Experiences of University Life in the 80s

Development Alumni Relations & Events.

Accommodation Departments Societies Rag and Pyjama Jump University Life Theatre and Film Students’ Union Sheffield Giving Back Life in the 80s
Thank you

This magazine is the result of a request for memories of student life from alumni of The University of Sheffield who graduated in the years 1980 to 1989.

I wish to thank everyone who responded so generously with their time and sent us their recollections and photos. Just a fraction of the material appears here; all of the responses will become part of the University Archives.

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Editor

It’s been a pleasure to edit this publication. The eyewitness accounts of the range and quality of bands promoted by the Students’ Union, the misadventures during RAG PARADE and Pyjama Jump and the various societies and sporting challenges that took place shows what a colourful experience it was to be a graduate of this institution during that decade. I hope you enjoy reading the magazine as much as I have enjoyed being a part of its production.

Sarah Hopkins
(BA English Language with Linguistics 2003)
Alumni Communications Manager
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Accommodation

Halifax Hall was an all-girls hall of residence in those days, but of course many of us had boyfriends who would try to sneak in (and then out again the next morning!).

My then boyfriend gave up trying to slip out of the fire escape and decided that the best option was simply to break it out and leave down the main corridor and out of the front door. For several weeks this worked fine and he would happily pass the time of day with anyone he passed, including, on several occasions, the warden (Mary Sharrock) on her way to breakfast. She was a wonderful woman and quite a character. She eventually stopped him and asked if he’d be so kind as to join her in her study for a little word ...he was of course expecting a good telling off but it was apparently by no means an unpleasant exchange. And she ended by giving him the benefit of some wonderful advice, which consisted of the unforgettable words, “Sex is also good in the daytime you know dear”!

Mary Wallace (née Trelfa)
(BA Geography 1981,
MEd Training and Development 1999)

Halifax Hall.

Professor Abdellah Khaldi
(BEng Mechanical Engineering 1981)

I studied at the University of Valencia (Spain) and I was an Erasmus student at the Department of Hispanic Studies in 1986/87.

I remember a film season that included black and white films (Doris Day, Rock Hudson, etc.) and the incredible concert-movie ‘Stop Making Sense’ by the rock group Talking Heads that made me become one of their biggest fans.

And Halifax Hall with its secret codes... dustbins outside the door!

Angeles Rausell
(Erasmus Hispanic studies 1987)
I went to Sheffield in 1984 and as soon as I was welcomed into Stephenson Hall. It was clear that the Beer Race was a great tradition.

The Beer Race was a drinking competition between Stephenson and Earnshaw Halls, that I believe dated back to about 1952. The format of the event was that each team of so had 80 pints on a table and that only one person could drink at a time. Any spillage would result in a fresh pint being added to the table. I seem to remember the whole event taking seven minutes! The venue would alternate each year between the two halls. Rumours of sabotage would always circulate where the home team would be accused of warming or chilling the beer to their own advantage!

Another annual event on the Stephenson calendar was the Jung Ying Run. The event was held in the bar with teams of three or four. The first runner in each team would draw a number from a hat and when the race started, run to the Jung Ying Chinese take-away in Broomhill, order the dish corresponding to the drawn number, run back to the bar, eat it and down a pint, before tagging the next man to draw his own number. There were a few wildcards thrown into the hat that involved multiple bags of prawn crackers and curry sauce. Your team mates were always helpful, and it was a good way to poke fun at people.

I have clear memories of the Pyjama Jumps, despite the consumption of vast amounts of alcohol. I was ENTS Chairman of Halifax so organising the hall and dancing with Lee the porter until the early hours is another fond memory.

We also created RAG Boats - that was a long night, I fell asleep in the bath later that day.

There was a long night when a fire alarm found you in the wrong place at the wrong time. The newsletters published by the various Halls were an amusing account of recent events and a good way to poke fun at people.

I was on the all-ladies K Floor at Sorby. The rooms had no sinks and only a small metal bed but we did have a cleaner who told us off when we used the white sheets for a fresher’s week fags party. We all had to share a shower and wash room which overlooked Earnshaw, the men’s Hall of Residence, and for over a month after we started there were no curtains at the full length windows. I don’t think the Earnshaw lads were complaining!

Breakfast was toast grabbed from the downstairs dining hall on the way out to struggle up the hill and hopes to catch the bus to Firth Hall. Usually Rammoo Hall had completely filled the bus, so a joyous sort of walk in the cold. Bus fare was ridiculously cheap.

We had three TV rooms at Sorby - yes there were only three TV stations then and they were not to be changed. A big favourite was Thunderbirds on a Sunday lunchtime before trotting off to the dining room for a full Sunday lunch. We were well looked after food wise although there was a lot of stodge.

The common room had one or two Pac-Man TV screen play stations and, apart from a bar manned by students, that was it for entertainment.

Sorby had a hall ball Christmas 1983, Mari Wilson was the act and I remember it being great fun. She came and performed at the Union a year or two later as ‘Just What I Always Wanted’ was a big hit in 1983.

I studied Latin at Sheffield University 1983-86, staying firstly in Stephenson Hall (which was men only at the time; in-one I spoke to in the hall had actually chosen to be in a single sex hall).

Like most student accommodation, the flat was rather damp with only electric bar heaters for warmth (we looked after them with care and dusted them to keep the dust down). The lower part of the back door had rotted away and every night enormous slugs would slide under and explore the flat. When we remembered, we would leave a salt barrier across the bottom of the back door to discourage the slugs, but to limited effect. I remember frequently arriving back in the early hours, going to put the kettle on (for the essential hot water battle) only to have to deal with the giant slugs that had found their way onto the kitchen counter. My room was at the front of the building but the slugs got there too, and I’d wake up to find silvery trails across the carpet.

This flat had one tremendous advantage: having moved in we discovered there was a cellar. Lashed a door off the hallway, a steep flight of stairs led down to a dark room (no electricity down there of course) which opened into another room. The second room was somewhat dodgy; there was a pile of bricks and rubble in one corner where the wall had caved in, and the large hooks (meat hooks?) hanging from the ceiling were rather creepy. However, the first room was a brilliant venue for parties and we made good use of it during the year.

Some extension leads, baked spuds, a cassette player and plenty of beer – what more did you need?!
During the dental course, SUDISS (Sheffield University Dental Students Society) had requested a visit to the Thackston brewery, for which there was something like a two year wait. When the week finally arrived plenty of our year had put their name forward. Unfortunately the Professor of Restorative Dentistry, Professor Hampson, decided to table an examination for the following day, that you had to pass in order to take off for Finals (perhaps not surprisingly everyone from our year witnessed except for myself and Peter Douglas). Peter was one of the drivers of the two minibuses, with ours breaking down en-route (creating hours of divine retribution for having made the foolish decision to visit a brewery rather than swot up for an important exam). We scrambled out of the minibus, randomly meandering away from the highway, down steep grassy slopes in search of help and advice to get the minibus going again, (there being no mobile phones in those days). We got it going again and eventually arrived in time for tastings, having missed the tour of the brewery. The first question we were asked was “Who is the driver?” Peter’s hand leapt up faster than a panther who hadn’t seen drink for 40 days. I’m sure I wasn’t the only one thinking the driver would get first taste after all the stress. Unfortunately for him his enthusiasm was quickly crushed by the censorious master of the brewery declaring “No drink for you m’lad!” So only one person from the BDS year of 80 got to taste the revered nectar of Thackston’s Old Peculiar and other fine ales... Thankfully we both went on to pass Finals!

**WEIRDEST EXPERIMENT WHILE AT UNI**

We were studying the homing instinct of pigeons in our Psychology course, when our lecturer decided to illustrate this with an experiment using the students themselves! The students were divided into groups and each group was put into the back of a blacked out vehicle – four or six separate vehicles as I recall. We were then driven to various points around Sheffield where we were each led out of the back of the vehicle while wearing a blindfold, spun round several times and asked to point out magnetic north and also to point to where we thought the Arts Tower would be. The blindfold was then removed and we were asked to do the same again, only this time we were able to use visual clues – the position of the sun etc - in order to help our sense of direction. I’m sure we all thought the experiment utterly proved - other than that a large number of students were very prone to car sickness!

We certainly got some funny looks from the people of Sheffield when we were led out of the back of blacked out Land Rovers and minibuses wearing blindfolds!

**Maxine Davies**  
(BA Psychology 1981)

**1981**  
Department of Information Studies established

**1982**  
The Students’ Union and the University take part in a 2,000-strong protest march against government cuts and funding

I studied English Literature at Sheffield 1986-1989. In our Finals ‘take-away’ paper, we were presented with about 16 questions, covering the syllabus and focusing on prominent authors and key texts. Not one question related to a woman writer or any body of theory looking at literature by women. Because this was a two week take-away paper, rather than a three hour examination, a group of students lobbied the Department and asked for an addendum to the examined questions. Swiftly (to their credit) four additional questions relating to women authors/ key texts and/or feminist theory were added. I wrote a paper on Margaret Atwood (Surfacing), Fay Weldon (Praxis) and Alice Walker (The Color Purple).

A BIG thank you to all the women in the class of 89 who took a stand and changed our Finals.

**Rachel Driver**  
(BA English Literature 1989)

**1982**  
Darts and bowlers win Best College Newspaper and Best College Music Video Guardian/NUS Student Media Awards

I was the only female in my class, but that did not deter me, because I was doing what I enjoyed most.

On one occasion, one of our lecturers took us on a field trip to see the Humber Bridge in Hull.

It was close to completion in that year, and was opened to traffic in June 1981. It spans 220m and was the longest single-span suspension bridge in the world for 17 years until 1968. The road distance between Hull and Grimsby was reduced by nearly 80km as a consequence of this bridge. (See photo of my postgraduate class at Humber Bridge). This sparked my interest in bridges, and at one stage in my engineering career I worked in the Bridge Division of an engineering consultancy in Wellington, New Zealand. That was an ambition fulfilled, thanks to Sheffield University!

**Caroline Mundy**  
(MEng Civil and Structural Engineering 1985)

Whilst on a psychiatry placement as a medical student in 1982 my friend Sue and I were having trouble locating the whereabouts of a building inside the old Middlewood Hospital.

We were told that we had to meet in Middlewood Hospital.

Alina Nazareth, who was an undergraduate studying Microbiology at the University of Sheffield to accompany me to feel to help map the site. Accordingly I purchased an old Fiat mini-van for £250 in London and used the vehicle in the desert for our fieldwork. I built a wooden bed in the mini-van and we were ready to go.

My supervisor, Professor Robin Thomas Daniel, handed me a sheet as a going away present and I would never make it out of Sheffield.

Indeed, it was snowing hard the morning we tried driving out of Broombank Flats near the University where I was living at the time. The shovel came in handy that frozen Sheffield day and we were soon on our way. The mini-van took us over the Alps that winter and broke down just once in the former Yugoslavia on our way to the port in Piraus, Greece.

Alina and I spent 10 days mapping the desert site (that a colleague and I called ‘Ship judge’) using a hand-held Brunton compass and simple builder’s level.

That was 40 years ago. Alina and I got married the following year and have been enjoying life’s adventure together ever since – thanks to the University of Sheffield.

**Professor Thomas Levy**  
(PHD Archaeology & Prehistory 1984)

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**Professor Thomas Levy**  
(PHD Archaeology & Prehistory 1984)
We were fortunate to be living at a time when many of the original thinkers in biochemistry were still with us and would come as guest speakers to the Sheffield University’s student biochemical society.

One such guest speaker was Fredrick Sanger (who discovered DNA sequencing).

In his lecture he described the chemistry of the technique. During the Q&A session one of the more incisive students asked him “how did you come to discover this chemistry?” to which Fredrick Sanger with typical humility replied “actually I made a mistake! One night I put the wrong reagent in the wrong reaction mixture, I couldn’t understand the results at first but then I had to work it out”.

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**Dr Mehryar Behizad**
(BSc Biochemistry 1980, PhD Biochemistry 1986)

My time at Sheffield remains one of the happiest memories in my life; I was an undergraduate in the (then) Department of Physics and then a postgraduate student from 1988 to 1990 under Professor David Hughes investigating Halley’s Comet.

Peter Jalowiecz
(BSc Physics 1988, PG Dip Astrophysical Sciences 1990)

In my final year, I was appointed Orchestral Manager. As such, I was involved in organising the first concert in the newly opened Octagon Centre. The concert featured Beethoven’s 5th, conducted by Professor Edward Garden (who, very sadly, passed away in September 2017).

I loved playing in the orchestra under ‘Teddy’ Garden - he was such a warm and colourful character. I am ashamed to say that, following the Beethoven, I parodied his rehearsal technique in a regrettable cabaret evening; however, my antics were born of affection and I still apply his techniques as I conduct Beethoven today!

**Dominic Hawley**
(BMus Music 1984)

Later in my final year, my year group was the first to have its graduation ceremony in the Octagon Centre, which my claustrophobic mother optimistically referred to as the Oxygen Centre.

**Gillian F Taylor**
(BA Ancient History and Archaeology and Prehistory 1988)

During my Masters degree I joined ENTS and became the Senior FXs person, responsible for creating all the posters that went up at events. Every week we did one for the disco and then a lot more for the Free Concert.

**John Lilley**
(MEng Civil and Structural Engineering 1983)

The 24/25 hour sponsored roleplay was a new event in my first year. It was held on the night of Spiderwalk, when the Students’ Union would be open all night. The first one was held in Sally’s, in University House, but the event expanded in the following years and was held up in the Senior Common Room at the top of University House. It had great views across the city, with streetlights sparkling through the night, and the welcome dawn, coming after some 18 hours of gaming and chatting.

**Maxine Davies**
(BA Psychology 1982)

We all did a conga down the cobbled street, the resulting picture of which featured in the newspaper the following day. I remembered that the studio sets were amazingly detailed, but really small in real life, it was a fab insight into TV production at the time.

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The real success story of RAG was the Pyjama Jump. This pyjama party come pub crawl began in 1965 in one of the city night clubs. Every night club was booked and thousands of tickets sold: 3,000 in 1984, for example and 6,000 in 1987. The memories are indelible and often shaming.

Steel City Scholars 2005

I set off with a friend on Friday lunchtime and we hitch-hiked all the way to Paris and back over a weekend as part of RAG week. We crossed the channel with a lorry driver (no such thing as the channel tunnel in those days) and camped at the side of the auto route. We had to stop off at official places like bus stations etc to get our card stamped to prove that we actually made it. The winner was the person who covered the most miles.

Jo Kearsley (née Mace)  
(BDS Clinical Dentistry 1987)

We made a 1920s speakeasy, with a car outside. The car was built in advance in a back garden in Eastbourne Road, and was carried through the streets to Broad Lane car park to where the floats were being assembled.

A team of six, wearing white strips of fabric tied around themselves for visibility, carried the cardboard sports car along Glossop Road.

I popped into Hanrahan’s bar and persuaded them to loan us an ice bucket for our speakeasy. It went home with someone afterwards, and was passed around, Hanrahan’s were most surprised when I returned it a year later.

Unfortunately, it poured with rain while we were assembling our speakeasy on the back of the lorry. Everything cardboard got soggy and it was impossible to paint anything much. Three of us made a run out for chips, which were eaten sheltering under the lorry. An elderly couple living in the Broad Lane flats took pity on us, and invited us up to their flat, where we gratefully had cups of tea in the shelter of the walkway outside. They told us how grateful they were for all the money that RAG raised for local charities and how they had benefitted from it. The old man told us that money raised for local hospitals was important and how his treatments had made things better for him. We politely declined when he enthusiastically offered to show us his colostomy bag. (We battled on with making our float, encouraged by Mark’s cries of “Come on, team”, and were rewarded with second place.)

Gillian F Taylor  
(BA Ancient History and Archaeology and Prehistory 1988)

I was told that if I was made up as an elf, the floats would be all-right. I bought a pair of white tights and a party hat, and persuaded two friends to play elves with me.

Friends from Sorby Hall. We were taking the bus to Pyjama Jump. I think this would be 1986. It is notable that we were on the bus because nowadays it would be cheaper to get a taxi but back then the bus fare was only 50p. Just by coincidence we are under a sign advising to go for a free dental check-up – also a sign of the times!

Jo Kearsley (née Mace)  
(BDS Clinical Dentistry 1987)

We met through living in Earnshaw and got married the year we graduated. We often started nights out at Hanrahan’s for cocktail hour then we’d go on Pyjama Jump – down Glossop Road ending up in a night club in town. We’d also have parties back at Earnshaw after Pyjama Jump where a regular activity was to throw someone into the pond in the Quad.

Angie Donaldson (née Tyrrell)  
(BA English Language 1989)
Katherine Ibberson
(BDS Dental Surgery 1991)

We returned to Sheffield in January 1984 to thick snow. One next door neighbour had a pair of mountain climbing boots with him, and another had a pair of ski but no boots. However, the climbing boots fitted on the skis, so we found an old bit of formica coated wood and flattened down the snow on the lawns of Crewe Flats on Oakholme Road. Then all had a go at skiing on our ‘piste’. For many of us it was a first taste of skiing, and was great fun, despite the one-size-fits-all boots.

Alastair Inglis-Taylor
(BA Latin 1986)

At Ranmoor House, most people had a first taste of skiing, and was great fun, despite the one-size-fits-all boots.

I have fabulous memories of being snowed in, the Pyjama Jump, the Patmoser lift, dropping a few coins into the box on the bus and travelling miles for ten pence, meeting my husband-to-be in the library, practically wearing white uniforms and appearing hospital like and the ‘Canteen Ladies’ eating areas were spartan and almost utilitarian. In the older Graves part of the Students’ Union the smaller cafés were great for breakfast and a ubiquitous large mug of tea and access to a flat oat cake. There wasn’t much choice. I can’t remember how much money these would have been but probably pence!

The main bulk of students headed to one of the formal eating areas within the Students’ Union - huge canteen like spaces into which the campus masses would spill. The seats were long black (or navy) padded benches and these didn’t encourage sitting around too much. The eating areas were spartan and almost hospital like and the ‘Canteen Ladies’ wearing white uniforms and appearing utilitarian. In the older Graves part of the Students’ Union the smaller cafés were great for breakfast and a ubiquitous large mug of tea or coffee. Tea poured from a large aluminium tea pot which seemed to be always on the go.

I also remember that in addition to tea and coffee, especially in the winter months, you could order a small glass of hot Vinto.

This was very foreign to me coming from Northern Ireland as we didn’t have the exotic delights of Vinto!

Dr Aidan McMichael
(BSc Natural Environmental Science 1984)

I am very aware of belonging to a fortunate generation which was encouraged to widen horizons in the pursuit of knowledge, so the City Gallery, Sheffield Cathedral, student tickets to the Crucible, films in the Graves Building, a changing theatre programme at the University Drama Studio to see plays in foreign languages and generally treating culture as a part of my life and not just a luxury.

I shared a house on Filey Street in Broomhill with three guys and a German student on her year abroad. It was a tip - unbeknown to him, there’d been a slow leak from his radiator, so the lath and plaster ceiling below just relocated in one piece to cover up the dreadful plaster mess. We’d all done our finals by then, and so everybody just picked their way round the rubble for the next couple of weeks before finally drifting off to bigger and better things!

Sara Cox (née Cowan)
(BSc Zoology 1986)

Dr Juliusz Jan Buras
(MB ChB Medicine 1987)

At Sheffield University I studied a subject I loved and discovered a wider world. Happy memories are associated with Oakholme Lodge, Endcliffe Hurst and Halfax Hall. Friends and laughter, making decorations for the Hall Balls, midnight programme on fresh snow in the parks with fellow students, group expeditions to the University Drama Studio for a constantly changing selection of plays. RAG week was a singular experience in my first week, serendipitous trips to second hand bookshops widened horizons, and the Chocolate Soldier in Broomhill was a delicious highlight!

Izabella Trojanowska-Buras
(BA French Language & Literature 1985)

I remember being in the Dainton Building for geology practicals or in the IBBL, the Integrated Biology Building (now the Disney Building), for a botany practical. When we had a break some of us would risk life and limb to cross the elevated dual carriageway across to the Students’ Union or to a little café that was situated in a small row in front of the then Hicks Building on Houndsfield Road. If you were lucky enough to get into this café you got a big white mug of tea and access to a flat oat cake. There wasn’t much choice. I can’t remember how much money these would have been but probably pence!

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Theatre & Film

My best mate Nick Triggs and I were looking for something to get involved with at the start of our second year at Sheffield. I must have seen a poster saying that anyone interested in getting involved with the Theatre Group could meet up at the Theatre Group office in the Octagon Centre. Nick and I started working on The Crucible in October 1985 where we helped out with lighting and set construction. That set us on a path to work on numerous productions in the next two years.

Theatre Group plays followed the same approach. Prior to the actual week of the show, all the rehearsals take place and all the planning of the set (plus any advance construction) and lighting occurs.

Then on the week of the show, we’d spend all day Sunday at the “get-in” where the production team worked incredibly hard to get the whole set built and lit in a day.

Back then not much was open on Sunday and lunch was either the pub next door to the theatre or sandwiches from the small cafe on the corner over the road. We were there until all hours. Monday was the technical rehearsal; Tuesday the dress-rehearsal and Wednesday was opening night. After the production closed on Saturday night it was time for the “get-out” - undoing everything we’d done and resetting the theatre for the next production - followed by a very late party with cast and crew!

Paul Johnson
(BSc Computer Science 1987)

I took a very active role in the Sheffield University Theatre Group (SUTG).

I particularly remember the touring theatre production which was directed by Stephen Daldry and produced by myself. The production, put on by SUTG was entitled ‘Ryvita’ and toured three halls of residence (Tapton, Sorby and Ranmoor) together with Firth Hall.

I still have the review from Darts of the production. From it you will see that not only did we have Stephen’s superb directing skills, but his mother - Cherry - also made a guest appearance and the then President of the SU - Steve Grabiner - was also encouraged up onto the stage! Darts gave the production a mixed review, but as well as being the first SUTG touring production, we all enjoyed the logistical challenge of touring theatre around the halls of residence in Broomhill and of course taking part in it, hugely!

Adrian Francis Barrott
(BA English and Italian 1981)

Members of the Alternative Productions Society receiving the ‘Students on Stage Award’, jointly sponsored in 1983 by Cosmopolitan magazine and Lloyds Bank.

Eddie Izzard on the left. The judges were impressed by the group’s ‘eclectic and informal approach and their prolific records in staging events, as well as their energy and imagination’.

Courtesy of Steel City Scholars.

 Possibly of most interest to more recent alumni was having Eddie Izzard at Sheffield at that time. I attach a snap of a programme for A Midsummer Night’s Dream, in which he played Bottom. I also attended a show he wrote himself, called ‘World War II (the sequel)’: Alistair Inglis-Taylor
(BA Latin 1986)
In 1980, as far as I can remember, the Chinese students attending the annual Chinese New Year party mainly came from Hong Kong and Malaysia. I used to ride a motorcycle to school because it took more time to wait for a bus at Sheffield despite the low bus fare then.

Chi-Wah Lee
(BA Accounting & Financial Management 1983)

In 1980 Europe voted Sheffield to have the cleanest air. We liked the city, the Botanical Gardens, the Museum, the Park and the environment, the friendly people and the snow. I was also fascinated by the Hole in the Road.

Dr Mohammad Azizul Islam
(Aziz Islam) (PhD Geology 1981)

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Dr Mohammad Azizul Islam
(Aziz Islam) (PhD Geology 1981)

When I visited Sheffield on the open day I knew it was the place I wanted to go. It was the mixture of new and old, urban and rural, faraway (but not so faraway), integration of students and local population, and change and opportunity – for the University, city and me.

It was the heyday of the Socialist Republic of South Yorkshire and had cheap bus fares, bendy buses (long before London had them), the ‘Hole in the Road’ (Castle Square), Castle Market and the World Snooker Championships.

Raymond Cansick
(BA Accounting & Financial Management and Economics 1983)

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Raymond Cansick
(BA Accounting & Financial Management and Economics 1983)

I have a cherished memory of a visit in late 1981 to a club in Sheffield City Centre which was known as Romeo’s and Juliet’s. It was two clubs in the same building, with slightly different themes. Romeo’s had red lighting, and Juliet’s had deep pink lighting and fringed lamps and was very romantic. The local young people on the dance floor wore dressed rather attractively, the men in baggy white shirts, the women in pinafore-type dresses, often in grey plaid, worn over white blouses.

Then there was Maximillion’s, the sophisticated club I went to. I remember the first time I set foot there, it was quite early in the evening and nothing was really happening. The DJ was playing, ‘I’ll be sending forget-me-nots’ and there were colour squares on the dance floor that lit up from beneath, as in the film ‘Saturday Night Fever’ it was very glamorous.

My friend took me to see The Stonehouse, a city centre pub, just to admire the amazing interior. It was a mock-up of a village square, with fake house-fronts clustering round the outside of the room. You felt as though you were in the open air. A lot of the Sheffield pubs at the time had Tiffany-style glass lamps and panels, which was a big look at the time.

Juliet Levy
(BA Accounting & Financial Management 1985)
Giving Back

The University is committed to changing lives in Sheffield and beyond by championing access to education, undertaking vital medical research, and by making globally important discoveries.

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A history built on philanthropy

More than 100 years ago, the local people of Sheffield - captains of industry and factory workers alike - understood the tremendous impact that a University for Sheffield would have. So strongly did they believe in higher education as a force for good, that they raised £50,000 in penny collections (around £15 million today) to build a university in their city.

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Top 10 Selling Cars

1. Ford Escort
2. Ford Fiesta
3. Vauxhall Cavalier
4. Ford Sierra
5. Austin Metro
6. Vauxhall Astra
7. Ford Cortina
8. Ford Orion
9. Vauxhall Nova
10. Austin Maestro

Life in the 80s

Best selling singles of the 80s

Do they know it’s Christmas
Band Aid

Relax
Frankie Goes to Hollywood

I Just Called to Say I Love You
Stevie Wonder

Two Tribes
Frankie Goes to Hollywood

Don’t You Want Me
The Human League

Last Christmas
Wham!

Karma Chameleon
Culture Club

Careless Whisper
George Michael

litre of petrol
28p

pint of milk
17p

pint of beer
35p

leaf of bread
37p

1. Ford Escort
2. Ford Fiesta
3. Vauxhall Cavalier
4. Ford Sierra
5. Austin Metro
6. Vauxhall Astra
7. Ford Cortina
8. Ford Orion
9. Vauxhall Nova
10. Austin Maestro