

ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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School Notes

Magazine Committee

*T. A. Whelan, J. Massey, P. F. McHugh,
M. D. Smith, C. McHale*

We announce the departure of Messrs. Flewitt, Beaver and Hickey from the teaching staff. We wish them all success and happiness in the future.

We are pleased to welcome to the School, Messrs. Donlon, Crease and Irving, and hope that their stay will be long and profitable.

Congratulations are due to Brother Moran, formerly of St. Edward's Staff and now Headmaster of Cardinal Godfrey, who last year celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a Christian Brother. We wish him many more prosperous years.

We report with some satisfaction the disappearance from the Hall of the old wooden seats which left such an impression on so many Edwardians. They have been replaced by comfortable padded chairs.

With some nostalgia we note the passing of the old organ. We hope that in time we will come to love the new one. For the present it can be freely admitted that the change has allowed marked improvements to the stage; these proved invaluable in the staging of our most recent dramatic production, "Morning Departure."

Our Opelem language laboratory has now been enlarged from four to sixteen cubicles and housed in an acoustically furnished room.

We have also improved our tennis facilities by the laying of two magnificent new hard courts. This should prove a great encouragement to potential tennis stars.

The Austin Minibus which served us so well has gone. In its place Mr. Brennan has given us a new Bedford complete with school crest. We are most deeply grateful to him.

The Parents' Association has now raised over £25,000. This represents a phenomenal effort by the Chairman, Committee and all members. We offer our sincerest gratitude to them all.

The University Chaplaincy Fund has also benefited from their labours — to the extent of the proceeds from a specially organised dance. The School itself has been helping the same cause: a Carol Concert was held last December, and later the Orchestra combined with Seafield Orchestra in a fund-raising Concert.

Our annual Summer Serenade took place in early July, in the open air. For those who braved the cold, an enjoyable afternoon was provided.

We congratulate Miss Hogg on guiding the Orchestra to their second successive win in their section at the Southport Festival.

Stephen Wardle, now at Manchester College of Music, accompanied David Nolan's violin solo at Liverpool Schools' Music Festival. David has now become a member of the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra.

Alan Fearon was selected last March to play a Mozart Piano Concerto at a Philharmonic Concert for Schools.

Peter O'Hagan, on a Music Scholarship to Cambridge, was recently awarded the L.R.A.M. Performer's Diploma for the Piano.

Edward Rudd returned to present the Colours not long after his success in scoring two tries in the University match and in winning his first England cap.

Mr. Old has been mainly instrumental in arousing interest in touring. His annual trip to Austria is usually fully booked by the end of September. The Norfolk Broads week seems also destined for permanency unless the supply of skippers dries up. The latest venture in this field is the Pennine Way Walk organised last summer by Messrs. Edwards and J. B. Thomas.

The visit to Rome (a full account of which appears in this issue) was the most notable project of the year. Brother W. L. Gillespie, our guide in Rome, is an old boy of St. Edward's and was then a post-graduate student at the Lateran University.

Our connection with the Venerable English College, Rome, is assured for some years to come, as A. J. Murphy and W. F. Pitt went there as students last October. We print a letter from Tony Murphy in this issue.

Two younger boys, K. Friery and S. Coyne, have become the latest in the long line of Edwardians who have found their vocations in the Christian Brothers. May there be many more.

The need for vocations was, indeed, one of the Headmaster's main points in his speech on Prize Day. Trying to support words by actions, we were once again hosts to the Vocations Exhibition in November.

On a less serious plane, November saw the end of the First XV's long run without defeat. This was received with mixed feelings.

Finally, we wish to offer our thanks to all our contributors for their hard work, and to our advertisers for their generous support.

A Message from His Grace, The Archbishop

In its declaration on Christian Education, the Vatican Council stresses the importance of the school as an instrument of education, designed not only to develop the intellectual faculties of its pupils, but also to train them to judge rightly to hand on the cultural legacy of previous generations, to foster a sense of values, and to prepare for professional life.

A Catholic school must achieve all these aims, but it has a further important task. It must create for the school community a special atmosphere animated by the gospel spirit of freedom and charity. It must help its pupils to grow according to the new creatures they were made by baptism, as they develop their own personalities, and it must relate the whole of human culture to the news of salvation so that the whole range of knowledge which the students acquire — of the world,

of life, and of man — is illumined by Faith.

This is an immense task in the service of the Church and it depends for its achievement on the teachers who carry out their work in these schools. The Vatican Council declares that the work of Catholic teachers is in the real sense of the word an apostolate most suited to, and necessary for, our times, and at once a true service offered to society.

We must be grateful to the teaching orders in the Church for the part they play in this apostolate. In the Archdiocese of Liverpool we are particularly blessed, and I am happy to pay a tribute of praise and gratitude to St. Edward's College and to the work of the Christian Brothers.

+GEORGE ANDREW,
Archbishop of Liverpool.

February 22nd, 1966.

Broads Diary

Friday.—Minibus leaves College at 9 p.m. Committee appoints itself to advise driver on overtaking, changing gear, how to remove elbow from horn when parked in quiet laybys.

Saturday a.m. — Peterborough awakened by screech of tortured machinery as Ned Ludd Bibby changes from third into reverse. This is followed by a three-hour dawn meditation on the folly of running out of fuel in the Fens.

Denis eats pork-pie "butty".

p.m.—Take over boats. Mike asks if anybody minds his having "Clipper 2". Nobody does and he outsails us for a week. Too sharp that boy!

"Clippers" tack to Potter Heigham in two hours. A whole mile! "Leander" and "Japonica" motor up in ten minutes.

Denis eats Scotch Broth "butty".

Edwardians inform Potter Heigham that it will never walk alone and that Liverpool won the Cup.

Sunday.—Fleet sail for Horning.

Pete G. takes an involuntary bath and Mike gives him a helping foot as he drifts on a four-knot tide towards Yarmouth.

Auxiliaries motor to Ranworth while "Clippers" quant through thunderstorm to Horning Ferry.

S.P. observed rowing through the storm, washbowl on head, clad only in swimming trunks. A stickler for the conventions, he doffs his washbowl to all craft with ladies on board.

Gunther von Prien Bibby cripples a cruiser. Cruiser skipper threatens violence whereupon card school in "Japonica's" cabin breaks up and members pour on to deck. Cruiser skipper, outnumbered, apologises abjectly for his asininely incompetent navigation.

Denis eats Chocolate Ice Cream "butty".

Horning assured that it will never walk alone and that Liverpool won the Cup.

Strange light seen in the water at midnight. Hostile cruiser's frogmen? No, future Oxonian's Omo free-gift torch. For five-shilling bet Pete C. dives in and recovers it. Future Oxonian leads thanksgiving hymn (Eee-aye-addio Pete got the torch) and takes advantage of the darkness to pay debt with two pennies.

Monday a.m.—"Japonica's" Superloo now advertised as one of the attractions of Broadland.

"Clippers" and some dinghies running with booms well out make Bure impassable to anything bigger than a soap dish. Cruiser skippers tear hair and reverse up bank.

p.m.—Wind fails and the great quanting race is on. "Clipper 1" wins easily owing to Tom's consummate obstruction.

Denis eats Individual Fruit Pie "butty".

Ludham receives the great news that it will never . . . the Cup.

Tuesday.—Commodore goes to London. Heath becomes Tory leader. Callaghan introduces yet another crisis budget.

Commodore returns to the sanity of Norfolk.

Nick sinks catamaran. Offers expensive, plastic duck in part payment.

Denis eats Arctic Roll "butty".

Mike and P.K. demonstrate precisely how the chariot swung low.

Thurne is apprised of the facts that it will never . . . the Cup.

Wednesday.—Nick writes succinct account of how and why a moored yacht rammed him, and got itself crushed like an eggshell in so doing.

"Clipper 1" and "Leander" fight the Battle of Horsey Mere. "Clipper 1" wins easily owing to skipper's knowledge of Hornblower and superior fire-power of H.E. (hardboiled egg) projectors.

Denis eats Coypu "butty" after being prevented from eating live Labrador puppy "butty".

Peter Scott Bibby gives illustrated lecture on local wild life. Commodore adds relevant information about local constabulary.

Horsey learns that it will . . . the Cup.

Thursday.—Force 8 wind keeps boats moored all day. Norfolk beach becomes scene of bitter, day-long battle between "Japonicans" and the rest, arising out of a challenge to a football match. Special rule is made that anyone treading on a mine is offside. At nightfall, battered and broken bodies lie in the bloody surf.

Commodore decides not to try P.K. for crimes against humanity if P.K. will drop charge of mass-murder.

Denis eats "Kit-e-Kat" "butty".

Pancho Bibby lectures on social customs in Spain. Surgical operation removes P.D's

Tyrolean hat.

Horsey receive the pledge that it will . . . the Cup.

Friday a.m.—Battle resumed on Horsey Beach because Commodore hadn't scored. He does and blows "Time".

Traffic on Stalham road held up by mid-day devotions of Mohammed Ali Bibby. Impatient driver is turned into a camel.

p.m.—Fleet sails for Martham boatyard.

"Japonica" holes assault boat.

Assault boat fires on "Clipper 1".

Commodore breaks off diplomatic relations with British Army, or words to that effect.

Denis eats fish fingers and peas "butty", follows up with peaches and cream "butty" and is sick.

Edwardians stuff belongings in bags dash down to Potter Heigham to remind it that it will . . . the Cup.



Skippers at Potter Heigham

Saturday a.m.—After a night spent in gay intellectual banter haggard Edwardians board Minibus at 6 a.m. for return.

That, however, is far too long and hair-raising a story to be told here.

Some facts about the boats and crews:—

Leander (24' Gaff-rigged Auxiliary sloop) was skippered by N. McCallen and crewed by Dooling and T. Winstanley. She was sailed very well though with some disregard for the paintwork of other craft.

Japonica (30' Gaff-rigged Auxiliary sloop) was skippered by Mr. George Bibby and crewed by M. Murphy, E. Johnson, P. Kelly, S. Pratt and K. J. Hendrick. She was luxuriously appointed and her Superloo was proudly shown to all guests. It has been said unkindly that since P. Kelly did the cooking it is a miracle the crew survived the week.

Clipper 1 (24' Gunter sloop) was skippered by Mr. J. E. Dillon and crewed by P. O'Neill and D. Kay. She could be recognised by the large jar of cider on her foredeck and the sound of furiously chewing teeth.

Clipper 2 was skippered by Mr. G. M. Dillon (the Bligh of the Norfolk Broads) and crewed by P. Glynn and P. Colquitt. The stern discipline of the first two days turned her into the most efficient of the four and she showed a clean pair of heels to every boat she met.

To finish, I must place on record our appreciation of the help given by Mr. George Bibby, now Lecturer in Graphic Design at Hereford College of Art. He was a first-class sailor and a most amusing companion.

J. Dillon.

Rome - The Christian Brothers - and St. Edwards

The 1965 St. Edward's Pilgrimage to Rome was just another little link in the chain which has tied Rome, the Christian Brothers and St. Edwards for most of this century. The C.B's found their way into both Rome and Liverpool in the early years of this century and since then an unbroken stream of old Edwardians destined for the priesthood have been going out to the English College and other centres of study for the various religious orders in Rome. At least two of these past pupils eventually became Rectors of the English College — Mgr. Macmillan and Mgr. Tickle (now Bishop to the forces). Latest additions to the English College from St. Edwards are William Pitt and Antony J. Murphy who are now in their first term at the Gregorian University in Rome.

As there are more than 2,000 past pupils of the Brothers' schools at present in training to be priests and brothers (1963 figures were 2,257), it is not surprising that there are normally more than 100 past pupils of the Brothers from different parts of the world studying in Rome. And many students at the English College have come from the English schools of the Brothers.

Sometime or other during their years in Rome these students and priests are almost certain to make their way across the Tiber to the Brothers' school in Via Marcantonio Colonna — if only for the 4 o'clock cup of tea which is famous among

the tea drinking nations in the eternal city. Here they will encounter a unique Roman school — for the brothers are a completely English speaking community teaching 700 boys completely through Italian. At the same time such visitors might also meet three brothers who are well known figures in the Vatican

- Brother Clancy, the present Superior-General of the Brothers, who worked for many years with the present Holy Father.
- Brother Walsh who has been assisting the arrangements for papal audiences for the last 20 years.
- and Brother Conlin, who celebrated his 50th year of residence in Rome this year.

It is through contact with brothers like these that the present Holy Father came to know the brothers and esteem their work. It is worth mentioning that when the Pope was being taught English many years ago by a certain Bro. Clarke, one of his texts for study was the Life of Edmund Rice, the Founder of the Christian Brothers — and the Pope knows well that we hope he will be the man to canonize Edmund Rice in the not too distant future.

Since 1958 student Brothers from all parts of the world have been coming to Rome for religious studies in the Universities and Institutes of Rome.

and this year the brothers have started a second community, with an Australian as Superior, composed mainly of brothers doing post-graduate degrees. They live on a large property just outside the city which will soon see the erection of the Mother-House of the Congregation.

(I will end these short remarks on a personal note. Many pupils of St. Edwards have made the journey to Rome — and I was very happy to be

able to meet the group that came out last Easter. Many past pupils of St. Edwards have studied in Rome as seminarians and priests. I think I'm the first past pupil who has studied there as a Christian Brother. I hope I won't be the only one — but that there may be many more to forge even stronger links between Rome, the Christian Brothers and St. Edwards).

Rev. Br. W. L. Gillespie, M.A., S.T.L.

Mr. James F. Mullen

At the Old Boys' Dinner in 1964, Mr. J. Mullen was presented with the Papal Decoration Bene Merenti Medal for his contribution to Education and to Catholic Life in the Archdiocese. The large number of people who are aware of the active part Mr. Mullen has taken in Catholic activities will be gratified by this public recognition of his services.

Mr. Mullen went to school at the old Catholic Institute and afterwards to Liverpool University. After his service in the Army he returned to St. Edwards where he taught for more than 40 years. He is still, as it were, on active service being at present employed as full time school librarian, a

position that he must enjoy as he is a considerable scholar with a knowledge not only of French, but also of Italian and Russian.

He retains contact with many of the boys he has taught through the C. I. Edwardian Association, of which he is President. Mr. Mullen's son, Fr. Kevin, at present at St. Aloysius Church, Huyton, is Chaplain to the Association. The members of the Association and his many friends will join with us in congratulating him on his receiving his well-merited reward and in hoping that he will continue his association with the School and the Old Boys for many years to come.

R. A.



*Presentation of Bene Merenti Medal to Mr. J. F. Mullen
by his son, Father Kevin Mullen*

ROME - Easter, 1965

For a year some thirty boys had been saving up week by week for the first trip to Rome from St. Edward's College. Although the weather was not altogether favourable, we had a lot of fun and saw and learned a great deal. During the whole two weeks a fine spirit of co-operative enthusiasm prevailed among the whole party.

The party, led by Bro. Coffey, left the College at 5 a.m. on Thursday, April 15th and travelled by coach to Dover. We can all boast that we stopped at the Dorchester Hotel in London's Park Lane — for about five minutes while the driver consulted a road map! We reached Dover at about half-past four, just as the boat was about to sail, and drove speedily to the wrong dock. After frantic telephone calls, Authority agreed to delay the sailing while the driver manoeuvred the huge bus round the repairs that were in progress and raced to the other end of the harbour. We eventually sailed at five o'clock.

We had a smooth crossing to Ostend where we found our train waiting to take us to Chiasso on the Swiss-Italian border. Most of the train journey was made while we slept and we woke to find ourselves amid spectacular mountain scenery with the snow still lying on the peaks and upper slopes. At Chiasso we changed from the train to the coach which was waiting to take us the rest of the way to Rome.

Our first main stop was in Milan on Good Friday, where we had lunch in a restaurant in the



Campanile Florence



Campanile Florence — the giddy heights

Piazza del Duomo. After lunch we had an hour or so to explore the magnificent cathedral and to send off our first postcards. From Milan we drove to Florence for a stay of two nights.

We arrived in Florence about seven-thirty and after settling into our hostel and coping (not very successfully) with our first sample of Italian cooking, most of us welcomed an early night. But two days of tiring travel did not prevent all members of the party from being up early the following morning to see as much as possible during our brief stay in the city.

We spent the whole of Holy Saturday exploring Florence. Time was very limited but even so we saw quite a lot. We visited the Cathedral and its imposing baptistry, the Ponte Vecchio and the Pitti Palace with its gardens. The Uffizi Gallery was closed when we reached it — I suspect to the relief of some of the younger members of the party, who promptly made a bee-line for the souvenir stalls and drove some hard bargains with their proprietors. But among the older boys there was genuine regret at not being able to visit one of the most famous of the world's galleries.

An interesting feature of our day in Florence was lunch, which we took in a small restaurant near the Pitti Palace. The host — it would be wrong to call him otherwise, so helpful was he — resembling Caruso in form and feature, proudly

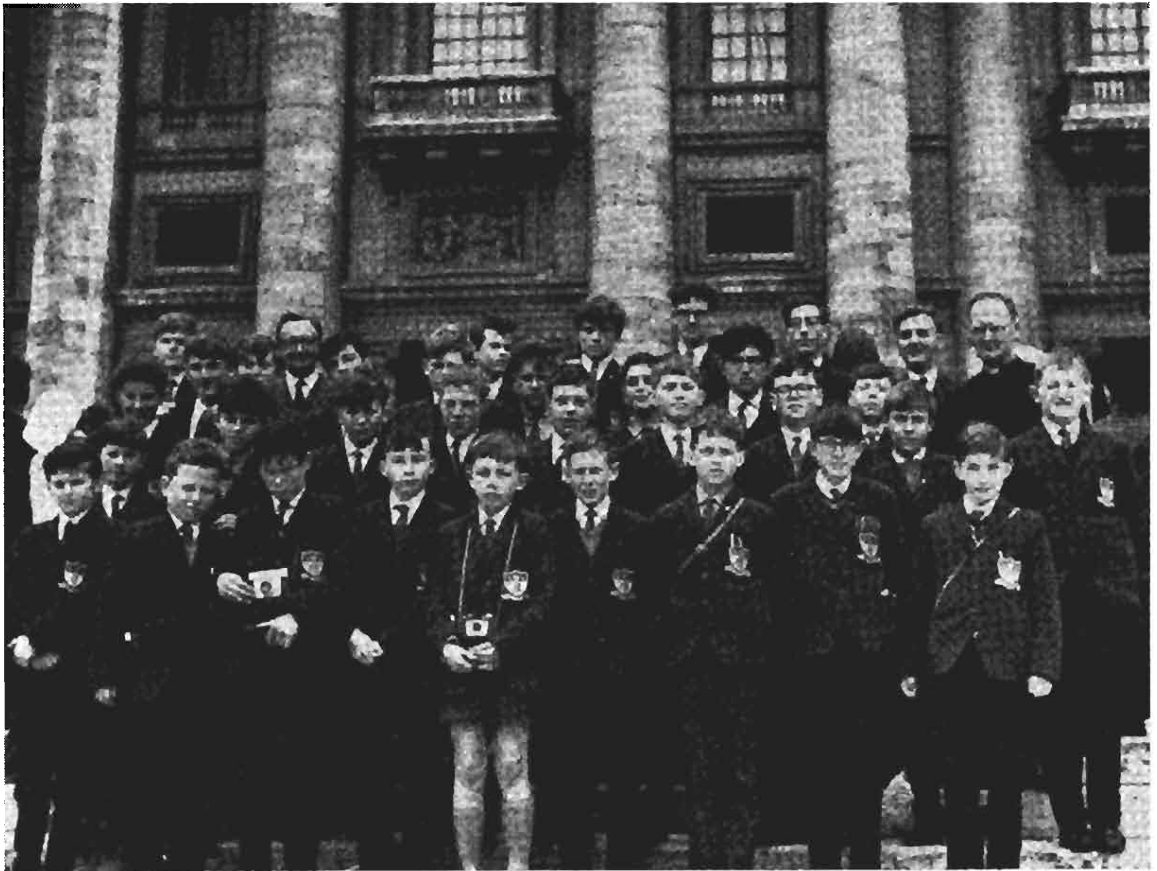
Mr. Fraser and Mr. Young into his kitchen which was small but spotlessly clean, where his wife herself attended to all the cooking.

One event in Florence was not included in the itinerary. That was the disappearance of two sheep as we made our way from the Ponte Vecchio to the Pitti Palace. We were greatly relieved to find that the lost sheep had returned to the hostel by a taxi and were safe and sound.

Easter Sunday saw us all at an early Mass and on our way to Assisi, where we arrived in time for lunch. In Assisi we stayed in the convent of the Franciscan nuns and this was without doubt the most comfortable accommodation of the whole tour. Many of the boys brought souvenirs from the good nuns (the proceeds of which sales were devoted to the welfare of the orphans cared for in

the house) as a gesture of appreciation for the warmth of our welcome. After an excellent lunch we climbed up the steep, narrow road to the Franciscan monastery which we explored with the help of an English-speaking priest. It was in Assisi that Mr. Young and Mr. Fraser were caught in a torrential downpour of rain and arrived benighted, bedraggled, benumbed and completely soaked for a much-delayed dinner. We would all have welcomed a longer stay in Assisi but time commanded our departure on Tuesday morning for Rome.

On arrival in Rome, Bro. Coffey and Bro. Beattie made arrangements for one of the Brothers from the Community in Rome to act as our guide while we were in the City and we were very fortunate in having Bro. Gillespie to escort us. Under his leadership we saw much and learned



On the steps of St. Peter's after the Papal Audience — April, 1965

a great deal about the history and culture of Rome. The high spot was, of course, the Papal audience in St. Peter's. This was a tremendous emotional as well as spiritual experience. It is impossible to describe adequately the atmosphere of that audience — the almost tangible bond of sympathy and loyalty flowing from that figure in white to the massed crowds and back again from them to him. Such an experience was, too, demonstrative in a singular way of the oneness of spirit of the universal Church, for all nationalities and all ages were gathered there to acclaim and greet a man whom they all recognise as the representative of Christ.

After the audience, we met Mr. Allen and his wife and Father Maxwell on the steps of St. Peter's. Bro. Coffey and several members of the group took photographs. Mr. Allen was invited to join the group and thus became a temporary youth-hosteller.

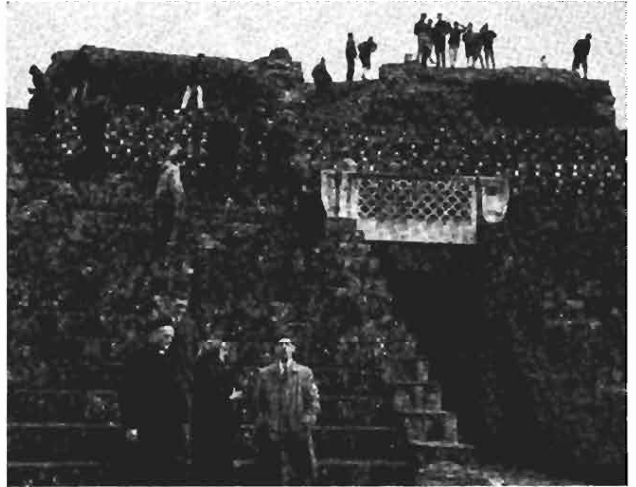
It would take too long to recount all that we saw and did in Rome, but the things that will remain in our memories are the view from the dome of St. Peter's, the catacombs of S. Callistus, the ruins of Ostia Antiqua, the fountains of the Villa D'Este at Tivoli and the Vatican museum. We saw all the major churches and the Scala Santa; we toured the city at night . . . it could go on for pages.



Ostia Antiqua

Much of the splendour of St. Peter's was dimmed by the presence of the tiers of seats for the

Cardinals and Bishops, which prevented us from enjoying an unimpeded view of the interior. Yet to see how the basilica had been adapted to the needs of the Church Council was rewarding. We naturally were keen to see Michaelangelo's beautiful Pieta, but as the original was in New York, we saw only a copy.



Theatre — Ostia Antiqua

The most fascinating aspects of Rome was, I think, the Vatican museum. Obviously in one morning we would not see everything, but the Egyptian room with its huge sarcophagi and massive statues of ancient deities lives in our minds. The splendid tapestried halls and chambers, the magnificence of plate and vestment, books and manuscripts would demand longer attention than we were able to devote to them.

Again we could have spent a whole day at Ostia, the ancient port, tracing out the sites of dwellings, walls and workplaces. One was struck by the thought that there is nothing new under the sun when presented with a view of the theatre at Ostia. Modern dramatists are discovering the advantages of such a stage, and we could see many "new" ideas now being incorporated in modern church design.

Another morning we devoted to an exploration of the Roman Forum, where, with the help of the knowledge of Bro. Beattie and Mr. Fraser, the scraps of knowledge gleaned from a reading of Latin Classics and the Roman plays of Shakespeare

became more meaningful. It was possible vividly to re-create in the imagination the orations of Brutus and Mark Antony, and those processions of old passing along the ancient ways underneath the monumental arches, with booty and prisoners in captive bonds alongside the chariot wheels.

Our last day in Rome is worthy of special mention. The whole party was invited to the Brothers' school in the city. Our boys played a game of soccer against the Italian boys. Heavy rain daunted neither side and the game ended with honours roughly even. After the game, the Brothers provided us with what we had missed most of all during our holiday — good, strong, hot tea, made properly in a pot and not with tea-bags! Along with the tea we consumed vast quantities of Coca-Cola, sweets and fresh, thickly buttered buns. Altogether a feast which even the omniverous Bunter would have commended.

We left Rome and journeyed back to Florence by way of Siena. This drive afforded us the most beautiful scenery of the tour. I think we will all remember the spectacular view of Orvieto from a road winding in hairpin bends around the green hills bathed in sunlight and cloud-shadow. It was in Siena that we saw a colourful procession making its way through the narrow streets to the piazza in front of the cathedral to the accompani-

ment of fifes and drums. We were unable to discover the reason for the procession but this did not lessen our pleasure in watching it. We reached Florence in time for supper, after which we retired early in preparation for the long journey home.



Chiasso — The Last Stage

Next morning we drove to Chiasso, where, after an excellent lunch in the station restaurant, we boarded the overnight train for Calais. We crossed the Channel to Folkestone and found our coach waiting to bring us back to Liverpool. After the excitement of the last two weeks I think most of us found this long drive rather tedious. A flat tyre on the M6 delayed us and we chafed at the inconvenience — but then wasn't it Chesterton who said that an inconvenience is really an adventure looked at from the wrong point of view?

The above account can by no means do justice to an unforgettable experience and it may sound as if we did nothing but see the obvious things that all tourists see; but, as I said earlier, we did have a lot of fun to leaven the basically serious nature of the tour. It's worth recalling the cries of "Parlez-vous Scouse?" to the peoples of all nationalities on the platforms of Basel station; the boy who, not wishing to put his feet on the cold floor on his way to the bathroom in the early hours of the morning, put them down firmly on the recumbent form of Bro. Beattie while climbing



Florence — Villa Camarata — Morning Departure

over the beds of the sleepers; the joker who renamed the road leading to Cleopatra's villa — he called it "Cleo Lane" (I wonder would Mr. Dankworth approve?); the frantic searching of a trans-continental express for a missing suit-case, which we found being used as a card-table by a minor Maverick and his buddies; the meeting with the "Merseybeats" in a cafe on the M6.

Bro. Coffey did no less than justice when he spoke on behalf of all the accompanying members of Staff in thanking the boys for their co-operation, enthusiasm and good-will both to us and among themselves from the very start of the tour. No one was ever at a loss or felt left out of anything and Bro. Coffey attributed this to the boys themselves.

B. Young.

The Almanach de Gotha

The Almanach de Gotha, or to use its longer title "The Annual Statistical and Genealogical Review", was first published at Gotha in Saxony in 1763 and for 178 years thereafter fully lived up to its cumbersome title in chronicling the royal and noble families of Europe and the activities of governments and nations.

The Almanach performed most of the functions of our Whitaker's Almanack but covered the whole world rather than just one country. It is, however, best remembered for its comprehensive accounts of the royalty and higher nobility of Europe. On this account it is of great interest to the social historian while the statistical section is "meat and drink" to the economic historian. Let it not be thought, however, that the Almanach was no more than a historical source-book, far from it, it does in fact provide information which is always interesting and sometimes amusing.

During the 20th century the Almanack had a simple stereotyped format. It was published both in German and French (the French is not too difficult to read) and was divided into two parts, the first dealing with the nobility, the second with the facts and figures. To us the emphasis on the high-born seems absurd but we must remember that in its great days the Almanack was accurately mirroring the importance of the nobility by allocating so much space to them. Even today Whitaker's Almanack devotes a disproportionately large amount of space to the Peerage of England.

The Genealogical section was subdivided into three parts. The first part dealt with royalty both reigning and deposed. The largest amount of space usually went to the widespread ramifications of the House of Habsburg-Lorraine, closely followed after about 1880 by the numerous offspring of Queen Victoria together with their families. One of the peculiarities of this part about the turn of the century was the inclusion of

two French ruling houses, the Imperial house of Bonaparte, deposed in 1870, and the Royal house of Bourbon-Orléans deposed in 1848. By 1941 when it ceased publication few of the families listed in the Almanack as royal still ruled but leading the survivors were Victoria's descendants, the House of Guelph-Saxe-Coburg-Windsor (with traces of Orange and Stuart thrown in for good measure).

Part 2 contained those German princely houses who had ruled over tiny sovereign states until their lands were taken from them by Napoleon at the Diet of Ratisbon in 1803. This affair, one of the greatest real estate swindles in History is cordially known to many "O" level history students as the "Reichsdeputationshauptschluss" a word calculated to leave all but the most redoubtable examiner stunned! By way of compensation the luckless princes were granted the title of "serene highness" later on.

Part 3 contained the Princes and Dukes of Europe (nothing so common as a Count or Baron). These gentlemen could be divided into several groups each with a certain social rating. The élite were the "Reichsfürsten" or Princes of the Holy Roman Empire with names as exotic as Batthyany-Strattman or Prince Barbiano de Belgiojoso d'Este. On a similar rating were Princes created by the Papacy such as the Chigis, Orsinis, Colonnas and Farnese (all of which families, by the way, provided a Pope at some time or another). Quite at the bottom of the social ladder were the Napoleonic nobility such as the grandiosely titled Duc d'Elchingen Prince of the Moskwa, who turned out to be a descendant of Marshal Ney while the Duke of Taranto was named Macdonald! One can almost hear the older nobility shuddering at the idea of Princes and Dukes taking their titles from victories in battle. Vying with the Napoleonic creations for

lowest place were surprisingly the English Dukes who, apart from the Duke of Norfolk, were of comparatively recent origin, and who, in some cases clearly attained their dignities because of the amount of sheer wealth they had amassed. The Dukes of Bedford and Devonshire, for instance, made their fortunes from the loot of monasteries dissolved during the Henrician Reformation, while Westminster, made a Duke in 1874, apparently received the honour because he happened to be the richest man in England. Some distinguished exceptions do exist to this base tradition. The Dukes of Wellington and Marlborough were, for instance, elevated for merit, while four Dukes have royal blood in their veins insofar as their graces of St. Albans, Grafton, Richmond and Buccleugh were all descendants of the natural sons of Charles II, the Merry Monarch. Incidentally, the Spanish peerage boasted a Grandee whose surname of Fitz-James proclaimed that the Duke of Berwick and Alba was descended from a natural son of Charles' brother, James II.

Compared to Section I, Section II was relatively tame stuff, comprising long lists of members of courts, legislatures, governments, civil and foreign services. For accuracy and detail no one could demand more. Under each country could be found virtually every usable scrap of information from trade figures to zoo managers, generals to

descriptions of national flags. The magnitude of the work involved in revision must have been colossal which explains why Section II was more mundane than Section I. On the lighter side, however, one does find a whole section devoted to the Sovereign Order of St. John of Jerusalem (the knights of Malta) who were, and still are, a separate sovereign entity, empowered to issue passports, and whose Grand Master was recognised as a sovereign the equal of Popes, Kings and Emperors. The solemn recognition of the Order and the list of its officials bearing such titles as "The Venerable Grand-Prior of Lombardy-Venetia" is the most engaging item of Section II.

Thus the Almanach de Gotha managed to provide a microcosm of world society and economic history from 1763-1941. It changed with the times, increasing Section II at the expense of Section I. It aimed to provide all the significant information needed to understand world events, and to include within its pages the names of all persons connected with government and society. Never did it depart from the high standards of accuracy and modernity that its longer title embodied. No such "Annual Statistical and Genealogical Review" now exists and we are very much the poorer for it.

P. F. McHugh (6 Schol).



Cave Canam — Peter with "Brandy"

MY STANDARD POODLE

I am the fortunate owner of a dog, no ordinary dog but a Poodle, a Standard Poodle. I do not mean a small dog, but a big one which weighs over 100lbs. and already measures 27 inches from the ground to his shoulder. The Standard was the original Poodle. The small ones were bred from them. The original ones were French hunting and water dogs. The lion cut, which is now used for show dogs, was first used to protect the dogs from the bites of animals which they hunted and also to keep them afloat in water. The bobbin on a Poodle's tail was there so that the owner of the dog could see it in the water. I do not have my dog in the lion cut, but in the lamb cut, as you see from the picture.

Peter Macardle (Form III A).



A section of the new Opelem Language Laboratory

EPITAPHS

An epitaph is a thing which everyone, except a select few (criminals and so on) receives when he dies.

Some epitaphs are plain, others unusual and it is the unusual ones which attract people's attention; a normal one would run like this:—

“Here lies John Smith
Born 1881 — Died 1931”

Here is a selection of unusual ones:—

“Julia Adams
Died of thin shoes, April 17th, 1839.”
Aged 19 Years

“Here lies I and no wonder I'm dead
For the wheel of a wagon went over my head.”

“Here lies the body of Mary Anne Lowder;
She burst while drinking a seidlitz powder;
Called from this world to her heavenly rest;
She should have waited till it effervesced.”

“Here lies Jane Smith,
Wife of Thomas Smith, Marble Cutter
This monument was erected by her husband as
a tribute to her memory and as a specimen of
his work.

Monuments of this same style are two hundred
and fifty dollars.”

F. Downes (Form 4 Alpha).

National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain

EUROPEAN TOUR—SEPTEMBER 1965

After two successful concerts, in the Fairfield Hall, Croydon and the Civic Hall, Guildford, the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain set out on a tour which was to take them to Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and Holland. We flew from London Airport on September 1st and arrived at Lisbon in the late afternoon. From the airport we travelled by coach to Sintra, a small town about 30 miles outside Lisbon, where we stayed at the "Colegio San José," a large convent first built as a royal palace — the "Palacio do Ramalhão." The nuns treated us with typical hospitality and in our rooms we found two sets of gifts, one — official — from the government consisting mainly of books and maps, and the other — unofficial — from the sisters themselves, consisting mainly of food (and wine!). The meals at the Convent were delicious and there seemed to be an inexhaustible supply of food and drink for us! As a result the meals were very long — even breakfast lasted an hour. And yet, as if to make up for this, our concerts did not begin until 10 p.m. so we had time to visit and admire the "beauty spots" of what is probably the most beautiful town in Portugal.

Our two concerts were in Sintra and Estoril, a large resort on the coast. The President of Portugal came to the Sintra concert and the Estoril concert was televised. Both were very successful from the audience's point of view but the Orchestra knew that there was still some rehearsing to be done if the critical Italian audiences were to be pleased. For Milan was our destination when we took off from Lisbon Airport the day after our second concert. Ours was a brief stay but it was long enough for us to learn much about the Portuguese people and Portugal itself.

On our arrival in Milan we immediately saw the contrast between the easy-going Portuguese we had just left and the fiery Italians we had now come up against. The Portuguese could not be hurried but the Milanese would not be slowed down! Consequently, the ride to the modern hostel where we were staying was a harrowing one, and we flashed past all the sights of the city — including the beautiful Cathedral — at a terrifying rate. After a welcome sleep we were rushed off the next day to Lecco, a large town on the

shores of Lake Como. To our relief the concert went well and we were enthusiastically received. The concert on the following day was equal in success if not in performance though the conditions were hardly adequate. This concert was held in Brescia in an 18th Century Opera House — not built for a 20th Century Symphony Orchestra 110-strong! There were no such limitations the following evening, when our 3rd and final concert in Italy was held at the Milan Conservatory Hall. Here the conditions were perfect and the Orchestra rose to the occasion, receiving a standing ovation from the enthusiastic Italians.

With concerts and rehearsals we had little time for sight-seeing but the Catholics in the Orchestra were more fortunate as they were able to see more of the inside of the Cathedral by attending Holy Mass there on the Sunday. Afterwards we were lucky enough to be allowed into La Scala, the famous Opera House, and to see its startling interior. Our time was not our own, however, and we soon had to leave Milan and travel to Switzerland, this time by coach.

We travelled through Northern Italy and across the Alps by coach and train amidst breathtaking scenery. Having seen the Alps from the air it was even more exciting for us to travel along those amazingly erratic roads which seemed merely to hang from the mountainside. Having reached Switzerland we travelled through more beautiful scenery, mainly along the shores of the Swiss Lakes, until we reached Zurich late in the evening.

For some of us this was a return to Zurich, as the Youth Orchestra had given a concert there after the Polish Tour two years before. I recognised quite a few places and felt almost at home in the Tonhalle where we were once more to perform. We arrived there early in the morning on the day after our arrival in Zurich and immediately began preparing for the inevitable rehearsal. For once this seemed endless and we were all glad to escape into the bustling city to do some sight-seeing. Luckily, the weather once again favoured us and we were able to laze about on the shores of the Lake and watch both the busy city and the tiny, quiet villages on the far shores of the Lake. In the distance the mountains shone in the after-

noon sun making a breathtaking sight and the cameras clicked incessantly. Soon, however, it was time for us to return to the Tonhalle and we all poured into our faithful coaches. Faithful, that is, except for one, which had the ill-luck to be rammed by a speeding car in one of the narrow streets leading to the Concert Hall! After a heated discussion between the two drivers — each speaking a language foreign to the other — the particular department of the Orchestra which occupied the coach (I think it was the violins) trooped out and began walking, in single-file, to the Hall. A strange sight they must have been to the passer-by who no doubt shook his head and muttered to himself, “English!”

The next day, which was to have been our only free day on the tour, we travelled to the Pestalozzi Village and gave a short concert for the orphan children, gathered there from all over the world. In no time at all, however, we were out of Switzerland on another long journey — this time to Frankfurt. Once across the border we met the German autobahns and the drivers took full advantage of this — at the expense of the weaker stomachs among us! As a result, we reached Frankfurt in the evening and we were whisked off to various hotels throughout the city. The accommodation here was the best of the tour and we had everything we needed. It was a pity we were only giving one concert, but that one was unforgettable. To begin with we gave it in the Opera House, which has the largest revolving stage in the world — we performed on one-eighth of it! As well as this we heard the Opera Orchestra rehearsing, under an American conductor who spoke German. To top it all I met one of the stagehands and in the course of our conversation he mentioned his fiancée who lived in . . . Liverpool, West Derby!! I will not forget the Frankfurt Opera House in a hurry.

From now on the pace of the tour became faster than ever. We travelled on to Hamburg and gave a concert first in Bremen then in Hamburg itself. Immediately after the Hamburg concert we packed the large instruments and they were driven straight to the Airport where we all arrived early the next morning. We said our goodbyes to the coach-drivers, who had driven all the way from Milan, and were soon in our Vanguard bound for Amsterdam. We arrived at Schipol early in the afternoon, boarded our new coaches and drove to Scheveningen, on the coast. Here we just had time for a meal, a rehearsal, a walk on the shore

and another meal before we were all lining up, ready for our last concert in Europe. The Dutch are reputed to be a reserved people when it comes to listening to concerts but on this occasion we received a standing ovation, and I was assured afterwards that this was **not** because of the uncommonly hard seats in what was otherwise a beautiful hall. Fifteen minutes after the last note of the concert we were on our way back to the airport, where our plane left at 1-30 a.m. Less than an hour later the lights of London Airport came into view and we were home at last.

This was the end of our European Tour but we still had much work to do. Two days after our arrival in London we gave a concert in the Royal Festival Hall (our last public concert) and the following day was spent at the I.T.V. Studios, Elstree, where we recorded two half-hour programmes which were broadcast last October. After this all our work was finished and we all said our unhappy goodbyes the next morning.

Unfortunately this is the end of the story in more ways than one. This was to be the last course for Dr. Ruth Railton, the founder and Musical Director of the National Youth Orchestra and so the Orchestra itself has had to be suspended for an indefinite period. I find it impossible to believe, however, that this Orchestra, which was founded in 1947 through the ambition and hard work of Dr. Railton and which has become known through its tours in Russia, Poland, Switzerland, West and East Germany, Italy, France, Holland, Portugal, Greece and Israel, should be allowed to disband when it has done so much for British youth and for British prestige.

Alan Fearon (VI Schol).

THE DREAM

He laid his head upon the pillow deep
And gently he drifted into sleep
His thoughts were of an island far away
'Pon which the sun did rise to start the day.

A man was swimming in the sea nearby
O'rhead some vultures hover'd in the sky
The man looked round, perceived a patch so dark
And swam with speed from the pursuing shark.

The sun began to set upon the isle
And swimming, striving, racing all the while
He thus attained the beach on his last stroke
At which the slumbering dreamer awoke.

Stephen Sheedy (IV)

School Officers

HEAD BOY : REDMOND, ANTHONY J.

DEPUTY HEAD BOYS : MCGUIRK BRIAN, CAVE PAUL

PREFECTS' COMMITTEE :

HAVERCAN, PETER

HENDRICK, KEITH J.

MILES, JOHN F.X.

MORGAN, ANTHONY L.

PREFECTS :

BANNON ROY

GREATOREX, DAVID

MUSKER, ROBERT

CANNING, BERNARD

GRETTON, PAUL J.

NOLAN, ALAN

CLIFFORD, PAUL

HAVERCAN, DAVID

O'HANLON, CHRISTOPHER

CUNNINGHAM, JOHN

INGRAM, CHRISTOPHER

OLVERSON, ANTHONY

DICKMAN, JOHN

KENOLTY, NICHOLAS

PRESCOTT, TERENCE

DOYLE, PHILIP

MASON, THOMAS

PRESTON, PAUL

FLAHERTY, ANTHONY

MONTAGU, LAURENCE

RUDD, BERNARD

GLYNN, PETER

MURPHY, ANTHONY

SHEA, MICHAEL J.

GRAY, ANTHONY

MURPHY, BRENDAN

STEPHENSON, MICHAEL

GRAY, DAVID

MURPHY, JAMES

SWAIN, JOHN

GRAY, JOHN

MURPHY, TERENCE

THOMAS, JOHN S.

FORM PREFECTS :

Upper V Science :

KELLY, P.

Upper V Modern :

CARDEN, A.

Upper V General :

MURPHY, B.

Lower V Alpha :

MCCOY, K.

Lower V A :

TOMLINSON, D.

Lower V Beta :

DOYLE, J.

IV Alpha :

LOVELADY, A.

IV A :

WEST, A.

IV Beta :

READ, I.

III Alpha :

MAHON, A.

III A :

MCCRORY, M.

III Beta :

BLIGH, J.

II Alpha :

WALSH, P.

II A :

KAY, D.

II Beta :

HARDING, J.

II B :

BROXUP, P.

School Trip to Austria, 1965

The party, led by Mr. Old and Brother Walsh assembled at Lime Street Station on Monday, August 23rd and took their reserved seats on the 8-15 a.m. London train. The three and a half hours passed quickly, and the train (The "Shamrock Express") arrived ten minutes early, which Brother Walsh thought was significant. Having travelled by tube to Victoria, we split up so that the baggage was watched whilst we took turns to have lunch in nearby cafes. In the meantime we were joined by four members who had made their own way from Liverpool and at 3 p.m. we left on the Dover boat express. We were soon flashing through outer London and the "dormitory towns", then the hop fields (viewed with some discernment by several members of the party).

Fortunately, the weather was fine and the sun was just setting as we arrived at Ostend after a very smooth voyage. Within twenty minutes of disembarking we were on the "Tauern Express" which left shortly afterwards. The train sped through Belgium and up the Rhine valley through Cologne, Bonn and Heidelberg and those who had couchettes were waking up as we neared Stuttgart. Although German Railways are normally very reliable, the train was late arriving at Munich, and consequently we were half an hour behind schedule arriving at Salzburg, only a few miles from the German Frontier. Those of us who had not been to Salzburg before were immediately impressed by its beauty and the grandeur of the buildings. After a four mile coach drive we arrived at our hotel on the outskirts of the city and were shown to our well-appointed rooms, where, after a satisfying meal, we spent the afternoon resting after the journey.

The next morning we enjoyed a very thorough tour of the city conducted by a charming guide, who, though she spoke English with an Austro-American accent, told us much about Salzburg and its interesting history. The Salzach river which divides the town was in full spate, and after seeing Mozart's birthplace we visited the magnificent Italian-Renaissance style Cathedral and ascended the funicular to the unconquered Archbishop's fortress on the 400 foot high Hohlensalzburg-Moenchberg ridge which forms an impressive crescent on the south side of the city.

The gay night-life of Salzburg was sampled at

the famous Steigl Keller where we ate and drank in a typically Austrian atmosphere of folk singing and dancing accompanied by a small orchestra and a harpist. Another evening, a friendly patron of our hotel (the policeman in a neighbouring village), entertained a few members of our party at one of his biannual celebrations; the following morning they were painfully bemoaning his lavish hospitality.

The highlight of our visit to the Archbishop's palace at Hellbrunn was the system of hidden water-jets which can drench even wary tourists as we discovered to our discomfort. This, together with some heavy rain showers did not deter most of the party from an afternoon swim in the superb indoor pool in the Mirabell gardens in central Salzburg. One gentleman spent the afternoon on an involuntary trolleybus tour of the city, as he did not know which route to take back to our hotel! The coach tour of the Salzkammergut Lake District included a cable-car ride to the summit of the Zuröflferhorn with its panoramic views, and a visit to Hallstatt with its famous and gruesome skull house where Brother Walsh explained that the skeletons of people buried in the village are placed in the house, adjacent to the twin-naved church, after ten years, due to lack of space in the cramped, isolated village. We then returned to Salzburg via Mondsee and the autobahn.

We were rather sad when we said farewell to Carl, the very obliging and jolly hotel proprietor, and left for the second part of our holiday at Zell-am-Zee. We stopped at Berchtesgarden where we toured the extensive salt-mines and were intrigued by the miners' clothing we had to don. After a stop for lunch and boating at Königsee, we continued back into Austria over the Alpine road to Lofer and on to Zell where the next two days were spent mainly playing table tennis and miniature golf, and boating on the lake.

On the tour along the Grossglockner mountain highway, we saw by far the most spectacular scenery of the whole holiday. The tortuous road reaches a height of 7,000 feet, and our guide, with some useful information from Mr. Old, pointed out the many snow-capped mountains, including the highest in Austria, the Grossglockner (12,461 feet). After a walk on the Pastezen Glacier, we

returned to Zell, and the descending mist obscured much of the scenery.

That evening we celebrated Mr. Old's birthday with a very enjoyable and informal party. The entertainment included performances by talented soloists, communal singing and general merry-making. Our hostess, Frau Seidel, and her friend, who were both most cordial and helpful, seemed to be delighted and amused by our communal rendering of English songs varying from a popular seventeenth century drinking song to "On Ilkley Moor ba' tat."

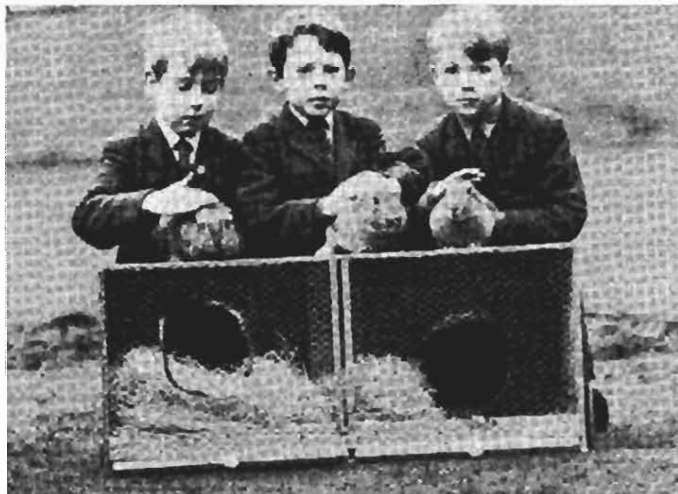
The next day and a half were spent recovering

and having our last look at Zell prior to our return journey which started with a coach drive to Munich where we boarded the Ostend train. The train was unavoidably split at Cologne in the early hours of Friday morning with the result that half our party missed the cross-Channel steamer and, I am reliably informed, arrived six hours late at Liverpool after an otherwise uneventful journey.

I must conclude by offering our sincere thanks to Mr. Old and Brother Walsh for their interest and enthusiasm in organising this memorable holiday.

Gerard Devine (6A Mods.)

ON QUAD '66



James Mannion	Edward Harvey	Timothy Fitzsimons
Sukie	Horace	Zak

Photo by N. McCallen

(Bearing in mind that hares are thought to be evil spirits of a sort).

Sporting in the grassy quad
Of this so-called seat of learning,
In this situation odd
Is he filled with homesick yearning?
No! His thoughts are harsh and vicious,
And his actions, mostly heinous,
Are, to say the least, suspicious.
Timidus is not his genus.
Names like "Sukie," "Horace," "Zak,"
Suit a tame, downtrodden pet.
But, because his heart is black,
No one's tamed a Lepus yet.
See his fluffy tail and ears
As he scoffs his edibles;
This sheep's clothing, it appears
Hides a soul like Jezebel's.

Martin D. Smith.

A SAILOR'S DREAM

My mind goes back to the days of old,
When slaves were sold for precious gold,
My heart doth dwell 'pon the roaring main,
On salt sea spray and lashing rain.
I'd love to see the British Flag,
Arise above a schooner's deck,
Or see the frothing foam conceal
A ragged galleon's mournful wreck.
My home would be a painted inn,

Above the rising sea,
And all the little fishes' homes,
Would 'neath the coral be.
I'd count the seamen coming in,
I'd count the merry faces,
I'd look out yonder o'er the sea,
At all those haunting places.

P. J. Hartley (2R).

THE DEATH OF AN ANCIENT MARINER

There he lies
At ninety-three,
An old man who's spent
His life at sea.

But this old man
Before he dies,
Shall see his life
Before his eyes.

He sees the ships
Of wood and sail,
Rounding the horn
In a howling gale.

He sees the ships
In which he sailed;
He sees the ports
From which they hailed.

But now he dies,
And before his eyes
These visions die
As well.

E. Murphy (IV A).

LIMERICKS ON THE HOUSES

A certain young lad from Domingo
Had a passion to ride a flamingo.
One day at the zoo
His wishes came true,
But he wished that they hadn't, by jingo!

At gym a young fellow from Hope
Rather fancied himself up a rope.
With a Tarzan-like soar
He fell to the floor
He forgot to hang on, the poor dope.

A Sefton lad once took a chance
And he went to a certain school dance
But he soon came away
When he found he'd to pay
'Cos the price was too high for romance

A Mersey boy went for a swim,
He said t'was to keep him in trim.
He dived in with a smack
Landing flat on his back
And was painfully dragged to the rim.

T. Fetherston (IV X)

Parents' Association

It is now four-and-a-half years since the Association was formed by the then Headmaster, Rev. Bro. Foley, with two objectives — to raise money for additional amenities for the College (not covered by grants) and to develop a social life among the parents. We are pleased to report that these aims have continued to develop apace — all systems are working!

During the past year we have continued — thanks mainly to the Finishing Touch Pool — to maintain our income at about the £6,000 a year mark. For the success of the Pool we are indebted to Brothers Carey, Walsh and MacNamara, to the hard-working Agents, to the Staff and boys of the College whose team spirit makes this so successful, to the parents and the "back-room boys" — the Sub-Committee responsible. Inevitably, we lose a number of Agents and members with the passage of time but we have had a wonderful response from the "New Parents" and this has kept up our numbers.

Including interest we have paid over £23,000 off

the Swimming Pool loan and we hope that by the next issue of the College Magazine we will have cleared the remaining £8,000 or so. Our last Garden Fete and Summer Draw made a profit of nearly £830, and we are delighted that the recent Christmas Fair and Draw have realised over £900.

On the social side, too, we have been very successful financially, although our events are run primarily to promote a social pattern among parents. All our Social are sold out long before the dates. This year, the Halloween Carnival, run as part of St. Edward's donation to the Liverpool University Chaplaincy Fund, raised nearly £120. Innovations introduced since the last issue were a New Year's Eve Carnival and a Car Rally held in September, which were both highly successful. We have planned, experimentally, a Bingo Night and we hope to have some coach trips run by the ladies. We have resumed monthly Whist Drives (last Sunday of the month) which, though not well-supported, give pleasure to a section of the parents. The Widnes and Liverpool Dinner/Dances have become well-established in



NEW SCHOOL MINI-BUS

Left to right: Headmaster, Mr. T. J. Brennan (donor) with his two sons, Brian and Francis

our Calendar and have proved very worthwhile socially.

The Committee hopes that a start will be made on the School Chapel in 1966. We have always had this project well in mind but have had many setbacks. From the first, it has been our intention to build this by our own labour but it now seems that most of the work will have to be submitted to Contractors because we have not been able to raise a team of building operatives within our ranks for the main construction.

The Magazine, which we introduced last year to keep our members abreast of developments, has now had its fifth issue. This runs to a thousand copies per issue and is posted to all Association members.

During the past year we have had some changes

in the Committee. We were most unfortunate to lose the good services of Brother Beattie who, reluctantly, had to retire due to pressure of work, and we welcomed Brother Walsh, his successor. Committee members who retired were: Mr. and Mrs. G. Pratt, Mrs. S. Jones, Mrs. A. Rudd and Mr. and Mrs. W. Seddon. New Committee members are Mr. M. Desforges, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ley and Mrs. S. Jefferies. We have also recently co-opted Mr. J. Carney.

All parents or guardians of past and present pupils are automatically members of the Association and we urge them to play as full a part as possible in its many activities.

May we thank Brother Coffey, the Community and all those layfolk who have made this year so successful for the Association.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS, 1965-66

Chairman:

Mr. J. E. MACARDLE
10 Whinmoor Road, Liverpool, 12.

Vice-Chairman:

Mr. J. MURPHY
11 Robeck Road, Liverpool, 13

Secretary:

Mr. A. E. WRIGHT
43 Hattons Lane, Liverpool, 16

Treasurer:

Mr. J. B. ION
40 Menlove Avenue, Liverpool, 18.

Committee:

Mr. J. Archer, 40 Lisleholme Road, Liverpool, 12.
Mr. & Mrs. J. Carney, 135 Glovers Lane, Liverpool, 10.

Mr. & Mrs. F. Colquitt, 54 Birchfield Road, Widnes.

Mr. M. Desforges, 11 Minver Road, Liverpool, 12.
Mrs. S. Jefferies, 23 North Linkside Road, Liverpool, 25.
Mr. H. P. Langley, 17 Wavertree Green, Liverpool, 15.
Mr. & Mrs. E. C. Ley, 9 Hadfield Grove, Liverpool, 25.
Mr. & Mrs. J. McCusker, 14 Hawthorne Road, Roby.
Mr. W. Mason, 119 Queens Drive, Liverpool, 13.
Mr. J. Neill, 474 Queens Drive, Liverpool, 4.
Mr. F. Nolan, 50 Rockburn Road, Liverpool, 13.
Mr. H. Reekers, 10 Millbank, Liverpool, 13.
Mr. R. L. Rudd, 254 Birchfield Road, Widnes.
Mr. J. Sullivan, 26 Shelley Road, Widnes.
Mr. F. Wood, 29 Eskburn Road, Liverpool, 13.

Speech Day, 1965

ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE — GOVERNING BODY

Very Rev. Canon F. J. Danher, P.P. (Chairman)
Col. J. Graeme Bryson,
O.B.E., T.D., LL.M., J.P., D.L.
Rev. Br. T. C. Coleman, B.Sc., F.B.I.S.
Rev. Br. J. J. Cowley, B.A.

Mr. James A. Dunn, M.P., C.C.
Rev. Fr. C. Glass
Mr. Philip Hawe, T.D., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.
Rev. Br. C. Mulligan, B.A.
Professor W. B. Whalley, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.I.C.

The Annual Speech Day took place at the Philharmonic Hall on Thursday, 25th February. Very Rev. Canon F. J. Danher, Chairman of the Governing Body, presided and the awards were distributed by the Most Reverend George Andrew Beck, A.A., B.A. Archbishop of Liverpool. A vote of thanks to his Grace was proposed by Mr. R. Allen, M.A., and seconded by the Head Boy, A. J. Redmond.

Rev. Br. P. T. Coffey, the Headmaster, welcomed the Archbishop to his first St. Edward's Speech Day.

In his report, he referred to the continued increase in the size of the Sixth Form and especially to the rise in the number of boys return-

ing for a Scholarship year. Fears that this trend would lead to a lowering of standards had not been justified. In fact, results at Advanced Level were continuing to improve although there was no reason for satisfaction as long as a single boy was failing to use his talents fully.

Success at all levels, Br. Coffey emphasised, depended on full parental support for the efforts of a dedicated, hard-working and enthusiastic staff. At this point it was appropriate to pay particular tribute to Mr. W. H. Rowe and Mr. J. F. Mullen, both of whom had retired in July, 1964. Mr. Rowe had served St. Edward's for 52 years and the debt owed to him by generations of Edwardians was incalculable. Mr. Mullen's

exceptional services to the School and to the cause of Catholic Education had been recognised by the award of the "Bene Merenti" medal, which he received from the hands of his son, Fr. Kevin Mullen.

This last year or two great Edwardians had seen the bringing to fruition of a number of projects. The new Dining Hall and Canteen were now in full operation. The Swimming Pool was open and we were expecting soon to make our mark in that as in other sporting spheres. A Middle School Library and a Form 6 Classroom and Book room had been established in space freed by the Dining Hall. A Tennis Court had been laid and another would soon follow. The Staff and boys had completed the Field Events lay out and the gardener had planted lawns and rose beds to enhance the Swimming Pool. The deepest gratitude was due

to all who had helped advance these projects and particularly to the members and committee of the Parents' Association.

The School Societies and Sports continued to flourish. Music had never been stronger and was making itself most useful in the cause of raising funds for the University Chaplaincy.

The Lourdes Pilgrimage had been a resounding success, 117 boys taking part.

Br. Coffey concluded by referring to the six boys who had chosen to enter religious life. He hoped that many more would follow their example and devote their lives to the service of God. We were in more need of vocations than ever and it was the duty of the School and parents to foster vocations in their children.

Upholland Letter

Dear Sir,—I have been told that the Upholland letter has not appeared in the Magazine for some time, and I must admit that I have been cut off from the Magazine for some years now. Maybe in the circumstances I could just talk in general terms.

There are two Old Edwardians due for Ordination in 1966. They head a list of 20 boys. Eight of these are in the Major Seminary and the other twelve are in the Junior Seminary, or School.

As regards the School, we recently had a full scale Government inspection and we came through with our colours flying high. We now have many extra courses given by lay teachers and the opportunities for hobbies have been more than doubled. Also we are affiliated to the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme which gives incentive to hobbies which would otherwise be dropped.

The Major Seminary, which we enter after our Sixth Form course, is also under course of being brought into line with modern thought. We are, however, just beginning our aggiornamento and this will no doubt be given added impetus by the decisions of the Second Vatican Council regarding seminaries.

Our Philosophers have more contact with the

Universities and the Newman Society than they formerly had, and our Theologians are continually stimulated by the many breakthroughs in theological thought at the present time.

Looking at the Old Edwardians we have, I can see that most of them came after one or two years in the main school (and just by the way 13 of the 20 had been to Runnymede). As you may or may not know, there has been a good deal of talk about Junior Seminaries recently, as to whether they are worth while or not. Looking at the flourishing state of ours, and observing the complete lack of Old Edwardians coming after Six Form one could maybe hold out for Junior Seminaries. Of course, it can be said that these boys might have come at the age of 18, but then again they might not. Also you could say that some of those who go on for further education may enter a seminary later in life. I am not out to criticise, but the facts are interesting.

Recent contacts between St. Edwards and Upholland included an inter-school debate on the subject of immigration; the annual Old Boy's Rugby Fixture. Also we staffed the secular clergy room at the recent Vocations Week-end organised by the Serra.

What struck me on coming back to the College

for the first time for some years was its smallness, that is in comparison with the College here, and also the many changes that have taken place, new buildings and furnishings.

We all, I think it is safe to say, remember the College with affection. My only regret is that I lost contact with my own class, and also with the College so soon after leaving it.

Here is a list of Old Edwardians: John B. Butchard (1948-1956), Denis Cunningham (1951-53), Bernard Reilly (1948-1953), Michael Ravey

(1953-54), Paul Borland (1952-56), Michael O'Dowd (1957-1958), Paul Kearney (1953-60), John Devine (1955-60), Eric Olverson (1957-62), James Bradley (1955-59), Michael Duffey (1955-60), Michael Donnelly (1956-60), Paul Byrne (1960-61), Brian Kiely (1961-62), Paul Twambley (1957-63), Francis Twambley (1960-64), Denis Olverson (1958-63), Peter Lawler (1963-64), J. Barrow (1959-65).

J. Butchard.

PARKING METER BLUES

Parking-meter peopled streets,
Deserted but for me;
They wait in serried ranks
In parasitic rows
Of parallel grey posts
Standing to attention,
Standing head erect;
Waiting to devour commuters coins,
Waiting to run over time,
Attracting Warden's eye,
Ticket under windscreen-wiper
Up in Court with Parking-Fine.

But now they wait,
Forbidden, Grey,
Glass faces on white dials;
Impersonal, Anonymous, except
To him whose time runs out:
To him they each become,
A faceless monster with
Personal grudge 'gainst him
And all his brethren,
Their anonymity a "front"
To cover their sadism.

These then, are the symbols
Of the Super-sonic Age:
Where tree roots used to flourish
Only 'meter stumps grow now,
A coat of paint their only bark,
Their forester a Warden;
Fulfilling their decree,
And harvesting their rich crop
Of cupro-nickel coins.

J. B. Morrison, (6A M.)

LOCAL GOSSIP

The hares in our quad are peculiar folk,
Each with quaint quirks of his own.
But hares are good-humoured and laugh at a joke,
(Which I don't think is commonly known).
Horace, the eldest, is staid and well-built,
Not given to frivolous prancing.
But he has just one foible for which he feels guilt—
He's addicted to all Morris dancing.
Now Sukie is small and ineffably sweet,
Practised in darning and knitting.
But she tends to get cramp in her delicate feet—

Caused by prolonged bouts of sitting.
Zak is quite normal, except for a twitch
Of his whiskers well-polished and wide.
He denies any rumour that Sukie's a witch,*
Inspired by his family pride.
* To understand this odd remark,
Study local folklore closely.
There it's writ in phrases stark:
"Furry hares are witches, mostly."

Martin D. Smith.



English College, Rome

Dear Sir,—Oh, to be in England. Surely even Rome in autumn cannot be as mellow and beautiful as this, was the thought that passed through my mind as I strolled through London early in October. In the boat train, across the Channel, through the rolling Paris basin I followed the sun to Italy — a long haul down the Mediterranean coast, tantalising glimpses of azure-blue sea, rolling Lombard plains, castle perched on graggy hilltops, then — journey's end.

Rome Termini at last. A seemingly interminable walk down the long train, voluble Italian porters, crowds of people — if only British Rail stations had so many, would we have ever seen Dr. Beeching. The platform end — such relief — an English (Welsh, to be true) cleric, who speaks fluent Italian. “Buon gioms, signor facchins” to the porter, and our clerical friend leads the way to a small Roman taxi — with a staggering capacity for luggage.

“Only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun,” maybe, but Rome is packed today — the world must have gone mad. A slow steady crawl down the Via Nazionale and the Corso — breathtaking glimpses of the Capitol, the Forum, the Victor Emmanuel monument — then the taxi penetrates gulleys where surely no car can enter — but we manage safely.

Stop. Friendly hands whisk luggage into an anonymous doorway. Or is it? No — a small brass plate proclaims: “Ven. Colegis Inglese.” The door opens into a long, high passage — there are strange faces from the train, as expectant as we are. More friendly faces appear — a long, long haul up seeming interminable flights of stairs

to our rooms, burdened down with luggage all the way — then down again to our first taste of the good nuns Italian cuisine. It wasn't so strange — boiled potatoes and carrots.

First day at the English College, nearly over. Ahead lies the Gregorian, hygienic Greek theatre (at least in one lecture hall, anyway) filled with amplified Latinity, which, despite the efforts of my former teachers, is largely incomprehensible. Ahead lies the official toast of welcome, the philosophers' concert, the early morning tramp along the well-worn Gregorian route, past beggars, and fountains, and . . . well, it's Rome, who knows what's around the next corner.

To-morrow, who knows? Fitting-out in a cassock; wings for getting entangled in car-bumpers; not, I'm afraid, for angelic flights of fancy; the domed, funny stetson (with strings, of course — you too can have a three-cornered hat), and the routine and happiness of religious life to get accustomed to. For now the lazy satisfaction of watching many of our old boys scuttling for the 'bus — the bishops can't be late for the Vatican Council, after all; the knowledge that each face conceals a new friend; Italian to be learnt, and Rome to be seen; one's integration into a new life, very different from that of Liverpool, in more ways than speech. But listen! I'm afraid the college clock chimes out the curfew of this parting day, and I must be up at 5-30 to-morrow morning. You do have some advantages back in England. “Ad multos annos” to St. Edward's and good-night.

Yours sincerely,

Tony Murphy.

Amateur Astronomy

Astronomy is one of the sciences in which the amateur can still take a really active part and make valuable contributions. Professional work is concerned largely with really important matters, that is to say, the stellar universe on which most of the world's large telescopes are employed. Such work as the physical observation of the planets and their moons, however, can be undertaken with relatively modest equipment, and this is where the amateur comes in.

His field, however, is not as wide as it used to be. The development of space research has swung the attention of at least some professional astronomers back to the Moon and planets and

no amateur can hope to assist in programmes such as planetary spectroscopy, since the necessary equipment is far too complicated and expensive.

However, the amateur still has a part to play, and even in stellar astronomy he can contribute by making estimates of variable stars of the types not so intensively studied at the official observatories. The value of amateur work is fully recognised by all eminent professional astronomers, and by most (although not all) of those who are not so eminent. On the other hand, the amateur must recognise his limitations, and be well aware of the things he can or cannot do.

P. Humphreys (LV Alpha).

Runnymede Notes

Since the publication of the last magazine more alterations and ideas have been introduced — all, we assume, to make school life more easy.

One of the main improvements was the library.



Relaxation in Runnymede Library

This room was formerly the dining room. It has been tastefully decorated and carpeted. The book-shelves are well stocked with a wide and varied selection of reading material. This room

is equipped with a television set to enable us to learn more about History, Geography and Science. Radios have also been installed in each classroom for the same purpose.

Runnymede has now acquired its own art room. This is situated on the first floor in what was once the library.



Miss H. Hogg conducts a Rehearsal of Runnymede Violin Group

As in former years, we have Mass every Friday and we would like to thank the headmaster for making this possible. During the year we made two collections. For the Good Shepherd Fund we collected £50, and for the Holy Childhood £25; both very commendable efforts.

In June we had our annual outing to Morecambe Marineland and Grange-over-Sands. Marineland was a great attraction where we saw performing dolphins and a great variety of other sea creatures. The day finished with Benediction at Holy Ghost Fathers' Seminary. We would like to thank the Father Rector for making our afternoon so enjoyable.

During the year Rugby, football, cricket and chess were very popular and we succeeded in maintaining a very good record. We were, how-



*Runnymede — Drama Rehearsal
Lower One. Producer Mr. McCavish*

ever, beaten into second place by St. Mary's Prep. School in our annual Inter-Prep. Schools' Sports held at St. Edward's.

Three boys were selected to play chess for Wallasey: they were Clifford Finch, Michael Killen and Martin Rooney. C. Finch captained the victorious Liverpool team. At the end of the term all the Runnymede classes acted plays for the parents in the Main School Hall. Form Prep. acted a humorous play about monkeys called "There's None so Blind." Form LI produced "Granny Gray's Down The Well," Form Up I acted "The Wild West" complete with holsters, guns and bangs. Form 2R presented "Calendar Chaos," in which November 5th tried to change places with October 3rd.

Francis Dacey, Paul Geraghty, Andrew Walsh.



A guiding hand from the Maestro

THE SCENE ON THE BEACH

I stood beside the cliff-face,
And looked at a fluttering bird,
The sea was breathing loudly,
And the cry of gulls was heard.
A wind was blowing strongly
The sea upon the beach,

And a sea-gull gliding gently,
Emitted a shrilly screech.
I could stand and look for hours,
Foam blowing in my face,
And the sight of this beautiful scene,
Was like a heavenly grace.

N. Street (2R)

Chess Notes

TEAM RECORDS

Senior Team: Played 7, Won 5, Lost 2.

This was their best season for some time, finishing in 3rd place in the Wright Shield.

Under 15 A: Played 8, Won 5, Drew 2, Lost 1.

Finished runners up in their section.

Under 15 B: Played 6, Won 6.

Won their section and then finally finished runners up in the section play offs, i.e., runners up in Merseyside Under 15 team Championships.

Under 15 C: Played 10, Won 8, Lost 2.

Won their section, and in section play offs finished 5th in Merseyside Under 15 team championships.

Under 13 A: Played 10, Won 10.

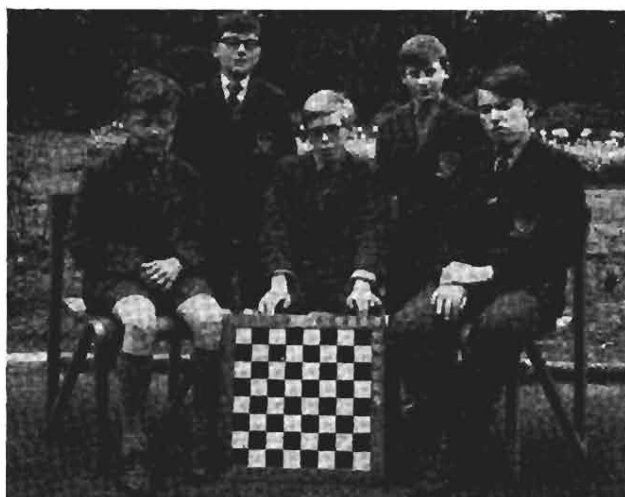
Won their section, and in section play offs finished runners up in Merseyside Under 13 team championships.

Under 13 B: Played 9, Won 9.

Won their section, and in section play offs won Merseyside Under 13 team championships.

INDIVIDUAL RECORDS

R. Musker—reached final of Merseyside Open Knock-Out.



JUNIOR CHESS CHAMPIONS, 1965

Peter Campbell, Paul Smart, Bernard Holme, Michael Geoghegan, Paul Dickie

J. Cassin—won Merseyside Under 13 Knock-Out.

J. Hawkins—reached final of Merseyside Under 13 Knock-Out.

R. Musker, A. Moorhead, D. Gray, C. Ingram, and B. Olverson were selected for Liverpool and Manchester.

English Society

The Society has had a busy year of play and film visits. Groups of boys from a variety of forms have been to the theatre to see "Macbeth," "The Tempest" and "Twelfth Night". A select group of the VIth formers went to Beckett's "Waiting for Godot" and another group attended a film appreciation lecture on, and performance of, "Inherit the Wind." Other boys saw the films "Becket" and "The Sound of Music".

A considerable debt of gratitude is owed to Mr. B. Young, Mr. J. E. Dillon and Mr. J. B. Thomas, the enthusiastic organisers of these visits.

Papers given to the VIth form branch of the Society included one by Brendan Murphy upon

"Experimental Modern Novelists" and one by Michael Shea on "Jane Austen".

All those boys who wished to do so attended complete, taped performances of "Richard II," "The Winter's Tale" and "Hamlet". Fruitful discussions followed the performances.

A new departure this year was the addition of a book, "Essays in Criticism," to the School library. The book is entirely the work of the school. The essays are those of VIth formers and the binding was done by the Art department. We hope to add other volumes of a similar nature whenever we have really worthwhile material to contribute.

R. J. P. Thomas.

S.V.P. Notes, 1964/65

This year the membership of the Society was 40; the President being B. Canning, Secretary P. Cramp and Treasurer A. J. Murphy. The usual visits were made by groups of three or four brothers to six old people in the Old Swan area. We have, unfortunately, been unable to extend this side of our activities.

The annual collection realised £50, a great improvement on the previous one, and larger gifts could as a result be made to the people visited. Again visits were made to Broadgreen Hospital and the Deaf and Dumb Club. Donations were

made to various charities such as St. Vincent's School for the Blind. In general, therefore, the Society has maintained its membership and its charitable work, and the spiritual side also benefited by the inclusion of extra, spiritual reading at the meetings.

The officers for 1965-66 have been elected. P. Archer is President, B. Rudd Vice-President and B. Swords is Secretary. The balance in the capable hands of Treasurer B. Cranny is £16.

P. Archer.

Latin & Classical Society, 1964/1965

The Society, formed in 1964, under the Chairmanship of P. Clifford, almost died a "natural death" after the latter resigned his post. No lectures were given during this school year until February when Rev. Bro. Chincotta gave the Society a lecture on Rome in general.

Next, the Society was addressed by Mr. Hickey — and his lecture was entitled "Mother of Many Tongues". He described in painstaking detail how Latin is the basis of all European languages, particularly Spanish and English. His lecture also showed how basic Latin roots have changed until we have such differences in spelling as exist today between Spanish and Portuguese.

About a fortnight later Rev. Bro. Beattie addressed the Society on the subject of "Daily Life in Ancient Rome". He gave a most interesting and stimulating talk and gained the rapt attention of a large audience.

In June the Society's first attempts at a "do-it-

yourself" lecture were made. Entitled "The Roman Forum", it also proved an interesting lecture but would have been considerably more so had it been illustrated with slides.

Next Monday Mr. Allen is to give a lecture on the School's visit to Rome, using slides that he obtained there. This should prove most interesting and a large attendance is expected.

Next year we hope to arrange a trip to Hadrian's Wall and to have a return visit from Professor Powell of the University of Liverpool. As for this year's activities — after a late start the Society and its attendances have flourished, and it shows great promise for the future.

Thanks are due to Rev. Bros. Beattie and Chincotta and to Messrs. Allen, Harty and Hickey for their help and support, and to the audience for their attendance, attention and patiences.

W. Redmond (6A Mods.)

Scientific Society Activities, 1964/1965

The activities of the Society fall into three categories — visits to Industry, Lectures by students and visitors and films shows.

Visits arranged were:—

International Computers and Tabulators Ltd.
Peter Spence and Sons Ltd.
Ford Motor Company.

Capenhurst Works, Atomic Energy Authority.
Shell Oil Refinery, Stanlow.
Associated Electrical Industries.
Cadbury Brothers Ltd.
I.C.I. Salt Works.
Yorkshire Imperial Metals.
Pilkington Brothers Ltd. Glassworks.

Pilkington Sullivan Works — I.C.I. Research.
Orrs Zinc White Ltd.

The organisation of these visits was undertaken by J. Cunningham who arranged and confirmed each visit.

The Lectures by Students fell badly this year, a variety of excuses being presented by those who had volunteered to speak. To counter this each student in 6 B Sc. is to prepare a topic during the Summer vacation and present his notes at the beginning of the Autumn Term. The lecture programme will then be selected from these topics.

Visiting lecturers, however, made up for the poor response of our own pupils. Parties of boys also attended Manchester College of Science and Technology for a lecture on Optics, and Man-

chester University for the annual da Vinci Lecture on Hovercraft. The Society also took advantage of the Open Day at Liverpool University to arrange a day visit.

Outstanding among the visiting lecturers were Dr. Kababadse, Mr. Hooley and Professor Kynch of Manchester College of Science and Technology.

The usual programme of films each fortnight included topics of general interest as well as scientific information. In the latter category films on the electron microscope, computers, insects, and glass making aroused most comment. Their value is chiefly in demonstrating how the students' studies in school lead to advances and techniques in industry and research.

K. McGuirk (Hon. Secretary).

Mathematics Department, 1964/1965

Three boys left the school during the year having been accepted for courses leading to honours degrees in Mathematics. They were Brian McGuirk (Churchill College, Cambridge), John F. X. Miles and Peter E. Havercan (Imperial College, London). Each is capable of reaching an excellent standard. Several other boys are still awaiting their Advanced level results before they pursue similar courses elsewhere.

Of our 40 candidates in the Mathematical Association of America High Schools Competition, David A. Havercan obtained the highest mark and was placed 37th in the National merit

table. He thus becomes the second holder of the school mathematical competition shield.

Prospects for next year include one boy who should certainly obtain a place at Queen's College, Oxford, to read mathematics, and three boys entering the scholarship sixth who promise to be in a similar position the following year.

Investigations are being made with a view to introducing some topics of "Modern Mathematics" into the syllabus in the lower school. This should certainly be possible by September, 1966.

French Society, 1964/1965

French debating was the chief activity of the Society. Form 6A manfully provided most of the speakers, allowing 6B to be introduced gradually to the ardours of French Debating.

Amongst the topics that aroused most feeling, were:

- (a) That reading novels is a waste of time (defeated).
- (b) That England has no longer need of a monarchy. (defeated).
- (c) The death penalty should be abolished. (defeated).

- (d) That pirate radio vessels should be allowed to operate freely. (adjudicated as drawn).
- (e) That the English are too engrossed in Sport. (defeated).
- (f) That the instability of present youth arises from the legacy bequeathed to them by their elders. (defeated).

The last mentioned debate was treated very seriously and all speakers provided extremely well documented reports. As a result of this debate, C. McHale was awarded the Br. Forde Cup for French debating, this being the second year in

succession that he won this, having won the cup last year while in 6B, the first boy of 6B to achieve this distinction.

Other main business of the Society was associated with the Foyer Francais — in which the school took a very active part, and the attendance, manners and appearance of our boys were really excellent.

Subjects they found most interesting were: a talk on the origin of the Red Cross in Geneva — a very lively and entertaining talk on Molière, by a member of the Alliance Française (who was himself a natural comedian) — a discussion on the Modern French Novel, which left most people somewhat bewildered — an extremely pleasant

and informative lecture on French painting, illustrated with colour slides — Life in the French town of Clermont-Ferrand — and a very refreshing talk on the theatre of Marcel Pagnol.

In the French Speaking Competition held at Liverpool, it was considered by our boys, naturally, and perhaps with some justification, that C. McHale was unlucky not to win with his extremely witty and well-delivered talk, entitled "Portrait d'un gentleman anglais."

The Society continues to flourish, to foster interest in French language and culture, and to provide a very useful discipline, since debating in French calls for a great deal more courage than debating in English.

Dramatic Society Notes, 1965

The ninth production of the Dramatic Society was Robert Bolt's "A Man for all Seasons". Presented in January, it told the story of Sir Thomas More's rise to power, his quarrel with the King (played by Stephen Wardle) and his eventual execution at the hands of the ambitious Thomas Cromwell (Bryn Banks). This was the Society's first attempt at a modern play, and was an unqualified success, with Paul Clifford giving a masterly performance in the leading role. He was ably supported by Paul Gretton (Common Man), who was, in turn, a servant, a boatman, an inn-keeper, a jailer and an executioner. Other members of the cast were John Dickman, Gerald Duffy, Alan Fearon, Philip Hall, Keith Hendrick, Kieran McGuirk, Christopher McHale, Peter Roberts and Michael Shea.

The presentation would not have been possible without the cheerful assistance of Mr. Morrison,

Mr. Ley, and their willing helpers, N. Bunting, D. Gray, J. Gray, N. Kenolty, J. O'Reilly and I. Somerville. Our thanks to these, and, of course, to our producer Mr. Thomas, his assistant, M. D. Byrne (who, incidentally, prompted most ably throughout) and Mr. Hughes, who spent a great deal of time acting as director. Thanks also to those who braved the cold January evenings in order to come along and support us. Since last January, we have lost the services of J. Dickman, P. Gretton, K. Hendrick, M. Shea, and S. Wardle, but have welcomed six new members in M. Cunningham, D. Devoy, M. Fields, P. Kelly, J. Keogh and P. McHugh. These, along with members of last year's cast, took part in our most recent production, Kenneth Woollard's wartime drama, "Morning Departure," in November last. Details of this will appear in the next issue.

L. B. Banks (Hon. Secretary).

The Geographical Society, 1964/1965

We have had a busy and interesting year. A most interesting feature has been the formation of a junior Geography Club under the guidance of Mr. Gibbons. They have had an interesting range of film shows on alternate Fridays, ranging from Nigeria to the Trans-Antarctic New Zealand

Expedition. The club has a large and active membership.

Encouraged and instructed by Mr. Snape 3 Beta are our weathermen and may be seen daily recording their statistics. The Fourth Forms have

carried out an elementary survey of the School Grounds and were very interested in a talk given to them by a professional surveyor engaged in work at the School.

The Junior forms have had their usual introduction to field work by making visits to the Thurstaston area.

The Senior School has been equally busy and there is still much to be done after the examinations are over. Excursions were made to Edale and Ingleton during the year and two are planned for after the examinations including a long full day in the Lake District, and the Skelmersdale New Town. Mr. Snape will lead these.

In late August Mr. Old is taking his usual party to Salzburg and the Austrian Alps.

As usual a large number of the senior boys joined the Liverpool Branch of the Geographical Association and attended such lectures as were of interest to them.

We owe warm thanks to Dr. Tresyth and the Liverpool Museum authorities for their co-operation in interesting visits to the Museum and for allowing our more ardent Geologists to do much practical work under their direction.

The Library has now a very full Geography section, and more important still, it is very much used. The Geography rooms now are almost fully equipped and both our new Episcopes and film strip projector are much used. Some survey instruments must be our next objective together with building up a longer collection of film strips and slides.

Historical Society

The College Historical Society enjoyed a prosperous year (1964-1965). The memorable highlights were undoubtedly Paul Smith's extremely successful lecture on the post-conquest Kings of England, appreciated by all for its erudition and interest, and the controversial Winston Churchill debate in which Paul Clifford reached new oratorical heights. To all those who took part in last year's activities, the Society expresses its grateful thanks.

Once again the Society found difficulty in kindling the enthusiasm of members of the 6th form who, by and large, consider apathy "the done thing." We can console ourselves by noting the establishment of the History and Geography

Club in which the enthusiasm of the Juniors compensates for the indifference of their elders. We hope that this year will see a notable improvement in the interest shown in our activities.

The programme for 1965-1966 promises to be the most interesting yet, with a series of talks on Rome planned, a number of varied lectures in preparation, and with the promise of an early (and much awaited) return by Paul Smith. We also hope to run a Historical Expedition next year.

We believe that the Society is entering an active phase in its development and we would ask all 6th formers to assist us in making this so.

P. F. McHugh (Secretary).

Debating Society

The Society was much more active than in 1963-64. The new VIB brought us a number of younger members who eagerly took part in the debates of the Autumn and Spring terms. Ten debates were held in school on a variety of topics of current interest. In addition, there were meetings before the General Election in which candidates of a number of persuasions hawked their wares before large and intensely partisan audiences.

The most notable speeches of the year came from the old stagers. Paul Clifford, Paul Gretton and Michael Shea were quite outstanding. In the election meetings, Bryn Banks and John Gray gave effective, even inflammatory addresses. Of the younger speakers, Simon Gray, John Taylor and John Morrison spoke particularly well.

The main interest of the year was, however, in the development of outside contacts. Four mem-

bers attended the Catenian Competition in which Clifford was third. Then came the debate at Collegiate in which Clifford and a Broughton Hall girl argued for censorship against a Collegiate/Calder High School team. Half a dozen supporting speakers from St. Edward's (including Keith Hendrick and Anthony Murphy) also took part.

In the Summer Term Paul Gretton and Michael

Shea, with the support of several subsidiary speakers, debated immigration with the students of Upholland College. I am assured that the very lively debate was greatly appreciated by the Upholland people.

Altogether it has been quite an encouraging year. Now speakers are coming along and our horizons are broadening.

J. E. Dillon.

Choral and Orchestral Concert

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

1. Trombone Solo, The Acrobat ... *J. A. Greenwood*
Soloist—NICHOLAS FLOOD
2. "Largo" from Concerto for two Violins
and String Orchestra *J. S. Bach*
Soloists
GERARD McCABE, DAVID NOLAN
3. Suite Americana *Thurban*
March The Tiger's Tail
Serenade When Malindy Sings
Sketch The Watermelon Fete
Leader of Orchestra P. G. McCABE
Orchestra trained and Conducted by
Mr. EUGENE GENIN
Clarinets, Flutes and Trumpets trained by
Mr. GEORGE H. DOLMAN
Strings trained by Miss H. M. HOGG
Cellists trained by Miss J. M. JOHNSTON

SCHOOL CHOIR

Choir trained and Conducted by Mr. C. LYONS

Accompanist: S. WARDLE

- Psalm 150 for voices and instruments *Benjamin Britten*
- Old Joe has gone fishing from
the Opera "Peter Grimes" ... *Benjamin Britten*
- Li'l David play on yo' harp.
Negro Spiritual ... *Arr. Sebastian H. Brown*
- The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies, O
English Folk Song ... *Arr. Christopher Le Fleming*

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PLEASE GIVE THEM YOUR SUPPORT



Catholic University Chaplaincies

At every University in the country there is a Catholic Chaplain. Normally, nowadays, he is a "full time" chaplain, devoting himself to the spiritual welfare of all the Catholics and the non-Catholics who may seek his help — within the university. He may, or may not, have at the moment a specially designed chaplaincy centre, such as the one at Liverpool although increasingly such centres have been provided or are in the course of construction. Ultimately every university will have one. In some of the newer ones, the Catholic Chaplaincy will share premises with the other Christian bodies and at universities such as Keele there is a common chapel.

But buildings, important as they undoubtedly are, are not the most essential thing. What is essential is that the Catholic students and staff of a university recognise themselves as a community within the Church, having a direct responsibility laid on them by the Church for providing the witness of Catholic life fully lived within the university.

The chaplaincy is **not** a kind of ghetto to shield students from real or imaginary harmful influences. Nor is it simply a place where individual students may come for counsel or for help in their personal problems, although undoubtedly this **is** one of its functions. Nor is it a Catholic youth club. Its main function is to provide a Catholic community environment within the university, sharing its life, within which the Catholic student may achieve full maturity as a responsible Christian man or woman.

How can this be achieved? First and foremost Catholic university students should unite at Mass. Whenever possible students should go on Sundays to the university Mass even if they live at home. When Cardinal Heenan was Archbishop of Liverpool (where a considerable number of students do live at home) he made this point publicly on a number of occasions. Week-day Mass is especially important: the witness of a body of Catholic students assisting at Mass without any "obligation" in the background is tremendous.

And then there are the educational activities of the University Catholic Society. The Society is run by the students, the chaplain being adviser

and, sometimes, with the help of Catholic members of the university staff it organises lectures, study groups in which members take an active part, and other activities. Legion of Mary, Sodality, S.V.P., all flourish under its "umbrella". Like every other student society it is affiliated to the Students' Union and in most universities forms an integral part of the Joint Christian Council or other such ecumenical organisation. This latter activity is very important in view of present tendencies in the Church. The study groups of the Catholic Society can cater for a wide range of interests and through the Union of Catholic Students, a national federation, members can meet students from other universities to their mutual benefit.

Social activities are an important part of the life of the average chaplaincy. People get to know each other and it is not surprising that many happy marriages began in the chaplaincy.

If I might end on a rather gloomy note it is an unfortunate fact that many first year students come to the university with the set intention of not contacting either chaplain, chaplaincy or Catholic Society. I am glad to say however, that this is normally not true of St. Edward's boys. What really lies behind it is a failure to grow up which involves carrying over into the open society of the university childish attitudes which should have disappeared in the sixth form. A recent piece of sociological work by Dr. Joan Brothers has established the fact that this unfortunate attitude is sometimes perpetuated among sixth formers by first-year undergraduates (who have failed to integrate) returning to their own schools and spreading the impression that the Catholic Society is nothing more than a pious clique. Greater contact between sixth formers and the university where they are going to work could do much to eradicate this.

T. A. MCGOLDRICK

*Catholic Chaplain to the
University of Liverpool.*

*Chairman of the Conference of
Catholic Chaplains to the
Universities.*

UNIVERSITY CHAPLAINCIES IN GREAT BRITAIN

ENGLAND AND WALES

- Aberystwyth:** Rev. John Fitzgerald, O.Carm, M.A., St. Mary's College. Tel.: 7385.
- Aston in Birmingham:** Rev. Anthony Taylor, St. Francis, Hunters Road, Birmingham, 19. Tel.: Northern 0905.
- Bangor:** Rev. Michael Richards, LL.B., D.C.L., 40 College Road.
- Birmingham:** Rev. Geoffrey Robert Tucker, M.A., Newman House, 29 Harrisons Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15. Tel.: Edgbaston 4395/6.
- Bradford:** Rev. C. Barker, S.T.L., St. Mary's, East Parade. Tel.: 21248.
- Bristol:** Rev. Mervyn A. Alexander, D.D., 103 Queen's Road, Clifton, Bristol, 8. Tel.: 34190/34158.
- Cambridge (for Men):** Rev. Incleton, Fisher House, Guildford Street., Tel.: 50018.
- Cambridge (for Women):** The Dominican Fathers, Blackfriars St. Michael's, Buckingham Road. Tel.: 52461.
- Cardiff:** Rev. Julius Leo Caesar, O.S.B., B.A., 46a Park place.
- Durham:** Rev. Vincent Shanley, B.A., St. Cuthbert's, Old Elvet. Tel.: 3442.
- East Anglia:** Rev. Richard Wilson, Rectory, Unthark Road, Norwich, NOR 24E. Tel.: 24615.
- Essex:** Rev. C. Nigel Collingwood, B.A., S.T.L., 16 Regent Road, Brightlingsea, Essex. Tel.: 485.
- Exeter:** Rev. George A. Hay, 25 South Street. Tel.: 72815.
- Guildford:** Rev. Albert Hadshar, Presbystery, Garlands Road, Leatherhead, Surrey.
- Hull:** Rev. Anthony Storey, M.A., S.T.L., 44 Newland Park. Tel.: 43216.
- Keele:** Rev. Gerald Seaston, M.A., The Clockhouse, The University, Keele, Staffs.
- Kent:** Rev. Michael Crofts Lace, M.A., S.T.L., L.S.S., c/o 59 Burgate, Canterbury. Tel.: 62198.
- Lampeter:** Rev. Gregory Fitzgerald, O.Carm, Brodyrgwynion. Tel.: 137.
- Lancaster:** Rev. John Turner, B.A., St. Michael's College, Underley Hall, Kirkby Lonsdale, via Carnforth. Tel.: Kirkby Lodnsdale 206.
- Leeds:** Rev. H. Vincent McAtamney, S.J., 25 Clarendon Place, 2. Tel.: 27421.
- Leicester:** Rev. Paul Foster, O.P., S.T.L., Holy Cross Priory, Wellington Street. Tel.: 28846.
- Liverpool:** Rev. Thomas A. McGoldrick, M.A., Cathedral Precinct, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, 3. Tel.: ROYal 8069.
- London:** Very Rev. Msr. John L. Coonan, S.T.L.; Rev. Arthur Brendan Soane, Ph.D.(Eng.), B.Sc., D.I.C., A.R.S.M.; Philip Carpenter, M.A. (E. London), 21a Soho Square, W.1. Tel.: GERrard 2010.
- Loughborough:** Rev. Albert E. Basil, I.C., B.A., Faraday Hall, Ashly Road. Tel.: 2754
- Manchester:** Rev. Benjamin Winterborn, S.J., 361a Oxford Road, 13. Tel.: ARDwick 1456.
- Newcastle:** Rev. Thomas Towers, M.A., 14 Windsor Terrace, 2. Tel.: 81-1053.
- Nottingham:** Rev. Lawrence Bagguley, A.A., B.A., The Becket School, West Bridgford. Tel.: 85023.
- Oxford:** Revv. Michael Hollings, M.C., M.A.; Richard Incleton, M.A., The Old Palace, St. Aldates. Tel.: 47870.
- Reading:** Rev. Henry Donnelly, 29 Upper Redlands Road Tel.: 62483.
- Sheffield:** Rev. Terence Corrigan, Padley House, 7 Wellesley Road, 10. Tel.: 60178.
- Southampton:** Rev. Robin Noel, M.A., A.R.C.O., 156-8 Boarlands Road, Southampton. Tel.: 57720.
- Sussex:** Rev. Maurice Couve de Murville, M.A., S.T.L., Howard House, 5 Richmond Place, Brighton, 7. Tel.: 681709.
- Swansea:** Rev. Desmond Schlegel, O.S.B., St. David's Priory, Rutland Street. Tel.: 53343.
- Warwick:** Rev. Louis McRaye, M.A., LL.B., St. Thomas's Seminary, Grove Park, Warwick. Tel.: 42088.
- York:** Rev. John Bernard Boyan, O.S.B., M.A., T.D., 17 Wilsthorpe Grove, Heslington Lane, York. Tel. 77598.

SCOTLAND

- Aberdeen:** Very Rev. Canon Alexander S. MacWilliam, 3 Justice Street. Tel.: 51529.
- Dundee:** Rev. Basil O'Sullivan, 150 Nethergate. Tel.: 25228.
- Edinburgh:** Rev. Anthony Ross, O.P., S.T.L., 24 George Square, 8. Tel.: NEWington 2588.
- Glasgow:** Rev. Matthew Dooley, S.J., St. Mungo's, 15 Southpark Terrace, W.2. Tel.: WESTern 4315.
- St. Andrews:** Rev. Ian Gillan, Ph.D., M.A., 24 The Scores. Tel.: 856.

Paranoia I.

When the door closed behind the last of his friends, he remained for some time slumped in the big leather armchair by the hearth, staring into the dull grey ashes of the dying fire. On the table, the wine-glasses and coffee cups were cluttered, unwashed and disheartening, while the ancient clock, which for the past four hours had been vicariously enjoying the slightly morbid joviality of this last night of term, wheezed drunkenly on the mantelpiece.

He was aroused from his useless lethargy only when the clock of the parish church across the park struck midnight. He lurched wearily to his feet, stretched, and made his way towards the bedroom. Pausing in the doorway, with his hand on the light switch, he cast a final glance round the sitting-room. It was then that he remembered the cat. It was lying where he had left it, stiff and silent, in the corner of the room. Plainly, it could not remain there—Mrs. Beale would see it as soon as she came in next morning, and then what a fuss there'd be! He could never understand the way she doted on that ridiculous tabby, as if it were her own child. Luckily he'd be gone to-morrow before she had time to miss it, as long as he got the body out of sight for now.

He crossed the room and withdrew the bread-knife from its heart, feeling a twinge of uneasiness as he wondered whether it had in fact been sadism rather than high-spirits which had prompted him to demonstrate practically that cats are no more privileged in the matter of lives than we are. Then he laughed, rather strangely, and tossed the blood-stained knife onto the table. Picking up the cat by its tail he passed out onto the landing and ran silently downstairs to the yard, where he lifted the lid off the dustbin and dropped the tabby's body in on top of the rubbish.

With the bin-lid still clutched in his hand, he stood motionless for a moment, gazing up at the sky, where a watery moon, cloaked in black cloud, glided pale, serene and interesting. The house itself was in darkness, and silent as death. Only a light gleamed softly behind the curtains of his own room. He dropped the lid on the bin and went back into the house.

For a long time he lay awake, thinking of the cat—the tabby cat—wondering and becoming more confused as he grew sleepier. Thinking about it in the dark, killing a cat was no joke . . . it was frightening . . . probably sadism . . . R.S.P.C.A. . . . thou shalt not kill . . . plead self-defence—commuted to manslaughter . . . pick someone your own size . . . here Tabby . . . Tabby . . . tabby . . . cat . . . cats and dogs go out to . . .

He was glad to find himself back in the university buildings. He was strolling through the science labs. with his books in one hand and his black fur hat in the other. Passing a group of friends he smiled at them—why were they looking at him so oddly? He glanced down at his clothes and—Good God! he was still wearing his pyjamas! He tried to hide behind his hat, but it writhed out of his hand and thudded to the floor, where it lay stiff and silent, with its neck broken, glaring balefully at him. A crowd had gathered, jeering and pointing derisive fingers; they began to surge towards him, muttering and growling in their throats, like a Revolutionary mob. He turned and fled wildly, his legs weak and leaden beneath him, while the pack seethed behind, grasping at his heels, but never quite within reach.

Panting and sobbing he stumbled to the end of the corridor and burst out through the swing doors . . .

The wind was blowing in breathless gusts around him as he hurried along the battlements of the tower, glancing fearfully behind. He was startled to a halt by a large figure before him, a . . . chops? . . . veal? . . . beef? . . . Beefeater! Its uniform, red and yellow and striped, reminded him of something . . . what was it? It was the moustache that made him certain, long and thin and straight like . . . like . . . like whiskers! That was it!—it was like a huge red, malevolent tabby cat! He looked up at its face and shrank back; it was distorted by pain and hatred as it drew aside its coat, disclosing a bread-knife buried in the hilt in its heart. I'm sorry . . . I'm so sorry! he cried, but with a demoniac snarl it had sprung at him. He twisted aside and the sharp claws caught him across the shoulder. As he staggered, he was seized by the wind, and taken off balance, plunged from the battlements like a black soul falling into Hell. For minutes he dropped, and then he struck the ground. . . .

He awoke with a shock and lay for some time sweating in the pitch blackness, afraid to move because of his broken back. Gradually he relaxed, and as he settled down again he heard the church clock strike twice and stop. One, two . . . one, two buckle my shoe . . . one, two, three . . . trip, two, three four . . . that's how elementary . . . Watson, my dear . . . Sherlock . . . Loams? . . . Combs? . . . Holmes! one

He heard the binman calling loudly and angrily; he passed out onto the landing and ran silently downstairs to the yard. The dustman was standing with the lid clutched in one hand, and with the other indicating the contents of the bin, half indignantly, half in disgust. He stared, fascinated, at the dustman's dirty leather apron his tattered cap and heavy boots—then he followed the outstretched finger, and peered into the bin. He started back in horror, for it was full of the fresh corpses of dozens of cats—black cats, Manx cats, Siamese cats . . . and tabby cats. As he watched, it quivered and swelled, bigger and bigger, sprouting like a frightful mushroom, until it burst, and the yard was filled with dead cats floating in their own blood. The wall of bodies mounted before him; it was surging down towards him when he flung himself backwards over the threshold and slammed the door behind him . . .

He was having great difficulty keeping the tractor on the road, what with the ruts and puddles and the frightening drop on the offside. If he could just reach the junction he would be on the highway, but no matter how or recklessly he drove, he didn't seem to get any nearer. Behind him, the milk churns clanged together like chained skeletons, while in front of him the engine roared like a soul in torment. Out of the corner of his eye he saw something flash across from the side of the road—a black cat! It sprang in front of the tractor and crouched, immobile, hissing evilly, with devilish hatred gleaming in its green eyes. Instinctively he threw up his forearms across his face, to protect himself from the concentrated wickedness of its regard. The steering-wheel spun aimlessly back and forwards, the off-wheels slipped from the roadway and the tractor toppled sideways into the abyss. He landed on his face, and a second later the vehicle crashed with stunning force onto his back, crushing him into the earth . . .

Waking with a moan, he stared around the room at the dim, dark outlines of the furniture, scarcely distinguishable in the cold grey light before dawn. How long the night was . . . how long! . . . *le chat de ma tante est dans la poubelle* . . . *tous les chats sont* . . . would it never end . . .

Every face in the courtroom was turned towards him, hostile and unforgiving. Only the jury seemed uninterested in the proceedings—they were playing croquet in the jury-box—while the judge prepared to announce the sentence. What was he guilty of, he wondered, and felt a twinge of uneasiness as a suspicion crossed his mind. He looked again at the judge, and noticed for the first time that the face beneath the wig was inhuman—it was the cunning mask of a Siamese cat. At that moment the black cap was placed on his head. He stared round wildly for a way of escape . . . hanged by the neck until you are dead . . . the words echoed in his mind like the trumpet-call on Doomsday.

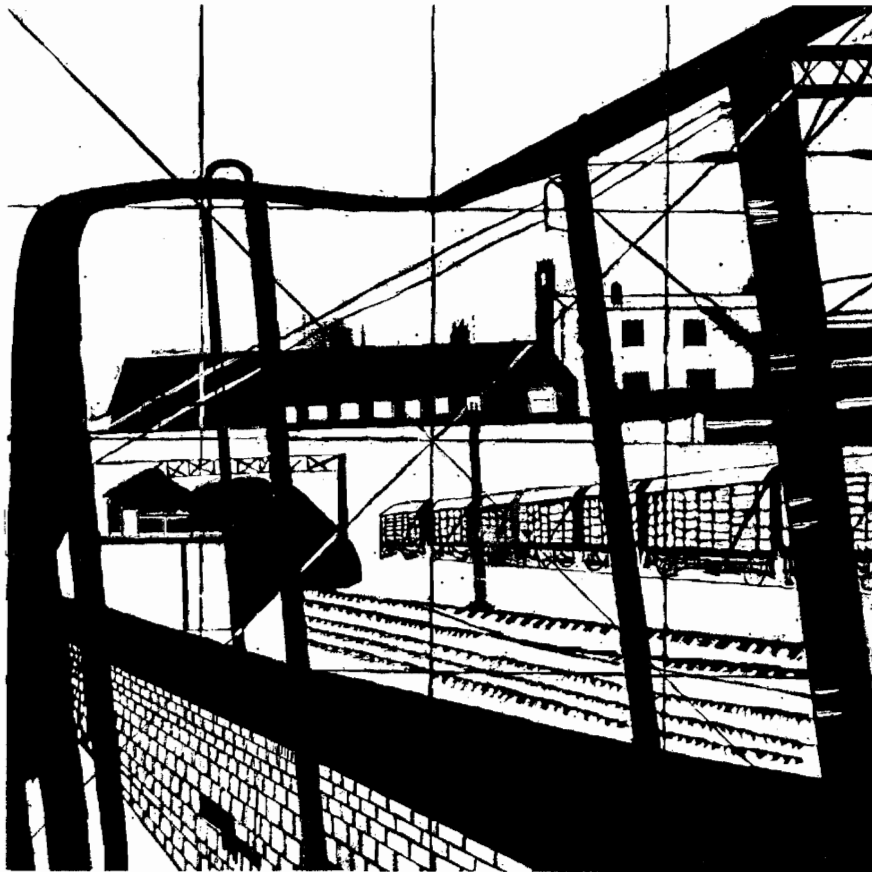
He turned and struck out wildly, but the sea continued to toss him about like a cork, flinging him this way and that, dragging him up and down. His lungs filled with green salt water and he sank downwards through the turbid depths. Despairingly he flung himself upwards, and as he burst to the surface the crowd separated on each side of him.

He stretched out imploring hands to them, but they moved away with expressionless faces and turned their backs on him. Listlessly he moved down the path which opened for him through the crowd. Ahead, the guillotine reared its gaunt, hungry jaws to receive him. He mounted the rickety steps as if hypnotised, and automatically placed his head in the homicidal semi-circle. Then, like a flood of light, a sudden thought struck him . . . I protest! I protest! he screamed . . . hanged, he said, hanged! . . . his screams were drowned by the mounting roar of the bloodthirsty mob, growing in volume, deafening him, like the surf breaking on a rocky shore.

The blade descended with a rush, and everything was silent. He bounced crazily down into the basket, and lay unconsciously squinting up at the foolish shape of his lifeless body; a black cat ran forward to lick the blood . . .

When he awoke, the morning sun, blurred by a faint mist, was streaming past the curtains, while in the trees of the nearby park the birds were cheerily acclaiming the promise of a warm new day.

MARTIN D. SMITH.



Through the Railings
by P. Archer

Sports Notes, 1964/1965

RUGBY

	P	W	D	L	For	Ag't.
1st XV (Mr. Thomas)	21	20	1	0	366	76
2nd XV (Mr. E. Dillon)... ..	16	14	0	2	233	70
3rd XV (Mr. F. E. Bate)	12	7	0	5	183	80
Colts XV (Mr. G. Robinson)	16	7	1	8	163	164
Bantams XV (Rev. Bro. Savin)	16	4	1	11	131	192
U/13 XV (Rev. Bro Ennis)	17	13	1	3	314	121
U/12 XV (Mr. A. Gibbons)	12	8	3	1	206	52

REPRESENTATIVE HONOURS.

1. Barry Sullivan and Joseph Wall were selected to play in the North of England Trial.
2. Joseph Wall was selected as Captain of the Lancashire Schoolboys XV.
3. Barry Sullivan was selected for the Lancashire Schoolboys XV.
4. Lawrence Montague, Michael Stephenson, Alan Catterson, Gerard Latham, Richard Byrne, Joseph Wall and Barry Sullivan played for the Liverpool R.F.C. Schoolboys XV.
5. Michael Murphy, Ray Bannon and Yadnerz Baleski played for the Waterloo Schoolboys XV.

SEVEN-A-SIDE TOURNAMENTS.

1. The 1st VII won the Inaugural Manchester Grammar School's Tournament, scoring 100 pts. for and conceding only five en route to the Final.
2. The 1st VII won the Fylde Public Schools' Tournament for the first time.
3. The 1st VII won the Calday Tournament.

RUGBY REPORT, 1964-65.

The departure of Lancashire County players Moss, Brady and Cunningham along with their 1st XV colleagues Hamilton, O'Hare, Kilfoyle, Neill and Richards from the unbeaten 1963-64 team gave most experienced critics the feeling that the new XV would be quite good but not outstanding. Few people thought that they would be capable of extending the St. Edward's unbeaten run yet another season. But they did.

The opening games were won quite easily: Cardinal Allen 38-6, Park High 21-3, and D. Morris XV 16-5, but one felt that there were better things to come. The first real boost came at the inaugural Manchester Grammar Schools' Sevens Tournament when the team showed signs of greatness in winning the competition, scoring 100 pts. and having only 5 pts. against in five rounds.

The 1st XV was now full of confidence and proceeded to defeat Calday Grange 18-0 and Birkenhead Institute 24-3. Unfortunately, however, the "Sevens" bug stayed with the team a little too long and West Park, as always, good exponents of direct Rugby, upset the team's rhythm and we

were rather lucky to win by 11 pts. to 6. This narrow victory brought the team to its Rugby senses and a more direct brand of football was now determined.

Next on the list was the young John Rigby side, a team full of natural young footballers. At half-time the lead was a slender 5 pts. and the Orrell side looked full of fight but our depleted XV (Montagu and Sullivan were unfit and Mathers and Dingle were injured during the game), played some stirring Rugby in the second half. Thompson, on the wing, ran like a charging buffalo to score two fine tries and Wall, in the absence of Montagu, collected 12 pts. with some accurate place kicking.

So on to the "show-down" match with Wade Deacon at Widnes. Our first visit to their ground for three years. Something had to go in this game—either their three-year ground record or our unbeaten record. Well, thanks to some fine front row play from Montagu, Sullivan and Balcerski, we were ensured of possession. Wall and Latham did the rest, scoring a try apiece with Wall adding a penalty goal for good measure.

We were back at almost full strength for the Collegiate match, Mathers having recovered from his injury and resuming at blind-side. Dingle had unfortunately broken a bone in his hand at John Rigby and was to be out of the team until the Christmas tour. The Collegiate had a very poor side and even though St. Edward's gave an undistinguished performance, they won by 31 pts. to 6.

The team now looked forward to meeting St. Mary's the following Saturday with some glee. For had not Wade Deacon beaten them by 41 pts.? And had we not beaten Wade Deacon? This argument persisted in the minds of the team long enough for them to believe it. The St. Mary's XV soon restored their sense of proportion for after only ten minutes St. Mary's were leading by 3 pts. to nil (a try at that!) This was no flash in the pan either for they kept this lead until half-time and then with another fine effort increased it to six points! With ten minutes to go all seemed lost—and deservedly so. But Wall, somehow or other, scrambled home twice for tries before the final whistle went. It was poetic justice that Montagu missed the final conversion for we did not deserve to draw let alone win!

Now with all the complacency and over-confidence knocked out of their systems the team tackled first St. Anselm's at Noctorum where we won by 20 pts. to 6 and then King's School, Macclesfield at Sandfield Park.

This game, played in the most deplorable conditions, was excellent in all ways. Both sides overcame the conditions and both sides continued to play the most attractive Rugby throughout the game. The fact that St. Edward's triumphed was due mainly to greater possession and the outstanding performance of Mick Murphy on the left wing. Having just scored three tries and a dropped goal against St. Anselm's, he proceeded to score three more against King's. All this in his first season in the 1st XV. (As a junior he was considered too small for such a rough game, and did not play *at all* until last year when he played for the 4th XV!) The final score was 14 pts. to 0.

With a fortnight to wait for the Christmas tour of Dublin



FIRST XV 1964-65

Standing (left to right): J. Wall, C. Dingle, N. Kenolty, A. Catterson, T. Mason,
P. Gillespie, P. Kelly.

Seated (left to right): B. Sullivan, R. Bannon (Vice-Captain), M. J. Stephenson
(Captain), L. Montagu, T. Balcerski.

Front (left to right): M. Thompson, G. Latham, M. Murphy, R. Byrne.

the team went into strict training and were really raring to go when we sailed on the 17th December. Dingle was now fit so that the party was at full strength.

Belvedere College were our first opponents and very formidable they proved to be. Their style of play was entirely new to our team and it took a long while to counter its effectiveness. The Belvedere forwards were excellent scrummagers and made sure that their talented half-backs were given plenty of the ball. The half-backs in turn produced every tactical kick in the book, however hard-pressed or confined the space they found themselves in. They appeared to have swivel joints at the hips and at least three legs each! Belvedere led by 5 pts. to 0 for two-thirds of the game. They had been awarded a strange penalty try in the opening minutes.

Eventually Latham, who played magnificently throughout, broke on the open side of the scrum and made a perfect opening for Wall to score under the posts. Wall converted his own try to level the score. A few minutes later Latham stole round the blind side to score near the corner and win the match by 8 pts. to 5.

The second match against Crescent College, Limerick was much easier and good tries from Murphy and Kenolly and another grand performance from Latham at scrum-half made sure of victory by 13 pts. to 0.

The Christmas break brought the Lancashire and South-West Trials. Two members were selected for the County; Wall at Fly Half and Captain and Sullivan at Prop Forward.

The visit to Blackpool and St. Joseph's greeted the start of the 1965 campaign. The St. Joseph's side were much improved and were always in this game with a chance. Until very late in the second half the score was 9-6 in our favour and only two most brilliant interceptions at a couple of line-outs by Wall changed the score board into registering a flattering win for ourselves. Both times he caught the ball intended for the St. Joseph's scrum-half at the end of the short line-out and scored under the posts on both occasions. Ten points in two minutes! Final score 19 points to 6.

The usual January weather caused the postponement of the return match with St. Mary's and, even more disappointing, the cancellation of the mid-week game with Birkenhead School.

After this long lay off the team faced Cowley with some trepidation. For the St. Helen's school always play attacking Rugby and always pull out all the stops against St. Edward's. Last year's clash produced a pulsating game and at the start of this year's the Cowley backs promised more excitement with their thrilling handling and running in the opening minutes. Fortunately Cowley only scored once in this session by half-time our pack began to monopolise the play so that the Cowley backs were starved. Bannon at No. 8 played an outstanding game and with the rest of the pack backing him up splendidly the game was won by 17 pts. to 3.

Next came the re-arranged St. Mary's fixture. Watched by a goodly crowd of home supporters, the team found all the fire that had been missing from their play in the first match. The St. Mary's defence let in only 6 pts. before the interval but became completely demoralised, in the second half, when 31 more points were scored. It was difficult to believe that the Crosby side almost won the first encounter!

St. Brendan's College first visit to Sandfield Park came next. Armed with the most formidable record in England—a 100% record and 450 points on the board—they were very much favoured to win this game. (By the look of their forwards in the first ten minutes, their ultimate victory became a near certainty!) The fact that Barry Sullivan was injured and Joe Wall at the Northern Trial added to the feeling that defeat was inevitable. *Put* almost every supporter discounted one thing—the most important thing—the fanatical spirit of this St. Edward's side! It was evident in the pack during the most trying phases of the game, when St. Brendan's were wearing them back yards in the tight scrum. Not *one* forward broke rank! Not *one* arm unbound! It was evident in the backs during the same phase! How they tackled! How they fell!

Having weathered the early storm and having conceded only 3 points (a penalty) in the process, St. Edward's now counter-attacked through the speed of their forwards in the loose. A quick heel from a loose scrum near the half-way brought Byrne a try, halfway out, following a splendid handling movement. With a magnificent kick he converted his own try.

St. Edward's now began to dominate the line outs, as well as the loose play, and Latham in the absence of Wall, assumed the role of tactician. How he enjoyed his task as he drove the St. Brendan's pack backwards with high, hanging, overhead kicks! It looked all over now—bar the shouting—but Dingle, as unorthodox as ever, sold a perfect dummy (when he should have passed!) and fed his forwards who, in turn, fed Murphy for the little wing to score a fine try in the left hand corner. 8 pts. to 3. A great victory!

The games against Wirral and Rock Ferry provided some uneasy moments but neither side attempted enough attacking movements to win. Indeed *they* looked more like unbeaten sides, defending their records, than *we* did!

The final game of the season, at Salford, against De la Salle, provided *nothing* but anxious moments, and, for the first time in the season, another team played better attacking football than we did. Only the superb defensive kicking of Wall won us this game. Time and again he drove this clever, young Salford side back with accurate touch finders. Latham was his greatest aide. Leaving the kicking to Wall, Latham concentrated on cover-defence. His tackling was brilliant and often devastating. I could not help reflecting that the De la Salle wings would probably have been relieved to see *less* of the ball, so often did Latham hammer them with cover-tackles!

With the Fifteen-a-Side campaign successfully completed we now turned our attention to "Sevens."

The first tournament was at Fylde, a competition of very high standard. St. Edward's had never won this tournament although often reaching the semi-finals. This year however the team made no mistake even though Fairfield gave us the fright of our lives in the quarter-final! The Widnes side took us to extra time before Wall won the game with a try from half-way. The Semi-Final and Final were now anti-climaxes and the team toted up 26 points in the Final against Wigan G.S.

Triumph has its setbacks and Fylde accounted for Montagu and Sullivan both unfit to play at Oxford the following Saturday. There, after an easy win in the first round against King's, Macclesfield, we lost by the odd

point to Hampton G.S. after looking much the better seven.

On to Rosslyn Park, and the Public Schools' Tournament, there to meet both "triumph and disaster." The triumph came on the first day when we defeated the much-vaunted Millfield team in our second game. Thereafter we were favourites to win the competition and so we celebrated — albeit with shandy from the beer tent! The disaster came on the following day when seven "Derry Boys" from Coleraine knocked us clean off our game and beat us 6 pts. to 3.

Treating "those two impostors just the same" is no easy task (with apologies to Kipling) — almost impossible when we remember last year's hammering in the Final of the same competition — even the minibus joined in our state of mourning, "whimpering and squeaking all the way home!

Some compensation came however, at the Calday Sevens where we romped away with the competition after a troublesome first round with Mosley Hall.



WINNERS OF MANCHESTER, FYLDE AND CALDAY "SEVENS"

Back Row (left to right): G. Latham, J. Wall, B. Sullivan, R. Byrne, M. Murray
Front Row (left to right): R. Bannon, M. Stephenson (Captain), L. Montagu

THE TEAM

The Captain, Michael "Kippa" Stephenson was a most modest, popular and extremely effective leader. As a player he made a totally successful change from the back row to the centre position and towards the end of the season was playing there as if he had never played anywhere else in his life. A great tackler with good hands and a most determined mid-field burst.

Joe Wall played regularly, once more, for Lancashire and was this year honoured with the County Captaincy. He

matured as a player this year and in many games scored some brilliant tries. He has added place-kicking to his many Rugby talents and with its aid scored 124 pts. for the team.

Barry Sullivan too, played for Lancashire in all games at prop-forward. A very fine all-round player he has filled four positions: hooker, prop. No. 8 and centre, with equal facility this season.

Richard Byrne was the find of the season. He filled the Full Back role with great distinction. Always full of confidence he made some magnificent attacking runs from the most unorthodox and unpromising positions. A gifted natural footballer who will be of immense value to the team next season.

Mick Murphy, a great try scorer and a born wing-three quarter. There are many wings who can score tries, once they have been put clear, but few who can make their own tries. With the ball in his hands Mick was always likely to score and from anywhere. Part of the artistry and elusiveness come from the fact that he always held the ball in *both* hands and *always* looked as if he was going to pass.

Gerard Latham at scrum-half the best defensive player in the side. His covering and tackling was always very good — often brilliant. A little reticent in attack but when occasion demanded he did that too with great verve. One remembers particularly the fine games he played in Dublin.

Lawrence Montagu, the most consistent Rugby player in the fifteen. Everything he did, he did perfectly and with the minimum of fuss. A fine intelligent forward and scrummager who was very unlucky not to gain a Lancashire place.

Taduesz Balcerski. Probably the finest scrummager in the side. He scored many tries early in the season, with his determined bursts. An excellent team man who lived for his Saturday games. His lion-hearted scrummaging in the St. Brendan's match was his finest performance of the season and contributed vastly to the winning of the game.

Tom Mason in his second season in the "power house" provided great shove in the scrum and, in the matches that mattered, immense fire in loose play. Tom has only one failing as a player — he is too phlegmatic. If only he lost his temper more often! Perhaps a solution to the problem will be found next season. Some people have suggested that a stick of dynamite — in the appropriate place of course — would do the trick!

William Kelly. The keenest and most energetic member of the pack. He fought like a tiger for his regular place in the "power-house" with Mason and he succeeded with plenty to spare. Next season will see him at his best and his true worth will be well appreciated.

Paul Gillespie. A fine open-side wing forward who turned in a consistent performance in every game — and he played in all the 1st XV matches! A great tackler and a fine handler in the open.

Roger Mathers. Blind side wing forward. Played regularly during the Autumn term and did consistently well. He was particularly effective crash-tackler and these tackles often paved the way to counter-attacking movements leading to tries.

Paul Kelly succeeded Mathers and settled in very quickly.

His covering work often passed unnoticed but he was always in the right place at the right time.

Nick Kenolty. Right wing threequarter. A very strong fearless player who played with great consistency throughout the season. His defence was particularly good. Not once, throughout the season, did he allow his opposite number the privilege of scoring a try!

Colin Dingle because of injury, played very few games but when he did, he produced some sterling performances. One particularly remembers his fine second-half display against St. Brendan's.

Michael Thompson. Another fine utility player who served the team well at wing threequarter, full back, blind side wing forward and centre.

The hooking position in the fifteen was never satisfactorily resolved. Sullivan started there and Stephens finished there but Catterson and Hunt were the most successful performers, both playing in a dozen games between them. Neither established any real mastery over the other. Perhaps the situation will be cleared up next season!

We now look forward to the 1965-66 season and the new fixtures with Millfield School and Llanelly Grammar and the trip to Bristol to play St. Brendan's College.

SECOND XV.

Played 16 ... Won 14 ... Lost 2

Points for 233. ... Against 70

Cardinal Allen	H.	Won	32-3
Quarry Bank	H.	Won	22-8
Holt H.S.	A.	Won	37-0
West Park	H.	Won	6-0
John Rigby	H.	Won	17-3
Wade Deacon	H.	Won	6-0
Liverpool R.F.C. Colts	H.	Won	17-6
Grange Park Inst.	A.	Lost	0-3
St. Mary's	H.	Won	14-9
St. Anselm's	H.	Won	16-0
St. Mary's	A.	Won	11-6
Cowley School	A.	Won	19-3
Grange Park Inst.	H.	Won	3-0
Wirral	H.	Won	12-8
Law Students	H.	Won	15-10
De La Salle	H.	Lost	6-11

The Second XV had another good season during which several players gained promotion to the 1st XV including Hunt, Catterson, Dingle, Sullivan, P. Kelly, Thompson and Stevens were also called upon.

Losing only two out of sixteen games. The first defeat was in the away game with Grange Park 1st XV by a penalty goal to nil. This was one of the best games of the season despite the fact that we were on the defensive throughout. Every player tackled courageously. Sullivan at full back excelled and we were unlucky to have been beaten by a single penalty awarded for a minor infringement. The second defeat at home by De La Salle was thoroughly deserved. De La Salle were by far the better team on the day and we played badly.

Of the games we won : those against West Park, Wade Deacon and the first against St. Mary's were most memor-

able. All three were hard fought with the home team proving slightly the stronger.

The team was well captained by J. Kilfoyle while the pack was lead by A. Glynn and at times by J. W. Murphy.

COLTS XV. SEASON 1964-65

Played 15 ... Won 7 ... Lost 8 ... Drawn 0.

Points for 155 and against 156.

The team improved tremendously as the season wore on. In particular, the pack were never outplayed and the midfield play of Hennigan, Colford and Tilley promised well for future seasons. David Colford at stand off captained the team and played in the same position on five occasions in representative games for the Merseyside XV and for Lancashire v. Leicestershire. He also played in the North of England Trial.

Results.

			For	Agst	Result
Cardinal Allen	A.	8	15 L.
Merseyside U.15	H.	21	3 W.
Park High School	H.	6	8 L.
Calday G.S.	A.	0	6 L.
Birkenhead Inst.	A.	3	25 L.
West Park C.G.S.	A.	3	32 L.
Liverpool Collegiate	H.	21	3 W.
St. Mary's College	H.	17	16 W.
St. Anselm's College	A.	9	15 L.
King's School, Macclesfield	H.	3	11 L.
St. Mary's College	A.	18	0 W.
Cowley School	H.	8	13 L.
Wirral G.S.	A.	6	3 W.
Rock Ferry H.S.	A.	17	3 W.
De La Salle, Salford	A.	15	3 W.

UNDER THIRTEEN'S. 1964-65

This team began its Rugby career with a very fine performance. In their opening season as Under 12's a total of 21 games were played and won. This season they were a little less fortunate. Of the 17 games played they won 13, lost 3 and one game was drawn. Despite the three defeats they remain unbeaten at home. It would be most unjust of me to claim any credit for this continued success as their natural ability and enthusiasm for the game carried them through on many occasions.

After the first four games in which over 90 points were scored we travelled to West Park where our weakness at loose scrumming gave the home side the chances they needed. This first defeat was followed the following week by another at Orrell. Trailing 9-11 to John Rigby G.S. Melia, with only the full back to beat had a chance to put us front. He slipped in the mud and we lost by two points.

Our third defeat was in January by a very fine Cowley side who came out worthy winners 14-10. Of the other games the two against St. Mary's, Crosby and the one against Wade Deacon were the most entertaining for in these games we saw St. Edward's at their best.

Of the players one must single out the Captain, Richard Ellis, playing in all 17 games, he led his team very well and his fearless tackling floored the biggest and weightiest opponents. Equally fierce to the tackle was right winger

Downes. Unfortunately his talents were never used to the full as he, together with other wingers Shorthouse and Street, was too often deprived of the ball by the inside trio of Feerick, Mahon and Melia. Most of our 314 points were scored by these three players but this is no surprise when one remembers their size and the opportunities they had. But our tally would have been greater if they had used the wingers more often.

Of the forwards Desforges and Murphy were the most consistent. The second row pair of Bligh and Short were often disappointing. Of the others the hooker Sheedy did excellent work in all pre-Christmas games. He missed all New Year matches through injury. Matys, Hynes and Sexton also showed periodic flashes of skill but our forward division never showed the ability of our backs who were responsible for most of our victories.

A total of 20 boys represented St. Edward's on the Under 13's and I would like to thank them all for an enjoyable season. Every success as Under 14's. Finally a word of thanks to Mr. Gibbons for his continued interest and support.

(P.C.E.)

Results.

			For	Agt.
Sept. 12—	Cardinal Allen	A. 20	0
Sept. 26—	Park High School	A. 34	0
Oct. 3—	Calday Grange	H. 19	11
" 10—	Birkenhead Institute	H. 19	5
" 17—	West Park G.S.	A. 3	11
" 24—	Bd. John Rigby	A. 9	11
" 31—	Wade Deacon	H. 11	6
Nov. 14—	Liverpool Collegiate	A. 43	13
" 21—	St. Mary's College	H. 18	3
" 28—	St. Anselm's College	A. 19	6
Dec. 5—	King's, Macclesfield	H. 20	0
Jan. 16—	St. Joseph's	A.	P.
" 30—	St. Mary's College	A. 30	3
Feb. 6—	Cowley School	H. 10	4
" 13—	St. Kevin's	A. 25	18
" 20—	Wirral G.S.	H. 8	8
" 27—	Rock Ferry H.S.	A. 13	0
Mar. 13—	De la Salle	A. 13	12

CROSS-COUNTRY REPORT, 1964-65

	P.	W.	L.
Senior Team ...	14	12	2
U/16 ...	18	18	0
U/14 Team ...	11	7	4
U/12 ...	16	15	1

SENIOR CROSS COUNTRY, 1964-65

School Races. Played 14 Won 12 Lost 2

Winners of Cumella Cup.

4th Sangster Cup. 6th Waterloo Road Race.

2nd Merseyside Road Relay.

Cave, Dickman, Gunderson, Swords and Winters represented Liverpool in the Lancashire Championships.

The Senior Team generally had a successful season. In School races we were far too strong for the majority of schools and we were only defeated by small margins, by St. Mary's, Crosby. The very strong St. Mary's team dominated the local Cup season, but we did manage to defeat them once in winning the Cumella Cup.

The team trained hard all year but some members lacked the confidence to win.

UNDER 16 CROSS COUNTRY

Won the Booth Cup.

Won the Waterloo Cup.

Won the Sandfield Road Relay.

2nd in the Northern Schools' Championships.

2nd in the Liverpool Under 15 Championships.

Howlett, Dooling, Quayle and Malley were selected and ran for the Liverpool Schools' Team in the Lancashire Championships at Bury. Arslanian was a reserve.



CROSS-COUNTRY UNDER 16, 1965

Back Row (left to right): A. O'Neill, T. Arslanian, M. Lee

Middle Row (left to right): J. Malley, D. Quayle, M. Dooling, C. Howlett

Front Row (left to right): R. Harrison, S. Keelan, R. Pealing (Captain).



ATHLETICS

Back Row (left to right) : I. Read, T. Barlow, J. Patrick, B. Sullivan, P. L. Rudd,
J. J. Malley, C. A. Saunders, J. Dickman.

Middle Row : R. Byrne, P. Cave, S. Pratt, M. J. Stephenson, J. Wall,
B. Swords, R. Pealing, H. J. Bolton, P. Fitzsimmons.

Front Row : P. F. Murphy, M. J. Findlater, M. J. Daley, A. G. Bond,
C. J. Dooling, M. A. Slemen, J. F. Brady, P. Clarke.

C. Howlett twice broke the home course record. He won the individual medal for the fastest lap in the Sandfield Park Road Relay.

R. Pealing (Captain) was the individual winner of a City Team Trial.

D. Quayle was a counter in every cup and school race throughout the season.

UNDER 14 CROSS COUNTRY

Waterloo Cup—Under 14 No. of Teams ... 50
(St. Edward's—2nd. No. of Competitors ... 300

Counters: Walters 9th Slemen 18th
 Murphy 30th Dooling 32nd

Caldy Grange Road Relay—St. Edward's 1st. 8 teams.

Team. Bolton, Howard, Fennell, Murphy, Walters, Dooling.

B. Walters and C. Dooling were picked to run for Liverpool in the Lancashire Championships at Bury. They were both counters and helped Liverpool to an easy victory.

UNDER 12 CROSS COUNTRY.

P.	W.	D.	L.
16	...	15	...
		0	...
			1

After being defeated in the first fixture of the season, the Under 12's recruited several outstanding runners.

They then proceeded to defeat convincingly opposition from all quarters. An idea of the strength and depth of the team is given by the fact that it was a common feat to have 6 or 7 runners in the first 8 places.

Our defeat was conceded to De La Salle Grammar School, whom we defeated 21—76 in a later fixture).

Fennell, the Captain, was the outstanding runner, closely followed by Jones and Walsh, the Vice-Captain. Bromley, K., and Walters always finished well up the field and O'Hara, Trotter, Elliot and Callaghan were enthusiastic runners. Other boys who ran were Morgan, Charles and Mangan.

(Fennell and Jones partnered Walters, B., and Howard of the U/13's in the U/13 team which finished 6th out of 122 teams in the Northern Schools' Championships.)

ATHLETICS REPORT, 1965

Once again the Senior Athletics' Team was unbeaten in competition. The Bro. Gibbons Shield was won for the 15th time. The Merseyside Championships was won for the 2nd year in succession.

The Junior Team did equally well being unbeaten in domestic competition and winning the two major events of the year—The Christian Brothers' Shield and the Merseyside competition.

The Intermediates improved with each match and ended up in 3rd position at the Merseyside Championships. (It is well to remember that 21 other schools took part).

New School Records were set up in the following events:

SENIOR HIGH JUMP—M. J. Stephenson, 6-ft. (C.B.S.).

SENIOR 220 YARDS—J. Wall, 22.2 secs. (C.B.S.)

SENIOR 120 YARDS HURDLES—A. Moorhead, 15.8 secs. (C.B.S.).

JUNIOR HIGH JUMP—P. Melia, 5-ft. 2-ins. (C.B.S.).

At the Lancashire Championships, Joseph Wall was 1st in the Senior 440 Yards ; Michael Stephenson was 1st in the Senior High Jump ; Peter Melia was 1st in the Junior High Jump. Melia and Wall went on to compete in the National Championships at Watford.

CRICKET FIRST XI

Played 8 ... Won 3 ... Drawn 2 ... Lost 3.

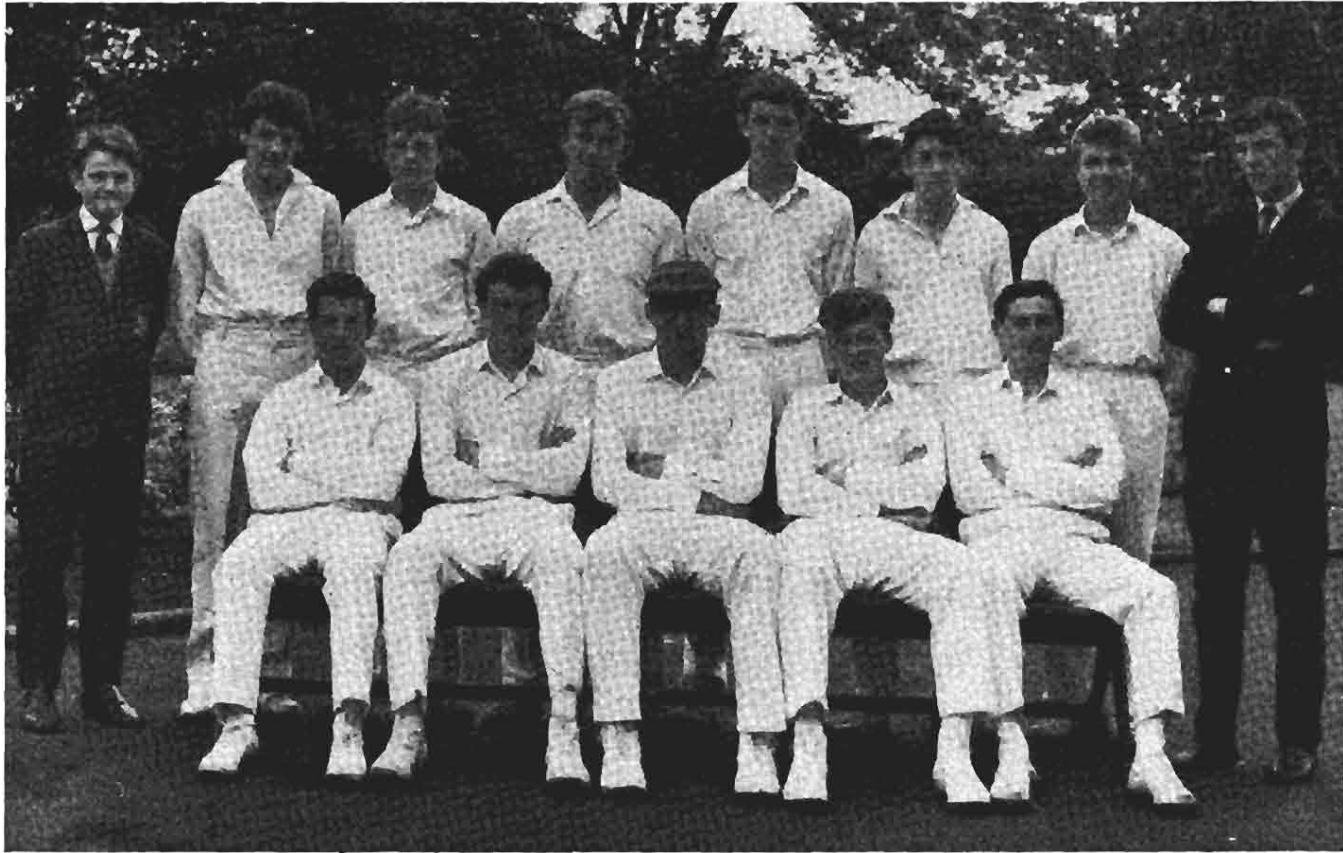
Team : L. Montagu (*Captain*), J. Wall (*Vice-Captain*), A. Cruickshank, B. Sullivan, P. Colquitt, A. Dahill, M. Stephenson, P. Glynn, K. McCourt, R. Byrne, C. Saunders, B. Barrett, P. Fleming.

As was expected with so many of last year's 1st XI having left, the team was not as successful as those of the last few seasons. However, they often held their own mainly because of some good bowling by K. McCourt. In his first season in the team his bowling was excellent. He had control of length and direction and he varied his pace cleverly. He took 4—8 v. S.F.X., 5—10 v. West Park, 5—14 v. Waterloo G.S., although the game was lost, 4—6 v. Oldershaw G.S., 6—21 v. St. Joseph's, Blackpool, including a hat trick—outstanding figures! J. Wall also gave reasonable support, although he never quite achieved what one had hoped for after his fine bowling of last season. There was no spin bowler at all—a very regrettable feature.

Of the batting, one can only say it was the most brittle imaginable. A. Cruickshank was promising in his first season, P. Colquitt always looked good, but scarcely made any runs, J. Wall was unbelievable as a batsman who had scored a 50 in previous years. B. Sullivan as is his custom, swung heftily but usually miscued. The real discovery here was A. Dahill, who matured considerably as the season progressed and began to bat with confidence and style, making 21 v. West Park, 26 v. Old Boys.

Nevertheless, time and time again it was only L. Montagu's broad defensive bat which brought up any sort of score. He made 36 v. S.F.X., 25 v. West Park, 28 v. Oldershaw, and when he was absent in the last few games disaster ensued.

The fielding was usually good, one catch by M. Stephenson at point will be remembered for many a season. Let us say we enjoyed our cricket, and wonder when we shall have some really hot weather for the cricket season.



FIRST XI, 1965

Back Row (left to right): E. Ellis (Scorer), P. Colquitt, R. Barrett, B. Sullivan,
M. J. K. Stephenson, P. Glynn, K. McCourt, R. Byrne.

Front Row (left to right): A. Cruikshank, J. Wall, L. Montagu (Captain),
A. Dahill, C. Saunders.

1st Round K.O. Cup—St. Edward's 49, Collegiate, 85;
Lost.

St. Edward's 95, S.F.X. 35 ; Won.

St. Edward's 119, West Park 26; Won.

St. Edward's 61, Collegiate 26—4 ; Draw.

St. Edward's 52, Waterloo 53—6 ; Lost.

St. Edward's 102—9 (dec.), Old Boys 79—9 ; Draw.

St. Edward's 70, Oldershaw 28 ; Won.

St. Edward's 37, St. Joseph's, Blackpool 105 ; Lost.

SWIMMING, 1964-65

A successful first season for the College Swimming Teams ended with the following results at the Liverpool Championships :—

R. Gibbons—1st U/12 Backstroke.

F. Downes—3rd U/12 Backstroke.

F. Downes—3rd U/13 Free Style.

K. Kiernan—4th U/13 Free Style.

M. Connolly—4th U/12 Breast Stroke.

HOUSE COMPETITIONS

Rugby : Domingo won the House Shield.

Cross Country : Sefton won the House Shield (both).

*Railway Sidings
Edge Hill*
by K. A. Spruce

