

TOTLEY INDEPENDENT

PUBLISHED BY THE TOTLEY RESIDENTS ASSOCIATION SINCE 1977

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No. 259

15p.



**A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a
HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

TOTLEY RESIDENTS ASSOCIATION UPDATE

Totley Hall Park.

Drainage work took place during the summer and the play equipment has been installed. Unfortunately, it would appear the drainage work has not been completed satisfactorily. Last time I went passed, part of the field was standing in water.

One Million Reasons For a Brighter Sheffield.

The Council's idea to improve Sheffield by planting bulbs provided by them was taken up by many local groups, including Totley.

It was decided the "Open Gardens Group" would plant daffodils down the central grass verge of Baslow Road. Streetforce felt it would be too dangerous for us to carry out the work, so the bulbs were planted by them on our behalf on November 15th. I have already been approached and asked if Totley would like more bulbs next year and have answered in the affirmative. We can order daffodils, crocus and snowdrops. If anyone has ideas where we should plant the bulbs I am open to suggestions.

Planning.

A planning application has been submitted to erect 4 apartments at the bottom of White Lane, Mickley Lane, opposite the "Shepley Spitfire". TRA after looking at the plans have written to the Planning Dept. objecting to the proposed development. The main reasons are 1) The access is on a very dangerous, blind corner with fast moving traffic from Derbyshire commuters. 2) There is a tree preservation order on the trees round the site. 3) The bridleway is a very long-standing well-used public amenity that could be lost for public access. 4) If this development is allowed to proceed there is a strong possibility more building work would be allowed to spread up the lane. 5) There is also the danger of flooding in this area. As I write Mickley Lane is once more awash.

Totley P.O. has closed again. The loss of this facility makes it difficult for many members of our community, particularly those without transport to access pensions etc. Lisa Blake T.R.A committee member has been busy collecting signatures. To date 360 have been collected. The petition will be sent to Post Office Counters Ltd. in the near future. Thanks to Lisa for her hard work.

Green Oak Park

There are ongoing concerns regarding vehicular access to the Park, now the land has been sold with full planning consent. To date no plans have been submitted T.R.A. with the help of Councillor Keith Hill, will be keeping a careful eye on any developments.

Green Oak View

At the South West Area Panel meeting on 17th October we were given to understand that Green Oak View would be de-commissioned in about 5 years. Yet another loss for Totley! An Extra Care Village is planned for the Abbeydale area where elderly residents can buy or rent property. There will be provision for those requiring 24-hour care in the village.

New Benches

You may have noticed three new benches have been put in position outside the Library, the Co-Op and near the cul-de-sac on the edge of the Laverdene estate. Thanks must go to David Aspinall who is employed by the council to represent our area on the South West Area Panel and has pursued the placing of the benches.

The Future of Totley.

Recent discussion at a T.R.A Committee meeting led members to think about a "Wish List" for the area. We, the

Committee cannot make all the decisions, which could affect the community, without your help. Have you lived in Totley for a long time, or have you moved here recently? How would you like Totley to develop? What do you feel is good/bad about the area? We need your help young and old. Please give this some thought and let us have your ideas. They can be passed on to the relevant authorities, possibly at a public meeting.

Finally Kevin Walker who agreed to chair T.R.A at the A.G.M in April this year has had to stand down for personal reasons. As vice chair, I have taken over. Please remember all T.R.A members are volunteers, giving up time to help the community. If we make mistakes we are only doing our best! Avril Critchley.

STOP PRESS

We are obliged to Mike Burnham who has let us have sight of his reply from the Consumer Council for Postal Services, "postwatch" regarding Totley Post Office, an extract reads:

- "The reporting manager has stated that the Post Office will not be re-opening due to prolonged illness and financial difficulties. The owner is not in a position to offer Post Office services any longer. Totley Rise Post Office is your nearest branch.
- The Post Office in question has been subject to an armed robbery, which has left the owner extremely ill. Financial difficulties have also led to the decision for her not to offer Post Office services for the time being. This is something Royal Mail has no control over, as it is a sub Post Office.
- The reporting manager has apologised that you have to take a bus ride to the next Post Office which is under a mile away."

And concludes:

- "I am sorry that this has not been more helpful. Unfortunately as the branch was a sub Post Office Royal Mail cannot enforce it's opening. It appears an unfortunate set of circumstances has led to the closure of this office and it will not be re-opening"

PUZZLE CORNER

A Christmas Enigma

This Enigma machine is geared so that the top eight letters on a continuous belt move round in a clockwise direction. The middle eight rotate in an anti-clockwise direction at twice the rate. The lower eight also move clockwise and at the same speed as the top eight.

Can you operate the machine and stop it at the point where each of the four vertical columns are names of items on Christmas cards?

C	A	A	O
M	R	S	A
N	R	O	G
B	N	T	I
L	S	R	S
E	N	A	S

Answer page 12

Don ashford

Whisperer

New Seats. Thanks to the South West area Panel three new seats have been put in place around the area, one at the end of Laverdene on Baslow Road, one near the Co-op, and one near the Library so there is plenty of resting places for people when the weather is fit. We have also been promised a new notice board for Totley Rise?

Totley Hall Lane. The footpaths and roads are at last nearing completion with tarmac surfaces around the two building sites. The park might get finished one day?

Ray Drury. Ex local lad is taking part as Joe Cocker in the finals of Stardom of the year at Brannigans night club in Sheffield on Tuesday 21st January Proceeds to the Marie Curie Cancer Care Fund, There will be 20 acts on the night admission £2-50 on the night £2-00 if you book in advance phone 0114 250 9923, all old friends and school chums go along and cheer Ray on. (By the way it was Ray's mother's birthday on November 26th she was 93 congratulations to Mrs Drury.)



Churches Together in S17

There are so many things to think about and do, as we prepare for Christmas, and it's easy to get caught up in the rustle and rustle and bustle of shopping, parties, & gift giving. In fact, it's exhausting just thinking about it all! But Christmas IS about the giving of gifts. In the midst of the tinsel, glitter, fairy lights and Father Christmas, it's easy to forget that the celebration is all to do with the birth of a baby, and that baby, all wrapped up as a gift for us.

The record of 'HisStory' tells us that wise men travelled hundreds of miles to present gifts to the God-baby in celebration of His birth. It must have been a disappointment to them when they arrived before the baby to discover that this 'King' had no royal razzmatazz. They found him in a stable. But they understood the significance of the birth and the baby before them. They understood that this moment in time was a world-changing moment. To them, the only gifts they could present had to be worthy of this momentous occasion. They brought gold. Gold is the most valuable of currencies, being recognised in every corner of our world. Economies have been upheld by it and fallen through lack of it. Gold is a universal asset. Men have died in their rush to obtain it, amass it, and own it. Gold was an appropriate gift at the birth of the God of the Universe, the King of kings. How could these wise men have brought less? Their gift symbolised their homage to the King whose birth had been foretold in the heavens. They lay the highest treasures before Him. What is the 'Gold' that we hold precious? We talk about hearts of gold, and maybe our hearts are the most treasured possession we have. Our hearts hold everything precious; our loves, hopes, and fears. We could give them to God this Christmas.

The Sage's second gift was Incense - Although the Magi were probably from Persia, and therefore Gentile, they most likely would have used incense as part of their religious ceremonies as most ancient nations did. By bringing incense they were honouring the god of the Jewish King before them. The burning of incense, used in worship in the temple caused a sweet aroma to ascend heavenward. When the incense was burned, it meant that the prayers offered would be accepted.

What Incense might we offer to our God? I believe that the 'aroma' of our lives, whether sweet or foul, ascends heavenward. Mix it with prayer this Christmas

The third gift the Magi gave was Myrrh - used to embalm the dead. Prophetically, this gift spoke of the future of the God-King. Every other baby has been born to live. This baby was born to die. In the fullness of time, this baby would become God's greatest Christmas present to mankind. In the giving of gifts we are recognising this great gift of all, when God our Heavenly Father took on human form and chose to be born into history. The Birth of Jesus Emmanuel was a world-changing, life-changing event. 2000 years ago God hung His gift on a tree, and He put your name on it! History began again from that moment, and from that moment men were given the chance to be reconciled with God. Each Christmas is a reminder that we still have that chance. If we were to bring myrrh to God this Christmas we would have to offer Him our future. All the rest of our days would be His. Our loyalty and allegiance would be His. I believe that the Magi had a life changing experience when they knelt before the King of Heaven, laying gifts at His side. We too can be changed people as we lay our gifts before the same King. Happy Christmas.

CHRISTMAS SERVICES

ST. JOHN'S, ABBEYDALE ROAD.

ALL WELCOME

1st. December -6.30 p.m. ADVENT SUNDAY.

An Advent Carol Service, including Advent Readings and Music sung by the choir.

8th. December - 5.00 p.m. - A CHRISTINGLE SERVICE

A Family Service with carols and the lighting of the Christingle candles and a collection for the CHILDREN'S SOCIETY.

22nd. December. THE TRADITIONAL SERVICE OF NINE LESSONS AND CAROLS.

With Carols sung by the choir.

24th. December. 5-00 pm. CHRISTMAS EVE FAMILY SERVICE with carols.

11-30 pm. MIDNIGHT COMMUNION.

A sung Parish Eucharist to welcome the Christ Child.

25th. December -9-00 a.m. - CHRISTMAS DAY FAMILY SERVICE.

A family service with communion and carols.

DO FEEL WELCOME TO JOIN US AT ST. JOHN'S FOR SOME OR ALL OF THESE SERVICES.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH, TOTLEY HALL LANE.

SUNDAY 22nd. December. 6-30 p.m. Carol Service

CHRISTMAS EVE. 11-30 p.m. Midnight Communion

CHRISTMAS DAY, 8-00 a.m. HOLY COMMUNION

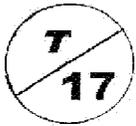
9-30 a.m. FAMILY SERVICE and
HOLY COMMUNION

SUNDAY 29th. December

9-30 a.m. FAMILY SERVICE

11-15 a.m. MORNING PRAYER

6-30 p.m. MEMORIAL SERVICE



Transport 17

Transport 17 is a Registered Charity.

Apparently, in the words of Michael Caine "Not a lot of people know that!" I find that hard to believe.

Apart from our Manager, Michael Finn and our part time treasurer, John Savourine, we are all unpaid volunteers. Yes, we have an office and a computer but we need those to efficiently run our 3 buses to the right addresses of our many passengers and clubs. We have funding from the South Yorkshire Passenger Transport Executive but everything else

has to be fund raised or begged for. That is why every penny donated is gratefully received and well spent.



We are very lucky in our supporters in the clubs and churches and associations, not just in Sheffield 17 but even further a field.

God bless every one of you.

Once again, Christmas is near and we will be having a break. We close after work on Friday, 20th. December and re-open on Monday, 6th of January 2003.

I do not know what we would do without our drivers, escorts, manager and treasurer, their pride and commitment to T 17 is amazing.

I would like to thank all the clubs, churches, the library, the Totley Independent and local shops for their help. Busy Bee as always, helps us in so many ways. Special thanks also to the Cheshire Home.

Totley truly is "care in the community". Despite what we think at times there is a lot to be grateful for so let's think before we moan!

Happy Christmas and a peaceful New Year to each and every one of you from Michael and John and all the management committee.

Margaret Barlow.

Miniature Railway SANTA SPECIALS

Sunday 8th. and 15th.
December

Train rides from 11 a.m. onwards

Santa's Grotto from 12 noon

Last admission 3 pm.

Admission only
£3 each



Tickets cover: unlimited* miniature train rides; a visit to Santa, gift wrapped present & a soft drink for children; hot drink & mince pie for adults.

*depending on demand and weather.

Yule find us in Ecclesall Woods, off Abbeydale Road South, between Abbeydale Industrial Hamlet & Dore station.

Look for the yellow sign outside our gate.

ROUND THE WORLD IN 92

DAYS (Chapter 3) by Alan Faulkner Taylor

It seems as though part of the previous chapters have dealt with disasters! So - why not deal with the good parts?

P&O's "Oriana" is the most beautiful of all the liners cruising the world's oceans - she is quite incomparable.

After Namibia my wife and I re-visited Cape Town; during our first visit Table Mountain had been completely covered by cloud, this time visibility was clear. I took a number of photographs of seals in the harbour.

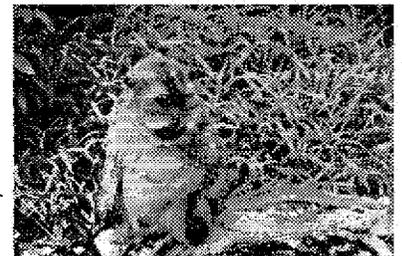
Our next port of call was Durban; we went on an excursion to the Valley of a Thousand Hills, in Natal Province. Firstly we visited a crocodile farm, where we were told that the oldest crocodile was ninety years old; the noise of cicadas buzzing-buzzing in the trees was incessant. We were then taken to a small village, which overlooked the valley, where a troupe of Zulus performed a ceremony in which a woman with her face painted white took the part of a "matchmaker"; this was very entertaining; the bride-to-be was accompanied by her mother, the groom-to-be was bashful. The troupe was led by a Zulu who introduced himself as George Washington.



The "matchmaker" can be seen with her white-painted face.

Four days later we arrived at the island of Mauritius, once a British colony, and the place where the last now-extinct dodo had lived. Just after docking at Port Louis, the ship's passengers were entertained by a small troupe of female native dancers performing on the quayside. From Port Louis we were taken on an excursion - firstly stopping at a shop that sold Kashmiri carpets where the toilets were disgusting! We were then taken to the

Sacred Lake, where we saw a Hindu shrine, and a family of natives placing offerings on a small table at the side of the lake. Seeking to obtain a better picture of the lake I walked about



fifty yards from our coach, turned into a wood, walked down a

number of steps, where I encountered a female macaque monkey. Fortunately I had a packet containing two biscuits which I gave to her, and she ate them with gusto.

A female Macaque

Spotlight on

JOHN PERKINTON

How long have you lived or worked in S17?

I have lived in Totley for almost 65yrs, and worked in Totley for the best part of 48yrs. After working in Sheffield for about 2yrs when I left school, I worked in the electrical trade, then the motor trade. I worked at Cross Scythes Motors before working for my parents at Totley Post Office, and from there went into the fruit trade for about 8 yrs. I have been painting and decorating now for the last 23 yrs.

What do you most like about this area?

It's close to the countryside, but very convenient for Sheffield and Chesterfield shops, and most people here are very friendly.

What would you change if you could?

The weather. I'd like it to be summer all the time.

What do you consider to have been your greatest achievement so far?

My greatest achievement so far is almost reaching the age of 65yrs.

Do you have a goal or ambition?

To enjoy myself, to win the lottery, and win more bowls trophies.

Have you any regrets or disappointments?

Not having any grandchildren so far.

What makes you angry?

Bad manners and hearing youngsters using bad language.

Which famous person would you have liked to meet?

Princess Diana

Who has had the most influence on your life?

My wife.

What was your childhood like?

I did not like school or sport at the time. The weather always seemed better then in the summer but we had a lot more snow which was good for sledging. I used to spend a lot of time at the farm across from the Post Office, driving the tractor and helping with hay making.

How do you like to spend your spare time?

Playing snooker and bowls and going to Speedway, and a bit more time to enjoy gardening. Also being involved with the Totley Independent. In the past I have been secretary and treasurer for Dronfield Woodhouse Young Farmers Club, treasurer for Sheffield Speedway Supporters Club, Captain of Abbeydale Bowling Club as well as being on Totley Residents Association Committee for the last 25 years.

What was your best holiday?

Holidays spent with friends when our children were young.

Where in the world would you most like to visit?

I am perfectly happy here in Totley.

What is your favourite music?

Country and western, especially Patsy Cline, and Rock and Roll.

What skill do you wish you had?

I wish I could draw or paint pictures.

If you could change your career what would you choose?

To be a politician or councillor and be good at not answering questions properly.

Sheffield Bach Society



Registered Charity No 511146

Conductor - Peter Collis

Monday 9th. December 2002

At 7-00 p.m.

Sheffield Cathedral
Handel's Messiah

Samantha Hay - soprano

Hannah Pedley - alto

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Adam Green - bass

Tickets £10-00 (concessions £7-00)

Students £5-00 at the door.

Tickets available at the door or from:- Sheffield Music Shop,
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5EA.

At the door.

COME and SING MESSIAH

MONDAY 16th. DECEMBER

7-30 p.m.

DORE PARISH CHURCH

Tickets £6-00 inc. mulled wine and mince pies.

Some scores available for hire at £1-00.

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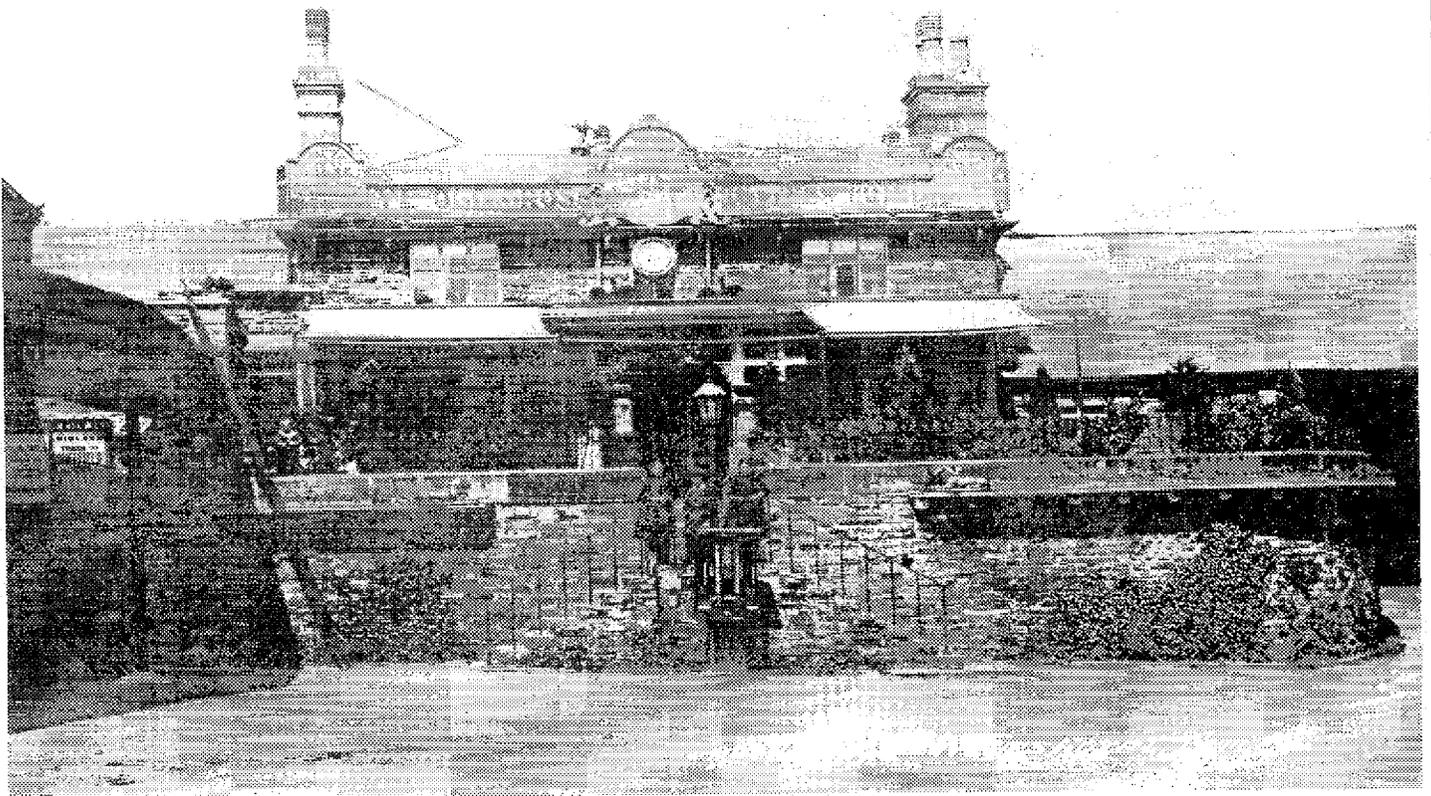
Greenways

Natural Health Centre
180 Baslow Road, Totley

For an appointment please phone

(0114) 236 0890

YE OLD CROSS SCYTHES HOTEL



Although the exact date of the building is not known the top part facing Cross Grove House is believed to be over 300 years old. Brian Edwards covers some of the history of the building in his book "Drawings of Historic Totley". More was written in the Totley Independent in 1977 September issue.

Interestingly the two ends of the building, underneath the chimneys read:- HALFWAY HOUSE, 6 MILES BASLOW on the left and on the right HALF WAY HOUSE 6 MILES SHEFFIELD.

Recently the ownership has changed and the new management have stated they intend to close the Cross Scythes for refurbishment early in the new year.

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A RED & WHITE TRADITION

At this time of year, with so many established traditions, it's surprising that we continue to invent new ones. The latest would appear to be buying a sofa.

In more recent times the Poinsettia has become very much part of the season, mainly due to its colour. Loved by some and hated by others.

A young Mexican girl had no red flowers to put on the altar on Christmas Eve. An angel told her to pluck some weeds and they were transformed into poinsettias. In Mexico, the plant is very large, and was popularised by Joe back in the U.S.A. He died on December 12th 1851.

In the 1960's Jim Mikkelsen, a Chicago nurseryman, produced a hardy dwarf strain, in red and white, called Jingle Bells, so it's now been with us some 40 years.

Back in Mexico they use the sap from the shrub to remove body hair. So when Father Christmas pays his visit make sure he doesn't bush past it with his beard!

Mike Williamson

BIRD UPDATE

by Alan Faulkner Taylor

As I write this article during the second week in November our garden in King Egbert Rd has had several visits by a cock great spotted woodpecker and one visit by a song thrush. On Saturday morning of 10 November, a friend and I were birdwatching at Linaker Reservoirs, where we saw a good variety of water birds. Perched on a small man-made island in one of the reservoirs were one adult and two immature cormorants (identified by their white underparts), the adult was stretching its wings out for part of the time - to dry them out. We saw one cock merganser and three immature mergansers (at that age the sex is unknown). We also saw three immature great crested grebes. The usual mallard and tufted ducks were present.

PEAK DISTRICT EVENTS

Information from the "Peak District 2002" the official guide to the National Park. These events can be seen in the free guide available throughout the Peak District or by visiting their web site www.peakdistrict.org

DECEMBER

1st December - 6th January CASTLETON CHRISTMAS LIGHTS. See 23 Nov for details.

6th - 9th December BAKEWELL CHRISTMAS STREET FAYRE. Four days of fun, including stalls, hot chestnut sellers, Christmas markets and festive entertainment.

7th December - 6th January 2003

GREAT HUCKLOW CHRISTMAS LIGHTS. Lights throughout village, every evening from dusk. Switching on ceremony 7pm on 7 December 01298 871593.

17 December DEMONSTRATION OF FLORAL ART Baslow Village Hall, 2pm. 01246 582360.

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Coffee for Kenya!

Come to a Coffee Morning at
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10-00 a.m to noon
on Saturday 7th. December

Cakes, books, Christmas items,
Toys and much more!

All proceeds to education fund for
Teenage girls in Kenya

Mistletoe

British mistletoe is a disappearing species, mainly because apple orchards particularly in Kent are being grubbed up as apple production falls.

The apple is a popular host to mistletoe. Mistletoe is a parasitic plant.

In France where it is prolific and where most imports are from, it grows well on Poplar trees, also on Limes and Hawthorne supports it well. It is collected mainly by Romanians as a seasonal occupation.

In Hereford it is suggested that fruit trees will only produce a good crop if there is a good crop of mistletoe.

In Britain we are on the northern limit of where mistletoe can grow.

Mistletoe goes back to the Druids and fertility rights, where it was grown on Oak. It was cut with a golden sickle to preserve its magic powers and not allowed to drop to the floor.

The Roman Emperor Caesar wrote about it in Britain.

In the 1920's Rudolph Steiner, the Austrian philosopher, predicted that mistletoe would be used in cancer treatment because of its lectins and protein, and indeed this is now happening. The berries are toxic.

It is grown by planting a berry into a crack in the host tree. The berries are not fully ripe at Christmas so you should wait until February before planting.

The Victorian custom of kissing under the mistletoe is obviously the maintaining of Druid custom.

But in Victorian times each time someone kissed under the mistletoe a berry was removed. Those who kissed under the last berry would marry.

Presumably the expense has now put pay to this.

Unless, of course you buy the plastic stuff.

Mike Williamson

Odd - Jobs

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WHY WE LOVE CHILDREN

A kindergarten pupil told his teacher he'd found a cat. She asked him if it was dead or alive.

"Dead." She was informed.

"How do you know?" she asked her pupil.

"Because I pissed in its ear and it didn't move," answered the child innocently.

"You did WHAT?!" the teacher exclaimed in surprise.

"You know," explained the boy, "I leaned over and went

'Pssst!' and it didn't move."

A small boy is sent to bed by his father.

Five minutes later....

"Da-ad...."

"What?"

"I'm thirsty. Can you bring drink of water?"

"No. You had your chance. Lights out."

Five minutes later:

"Da-aaaad..."

"WHAT?"

"I'm THIRSTY. Can I have a drink of water??"

"I told you NO!" If you ask again, I'll have to spank you!!"

Five minutes later...

"Daaaa-aaaad..."

"WHAT!"

"When you come in to spank me, can you bring a drink of water?"

An exasperated mother, whose son was always getting into mischief, finally asked him, "How do you expect to get into Heaven?"

The boy thought it over and said, "Well, I'll run in and out and in an out and keep slamming the door until St. Peter says, 'For Heaven's sake, Dylan, come in or stay out!'"

One summer evening during a violent thunderstorm a mother was tucking her son into bed. She was about to turn off the light when he asked with a tremor in his voice, "Mommy, will you sleep with me tonight?"

The mother smiled and gave him a reassuring hug

"I can't dear," she said. "I have to sleep in Daddy's room."

A long silence was broken at last by his shaky little voice: "The big sissy."

It was that time, during the Sunday morning service, for the children's sermon. All the children were invited to come forward. One little girl was wearing a particularly pretty dress and, as she sat down, the pastor leaned over and said, "That is a very pretty dress. Is it your Easter Dress?"

The little girl replied, directly into the pastor's clip-on microphone, "Yes, and my Mom says it's a bitch to iron."

When I was six months pregnant with my third child, my three year old came into the room when I was just getting ready to get into the shower. She said, Mommy, you are getting fat!" I replied, "Yes, honey, remember Mommy has a baby growing in her tummy" "I know," she replied, but what's growing in your butt?"

A little boy was doing his math homework. He said to himself, "Two plus five, that son of bitch is seven. Three plus six, that son of a bitch is nine...."

His mother heard what he was saying and gasped, "What are you doing?" The little boy answered, "I'm doing my math homework, Mom."

"And this is how your teacher taught you to do it?" the mother asked.

"Yes," he answered.

Infuriated, the mother asked the teacher the next day, "What are you teaching my son in math?" The teacher replied, "Right now, we are learning addition." The mother asked, "And are you teaching them to say two plus two, that son of a bitch is four?"

After the teacher stopped laughing, she answered,

"What I taught them was, two plus two, THE SUM OF WHICH, is four."

A BBC roving reporter on a tour of the Cotswolds noticed the village ancient sitting outside the public house. He parked the car and began to question him.

"You must know the area well."

"Yes zir. Lived 'ere all me life".

"There must have been many changes over the years."

"Well the school is now co-ed - and the post office has closed".

"You must miss the old days."

"Yes zir. Playing conkers and skating on the pond. Cricket on the green."

"Would you like another pint?"

"Thank 'ee zir. I would."

The correspondent went inside and purchased two drinks. drank his with alacrity.

After several more questions the reporter concluded. "How do you account for your great age?"

Well zir. I always drink at least ten pints of ale at a sitting - and I like to go out with a different woman each night."

"Remarkable! And how old are you if you don't mind my asking?"

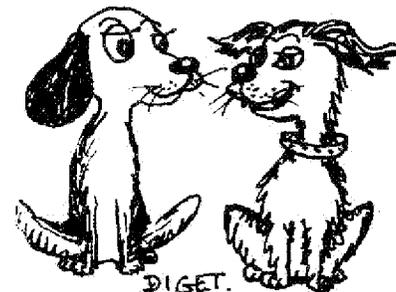
"Well zir. If I live to me next birthday in June I'll be twenty three."

H.P.

TOTLEY & DORE SUPPORT GROUP FOR THE VISUALLY IMPAIRED

2002 meetings are as follows: -

DECEMBER NO MEETING



"AT THE ABBEYDALE DOG SHOW I WAS HIGHLY COMMENDED, THEN I GOT INTO THE FEMALE SECTION & WAS HIGHLY DELIGHTED!"

A LESSON FOR THE TEACHER

Her name was Mrs. Thompson. As she stood in front of her 5th grade class on the very first day of school, she told the children a lie. Like most teachers, she looked at her students and said that she loved them all the same. But that was impossible, because there in the front row, slumped in his seat, was a little boy named Teddy Stoddard.

Mrs. Thompson had watched Teddy the year before and noticed that he didn't play well with the other children, that his clothes were messy and that he constantly needed a bath and Teddy could be unpleasant. It got to the point where Mrs. Thompson would actually take delight in marking his papers with a broad red pen, making bold X's and then putting a big "F" at the top of his papers.

At the school where Mrs. Thompson taught, she was required to review each child's past records and she put Teddy's off until last. However, when she reviewed his file, she was in for a surprise.

Teddy's first grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is a bright child with a ready laugh. He does his work neatly and has good manners... he is a joy to be around."

His second grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is an excellent student, well-liked by his classmates, but he is troubled because his mother has a terminal illness and life at home must be a struggle."

His third grade teacher wrote, "His mother's death has been hard on him. He tries to do his best, but his father doesn't show much interest and his home life will soon affect him if some steps aren't taken."

Teddy's fourth grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is withdrawn and doesn't show much interest in school. He doesn't have many friends and he sometimes sleeps in class."

By now, Mrs. Thompson realized the problem and she was ashamed of herself. She felt even worse when her students brought her Christmas presents, wrapped in beautiful ribbons and bright paper, except for Teddy's. His was clumsily wrapped in the heavy, brown paper that he got from the grocery bag. Mrs. Thompson took pains to open it in the middle of the other presents. Some of the children started to laugh when she found a rhinestone bracelet with some of the stones missing and a bottle that was one quarter full of perfume. But she stifled the children's laughter when she exclaimed how pretty the bracelet was, putting it on and dabbing some of the perfume on her wrist.

Teddy Stoddard stayed after school that day just long enough to say, "Mrs. Thompson, today you smelled just like my Mom used to." After the children left, she cried for at least an hour. On that very day, she quit teaching reading, writing and arithmetic. Instead, she began to teach children. Mrs. Thompson paid particular attention to Teddy. As she worked with him, his mind seemed to come alive. The more she encouraged him, the faster he responded. By the end of the year, Teddy had become one of the smartest children in the class and despite the lie, that she loved all children the same, Teddy became one of her "teacher's pets."

A year later, she found a note under her door, from Teddy, telling her that she was still the best teacher he ever had in his whole life.

Six years went by before she got another note from Teddy. He then wrote that he had finished high school, third in his class and she was still the best teacher he ever had in his whole life.

Four years after that, she got another letter, saying that while things had been tough at times, he'd stayed in school, had stuck with it, and would soon graduate from college with the highest of honours. He assured Mrs. Thompson that she was

still the best and favourite teacher he ever had in his whole life.

Then four more years passed and yet another letter came. This time, he explained that after he got his bachelor's degree, he decided to go a little further. The letter explained that she was still the best and favourite teacher he ever had. But now his name was a little longer...the letter was signed, Theodore F. Stoddard, MD.

The story doesn't end there. You see there was yet another letter that spring. Teddy said he'd met this girl and was going to be married. He explained that his father had died a couple of years ago and he was wondering if Mrs. Thompson might agree to sit in the place at the wedding that was usually reserved for the mother of the groom. Of course, Mrs. Thompson did. And guess what? She wore that bracelet, the one with the several rhinestones missing. And she made sure she was wearing the perfume that Teddy remembered his mother wearing on their last Christmas together.

They hugged each other and Dr. Stoddard whispered in Mrs. Thompson's ear, "Thank you, Mrs. Thompson for believing in me. Thank you so much for making me feel important and showing me that I could make a difference."

Mrs. Thompson, with tears in her eyes, whispered back. She said, "Teddy, you have it wrong. You were the one who taught me that I could make a difference. I didn't know how to teach until I met you."

What is a computer?



A language teacher was explaining to her class that in French, nouns unlike their English counterparts are grammatically designated as masculine or feminine. "House" in French, is feminine "la maison" "Pencil" in French, is masculine "le crayon"

One puzzled student asked, "What gender is computer?" The teacher did not know, and the word was not in her French dictionary.

So for fun she split the class into two groups appropriately enough, by gender, and asked them to decide whether "computer" should be a masculine or a feminine noun. Both groups were required to give four reasons for their recommendation.

The men's group decided that computer should definitely be of the feminine gender ('la computer'), because --

1. No one but their creator understands their internal logic.
2. The native language they use to communicate with other computers is incomprehensible to everyone else.
3. Even the smallest mistakes are stored in long-term memory for possible later review.
4. And as soon as you make a commitment to one, you find your self-spending half your salary on accessories for it.

The women's group, however, concluded that computers should be masculine ('le computer') because:

1. In order to do anything with them, you have to turn them on.
 2. They have a lot of data but still can't think for themselves;
 3. They are supposed to help you solve problems, but half the time they ARE the problem.
 4. And, as soon as you commit to one, you realize that if you had waited a little longer, you could have got a better model.
- The women won.

GARDENING TIPS FOR DEC/JAN.

I've just been up to the garden what a mess!! wet leaves, drooping plants, everything soggy even the greenhouses look sad, except the propagator, I've got one or two cuttings showing growth which is very encouraging. I will have to get cracking as soon as we get a fine day, the leaves will make good leaf mould for later, it takes about 3 years for them to break down properly then they can be used for potting, mulching etc. The pond is looking good and the extension is finished so the birds can now bathe to their hearts content. I am looking forward to planting it out in the early spring; it's a bit late to plant anything in water. I hope you have made your Christmas lists and have asked Father Christmas for these nice garden goodies such as spades or forks, trowels, mowers or even a sun bed, let's hope you can use them a bit more next year. There is not a lot to do in December and January, you could do all the planning for any changes you are going to make. Send for the seed catalogues and have a dream or two visualizing all the lovely colours you are going to have in your borders and the tasty vegetables you are going to grow in the vegetable patch. There's nothing like going into the garden and picking your home grown produce nice and fresh. Lovely!! I digress there are still some things that need to be done at this time so get cracking, the sooner its done the sooner the above dreams can come to fruition. Don't forget that this issue covers two months so make sure your timing makes allowance for this.

FLOWERS

Dig any vacant plots and add manure or slow fertilizer or lime dress depending on what you are going to plant, don't put lime down if you have manured they don't mix, wait until Spring to lime. Protect any plants which are likely to be damaged by frost, use straw or fleece don't wrap them too tightly they still need to breathe a bit. Root cuttings can be taken at this time from plants such as oriental poppies, anemones, verbasum etc. the roots are cut into 1 - 2" (25-50mm) lengths and pushed vertically the right way up in well drained pots of sandy compost, the tops of the cuttings should be just level with the soil. Place in a frame or greenhouse heated or unheated and water moderately, shoots will form slowly and in late spring after they have been hardened off can be planted out in the garden. Watch out for slugs and deal with them as soon as they are spotted. Check dahlia tubers in store, regularly, and cut out any rot and dust the cut with flowers of sulphur.

VEGETABLES

To be ready for the Topley Show you need to plant seeds of onions on Boxing Day or thereabouts. They need 60deg. F. to germinate. As soon as they show move them to a lower temperature 50 deg.F. They should be ready to plant out in a well manured and fertilized plot (they love plenty of food), in late March or early April. Test the soil on the vegetable plot where brassicas are to be grown to make sure it's not too acid, add lime if it's found to be too acid. Prepare the bean trench dig it about 2 ft. deep and over the next 3 months fill it with compost, leaf mould, newspaper, anything that retains moisture, cover each layer with a little soil until its full.

Herbs can be moved and split up, sage and thyme can be propagated this way. Plant them in a good well manured soil in late January, cut sage down to 9 inches or so to encourage new shoots from the base. Clear ground as soon as crops have finished and dig over and prepare the ground for alternative crops.

TREES, SHRUBS and FRUIT

Continue checking stakes and ties. Knock off snow from the branches to prevent breakage, plant out in mild periods deciduous trees, hedging plants etc. Don't forget to tar oil winter wash, fruit trees to prevent disease and kill off dormant eggs of insects. Choose a calm day and cover with newspaper any plants which are growing below. Pick off and burn any buds on blackcurrants, which look abnormally large, make sure you don't miss any. Inspect grease bands and renew if necessary, remove any leaves sticking to them. Finish any pruning as soon as possible, if you haven't given your trees a treat for a year or so give them a dose of superphosphate of lime they will really enjoy this and give a nice lot of fruit.

GREENHOUSE and INDOOR PLANTS

Deadhead and pick over all pot plants, water sparingly, keep bulbs fed with weak liquid feed after flowering and move to a

cool spot. Pot up Lillies for greenhouse use, keep the bulbs well down in the pot, sponge the leaves of large evergreen plants and palms. Keep greenhouse glass clean to afford maximum light, cut back old geranium plants shorten the growth to a joint or bud 6 to 9 inches above the pot, replot the plant shake off soil from the roots replotting into the smallest pot in which the roots can be placed. Get ready for seed planting time, thoroughly clean all pots and seed trays etc, take particular note of the weather and adjust ventilation accordingly in both greenhouse and cold frames.

LAWNS

As usual keep clean and free of leaves etc and keep off during frosty weather or when it's covered with snow (BRRRI). May I take this opportunity to wish you all a very happy Christmas and an enjoyable and peaceful gardening new year.

Cheerio for now.
TOM BUSY BEE.

1st. TOTLEY SCOUTS

INVITE YOU TO
COFFEE and CAROL EVENING
TUESDAY 3rd. DECEMBER
SCOUT H.Q. ALDAM ROAD.

7-00 p.m. to 9-00 p.m.

Card stall, refreshments, carol singing, buy or win a bargain for Christmas. Free entry. Everyone welcome.

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Many years experience with children of all ages.
Loving One to One Care.
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Dining Out At Christmas by Hugh Percival

John Childs parked his Rover 25 at the Toad Hall Inn facing the sea. John was accompanied by Aunt Mary and by Mr. Moreton and his granddaughter Stella.

The party had gathered at John's invitation to celebrate Christmas Day by taking lunch at the renowned hostelry in Saltmere On Sea. There had not been a white Christmas for some years and this year was no exception although the weather was cold.

In the reception area Stella took off her dark overcoat to reveal a green velvet dress that becomingly offset her fair hair and features. Aunt Mary wore green skirt and jumper adorned with a silver brooch. Mr. Moreton, elegantly clad in a grey, pinstriped suit, contrasted sharply with John in a casual sports suit.

After imbibing drinks in the cosy bar the party made their way to the restaurant where they were directed to their table by the head waiter, an accommodating gentleman of distinguished appearance who acknowledged them with a bow, then a smile while rubbing his moustache with his forefinger.

The spacious dining room, brilliantly lit by candelabra and decorated with holly, mistletoe, a well-lit Christmas tree and trimmings, was alive with patrons enjoying the seasonal fare. From one-corner came strains of the carol 'God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen' played by a trio of musicians on a dais.

A young, buxom, red-faced, waitress, neatly clad in black and white, came to serve them.

"Do you come here often?" asked John facetiously.

"I work here!" exclaimed the waitress to much merriment.

To begin the meal Aunt Mary chose prawn cocktail, Stella melon and the two males vegetable soup. John, after consultation with his guests, ordered a bottle of white wine-graves

John's party, in convivial mood, pulled the Christmas crackers lying on the table and donned the colourful paper hats. The jokes inside were juvenile as is customary.

"What did the python say to his mate?" asked Stella after reading hers.

"I can't imagine", said John.

"I've got a crush on you", replied Stella. There was moderate, ironic laughter. "What did the judge say to the dentist?" asked John. The others were at a loss for a reply. "I want the tooth, the whole tooth and nothing but the tooth" John announced triumphantly.

The laughter this time was hearty.

"Very good indeed", Mr. Moreton acknowledged in his Welsh lilt.

"How do modern Christmases compare with those in your childhood?" Stella asked Aunt Mary.

"When I was a girl we always went carol singing in the neighbourhood", John's aunt replied. "These days carol singers are a rarity."

"We often used to begin weeks before Christmas", added Mr. Moreton "I must admit we were induced to do so by the prospect of pecuniary reward rather than from any religious conviction. The coins collected enabled us to enjoy the holiday in relative affluence in those impoverished times. Frequently we were repulsed by cries of 'too early', sometimes even on Christmas Eve".

On Christmas Eve I always used to put a stocking at the foot of my bed" remarked Aunt Mary. "What a thrill it was to awake early next morning and examine the presents that had mysteriously appeared in the night. Usually an apple, an orange and a silver coin - a shilling or florin".

"Yes!" agreed Mr. Moreton heartily. "I am sure they were as gratefully received as are presents by today's children in these affluent times".

"Indeed", agreed Aunt Mary.

"My mother used to insert silver threepenny bits into the Christmas pudding. I was always delighted when I found one in my helping", added Stella's grandfather with a chuckle.

The fish course followed.

"There was more snow in those days", remarked Mr. Moreton. "Not always at Christmas. I recall the winter of 1947 the worst in living memory. The snow began to fall at the end of February and did not vanish entirely until June. Drifts of snow lay to a depth of several feet. Most villages were cut off for weeks. Much livestock was lost. Stella shivered at the recollection.

The waitress now served the main course - roast turkey with

cranberry sauce, roast potatoes, Brussels sprouts, carrots all topped with gravy. John poured the wine.

"I bought an interesting book last week", John remarked. "The Importance of Being Earnest." - a novel by Charles Osborne based on the play by Oscar Wilde".

"I haven't heard of a novel", remarked Mr. Moreton. "The play of course is a masterpiece".

"The novel makes delightful reading", said John enthusiastically. "It retains all the original dialogue. Some lines stick in the memory. Algernon. The doctors found out that Bunberry could not live. So Bunberry died. 'Lady Bracknell' He seems to have had great confidence in the opinions of his physicians. I am glad, however, that he made up his mind to some definite course of action and acted under proper medical advice.

Hearty laughter broke out. Stella well to the fore.

"Have you seen the play?" asked Mr. Moreton.

"Several times by both amateur and professional companies, replied John. "Also the film with Edith Evans as Lady Bracknell"

"A handbag?" quoted Mr. Moreton in a delectable impression of the actress.

"I have seen the play once before but should love to see it again, remarked Stella eagerly.

"Now that you are in your dotage", suggested John with a laugh. "I'll take you to see it when it comes round again. It's bound to do so being perennially popular"

"I'll hold you to that promise, John" said Stella eyes shining as she looked at the host.

The main course having been consumed with evident satisfaction the waitress collected the empty plates and soon returned with the sweet course - Christmas pudding with rum sauce.

"Did you serve in the war, Harry?" asked John.

"Yes. With the Eighth Army in North Africa and Italy. I served in tanks," replied Mr. Moreton with some reluctance.

"It must have been a nightmare", opined Aunt Mary.

"It was. I don't like to talk about it", replied Mr. Moreton sombrely.

"I'm sorry for bringing the subject up", John apologised sincerely.

"Particularly on Christmas Day"

"Never mind. You weren't to know my feelings", said Mr. Moreton kindly.

"I'm sorry Aunt Mary", John continued. "I know Uncle Alan didn't like to talk about the war either".

Aunt Mary's late husband had served in India and Burma as a rear gunner in the Royal Air Force and had spent months out of action after catching beriberi.

"No. He was reluctant to talk about it", responded Aunt Mary. "I find most war veterans are."

"It reminds me of remarks made by Lady Bracknell when referring to Ernest's father, General Moncrieffe." John said quietly. "The General was essentially a man of peace - except in his domestic life."

Mr. Moreton and Aunt Mary smiled broadly while Stella burst into laughter unable to suppress her feelings. Her condition gave cause for anxiety as hysterical laughter led to a bout of severe coughing and the party were much relieved when she eventually recovered her composure.

Appetites now being satisfied the party declined the offer of cheese and biscuits and finished the meal with coffee.

John excused himself and went to the toilet. When returning past one table he overheard a corpulent young woman say to her equally young female companion "He's so full of charm, so strong, so handsome."

John, in good humour and unable to desist, spoke to the two ladies.

"Talking about me, I see."

Both ladies burst into laughter, much to John's pleasure he being a complete stranger to them.

John settled the bill and gave a generous tip into the hands of the headwaiter who, all smiles escorted them to the entrance while the trio struck up a refrain of 'Good King Wenceslas' pleasure.

John drove the party to Aunt Mary's flat where they passed the afternoon in convivial conversation, followed by a light tea, more conversation and subsequent belated return to their abodes.

GLASS PIANOS.

Princess Alexandria of Bavaria lived a life of anxious seclusion. Just as well perhaps for she was eternally convinced that she had swallowed a grand piano made of glass. For years and years there had been inbreeding amongst the crowned heads of Europe, and peasants had been carefully excluded. Hence a fair sprinkling of mental deficiency among the royals, so I do advise you to beware of inbreeding. I felt sorry for Princess Alexandra but this story is not primarily concerned with her.

The holiday in October for my wife, my elder daughter and for me took us to Sorrento where the days, including some sunny hours in Capri, were extremely enjoyable. The one wretched day, Thursday, 10th. October was to be devoted to a ferry trip to Ischia, an island six miles off the Italian mainland. Underneath a grim, grey sky the hydrofoil set sail half an hour late. (At lunchtime our young lady guide confessed to some of the party that the captain had been reluctant to take his boat out of the harbour because of a bad weather report.)

Early on, two passengers opened a door and seated themselves in the forward open-air seats, demonstrating their hardihood and implying that the rest of us were decidedly wimpish. Soon a crewman came along and opened the same door, beckoning to the two red-blooded passengers to come inside and join the wimps. We could not hear the argument but in the end the crewman pointed a finger upwards to indicate that the order came from either the captain or from God himself. On some ships a captain is said to rank slightly higher than God. Well, the two fresh air fiends came inside, watched by a hundred smiling faces.

But we did not smile for long because the wind blew and blew, the rain became torrential and the ferry began to roll and toss about in an unpleasant manner. Sick bags were issued to a few of the passengers and as the voyage progressed everyone was provided with bags.

Soon after disembarking at Ischia Fort the sun reappeared, the rain ceased and we were loaded into a coach. Warm and dry again. Heavenly. A tour of the island began and steadily the scenic beauty of Ischia became revealed. At midday the coach came to a standstill, allowing us to enjoy a very pleasant garden and, for those so inclined, a dip in the thermal baths. We made a beeline for the restaurant where we ate and drank with zest and watched the incoming of the late feeders, the bathers dressed in white fluffy bathrobes and wearing superior smiles on their faces.

Next came the second part of the tour. More lovely scenery and finally back to Ischia Fort where we debussed onto the quay, if it is permitted, in the Queen's English, to debus from a coach. But this is no time to split hairs: an unpleasant rumour had begun to spread around our tour party - the captain had decided again not take his ferry out into the bay and we were to be marooned on Ischia perhaps for twenty-four hours. Of course we were all alarmed and we clustered at the end of the gangway, waiting for better news. But in due course we were allowed on board and I then realized why our guide was carrying a sawn-off shotgun.

The mooring ropes were removed; the ferry threaded its way between anchored ships and soon the sea, a quite placid sea, rippled on either side. It was a fool's paradise, a self-delusion. Within ten minutes the weather became as frightening as before: black sky, torrential rain, a gale force wind and sick bags everywhere. One special trick indulged in by the wretched hydrofoil was to lift its bows up into the fearsome heavens and then to smash down like a clap of thunder, accompanied by the wails of tormented passengers. One

crewman collapsed into a seat and from then onwards ceased to be concerned about the welfare of the helpless passengers. I could sympathise: they say that Nelson was invariably sick once his Ship left harbour.

In this time of adversity unhappy thoughts flooded through my mind. Has the captain been swept off his bridge? How many overloaded ferries have capsized in Italian waters recently? I remembered two lovable old grandparents who used to sing "nearer my God to thee" and then tell me that this hymn was being sung as the Titanic went down. I tried unsuccessfully to forget this and to forget another line from their repertoire: "many brave souls are asleep in the deep". Oh, for crying out loud! I am not a brave soul, especially when this cockleshell is flinging me up and down and from side to side in a tempestuous Bay of Naples. Believe me, I am a State Registered Landsman who in a moment of abject folly set foot on this dastardly hydrofoil contraption.

At last, after what seemed an eternity, the mainland arrived. Throughout the turmoil of the day we Holdens had been spared the need of sick bags but the two ladies had become uncommonly green round the gills and as for me, I was convinced that I had swallowed a grand piano made of glass.
C.N. Railton Holden.

R.S.P.C.A. SHEFFIELD ANIMAL SHELTER

The Animal Shelter at Spring Street is once again making the Christmas Appeal for dog and cat food for the animals in their care. Collection points are at Totley Library and the Co-Op on Baslow Road. Both these points very kindly collect food for the Shelter all the year round, but the Christmas Appeal is special. Like most charities, the kennels rely on Christmas goodwill for extra help. The stream of destitute animals continues all the year round, although it does peak around Christmas and holiday times. surprise, surprise! The Shelter in Sheffield receives no assistance from the national R.S.P.C.A. and has to be self-funding, so they are very appreciative of every tin or packet of food given, and donations, and would like to thank all those who have kindly given over the past year.

Mrs. D. Styles

PUZZLE CORNER

Answer to **Christmas Enigma** (see page 2)

S R M C
A O A A
N B N R
T I G O
A N E L
S S R S

Don Ashford

A Close-Run Thing by Hugh Percival

"What's the position in the league?" asked scorer Brightmore as the cricketers assembled.

"Whoever wins tonight will win the league" replied Captain Sparrow ominously.

"Well lets go and win then" the veteran Russell Sparkes spoke with a matter of fact determination as though the outcome was a mere formality.

The last match of the midweek league division B season was to take place in overcast conditions on this early August evening between the home side Loxley Sports and Hunley.

The captains agreed to play fourteen eight ball overs a side instead of the twelve anticipated by most players. This decision favoured Hunley as it was likely to be getting dark near to the end of the home side's innings. Hunley, as the away side were to bat first in accordance with league rules.

Thunder rumbled in the distance as the opening batsmen Dick Sparrow and Mark Patterson strode to the artificial wicket.

Dave Harrison opened the bowling at a brisk pace and the batsmen took three singles from his first over, a modest start.

Mark Patterson had made fifteen runs when he was caught off a miscued pull from the bowling of the second bowler Ian Davis with the score on twenty two in the fourth over.

Patterson was replaced by Russell Sparkes. The score had risen to forty nine when Dick Sparrow was adjudged LBW to bowler number four Neil Cadwaller. Dick had scored nineteen runs. The decision was not agreeable to the captain, the umpire in question being Alan Houseman, Hunley's veteran bowler who was not playing tonight. Dick muttered under his breath as he returned dejectedly to the pavilion.

The new batsman John Bolsover fell with the score at fifty eight, having failed to trouble the scorers. He was clean bowled by the third bowler John Derrick in the tenth over.

Cameron Bagshaw an Australian now came into bat. Captain Sparrow, watching from the pavilion steps dissatisfied with the score at this juncture, issued bellicose instructions to the batsmen at a distance. They needed no advice being well aware of the situation.

At the end of the twelfth over, despite some limited acceleration the score had risen to seventy seven only, still not an ideal position from Hunley's point of view. However a violent assault ensued in the final two overs, yielding thirty four runs including one huge six from Bagshaw, a strike not easily achieved on this spacious ground.

On the final delivery Sparkes tried to emulate his team mate but was brilliantly caught by fielder Rodgers who snatched the ball out of the air as it was about to clear the boundary edge.

The final total was one hundred and eleven for four wickets. Sparkes had scored a useful thirty four while Bagshaw remained undefeated for thirty eight runs.

The Hunley players took to the field in optimistic mood while that of the Loxley side was rather subdued as they realized the difficulty in attaining their target.

The weather conditions had not changed and remained dull and cloudy when Loxley began their innings in fading light. Fortunately the thunder heard earlier in the distance had ceased.

A wicket fell on the second ball after a leg bye had been taken from the first. Batsman number two, Paul Ellison, was bowled by a yorker from Bagshaw, a bowler of formidable pace.

A second wicket went down for a score of twenty eight when batsman number three Adam Broadfield was bowled by Rob Paston who had replaced Bagshaw.

Broadfield had scored fifteen runs.

Hunley took a vital wicket with the score on forty-nine in the seventh over. Loxley's principal batsman Scott Rodgers was brilliantly caught by Louis Sparrow the captain's young son aged fifteen. From Bob Paston's bowling Rodgers mistimed his shot which flew off the edge high in the direction of point. The ball soared over the head of young Sparrow but he turned round quickly and gave chase, catching the ball in both hands at full stretch. The reaction of his teammates showed their delight as they surrounded him and bestowed hearty slaps on his back. Rodgers the opening bat in fine form recently had scored twenty two runs. 49 for 3 wickets.

The next four wickets fell quickly in Loxley's hectic pursuit of runs. The score stood at seventy two for seven in the eleventh over. Bagshaw took two of these wickets with Rob Paston and Pete Bramall taking one each.

The new batsman Captain Ian Davis in belligerent mood joined John Derrick, batsman number four who had been making a useful contribution.

The Loxley score rose quickly but still at the start of the final over stood at ninety-three only, leaving nineteen runs required for victory, a difficult if not impossible task. Hunley in their innings had in fact scored sixteen runs in their last over and also eighteen runs in the penultimate over. All the fielders now patrolled the boundary edge to prevent fours.

Davis took two runs Paston's first ball and then an enormous six from the second, much to Captain Sparrow's disquiet as he told scorer Brightmore later. Davis took another two runs from the third ball of the eight-ball over but failed to score from the fourth. From the next ball he was brilliantly caught by Kevin Little after a chase along the long-off boundary.

Captain Davis had scored a valiant, rapid twenty one runs and had given his side a chance to win, the score being one hundred and three for eight wickets with three balls remaining. Nine to win, eight to tie.

John Derrick took two runs from each of the next two balls. One hundred and seven runs for eight with one ball to come. A six to win the match and a four to tie.

The final ball from Rob Paston eluded the batsman and the wicket keeper Howard Constable, his first miss that evening, and sped towards the boundary. Young Louis Sparrow scampering along the boundary edge dived and gathered the ball a yard away from the line. The batsman had run but one bye.

Final score one hundred and eight for eight. Hunley had won the match by three runs and consequently the league division B championship.

Man of the match, Cameron Bagshaw, had taken three wickets for twenty four runs in addition to his score of thirty eight not out but the Australian was at pains to admit to scorer Brightmore in the dressing room that the vital moment had been young Sparrow's catch of the opening batsman Scott Rodgers.

Rob Paston had taken four wickets for twenty six runs. For Loxley, John Derrick, defiant to the last, had made twenty-eight not out.

The mood in the visitors dressing room was convivial and those players normally reluctant to pay their match fees did so now with alacrity. This mood prevailed for the rest of the evening when the players, the scorer and the umpire Alan Houseman returned to the White Lion in Hunley. At closing time a hearty chorus of 'One man went to mow, went to mow a meadow' emanated from that hostelry and brought the evening to a satisfying conclusion.

BARN DANCE
SATURDAY 18TH.
JANUARY
7-30 p.m. to 10-30 p.m.
ALL SAINTS CHURCH
HALL



Live music from "Airs and Graces"
 Licensed Bar.

Tickets Adults £7-00, children £3-00 including refreshments.
 Contact Ken and Vivien Filleul tel. 2360872



Dore
Male Voice
Choir

The Autumn Gala Concert on the 12th October at Ecclesall Church was again a great success. The Choir was joined by Tapton Brass, as guests, to present a rousing concert to a

full house.

It was the last concert that Liza Crossland accompanied the Choir. Sadly she is moving to Nottingham and her performances in accompanying the Choir and solo work will be greatly missed. The Choir is delighted that Adrian Jordan has been appointed as the new Accompanist. Adrian is from Bromsgrove. He plays both the piano and violin and when at Sheffield University was Co-Leader of the Sheffield University Orchestra. He is music teacher at High Storrs School.

Paul Birtwisle is welcomed by the Choir to the appointment of Deputy Accompanist. In addition to playing the piano, Paul has played the church organ for 48 years, and is a grade 7 oboe player. Living in Dore, he came to Sheffield with the Midland Bank.

The next big local event is the

Annual Christmas Concert

Dore Parish Church

Saturday 14th December 7-0 pm.

Entrance £5-00 includes refreshments.

On that occasion James Powell (Bass) will be the guest performer.

Tickets will be available from the

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Tom Ogley on 236 4367 or me on 236 5043. An early order is

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David Heslop

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NO GARDEN WITHOUT TURNIPS:

- Turnip with a smile
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TO CONCLUDE OUR GARDEN WE MUST HAVE

THYME:

- Thyme for each other
- Thyme for family
- Thyme for friends

WATER FREELY WITH PATIENCE AND CULTIVATE, WITH LOVE THERE IS MUCH FRUIT IN YOUR GARDEN BECAUSE YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW

Life is full of little duties. Worrying about them, grumbling about them, dwelling upon them makes the duties shackles which bind us, but just doing the duties makes them wings.
 Anonymous

WELSH RAILWAYS REMEMBERED

Recently my wife and I joined a group of local National Trust members for a long weekend in North Wales. Although we travelled around by motor coach I naturally thought back (an old man's pastime) to earlier visits over nearly seventy years. I have written before that my school friend and I cycled to Wales in the late 1930's to stay with his aunt. When we got older (wiser or lazier!) we travelled there by steam train, not always in comfort of course. On one occasion I recall we had to sit all the way on mail sacks in the guard's van at that time before Dr. Beeching wielded his axe, even many small places in rural Wales still had railway services. I can still see drivers exchanging tokens, giving them the authority to proceed on single lines.

Actually, on our recent trip, we saw that the era of steam was not quite buried. One afternoon, as we returned from Anglesey to our base in Llandudno, we ran alongside the North Wales line. Suddenly my wife said, "there's a steam train". Almost at the same instant a fellow passenger on the bus leaned across trying to record it on camera. In the knowledgeable way train buffs have he said, "it's a Duchess class loco, it should have been an A4". Obviously he had prior knowledge of this special excursion.

When our children were small we had some holidays in Wales, travelling first by train, then by car when we became motorised and eventually with our mobile caravan. One such occasion we camped near Llanberis on a very wet day indeed. However, the next day turned bright and sunny so we decided to show the girls the Snowdon Mountain Railway. Of course, for them, seeing was not good enough. There was a unanimous clamour from the girls to ride up Snowdon. The snag was, it was the end of the holiday and we didn't have enough money for the tickets. Remember, this was before the days of American Express and PIN numbers. Our insurance against running short of cash was to keep a small amount in the Post Office Savings Bank. So we gave way, drew some cash and purchased tickets for the ascent of Snowdon. By this time things were getting a bit crowded but we eventually got aboard and started our slow journey up the mountain. About halfway up we pulled into a loop line, presumably to let a down train pass. We waited, and waited, and waited and still no movement. Eventually, after about an hour, we were told there had been a breakdown higher up the track and no trains would get through that day. We would be returned to the starting point and could reclaim our money! All in all a frustrating experience and I don't think we ever rode up subsequently.

However we have walked up several times since then and again there is a story attached. We had purchased some bread cake sandwiches from the village shop and set off on a beautiful day for our walk to the summit. By then our two older daughters were getting more adventurous and pushed on ahead. With our younger daughter we adopted a more leisurely pace and arranged to meet at the summit. Part way up we decided to eat our lunch and climbed up the bank away from the path. Somehow I managed to drop my roll as I unwrapped it. It was not misnamed. It rolled down the hill almost to the path. Oh, I was hungry. To the protests of my family I insisted I was going to retrieve my roll as soon as "that family" had gone past. Alas, "that family" had two small boys who were obviously keen on football, my roll being the target for their training! So I had to anticipate getting a snack at the top of Snowdon and sitting in lovely sunshine whilst admiring the view. Not so - when we got to the top it was

cold and covered in cloud! "It was lovely when we got here," said our girls!
Don Ashford.

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HOGMANAY IN BONNY SCOTLAND AND SERVICE IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

Memories keep flooding back in this festive season. I joined the R.A.F. in the spring of 1941 to do my little bit in the war years. After square bashing on the Blackpool prom. I applied for aircrew training, unfortunately I failed the medical test so was posted down to Weston super Mare for a further 7 weeks of more square bashing and parades along the sea front prom, strangely enough I really enjoyed all this bull. I would have liked to be a drill instructor but one had to be a P.T.I. first and I was pretty hopeless at physical jerks. So the powers to be sent 8 of us on a posting to R.A.F. station Weeton near Blackpool for a fire fighters course which lasted one month. We were put through our paces of jumping out of high towers on a Davy lifeline walking through fire in asbestos suits etc. Our pay was 3 shillings a day. But I must say the hectic course was most enjoyable, until on day we were doing a mock exercise of putting out a fire with trailer pump and hose when along came an Admin. officer and put us all on a charge for having dirty boots. We tried to protest at the injustice of it all for how the heck could we squirt water all over the place and still have polished boots. I recall one youth burst into tears, I consoled him with the thought of think of the poor duty sergeant who has to rise and shine to get us out of bed at crack of dawn for the 6.00am parade with full pack. Anyway we took our 7 days punishment of jankers on the chin. We passed the rest of the course and after a final night out to celebrate we were all posted away as qualified firefighters to different stations, where I got my first trip to Bonny Scotland at R.A.F. Dunino in the county of Fifeshire, here was based a Polish squadron. The aircraft was the reliable single engine Westland Lysander, a small grass drome, the Lysander had a great reputation during the war years noted for dropping allied agents into enemy lines. This unit was mainly used for training and target towing. This was a rough and tough camp. Here the cooks went on strike for a period, so we had to peel our own potatoes before they would serve up the horrible stew like dinners. It was such a cold wind swept station which made us so hungry we put up with the poor grub. I recall one young airman who was serving a spell of jankers, his punishment was latrine detail, whilst swinging the bucket into the back of the lorry for disposal he accidentally caught the tailboard and the revolting mess went all over him. After clearing himself at least the youth saw the funny side of life on this back of beyond station. We had no serious fires to contend with and time passed quickly on my first Christmas away from home. We were given the day off work on the New Year's Eve and several of us headed for the nearest town, 10 miles away at St. Andrews, the Royal and ancient capital of golf. The atmosphere, which greeted us, was electric. People were mingling and singing and dancing in the streets, one would have thought the war was over. A great night was really celebrated in style. Shortly after these festivities I had a run of bad luck and was taken ill with a suspected case of pneumonia and spent 2 weeks in sick bay, finally recovered and was posted away again to R.A.F. station Cosford for a flight mechanics engine course which lasted several months.

Here I got 7 days jankers for being late for duty after weekend leave and missing the train back to camp. After passing this course I was posted back to bonny Scotland this time the large bomber command station of Lossiemouth, north east coast, to work on Wellington twin engine aircraft (Wimpy). Two of my early walking friends from the early Peak District days were killed on bombing raids over

Cologne in Germany from this station, what a waste of young heroic lives. Whilst at Lossiemouth I managed a 48 hour pass leave and climbed two mountaintops in the nearby Cairngorm range. Once again another Hogmanay came around when I met an old pal from early Boy Scout days, he was serving in the army. We had a great night in the town of Elgin. After the New Year further postings came round to Leicestershire, Lincoln and Yorkshire airfields, whilst stationed at Wymswold I enjoyed a great night out at the Loughborough Town Hall, dancing to the music of Jimmy Miller's Squadronaires Orchestra, without a doubt the best band in the land with players like George Chisholm and Tommy McQuater all formed for a R.A.F. swing unit from the famous Bert Ambrose Orchestra. This band was king until the Ted Heath outfit burst upon the scene in 1944. Towards the end of 1943 whilst stationed at Binbrook Lincs. 460 sqdn (Australian) I worked on Lancaster bomber aircraft. This important station was commanded by Group Captain Hugh Edwards holder of several decorations on flying duties. He was the youngest holder of the Victoria Cross in the R.A.F.

On this camp I met a great rock climber and mountaineer George (Scottie) Dwyer, we became good pals. On leisure time we used to spend our weekend leave tramping across the peaty slopes of Kinder Scout. We saw a newspaper article about the newly formed R.A.F. mountain rescue service with two units, Lake District and Snowdonia. We both volunteered for postings, Scottie asked for N. Wales for he had done plenty of climbing in the Ogwyn Mountains. I had done some hill walking and camping in the Cumbrian mountains A typical mix up occurred at the records office, for Scottie was posted to R.A.F. Millom (Lakes) and I was sent to R.A.F. station Llandwrog for Snowdonia. (This station is now known as Carnarfon Airport with pleasure flights and museum), but during the war years it was the birthplace of the Mountain Rescue Service.

I spent over 2 years with this team in the aid of crashed aircrews and climbers in the Snowdonia mountains, a most moving experience in my life. Towards the end of my military service I spent several months in the Middle East, Italy and the wonderful Austrian Alps before returning to Blighty and final demob at R.A.F. Hednesford (near Cannock Chase) October 1946. My final pay had now increased to 7 shillings and 9 pence a day with a gratuity of £200, new suit and overcoat for Civvy Street beckoned. Treasured memories. John C. Barrows.

The National Women's Register Southwest Sheffield Group.

Do you want to make new friends and explore new interests? The NWR is a network of women who get together to enjoy lively conversation and have fun. The Southwest Sheffield Group has member in Totley and Dore, we meet about twice a month for a varied programme of meetings. Recent meetings include a visiting speaker talking about Humanism, a trip on the Folk Train, a Telephone Treasure Trail, a discussion about Conspiracy Theories, a meal at Candy Town, a Murder Mystery Evening, a cinema visit and an evening walk.

We are always willing to welcome new member, if you are interested please contact the Local Organiser; Sarah Ryder on 262 1607.

The NWR is a registered charity No:295198.
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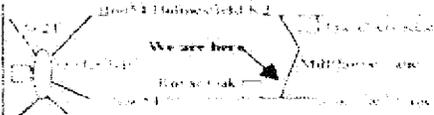
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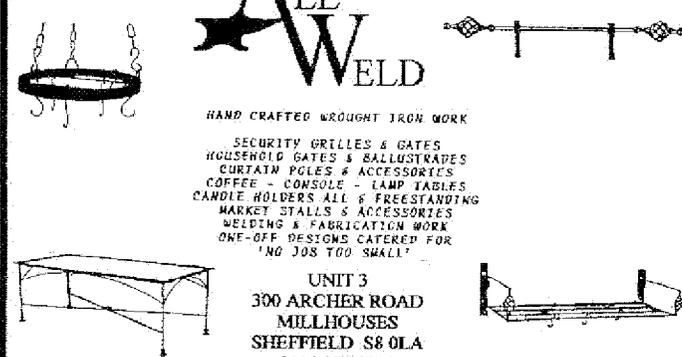


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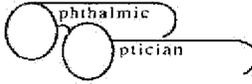
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TUESDAYS COFFEE MORNING. Totley Rise Methodist Church Hall, 10am. To noon.
CRAFT GROUP, Totley Library, 2pm.
WEDNESDAYS. COFFEE in the LIBRARY, 10am. to 11.30am.
MODERN SEQUENCE DANCING. All Saints Church Hall 8pm. to 10pm.
TODDLER GROUP. 10-00 a.m. to 11-30 a.m., All Saints' Church Hall. Details tel. 236 6789 or 236 3603
THURSDAYS PUSHCHAIR CLUB. Totley Rise Methodist Church Hall. 1.30pm. to 3pm. Tel. 2363157 for further details.
SATURDAYS. MODERN SEQUENCE DANCING. All Saints Church Hall 2nd. And 4th. Saturdays 7.30pm. to 10pm.

DECEMBER 2002

TUES. 3rd. COFFEE & CAROL EVENING. Totley Scouts H.Q. Aldam Rd. 7-00pm. To 9-00 pm. Full details inside.
WED. 4th. VICTORIAN CHRISTMAS FAYRE. Leonard Cheshire Home. Mickley Lane 10am. To 12 noon. For further details contact Jackie Short 0114 236 7491
TUES. 5th. VICTORIA PRODUCTIONS CONCERT. Leonard Cheshire Home. Mickley Lane 7pm. For further details contact Jackie Short 0114 236 7491
SAT. 7th. SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE. Karen Beverley. Heatherfield Club. Baslow Rd. 8-30 pm. Non Members Welcome Entrance £1.50.
SAT. 7th. COFFEE For KENYA. All Saints' Church Hall 10-00 am. Full details inside.
SUN. 8th. & 15th. MINATURE TRAIN RIDES. SANTA SPECIAL. Abbeydale Rd. South. 1 p.m. to dusk Full details inside.
MON. 9th. HEBREW PRAISE DANCING. Totley Rise Methodist Church Hall. 8-00 pm. Full details inside.
MON. 9th. SHEFFIELD BACH SOCIETY CONCERT. Sheffield Cathedral 7-30 p.m. Full details inside.
TUES. 10th. WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP. "Poems & Readings for Christmas" 2-30 p.m. Totley Rise Methodist Church.
WED. 11th. WEDNESDAY FRIENDSHIP. Carols by Candlelight. (in the Church.) 8-00 p.m. Totley rise Methodist Church.
SAT. 14th. CHRISTMAS CONCERT. Dore Male Voice Choir. 7-00 pm. Dore Parish Church. Price £5-00 including refreshments. Full details inside.
MON. 16th. SHEFFIELD BACH SOCIETY CONCERT. Dore Parish Church. 7-30 p.m. Full details inside.
TUES. 17th. TOTLEY TOWNSWOMEN'S GUILD. Entertainment Totley Rise Methodist Church Hall. 10.00 am
SAT. 21st. SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE. Barbara Dene. Heatherfield Club, Baslow Rd. 8-30 pm. Non Members Welcome Entrance £1.50.
SAT. 28th. SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE. Dave Johns. Heatherfield Club. Baslow Rd. 8-30 pm. Non Members Welcome Entrance £1.50.

JANUARY 2003

TUES. 7th. WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP. Townswomen' Guild Choir. 2-30 p.m. Totley Rise Methodist Church.
TUES. 14th. TOTLEY TOWNSWOMEN'S GUILD. Nostalgic look between the wars. Fred Cocking. Totley Rise Methodist Church Hall, 10.00 am
TUES. 21st. WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP "An of slides" Miss W. Grace. 2-30 p.m. Totley Rise Methodist Church.

THE INDEPENDENT FOR FEBRUARY

The next issue of the Totley Independent will be available from the usual distribution points on

SATURDAY 1st. FEBRUARY

COPY DATE for this issue will be

SATURDAY 18th. JANUARY

Editors Les & Dorothy Firth. E' mail, firths@fish.co.uk

And Ian Clarke Tel. No. 235 2526

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