drive. Dore, Details Tel. 2367491 For LEONARD CHESHIRE HOME MON. 21". SHEFFIELD SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT of ART EXHIBITION" Exhibition Preview. 7pm. to 9pm. Clock Tower Art Gallery, Northern General Hospital. (Exhibits of artwork by residents of the Sheffield Cheshire home will be on view from 21st. Feb. for 6 weeks. WED. 23rd. WEDNESDAY FRIENDSHIP. Totley Rise Methodist Church Hall, 8pm, "Heart of the City Project" by Andy Topley. TUES, 29th, WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP. Totley Rise Methodist Church Schoolroom, 2.30pm. "Kinder Railway - What happened next?" Mrs.D.Fleming MARCH FRID. 3rd. WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP. Women's World Day of Prayer. Dore Methodist Church 10.00am. WED. 8th. WEDNESDAY FRIENDSHIP. Totley Rise Methodist Church Hall. 8pm. "Desert Island Antiques" by Roy Young. THE INDEPENDENT FOR MARCH The next issue of the Totley Independent will be available from the usual distribution points on SATURDAY 4th. MARCH. COPY DATE FOR THIS ISSUE SATURDAY 12th. FEBRUARY

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