

ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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1973 - 74

Rev. Br. P. E. Ryan

WHEN he has successfully completed his six years in office, and when under his guidance the school has gone from strength to strength and from success to success in the academic, social and sporting fields, there still remains a minimal requirement that we expect of the headmaster of a Christian Brothers' School, and that, not surprisingly, is that he should be a Christian — but what do you mean by a "Christian"?

Nowadays the term has such a wide connotation. Do you mean a Christian like Cardinal Wright or like Hans Kung — or like Mother Theresa? A Vatican theologian or a South-American worker-priest? A Mary, or a Martha? One who wrestles with the niceties of dogma, or a man who struggles against the sea of human misery?

Look carefully at the photograph on the facing page and you may be able to tell to which category Br. Ryan belongs. If you have judged aright, you will have concluded that the works of mercy were his main concern. The sufferings of others seemed to cause him personal distress and many a boy at St. Edward's — and indeed many of the Staff — overtaken by misfortune, found at such times that Br. Ryan's sympathy, patience and resource were limitless.

Willingness and ability to help others are good qualifications for a social worker. A headmaster, however, is also a teacher, and a teacher is not simply one who does things himself. He works indirectly through others; his medium is that most capricious and intractable of all media—the human being. Is Br. Ryan simply a performer of good works or has his real zeal rubbed off on his students? Did he induce them to act? The answer, is obvious: the welfare work of St. Edward's Sixth Formers is known throughout the length and breadth of Liverpool, and many a victim of mischance and many an old-age pensioner have had their problems solved or their sufferings alleviated by those unlikely looking ministering angels that we see setting off from the College every week with their brushes and tins of paint and rolls of wall-paper.

Liverpool is a hard city and Liverpool people are hard to impress; but for this very reason, an impression, once made, is less easily erased than it would be from a softer medium. The impression that Br. Ryan has made on St. Edward's has become part of the school tradition: it will endure.

Editorial, 1973-74

Editorial Committee:

M. BRENNAN, T. CLARKE, D. KNIGHT, S. LAFFERTY
T. WILSON, G. DOHERTY

WE would like to extend a warm welcome to our new headmaster Rev. Br. A. E. Chincotta, a former teacher at St. Edward's who has recently spent some years at the Christian Brothers' mission in Liberia. We hope that his term of office at St. Edward's will be a happy and fruitful one. At the same time we express our thanks and appreciation to Rev. Br. P. E. Ryan for his six years of dedication to the school.

Each group within the school, whether it be academic or sporting, has achieved its own particular successes this year.

The Orchestra, besides presenting two concerts and the music for speech day, won the cup at Alderly Edge and gained two first class certificates at two other Music festivals.

The public speaking teams have excelled themselves this year by winning the regional and provincial finals of the Knights of St. Columba Public Speaking competition.

The S.V.P. Society has successfully continued its charitable works whilst the sixth form social work groups, under the guidance of Mr. Stewart and Mr. Kelly have begun to make a considerable contribution to the welfare of the sick and elderly members of our society.

A number of senior boys, supervised by Mr. D. Edwards, have joined the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme and are all steadily working towards their silver awards.

On the sporting side the Rugby teams played some outstanding games especially when they inflicted the only defeat of the season on St. Brendan's Bristol, winning 15-14. The side also won the Northern Schools' sevens at Birkenhead Park.

With their usual consistency the Cross Country teams won many awards but they achieved their greatest success by winning the Christian Brothers' Sports Overall Trophy for 1973.

A special word of thanks should be given to all the members of staff who so generously give up their free time to train and supervise the various school teams.

On the purely academic side, three boys have gained admission to Oxford and five to Cambridge whilst many others have taken up places at Universities, Polytechnics and Colleges throughout England, Scotland and Wales.

We would like to congratulate Dennis Kay, a past head boy on his second year as an Oxford rugby blue and a successful year as captain of the team.

The Parents Association continues to thrive and fosters a great spirit of co-operation throughout the school. Due to its admirable work the Christmas and Summer fairs were outstanding successes.

A number of domestic improvements have taken place this year. The school now possesses a brand new minibus, a cassette tape library and a well equipped visual aids room.

At this point, we would like to thank the secretaries and all those other numerous people who so quietly and efficiently help to run the school.

Finally we thank all contributors and those who have in any way aided the publication of the magazine. Particular thanks are extended to Mr. Brian Young for his help in the organisation of the magazine and our Head Boy Paul McCarten and his deputy Antony Dyer.

MICHAEL BRENNAN (6 Schol.)

Death by Number One

LEOPOLD TASKER pushed gently on the accelerator pedal of his 1931 Hispano-Suiza, and the engine responded immediately. The vehicle then sped smoothly over the gradient ahead, and once over, made a sharp left turn down a narrow, flexuous country lane.

Tasker took a deep breath and exhaled it with a sigh; he carelessly let his foot weigh heavily on the accelerator pedal and the car's speed increased to fifty miles per hour.

Tasker flew quite recklessly around an acute corner and was confronted with a herd of dairy cattle crossing the road, driven by a scruffy youth brandishing a switch. The overweight detective slammed his foot down on the brake pedal. The car swung wildly, skidded and shot off the road. It smashed through a makeshift fence and with an explosive crack collided with a stationary mechanical cultivator. Tasker clambered, unhurt, out of the driver's seat and inspected the resultant damage, cursing as he did so. The main damage was a large crack in the engine blocks through which water was seeping; also the left wing had been completely dislodged.

"Ain't much 'ope for 'er!" announced the voice of the youth. Tasker did not answer as he was fiddling hopelessly beneath the raised bonnet. A long pause followed.

"Any garages around here?" questioned Tasker, plucking a sparking plug from its slot amongst the wreckage of the V8 aero-engine and scrutinising it intently. He turned his attention to the youth: a young man of about eighteen. He wore manure-covered boots, patched jeans, a thick but holey woollen shirt over which he wore a loose leather waistcoat, and a small tweed hat which balanced precariously upon his head.

"You could go to old Jimmy Lovett's place I s'pose," began the youth. "Probably the best garage for many a mile!" Tasker sniffed and then asked snappily, "How far from here is this Mr. Lovett's garage?" "Not far," explained the youth; "nine miles."

"I'll have to leave her tonight," said Tasker decidedly. He placed the sparking plug, which he had been fingering during the relatively short conversation, loosely back in its slot and then took a seat

on a large stone which stood conveniently nearby. "If you'll be wantin' a bed fer the night sir," ejaculated the youth, "You can stay at me old dad's farm!"

Tasker sniffed distastefully after a glance at the youth's manure-covered footwear.

"Or," continued the youth, "you could I s'pose stay at "Summersly 'otel," it's real 'igh class. Anyway I must be goin.'" "I've lost old dad's cows, he'll skin me if he finds out." "The 'otels' just up the road . . . bye!" He scuttled off calling frantically after his herd and flicking his switch angrily.

Tasker locked up his car and followed the scanty directions of the youth.

The directions led Tasker to a bizarre Gothic building, hidden from the road by a small copse of deodar and hornbeam trees. The building itself was rather peculiar. Two grotesque Lady Broughton chimney pots stood on a bright orange-tiled roof and clashed horribly with the Gothic style of the building, which was painted a sickly pea-green colour.

"Most peculiar!" commented Tasker to himself as he strutted up the drive which led to the building. "Looks comfortable though!"

Adjoined to the rear of the hotel was a small conservatory. Inside the conservatory were beds of showy Mexican Poinsetti and cacti, brought home by the landlady's late husband, Benedict Cratchet, from his forages abroad. Littered around the conservatory floor were cans of inflammable liquids and weedkillers smashed and cracked flower pots and empty cardboard boxes.

The hotel's garden, which was at the rear, was simply a lawn, a very mossy lawn, flanked both right and left by beds of dead summer flowers mostly golden rods and dahlias, which now stood wilted and devoid of the slightest beauty. Behind these neglected flower beds lay rhododendron bushes and in great variety and numbers the notorious weed. At the end of the garden stood a large group of overgrown rosebushes, a ramshackle gazebo, and a rotten and broken rustic garden seat (both presumably for the use of the guests), a rather pungent compost heap, a leaf-filled lily pond and a rickety fence.

Scattered across the mossy lawn and surrounding beds were the remains of the summer's games: bent and rusted iron hoops, coloured croquet balls, and a hickory croquet mallet with a snapped handle.

The interior of the hotel smelt of trapped sunshine and potted-plants. It was grossly overfurnished with useless antique tables and teapoy chairs and clocks, stuffed animals and wax flower decorations displayed in domed glass cases.

The hotel was unusually full for the time of year probably due to a Chemical Manufacturers' Congress at "Krupp House" in the nearby town of Medport.

Leopold Tasker signed the hotel register for the night or nights to come and then marched off to the parlour to read some magazines and smoke his pipe.

Some hours later, Tasker sat slouching lazily in a green high-backed leather chair puffing at his pipe in great solace: this was mainly because his favourite tobacco, a rough-cut perique, burned in the bowl.

Tasker had just refilled his pipe, for the third time, and was beginning to read a paperback edition of some less known classic, when the parlour was flung open with great exuberance and a tall, stoutly-built man of about thirty-eight strode in. He had flaming red hair and bushy eyebrows of the same colour.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed heartily and flopped onto the settee opposite Tasker. He then produced from his pocket the "Medport Evening Post", and hid behind it.

Slowly the parlour was filled with people who chatted congenially or discussed the results of the Chelmarsh Novice Handicap Chase and how marvellous "Ocean Rock" ridden by H. J. Joel had been or argued over late football results.

Presently Mrs. Adela Cratchet arrived and announced that dinner would be served at 7-15 p.m. promptly. In her high clipped voice she read out the menu of roast sirloin followed by zabaglione which she explained was a sweet consisting of egg yolks made into custard and a rich wine sauce, followed by cheese and biscuits, as well as coffee or tea.

All this made Leopold Tasker, who had by now developed a terrific appetite, lick his lips thoughtfully in anticipation.

Edmund Fisher, the red-headed gentleman to whom Tasker had spoken earlier, had taken a seat next to a young sandy-haired woman who was knitting with enormous knitting needles, and the two were chatting happily.

As the lantern clock on the parlour mantle-piece struck a reverberatory seven, a scream arose, and Edmund Fisher rose from his seat and with his eyes glazed, and his trembling hands clasping his throat, he stumbled blindly across the room. Suddenly his knees gave way and with a sonorous thud he fell onto a papier-mâché teapoy rendering it a splintered wreck. Fisher lay for some moments purple in the face, coughing, whooping and choking on the floor and suddenly became silent. Blood dribbled from his lips and stained the white Persian carpet upon which he lay.

"Oh!" exclaimed the sandy-haired woman and collapsed in a heap; somebody rushed to her aid.

Leopold Tasker stepped forward and quickly and efficiently examined the body.

"Some passing-bells are going to be ringing," he explained with a sigh. "He's as dead as a door-nail."

"Let's get the police!" suggested somebody in a panicky voice.

The parlour door was pushed open and in walked Mrs. Cratchet. "What's going on in.....?" She cut short her sentence and sat down in a wing-chair.

"I," continued Tasker, am a private investigator or detective as some of you might well know." He handed around several business cards. "If you will permit me, I may be able to solve this death riddle, do I have your approval?" His voice was stern and he glared at the guests with authority though he was secretly afraid they would refuse.

"We agree," said the guests.

"Thank you," replied Tasker.

"May I introduce myself?" said a voice, and a small, tubby man with a glandiform head, and wearing pince-nez, very baggy trousers and a tea-stained velvet jacket with a wilted rose in the lapel stepped forward.

"I am Alexander Burridge," proclaimed the priggish little man adjusting his pince-nez carefully, "I am an expert chemist and place myself in your hands."

"Thank you Mr. Burrige," responded Tasker rather taken back by the little man's egoism and arrogance.

It was all of nine hours later and the guests still sat in little groups talking quietly among themselves when Tasker and the conceited Mr. Burrige reappeared from the study, where they had been conducting their investigations.

"I," began Tasker stroking his long black beard, "with great assistance from Mr. Burrige have discovered the way in which Mr. Fisher died, or should I say was killed, and the way this Murder was performed!"

Gasps and whispering arose from the guests.

"Yes," took up Mr. Burrige, smiling conceitedly, "I discovered Mr. Fisher died due to a large intracardiac injection of a most deadly barbiturate named thiopentone which as you probably saw caused Mr. Fisher cessation of respiration in a very short time."

"The murderer," continued Tasker, "or I should say the murderess was Miss Driscoll!" He pointed a long convicting finger at the young sandy haired woman.

"And with what did I supposedly administer this barbiturate?" scoffed Miss Driscoll, showing great enmity in her face.

"This," proclaimed Leopold Tasker firmly. He held up one of Miss Driscoll's knitting needles.

"Why? It's one of my needles!" laughed Miss Miss Driscoll disdainfully.

All was silent.

"Now," began Tasker again, "this knitting needle may look reasonably innocent, but when somebody pushes the handle like this, a needle appears." The fat detective pushed the end of the needle firmly and a thin silver needle appeared from the opposite end.

Expressions of amazement and shock spread around the faces of the guests.

"Most ingenious!" exclaimed the bombastic Burrige for the second time after accidentally discovering it, while in the study.

"Miss Hannah Driscoll," said Leopold Tasker grimly, "I accuse you of the cold-blooded premeditated murder of Edmund Fisher, a loathsome, abhorrent murder. The police are to arrive any minute and you will be taken away and tried for murder!"

The police came and with Miss Driscoll in handcuffs, took her away to Medport Police Station.

"Very peculiar place this "Summersly Hotel," said Tasker stroking his beard. "Knew the place was peculiar when I clapped eyes upon it!"

"Yes," agreed the pompous Mr. Burrige mopping his brow with a flamboyant spotted handkerchief. "A chambermaid from this very hotel disappeared without taking any of her possessions about a month ago!"

Leopold Tasker walked straight out of the room, away from Mr. Burrige and his extravagant mysteries.

STEPHEN JOLLY (2 Hope)

OLD MAN

Out of the gloom he appears,
Tottering along monotonously,
Leaning under the weight of his bag.
In a world of his own,
An old-fashioned world
Oblivious of change and progress.
His hunched back lurches with every step.
He raises his hat to a passing stranger,
Without a word he walks away,
Into the murk of the morning
Perhaps never to be seen again.

Graham Dodd (3 Kappa)

WINTER IN GREY

Winter in his grey garb,
Wearing his long thick overcoat of fog,
His large grey hat of thunderclouds,
His long legs of grey rippling water.

His old grey face of dying willow and oak,
His dark eyes set in with the cruel night sky,
Soon he'll awake to bright coloured blossoms.
But now he sleeps in a grotesque blanket of grey.

John Ridgeway (3 Kappa)

SPACE FLIGHT A PLEA FOR SANITY

ON JULY 20th, 1969, the Apollo 11 Lunar Module "Eagle" made man's first landing upon the surface of another planet, the Moon. On the same day N.A.S.A. was forced to cancel the Apollo 20 mission in order to save money and to fly the highly successful Skylab missions of 1973-4. All in all, a programme of ten initial lunar landings, with more to follow, had been cut to a total of only six.

Since that historic day only *five* years ago, most of a highly ambitious space programme, which could have brought untold benefits to mankind, has been cancelled because no western government seems prepared to see beyond the end of its nose. Consider the following facts.

All the intended follow-up of the Apollo programme has been reduced to one single series of Skylab flights. Since these have been so successful just think what would have happened if there had been three times as many, as originally planned.

The scientific base on the Moon, producing unheard of advance in medicine—*Cancelled*.

The nuclear rocket engine, promising much cheaper space flights—*Cancelled*.

All work on communications satellites improvements, to make telephone and television links around the world easier and cheaper—*Cancelled*.

Over 300,000 people have been made redundant. Many still have not been able to find new jobs.

I hope that these few examples will cause you to think. I could nearly fill the magazine with the full details of the rest.

For the sake of the untold benefits to mankind yet to be discovered, for the day when the death of the sun as we know it causes man to leave the planet of his birth, we must continue the exploration of space.

R. F. L. Henley (5 Alpha)

AGE

I PUSHED open the lychgate which creaked rustily as it opened to let me through. I stepped from tuft to tuft of grass on the damp winding path which led through the churchyard to the slender columns which were all that was left of the once-beautiful doorway of the old church.

I turned my head and saw a solitary figure. It was an old man—so thin and frail I almost expected him to fade into the grey dusk of the wintry evening. As I drew near, he turned and regarded me wearily, with his lightless prominent eyes—dull as the stones which tottered around him. His thin silvery hair fell almost to the bent shoulders framing the pale amber cheeks—hollow as the dank lawns which lay before the ruined church. His faded black coat now hung loosely upon him as if made to other measurements. His elegant boots, well-worn, still shone.

I was surprised by the silence. I heard him sigh heavily in the stagnant atmosphere. Then a single bird shrilled its age-old refrain. As he stooped over a grave, his boney hand, which grasped a small posy of flowers, trembled like the leaves on the ancient trees behind him. Having placed his offering on the mossy bed, he slowly raised himself, staggering back a little; and as I drew level a hesitant, quavering "Good evening" came from his grey lips.

"I am a stranger here. What happened to the church?" I asked.

He gazed at me unheeding. "You don't live hereabouts," he said.

I went closer and repeated my question louder mouthing the words so that he could understand them.

"The war!" he said, "I still remember my Betty." After a long still pause he turned slowly and deliberately and with dragging footsteps went towards the road. I went on into the roofless eyeless building imagining the glory of its bygone days.

JOHN KENNY (4K).

Five Poems

JOHN GALLAGHER (6S Mods)

SUNSCAPE

Like curls of incense, threads of silver cloud
Spin into slender fingers in the sky,
And scratch, abrase my face; I cry aloud!
And the sky shimmers, blurs beneath my cry.

My sunset glows like hot embers in ash—
Bright sparks of fire in my asphalt-blue sky,
And cinnabar, gold and red haze and clash
With violet and silver blues and die
On the horizon, pale and white as a shroud.
The dying sun's seeping blood steals my eye
From shrouding land. The scavenger crowd
Tear and heave—drink, and suck their victim
dry.

I close my eyes and the blood drains my brain.
The black night-cloud will ravage on and on,
Till dawn's kiss resurrects my sun again,
Till my soul lies bare on the horizon,
Naked of her sepulchre grey, and proud,
And spills forth my radiance from on high,
Till caressing, silken fingers of cloud
Stroke my face and I am one with the sky.

PRELUDE

Scarred yellow grass springing slender reeds,
And the wind, like fingers stroking hair,
Whispers and wavers the straddling stems,
Swinging them in dancing rhapsody.

A spiralling, white sheet sweeps aloft
In swirling vortices of snow-cloud;
Blending in the bending wind, flaring
In its fan, spurting across the sky.

A shadow-figure, man stands alone
A speck upon the sky's foaming sea;
A defiant, tossed and straining speck
Whose voice is spray in the streaming wind.

GOODBYE

Goodbye . . . you must know the time has come now
To part—the furrow has shattered the plough.
I should have been a blind man, a deaf mute
To have smelt you, tasted, touched you truly.
I should have been a gnarled oak, dead from root,
To have seen your face dispassionately.
You caress the borders of womanhood
And . . . and I am so nearly a man.
Goodbye . . . because of the things I could, should
Have been, because of all the things I am.

IMPRESSION

Mandolin morn singing,
Weaving dirges through trees,
For grey-sky Niobe,
Statue-grey, still weeping:
Dead children; heedless pleas
Her tears fall endlessly.

Harpicord wind will wing,
Caress her brow and flee
Poor Niobe thinking,
Grieving unceasingly.
Sad Niobe sinking—
Silver mingling with sea.
Only wind song weaving
His gentle tapestry.

LAZARUS

And who but I
Need fear to die,
Who, alone, has tasted Death's sour sweetness;
Who has felt its silken shroud of blackness;
Has smelt the odour of his own decay,
And yet still sees the light that shines today?
Who then but I
Can understand
Having seen Death's eye
And touched his hand?
Who then but I
Need fear to sin
Who heard Death sigh,
And went from him.

The Decline of the Cinema

OVER the past decade, a dramatic fall in the number of people going to the cinema has taken place. The trip to the local "picture house", which in the 1940's and 50's was a regular occasion, with people going once or twice a week, has become a rare treat with many people not visiting a cinema at all for several months. As attendances have fallen, so has the number of cinemas. Hundreds every year are closing down and being re-designed as bingo halls and supermarkets. In order to appreciate the reasons for this decline, it is necessary to study the film industry itself.

On looking through the entertainments section of any newspaper, it is difficult to find a film that one can take the whole family to. A depressing list of 'X'-certificate productions following the same well trodden path of violence, depravity and sensationalism confronts the reader. The films that would bring back people in droves to the cinemas are those that give enjoyment to the whole family, and that can safely be shown to all. Perhaps it is significant that cinema attendances are at their highest at Christmas time, when, as if by magic, Walt Disney films and cartoons appear in almost every cinema.

Another significant factor, is the absence of actors and actresses that people will flock to see, the "superstars". Any film of Garbo, Monroe or Davis would be a sell-out, with admirers braving all weathers to watch their own personal hero or heroine. Children and teenagers would pack the cinemas whenever "Lassie" or Roy Rogers and "Trigger" were showing, and the women swooned over Gary Grant, Clark Gable or Walter Pidgeon. Nowadays, no one actor commands such loyalty or devotion as those of the cinema's heyday, the last to do so being James Dean, who in the early sixties, in only four films started a cult amongst adolescent admirers, for whom he symbolised a restless youth.

Of course, the biggest single factor in the decline of audiences is television. From 1955 onwards, cinema audiences dwindled. People realised that in the comfort of their own home, they could watch a much wider variety of entertainment at no cost, with no travelling to and from distant cinemas away from the city suburbs, and no effort for the switching on and off of buttons and dials. Films that had cost many thousands of

pounds were condensed into neat two-hour packages for the pleasure of the viewer, and with a choice of two channels a viewer could plan his evening's entertainment with a newspaper. The growth of television was the signal for drastic economies on the part of the cinema-chain owners, and as a result cinema started to lose millions of followers.

The high cost of entry into a cinema is another reason for the decline in attendances, though it can be argued that this was indeed a result of the decline itself and not a reason for the decline. It seems that everytime you enter a cinema the price of a seat has risen, and for a family visit to the cinema the price would be too high for it to be really worthwhile going.

The old-style cinemas are disappearing rapidly and they are being replaced by dreary, stuffy and stereo-typed newer ones. The old cinemas concentrated much more on creating an atmosphere of grandeur, with their wurlitzer organs, elaborately decorated walls and ceilings, magnificently designed furniture and regal private boxes for those rich enough to afford them. These all served to create an escapist and surrealistic setting for films where ordinary people were transported from their own dull lives into these "palais" that were as much a part of a night-out at the cinema as the film itself. In today's cinemas, however, all this is forsaken for cramped, ill-organised seating, and the objective of fitting as many people as possible into as small a space as possible. The plain, boring cinemas of nowadays are a far cry from the cinemas that tried to make the customer feel as comfortable and as important as any dignity.

The cinema, then, is in decline. However with the advent of new-style cinemas with dining, drinking and dancing facilities, attempting to make a night-out at the cinema a social occasion as well as just the showing of a film, attendances are bound to go up slightly. And with new film techniques such as '3-D' projection, 70 m.m. projection and stereophonic sound, people will want to experience the reality and excitement of a film that is missing in television. Yet gone are the days when people visited the cinema three times a week, and stood in queues hundreds of yards long to see every tear, kiss and simper of epics like 'Gone with the Wind'.

L. FOGARTY (4 Alpha)

THE ACCIDENT

Although I didn't see it,
 This is what I've been told,
 A builder fell twenty feet
 From the nearby rusty scaffold.
 He was just a normal lad,
 He had a wife and children three,
 And as someone went to help him,
 He was heard to say, "O, Lord why me?"
 They put him in the ambulance,
 But you could tell by his face,
 He would never be the same again,
 Half a rat in this rat race.
 The papers blew it up of course;
 His wife's a nervous wreck,
 She has to pay in the long run,
 For a husband: a cripple, with a broken neck.

S. Clifford (4 Lambda)

THE GRAND NATIONAL

White horses, brown horses, piebald and black,
 Cantering, galloping right round the track:
 Dark Warrior is leading; the spectators yell;
 Red Rum, the co-favourite, is coming up well.
 Now the last fence is getting near,
 "Jump high, Dark Warrior" is all I can hear;
 Then disaster, the horse has tripped
 Into the water the jockey has slipped.
 Red Rum clears the fence with a mighty leap;
 Poor Mighty Warrior is a still black heap.
 The race is over, it's the luck of the game,
 But I'm sorry for the loser all the same.

J. R. Grace (J2)

A house isn't a Home
 without a poem
 so here I have written
 a poem about Britain
 and all of its homes.

There is a house in Woburn Green
 Where all the people are nice and clean
 But in a country called Liberia
 The people suffer of maleria.
 The homeless are nice
 but get bit by mice,
 Now we can help
 To stop them yelp
 And not get bit by mice.

P. Holmes (J3)

ANOTHER VICTIM

At 5,000 feet, he is speeding along,
 His machine guns hammering their deadly song,
 One more burst and the enemy is smoking,
 Down it plummets, the foe now choking.
 One more victim to add to the score,
 Of Pilot Officer Jenkins' No. 364.
 This latest one is the best,
 A German fighter, new to the west.
 That poor, German pilot will fly no more,
 Thanks to Pilot Officer Jenkins No. 364.

M. Dunn (3 Alpha)

THE CROW

The crow perched stone-still, on the gate,
 Studying the world around.
 It looked at squalor, sin and war,
 At hate, at pride and cruel law.
 It saw these things with an inward smile,
 This evil witness, dark and vile.
 Its topaz-yellow eyes shone clear,
 As they saw this tyranny and fear,
 Complete corruption, total sin,
 In a beautiful world that was ugly within.
 Then it spread its coal-black wings out wide,
 And on its way, with a lingering glide,
 Went this devil's emissary,—

SATAN'S SIDEKICK!
 M. Kerrigan (3 Alpha)

FRUSTRATION

Sit, sit, sit,
 Looking around blankly.
 Just thinking of what to do,
 Not interested, but want to be.
 Sit, sit, sit,
 Anger takes control,
 I want to shout and scream;
 I feel like destroying everything.
 Sit, sit, sit,
 But want to break
 Smash, splatter and pull
 Apart the clock which ticks away.
 Sit, sit, sit,
 I want to be noisy,
 Smashing glass, clattering metal
 Jumping up and down on the bed.
 Sit, sit, sit,
 That's all I
 Ever do, but wish to do
 More and not be bored.

F. Woolley (4 Kappa)

DANCE OF DEATH

HOT, but a fresh breeze; blue sky slightly hazy, the sea shimmering, apparently incapable of its winter deception, when wild north-easters whip it into life. Summer, and the Isle of Purbeck at its most beautiful. Above the lighthouse at Anvil Point, visitors dozed in cars, windows open to allow the thyme-scented breeze in cars, caravans, tents, a typical summer week-end.

Down towards the sea there was a young rook flying. He appeared to be half asleep. Slowly quietly, in a circle, dropping lower. The circle gradually shrank; the flight grew slower. I peered down over the brambles. Everything was quiet. The car addicts snoozed; voices of children called from distant beaches; these and the buzzing of bees, the only sounds apart from the snuffings of my basset.

Then I spotted the villain of the piece. Amongst the brambles, in the clearing, a stoat leaping, twisting. The warm chestnut colour of his body, so deadly, luring the bird down and down. Higher the stoat leapt; remorselessly hypnotising the bird. Quietly and hoplessly it came down, nearer and nearer to death.

I felt powerless to intervene, to prevent this death, semi-hypnotised by the sun and sea, and the drama played before me.

Suddenly, my basset got wind of it. How these bassets can move!! The brambles swayed; the russet killer was gone. The rook flew off, leisurely, as if he could not remember quite how to fly. The old stoat had lost his dinner. The visitors dozed on—unaware.

N. FAZAKERLEY (5 Art)

Knock! Knock!
 "Who's there?"
 "Esme"
 "Esme who?"
 "Esme hat on straight?"

Knock! Knock!
 "Who's there?"
 "Nosmo"
 "Nosmo who?"
 "Nosmo King in this train."

Q. What do Irish dogs do?
 A. Chase after parked cars.

TWIST OF FATE

IT WAS the 16th of April, 2786. In the light of a laboratory in the heart of futuristic Liverpool Mark L576A was working. He was a brilliant young scientist and had devoted his life to cancer research. He was experimenting with the rare plant Lechena which could only be found on Asteroid 10B.

"I've found it! I've done it! The cure! The cure!" he shouted, for at last the long sought cure for cancer had been found. After so many hundreds of years, the greatest breakthrough in medical science had been achieved. He wasn't completely sure, so he had to have more Lechena. For several centuries one-man rockets had been used powered by solar energy which was almost endless. He decided to tell no-one about the cure till he was sure.

He received permission from Ayan, the capital of Earth, built on a man-made island in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, before setting off.

Six days later he was through the thin atmosphere of Asteroid 10B and coming in to land. It was then the first mishap overcame him. On landing, the solar energy reflector was damaged and would take two or three weeks to repair. Unfortunately the radio was powered by the same energy and was dead.

In the next few days he had many tasks to do amongst them keeping an up-to-date journal. "It is now ten days since my landing on this planet and my head is feeling very heavy. It has been like this for three or four days. I am constantly breaking out in hot and cold sweats, I feel it must be a virus pneumonia, I feel very weak, too weak to walk. I find it very ironic that"

MARK LEDGERTON (4 Lambda)

An Irish foreman shouted down a hole:
 "Who's working down there?"
 Voice from hole: "Tom Mc Nerney."
 Foreman: "Will the three of you come up here then?"

Englishman: "What's your favourite television programme?"
 Chinese man: "Me no telly."

A tramp went to a house door. He said:
 "Please lady, I haven't had a bite for weeks."
 So she bit him.

JAMES ROBERTS (2 Hope)

Music Notes

IN the year 1972-73 the Orchestra again competed in the Harrogate, Ilkely and Alderley Edge Festivals as well as performing at the Christmas Concert, Speech Day and combining with the Orchestra of Seafeld Convent to give two Concerts in aid of the University Chaplaincy.

As I look back over the Music Notes in previous magazines I find the phrase "despite the loss of many senior members, the orchestra performed well" is used constantly and it is a sign of the dedication of Mr. Genin, Miss Hogg and all the sectional teachers that this phrase is still valid, a dedication for which we thank them.

September, 1973, saw the founding of another musical society under the auspices of Mr. T. Duffy — the Choral Society. This permanent body of choristers made its debut in December at a recording for Radio Merseyside of a religious broadcast when it sang "O Bone Jesu" by Palestrina and a Mawby arrangement of a psalm.

IN A DIFFERENT KEY

MUSIC Society blew through last year with maximum ease, except for the non-appearance of members' I.D. cards, due to printer's hassles, which were eventually resolved, so rumour has it, when Terry threatened them with free tickets for a cathedral organ recital!

Gigs this year have had an average of fifty an audience, which is quite reasonable, with attendance from both teaching and administrative staff. Artists appearing were:

Paul Ziolo, violinist, ex-S.E.C., D'Oyly Carte Orchestra.

Bob Buckle, folksinger, who had the (dubious) pleasure of getting his audience "participating" (for want of a better word).

Paul Kelly played assorted horns, sinks, kettles, rubber tubing, etc., and not forgetting a very warmly received, if somewhat surprise, 'home' gig by a band from the college. PP&J, also made a brief showing on the elsewhere-mentioned Radio Merseyside set.

More recent was the appearance of the RAF band, who (so I'm told, having missed them in favour of a holiday, sorry, interview in Exeter) went down very well. This, like last year's band gig, was the annual occasion when the Music Society throws monetary considerations to the wind

A large section of the school and the orchestra also took part in the broadcast and it is to be hoped that having discovered the great musical tradition that exists at the College the B.B.C. soon return with their microphones for further broadcasts.

A. DERBYSHIRE,
Orchestral Manager.

ORCHESTRA

Harrogate Music Festival.—3rd with 1st Class Certificate.
Ilkley Music Festival.—2nd with 1st Class Certificate.
Alderley Edge Music Festival.—1st with 1st Class Certificate:

Members of:

National Youth Orchestra.—J. Kerrigan.

Merseyside Youth Orchestra.—D. Faulkner, J. Kerrigan.
Liverpool Schools Senior Orchestra.—A. Derbyshire,
P. Rowan, S. Reilly, P. Bamber, D. Faulkner,

Liverpool Schools Junior Orchestra. M. Bowe, M: Pope,
T. Fitzsimmons, E. Pritchard, G Soulsby.

Liverpool Schools String Orchestra.— W. Kelly.

Holders of Liverpool Music Studentships.

P. Bamber, J. Kerrigan.

Leader:—M. Brennan **Manager:**—R. Grant

and then puts the screws on the lower and middle school to provide a voluntary audience.

Also a roaring failure (no, really, it was quite good) was the everybody-learn-this-we've-got-two-days-to-go Christmas concert. The format was changed this time so that instead of just two long sets by orchestra and choir, we split it into integrated musical sections, with the result that the audience could really get into each section without experiencing that spaced-out boredom which inevitably accompanies a heavy orchestral trip (Eric!!!). Highlight of the gig was the surprise guest set by the Rockin' Revs, shortly returned from their West African tour, where it was rumoured they jammed with Ginger Baker.

Future items will include a gig by the aforementioned (that means we were talking about him earlier on) and Bob Buckle, whose support acts will be hand-picked from his own college lunchtime axe-classes. (N.B. This gig will have happened by the time we go to press).

That's all the REAL music notes for this edition. Keep supporting your local bands, and keep on truckin'.

Rock on.

PETE M. ROWAN

The School Trip to France - Summer, 1973

THE party left school on Tuesday 29th July, at about 5 a.m. after an almost sleepless night in the gym. We arrived at Southampton at about midday after a comfortable coach journey.

After going through customs we drove onto the ferry and everybody left the bus. The four hour crossing was very calm and quite a few boys bought duty free presents on the boat.

We arrived at Cherbourg harbour at about 4 p.m. and we had to go through customs again. There was then about a four and a half hour drive to the hotel and we reached it about half-past eight.

After being put in our rooms we had about half an hour to wait for supper so we all went down to the sea-front to look around. After supper Mr. Irving and the other teachers, Mr. Thomas, Mr. McCormack, and two other friends from the rugby club, advised us to go to bed early because we were all tired after the journey down.

Next morning breakfast was at eight o'clock but not many got up so early. The first day we didn't go on any trips and we were allowed to look around.

On Thursday morning it was windy and there was a very high tide. Some of us decided to brave the weather and go swimming and we attracted quite a crowd. In the afternoon the weather improved so my friends and I decided to walk along the front to St. Malo. St. Malo is an old market town with walls all around it. On the beach at St. Malo there was a park bricked off and when the tide went out it left an open-air, sea-water swimming pool.

On Friday we went to a place called Dinan. This is a market town and in it there is a big store where we bought some of our presents.

On Saturday we all went by coach to a place called Mont. St. Michel. This is an island with a causeway joining it to the mainland. When the tide is out the island is surrounded by marshes and quicksands. On the island there is a Benedictine monastery in which you had to pay to look around. Around dinner time it started to rain heavily so after we had eaten our packed lunch the teachers said that it would be best if we went back to Paramé. When we got back it hadn't been raining so Mr. Irving suggested that we all went to St. Malo in the coach.

On Sunday the rest of the group went to Dinard but we stayed in Paramé and went swimming.

On Monday the weather was bad so we all stayed in Paramé and bought the last of our presents, and packed our cases.

On Monday night my friends and I went out and enjoyed ourselves in the local cafes.

On Tuesday morning we all rose for breakfast about 8 a.m. We left the hotel about 11.30 a.m. and on the way down we had to make out a list of what we had bought to give to the customs. We reached Southampton at about 10 p.m. and then drove all night and got back to school about 6 a.m. where most of our parents were waiting for us.

I think everybody had a great time and I hope we can go back soon.

STEPHEN MULCAHEY (4 Kappa)

KNOCK KNOCKS

Knock! Knock!
Who's there?
Foreign.
Foreign who?
Foreign twenty blackbirds.

Knock Knock!
Who's there?
Mandy.
Mandy who?
Mandy lifeboats!—were sinking!

PROBLEMS

Tripped by Mr. Step.
After a fall by Denise R. Dirty.
Odd People by P. Culiar.
Destroying Old Buildings by Paul M. Down.
Dress Material by Pat Tern.
Looking Closely by Mike Roscope.
Seeing by I. Site.
Faith by B. Leaf
Ships by Ann Korr

THE FIGHT

"I'm the king," the Lion said,
But the Tiger he said, "No!
Before you reign, you must beat me,
So come on, have a go!"

The Lion gave a mighty roar,
And showed his big white teeth,
The Tiger snarled so savagely,
His claws came from their sheath.

The fight was on,
And the jungle folk peered out from bush and tree
While on the very topmost branch,
Sat the monkey referee.

The noise awoke the Elephant
Having a snooze nearby.
He sent them spinning with his trunk,
"I can beat them both when I try!"

M. McCourt (1 Domingo)

There were three tortoises going on a picnic,
mummy tortoise, daddy tortoise and baby tortoise.
They set out in March and arrived at the picnic
spot in June. They were eating sandwiches when
mummy tortoise said,

"We've left the lemonade at home, run home
for it baby."

"No fear, you will eat all the sandwiches while
while I'm gone."

"All right we won't."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Six months later baby had still not come back.
Twelve months passed, eighteen still no sign of
baby. Two years passed, then daddy tortoise said,
"We'll have to eat the sandwiches if he doesn't
come back soon." Then a little voice came from
behind a rock, "You do and I won't go!"

There were three ewes, the last of the species.
Mummy, daddy and baby ewe.

One day daddy fell off a cliff and died. Three
days later mummy went to look for daddy.

Then a hunter took aim with his rifle and shot
mummy ewe. Three days later baby ewe died of
starvation.

That was the end of the ewes, now for the
weather forecast.

MEMORANDUM

Re "The Task" a year ago,
My efforts were in vain.
This poem is to illustrate,
I'll try and try again.

Twelve months have passed and once again,
We're asked to do our stint,
'An essay or a poem',
Was given as a hint.

Last year I wrote a poem,
An ode, to be exact;
It made the pages of the "Mag"—
But alas for one small fact.

When it was set and printed,
They'd made a grievous error,
They'd gave it someone else's name:
This year they must do "berrerr"!

(There is some justice after all, you see. Ed.)

H. Riding (4 Alpha)

There was a sign outside a factory saying,
"Handyman wanted."

In about half an hour a man came to the
foreman.

"All right then, are you good at carpentry?"
asked the foreman.

"No, not really," came the reply.

"Never mind, what about welding?"

"No, never, no"

"Not to worry, what about plumbing?"

"No, not much good at that."

"Well, what's handy about you?"

"I only live round the corner!"

There was this Irish man going to Hull from
Liverpool by taxi. On the way the taxi-driver
said to Mick,

"Would you like a quiz?"

"Yes, yes, that I would."

"Who is my father's, wife's son?"

"I don't know that one, who is it?"

"It's me!"

When Mick arrived at Hull he met his friend
Paddy. Mick said to Paddy,

"Who is my father's wife's son?"

"That's easy, it's you Mick!"

"Oh no it isn't, its some taxi-driver from
Liverpool!"

NEIL GEELEHER (2H)

The Name of the Game . . . And Its Rules

THE trouble is, I don't know who you are exactly, so it's difficult to know what to talk about. Even when you meet people it's hard to make conversation, particularly if they can only listen. It's not your fault, of course, and it's not mine, either that we have not met and that I cannot see you even in my mind's eye. There is a picture in that eye, of course, but it's false: seen in the light of memory, and the light makes the landscape what it is, not the mountains. And the mountains I'm talking about are the features of life in St. Edward's as it was then, and as it isn't any more.

It comes to me as a shock to realise that it is almost twenty years since, on a day of soft sunlight through strange windows, I first wrote my name on all those clean, clean exercise books; name and subject. Twenty odd of us attired in such gleaming purple and just a little gold, feeling much less like the Assyrian, much more like the sheep in the fold. It was never so quiet again. We were from 2 beta, which meant we weren't so clever, but I overcame that by telling my mother that there was another Roach, and he'd been put in 2 Alpha, so when I left, eight years later, I hadn't learned anything at all. It's not that I hadn't been taught anything; I had been taught a great deal, but learning takes longer than that, or at least it does for some of us. Perhaps it was because I wasn't so very clever, and they were quite right to put me in 2 Beta and my calumny, or is it detraction, on Robert Roach was less than retasonable. No matter. It takes time for a stream to cut a valley, and the best teacher can only be a spring. You have to do your own learning.

Thinking hard about it, and trying to avoid the pitfalls of mere reminiscence, I did learn something. I can even remember the day it happened. It wasn't sunny any more. It was grey, and little boys' knees were mottled like muddy bruises, and their shoulders were up around their ears to keep out the cold, and they stood flapping in rugby shirts that mothers had bought, as mothers do, two sizes too large so to last. A false economy, that. I was still stamping my feet and blowing into my cupped hands long after the game had started. Nobody noticed that I wasn't playing. After all, there are thirty people playing on a Rugby pitch, and you can't expect them all to be doing all the

time. Some of them are supposed to stand off in certain positions. These people, or the positions in which they play all have names, most of which are vulgar fractions, if I remember rightly. The others are called by names taken from iron mongery; lots of things to do with props and locks and hooks. Anyway, I was still waiting for someone to tell me certain things: what the game was about, for instance, any useful rules or hints I might be expected to know, which side I was on—that sort of thing. Most of all I wanted to know what I was supposed to do if called upon. I wasn't called upon at all. I was given no warning of any kind. The ball was simply thrown to me out of a murky grey sky. I caught it. That in itself was surprising, as I have never been good at catching. Having caught it however, I became the focus of all attention. This was embarrassing to the point of catalepsy. My mind retreated to some bolt-hole far inside the head, leaving my body unattended, much like the Marie Celeste, but motionless. Earlier, peering over my grey, bloodless knuckles, I had seen that some chose to kick Rugby balls and others chose to keep them and run away with them. Others, according to their whim, threw them to their friends. I didn't have any friends. I didn't have any idea what to do with it at all. I might perhaps have tried to kick it, but where? I could have run away, but the brain, as I say, had chosen to sever all connection with the body. Never particularly robust as a child, and little more than ten stone even now, I was swept away and very nearly dismembered. There may still be pieces; toes, knee caps, an earlobe perhaps, decomposing even now under that very piece of mud. The motionless child with the ball was struck, flung to the ground, leapt upon, kicked and trampled by what I can only describe as an ugly and inflamed mob. Similar things happened to Aristocrats in the streets of Paris. They left me with my head and some of my senses. They took only the ball. It was so unnecessary. All they had to do was ask, and I'd have given it to them. I said that on this day I had learned something. It was about to happen: a towering black cassock arose above me, and Brother Brother who? I forget looked down and said, simply with venom, "You fool, Roach." Then he went away to blow his whistle. If I'd had time to pick the mud out of my teeth, I'd have protested. By the time I had, he'd gone

and I'd learned something. It was a lesson for all my life: They Never Tell You. They don't, and there's not the least point in recriminating afterwards.

Now most boys absorb the rules and aims of Rugby football by some mysterious osmosis, and I'm sure that someone, sometime in the curriculum at St. Edward's does, or should, explain the Rules of the game for those not so intuitive. How much more valuable it was for me, not to have known, not to have been told. Because whatever anyone may tell you, be assured that life is not at all like a game of Rugby. The battle of Waterloo was not won on any playing fields anywhere, and neither was any other battle. Life is not like cricket, either, any more than it's like badminton or table tennis or skinning moles. Life is full of nasty surprises and there's not the slightest use protesting, "But nobody told me....."

You may be under the impression that I'm saying some people know the rules, and are therefore all right, and others don't, which is hard luck on them. If that's what you think, then you are deluded. Rules are delusions more often than not. Any analogy that describes life as being like a game with rules is dangerous. It may be useful, but that's another matter entirely. Shortly after the incident I have related, I stumbled across a rule of the game of Rugby. The rule was that known as "Knock-on." I gather they've changed it since, but in my day it said that if the ball was kicked or thrown to you, and you dropped or fumbled with it, then the game was stopped. Then, instead of the mayhem that had overwhelmed me, another kind of savagery, called a scrummage, was instituted. Scrumming was quite out of the question for frail physiques such as mine, and so the "Knock-on" rule became my salvation, thanks to which, in all probability, I still have the use of my fingers and I am able to write this today. I became the most adept fumbler and dropper of the ball in the history of the game, and not a hand was laid on me again. It's just a small example of the way rules can be used for almost any purpose at all.

You will have noticed that the kind of people who tend to know the rules, are also the kind of people who are ready to tell you what life is like. What life is like is always the game they happen to be good at. "Life," they say "Is like chess...." or football, or hockey or fishing or snakes and

ladders. They are of course, dealing in analogy, and draw their analogies from what they know. Their error lies in the folly of drawing analogies from analogies. It might just be true to say that a game is a bit like life, for a game is a kind of analogy. In it we see certain elements of life crudely simplified and made inconsequential, so that we can enjoy them without coming to too much harm. On the other hand, to start with the game, and then say that is what life is like, involves using a whole new generation of analogy which is so obviously remote from the truth as to be absurd. All analogies involve distortion. Analogies bred of analogies involve little else. If I may use an analogy, theologians tell us that man is in some ways like God. The mistake of believing that God therefore, is rather like man, led to that famous and farcical image of a geriatric individual with a long white beard sitting, wrapped in a kind of toga affair, upon a celestial throne. Now what would God want with a beard, a toga and a throne?

Beware of analogies, and therefore of rules, because when you have been told of the rules, you are apt to believe you know enough. You may be left, when things go wrong, saying the one thing worse than "They didn't tell me....." and that is "But they told me....." In that "But" lies all the bewilderment and disillusion and all the folly of misplaced faith. Rules tend to be complicated. Well, you say, life is complicated too. (You might use the word "complex" when you mean "complicated" and I hope Mr. Thomas clips your ear when you do.) Is life very complicated, or is it just that we have done our best to make it so? Life has become apparently complicated because we have formulated increasingly tortuous rules for it. Why have we? Because we try always to reconcile our own contradictions. The real rules are too simple and immutable, that they don't let us do just what we want. So we add to them, modify them, add our riders and clauses, our "ifs" and "buts" until they let us do what we want to do. When I say "we" I mean mankind, nations, races, individuals, parties, factions, all of us. When I talk about our rules, the rules that allow us to reconcile Charity and Profits are the kind of rules I mean. It is a simple truth that the world yields no profits. Profit is neither a mineral nor a vegetable nor any tangible fruit of the Earth, it is merely a condition of the way minerals and vegetables and other things are distributed. There is no escape from the fact that one man's more is

another man's less, and a denial of charity. Nonetheless, we have woven a net of rules to allow us to trap the fishes of profit while still seeming to nod deferentially in the direction of Christ standing on the Mount. We made a fairly good job of draughting those rules. They are so effective that they allow us, in all conscience, to have our cake and eat the other fellow's. Perhaps it need not disturb us unduly if they make the game too complicated, because, after all, it's fun. From time to time, though, we need to change the rules, because the old ones seem to admit one or two undesirable elements into the game. At the moment we're looking for a set of rules that will allow us to have profit, and the continual expansion that is required to produce it, and at the same time not have inflation. If you have any ideas, send them to H. Kissinger, c/o The Department of State, Washington D.C., U.S.A. and you could win this century's star prize. I'm afraid you won't collect that prize, and if you want to know why I'm pessimistic, take a trip out to Halewood and look at the Ford factory. You'll see that thousands of men make the trip every day, and they work there, and they travel to work in cars, probably Ford cars. The question is, how can Mr. Ford pay his worker enough for making the car to allow the worker to buy the car he makes and leave a profit for the Ford Corporation? It seems less than possible, but the rules, those very complicated rules, enable us to overcome the difficulty. On the one hand, you can buy your iron ore very cheaply from countries where the miners work for very little and therefore help to pay for the car by going without; and on the other hand, if that isn't enough, (and it isn't any more,) you can have an overdraft on the bank of tomorrow. You buy the car out of money you haven't earned tomorrow, or haven't earned next year. Amazingly, it comes as a surprise to people when they get to tomorrow to find that they don't have enough to get by on, because they've already spent it. Inevitably, as those in the poorer countries of the world start to demand the sort of affluence that we enjoy, the rules oblige us to draw increasingly on that imaginary deposit in the Bank of Tomorrow. But the very fact that our raw materials cost more today means that we will need more money tomorrow and, as you remember, we already have an overdraft on Tomorrow. Therefore we have to demand even more or settle for less than we bargained for. It is not in our nature, and certainly not in our rules, to settle for less. What the rules say is that we'll

be all right if we produce more. But what is produced must be consumed and naturally must be paid for, leaving a profit. Now that sounds very like the same problem that we started off by trying to solve, except that it's become bigger. One might be addicted to game analogies, liken our economic game to a rugby match played on a field which grows larger all the time. The running that brought you a try yesterday doesn't work today. You must run ever harder, ever faster. Oh, and the game doesn't stop after eighty minutes. It goes on for ever, or so we like to think. Next time someone offers you the idea of economic expansion as the answer to our problems, and many people will, irrespective of party politics, ask yourself if you really want to run for the ball on the ever expanding pitch. If you decline to do so, you'll be told you're spoiling the game and unkind things may be said to you, but in the long run it's much better than feeling stupid, bitter and disillusioned when, after so much running, the game breaks up in confusion. As it will, in all probability, very soon.

It may seem beside the point to say that an 81 'bus won't necessarily get you to Speke, even if the legend on the destination box says it will. The rules say it will, of course, and probability is on the side of the rules, but if you can't think of fifty or so accidents that might prevent the 'bus from reaching Speke, I'd be very surprised. All I'm saying is that you should doubt even the most simple and obvious assumptions about where you're going or where you're being taken to and how you're going to get there. When assumptions and promises are as uncomplicated as whether or not an 81 'bus will get you to Speke, it's not difficult to assess their worth. When talking about other, more remote destinations lying somewhere in the dreamland of the future you'd be well advised to be very wary indeed. For the world is full of men selling tickets for various destinations called Heaven on Earth, and sometimes Heaven somewhere else. Many of them believe passionately in the validity of the tickets they want you to buy. Distrust passionate certainty: it's a good salesman but no kind of guarantee. The tickets offered will come in the name of anything from Free Trade to Scientology, from Permanent Revolution to Behavioural Science, and they all come with assurances and certain predictions about the journey and the destination. Old Moore's Almanac offers you equally certain predictions. A man

called Heisenberg, however, who is slightly brighter than you, me or Old Moore, will tell you that the Universe is mathematically an uncertain place, and you can't predict the path of a single measly electron. The best you can do is talk about probabilities, and seek to learn more.

So I'm not offering any beliefs, and very little in the way of advice. When you face dilemmas, I can only say that if conscience is anything at all, it is an instrument for resolving dilemmas, and the instrument is blunted if you try to lubricate it with too liberal an application of complicated and sophisticated rules. You'll then find yourself left with a dilemma deferred, or a dilemma that has changed its shape but not its nature. The simple rules work better, and they can be found expressed as well and succinctly in the Sermon on The Mount as anywhere else in the world, and

they are as acceptable to a Moslem, a Communist or a Jew as they are, or should be, to a Christian. They apply to anyone who wants to wear the uniform of humanity.

I have little to add, (That's not true; I could go on and on and on, but one respects conventions.) but I remember that in my time at St. Edward's there was an article of faith and dogma that stood in rank somewhere alongside the Infallibility of the Pope, and that was the Invincibility of The First Fifteen. Much as I distrust what is called team spirit, a spirit which seems to me to contain all the seeds of bigotry, fanaticism and self satisfaction, and other things to be guarded against with scrupulous care, I do hope they still do as well as they did. You can't blame me. Human nature is a curious thing.

JULIAN ROACH

Man getting off elevator: "Why do you keep calling me son?"

Porter: "I brought you up, didn't I?"

Father reading his son's school report:

"How come you finished last in class? Last year you came first in class with Stephen King."

Son:

That's because I don't sit next to him any more."

Q. What's green and goes "boing, boing?"

A. A spring cabbage.

Q. Why did the lady go outdoors with her purse open?

A. She expected some change in the weather.

Q. What did the bald man say when he got a comb for his birthday?

A. Thank you very much, I will never part with it.

Q. What two letters of the alphabet contain nothing?

A. MT.

Winer: "Do you have frog's legs?"

Waiter: "Yes sir!"

Winer: "Well hop over that table and get me a drink."

Winer: "Do you serve nuts?"

Waiter: "Of course sir, we serve anyone, sit right down."

KEVIN BROWN (2 Hope)

THE FUTURE

There are no longer cars but swift
Mono-rails, tubes and moving pavements,
Hovertrains and swift heli-jets
Transport thousands among the complex
Sky-scraper landscape.

Vast hyper-markets with
Moving pavements and stairs throughout
Sell everything from jet-planes to transistors,
Their moving pavements travelling swiftly
From section to section.

Huge multi-storey skyscrapers,
Concrete, steel and plastic structures,
Each its own little earth
Where thousands live in their own
Processed environment.

Most people no longer work.
There is a fully automated society
Seven days a week of leisure time
There is so much to do
Nobody should work, now it's the future.

Stephen Wylie (3 Alpha)

Q. When Columbus discovered America what did he see on his right hand?

A. Four fingers and a thumb.

BATTY BOOKS

Friends by Ewan Mee.
Hiccups by I. Drinkwater
Doormats by Y. Purefeet.

SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY



Standing: N. Roney, K. Bromley, E. McGrath, P. Jordan, E. Geeleher, P. Byrne,
C. Wilson, M. Roberts

Seated: M. Gornall, S. Redmond, S. Maher, D. Gaul, S. Fennell

CROSS COUNTRY 1972-73

Overall team results:

Winners Christian Brothers Schools Championships.
Winners of Cheadle Moseley Relay.
Runners-up in National Catholic Schools Championships.

SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RECORD 1972/73

Team results in Cup and League Races:

Runners-up in Merseyside League ('B' team 5th).
2nd in C.B.S. Championships.
4th in Sangster Cup.
2nd in Cumella Cup.
7th in Coventry Road Relay.
5th in National Catholic Schools Championships.
9th in Northern Schools Championships.

Inter School Fixtures:

Ran 9; Won 6; Lost 3.

Representative Honours:

S. Maher selected for Liverpool City, and Merseyside Teams

M. Roberts selected for Liverpool City, and Merseyside Teams

U-16 RECORD

Winners of Booth Cup.
Winners of Sandfield Park Road Relay.
Winners of Liverpool City Championships.
Runners-up in the Merseyside Cross-Country League.
Runners-up in the Sefton Harriers Memorial Cup.
2nd in Christian Brothers Schools Championships.

Inter School Fixtures:

Ran 10; Won 8; Lost 2:

Representative Honours:

C. Fennell, P. Redmond, K. Carter, M. McAllister, M. Maher and S. Walsh were members of the Liverpool City Team.
C. Fennell and P. Redmond were members of the Merseyside League representative team in a fixture against Coventry.

U-14 RECORD

Winners of Christian Brothers Schools Championships.
 Winners of the National Catholic Schools Championships
 (with U-13)
 Winners of the Sandfield Park Road Relay (with U-16).
 Winners of the Liverpool City Championships (with U-15)
 Winners of the Booth Cup (with U-15).
 Runners-up in Merseyside League.
 3rd Calday Road Relay.
 12th Northern Schools.

Representative Honours:

D. Maher, Merseyside Team at Coventry and Liverpool
 City Team.
 E. Munro, Liverpool City Team.
 M. McAllister, Lyver City Team.

Inter School Fixtures:

Ran 10; Won 10.

U-13 RECORD

Runners-up in Merseyside League ('B' Team 10th., 'C'
 Team 19th)
 Winners of Liverpool Harriers Trophy.
 Winners of Christian Brothers Championships.
 Runners-up in Jack Sharp Relay (with U-12)
 Runners-up in Liverpool City Championships (with U-12)
 3rd in Northern Schools Championships.

Inter School Fixtures:

Ran 13; Won 11; Lost 2.

Representative Honours:

M. Heywood—Merseyside League Team, Lyver City
 Team.
 G. Coyne—Lyver City Team.
 S. Preston—Lyver City Team.

U-12 RECORD

Winners of Tryfan Trophy Race.
 Second in the Crystal Palace Road Relay.
 Winners of the Christian Brothers Schools Championships
 3rd in Merseyside League.
 5th in Northern Schools Championships.
 3rd in Sefton Shield Road Relay.

Inter School Fixtures:

'A' Team Ran 13; Won 12; Lost 1
 'B' Team Ran 3; Won 1; Lost 2

Representative Honours:

D. Galvin—Member of Merseyside League Team.

SWIMMING CLUB, 1972-73

| Team | Played | Won | Drawn | Lost |
|-----------------------|--------|-----|-------|------|
| 1st Year | 6 | 5 | 0 | 1 |
| 2nd Year | 6 | 5 | 0 | 1 |
| 3rd Year | 6 | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| 4th Year | 5 | 4 | 0 | 1 |
| Open | 6 | 4 | 0 | 2 |
| Overall result | 29 | 24 | 0 | 5 |

RUGBY 1972-73

TEAM RECORDS

| | P | W | D | L | For | Agst |
|---------------|----|----|---|---|-----|------|
| 1st XV | 21 | 16 | 1 | 4 | 457 | 193 |
| 2nd XV | 14 | 8 | 1 | 5 | 182 | 118 |
| 3rd XV | 10 | 7 | 0 | 3 | 270 | 98 |
| 4th XV / U-16 | 8 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 32 | 79 |
| U-15 | 20 | 13 | 1 | 6 | 342 | 211 |
| U-14 | 21 | 15 | 0 | 6 | 484 | 220 |
| U-13 | 18 | 15 | 0 | 3 | 632 | 126 |
| U-12 | 9 | 7 | 1 | 1 | 274 | 42 |

REPRESENTATIVE HONOURS

Clarke (U-15) Merseyside XV, Lancashire XV,
 reached final England Trial
 Flanagan (U-15) Merseyside XV, Lancashire XV.
 Whittaker (U-15) Merseyside XV.

CRICKET

TEAM RESULTS

| | P | W | L | D |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|
| 1st XI | 8 | 2 | 2 | 4 |
| 2nd XI | 4 | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| U-15 XI | 7 | 4 | 3 | 0 |
| U-13 XI | 8 | 3 | 5 | 0 |
| U-12 XI | 4 | 2 | 1 | 1 |

ATHLETICS 1973

Merseyside Senior Schools Athletics Competition:

Seniors—Winners of Shield.

Intermediates—Third.

Juniors—Winners of Shield.

Overall Team—Winners of Radio Merseyside Shield for
 overall competition.

Christian Brothers Schools Athletics Championships:

Seniors—Second

Intermediates—Second

Juniors—Winners of Br. Casey Cup.

Central District Championships:

1st-4th year Teams—Winners of Shield.

Overall Team—Winners of Shield and Trophy Certificate:

Champion Schools of Liverpool Athletics Championships:

1st-4th year Teams—Winners of McLaughlin Cup.

Gt. Britain Catholic Schools Postal Athletics Competition

Seniors and Intermediate Teams—Winners of Shield.

County Championships:

Forty-two boys were selected to represent their City
 in the Lancashire Athletics Championships at Accrington
 on June 9th, 1973.

P. Byrne—5000m. Walk

M. Maher—3000m. Walk

M. and S. HANDIMAN STORES

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The Philatelic Society

THE past year has been disappointing from the point of view of the response to our appeal for stamps, but has also witnessed a record £44 being raised for charity. This apparent paradox is explained by the fact that the society is now self-supporting. While we have sufficient stocks to keep a wide range of interested members well supplied, we have at the same time been able to buy fresh supplies. The proceeds from the sale of stamps has gone to the Save the Children Fund.

This does not mean that we are no longer interested in receiving stamps. Our box still reposes near Br. Chincotta's office, and any stamps we receive can be put to good use. We have been able to dispose of any surplus to our own needs, and the amount we have been able to send to charity.

A total of seventy boys have at some time attended the weekly society meetings. We have had to move upstairs because of a reallocation of rooms, but this seems to have increased rather than diminished our active membership. The main aim is to stimulate interest in the hobby. Nothing can kill this interest more quickly than a shortage of worthwhile stamps, so the fact that the society flourishes is evidence that we have been able to obtain good stamps at prices the members can afford. We even have a large container with stamps at twenty for a penny.

It is still hoped to stage an exhibition, but the hour passes so quickly at the meetings that this has not yet reached the discussion stage. Perhaps we will be able to report this event in the next issue of the magazine.

G.V.R.

Chess Report

THIS season, the Senior Team captained by A. Battisti had mixed fortunes. Although they could only win three of their eight matches in the Wright Shield Tournament, they reached the semi-final in the Liverpool zone of "The Sunday Times" Knockout Competition.

The U-15's had more success winning six and drawing one of their nine matches to finish third in their section of the Liverpool Schools' Chess League. Even better was the effort by the U-13 team who were runners-up in their league having lost only once in ten matches.

Perhaps a better indication of our strength lay in the achievements in the individual field; P. Jordan, J. Smart, D. Watkins, A. Beesley, A. D'Arcy, M. Webster and P. Hughes all represented Liverpool Schools during the season and in addition P. Jordan, J. Smart, A. Beesley, P. Tattershall, G. Bramwell and D. Watkins were selected to play for Lancashire Schools. At the Liverpool Chess Congress held at Paddington Comprehensive, A. D'Arcy, M. Webster and D. Price all won their sections while D. Watkins was a runner-up, P. Lally came third and P. Hughes fourth. In the Liverpool U-13 Knockout Competition, P. Lally was a finalist and G. Bramwell reached the quarter finals.

Despite the mediocre success of the teams, the lunchtime practices continued to be immensely popular. The now famous chess "ladders" flourished accordingly and provided the stimulus for the competitive spirit which we hope in future will influence team results.

The new season sees the introduction of a grading system within Lancashire schools. Each individual is awarded points on merit of his ability and other factors such as age and playing record. Assessment is made by an arbitrary body, and changes occur in the points tally as games are won and lost. The system has been devised to assist city and county selectors in choosing their teams.

In conclusion, I would like to thank Mr. Bamber for the time he gives up so willingly to manage all three teams, despite some disheartening results, and for the opportunity he gives to those who play the game simply for fun.

A. BEESLEY

CHESS 1972-1973

| | | RESULTS | | | |
|---------|--------|---------|---|---|---|
| | | P | W | L | D |
| Seniors | | 8 | 3 | 4 | 1 |
| U-15 | | 9 | 6 | 2 | 1 |
| U-13 | | 10 | 9 | 1 | 0 |

AUTUMN

AUTUMN is the third season of the year covering September, October, November. It is a lonely time, for the flowers begin to die because of the colder weather. Leaves begin to fall to be crushed to crispy brown dust under your feet. The farmers have gathered the wheat and stored the hay and burnt the fields of stubble to prepare for the next crop.

The aroused winds begin to rock the stone houses on the moors. Rain batters on the slate rooftops like machine-guns. At sea the ships are tossed by the waves like match-sticks on a stream.

Birds migrate — swallows, swifts, skylarks, martins and nightingales — like a great swarm of bees they cluster together across the sky.

Squirrels and rabbits look for food so they can survive throughout the long, dull winter months and awake restored. The games of Halloween are played. The spirits that roam in the night are let loose and the witches fly across the moon-lit night. Bonfire night comes, fires are lit, to burn the leaves and spirits of Autumn. As you walk through the park, fire fountains of smoke play on the horizon.

Also the saints and souls begin to be praised in churches throughout the world. The long drone of the night's coming in is heard. The Holiday seasons are coming to an end. Schools are opened. Our Summer is over.

DOMINIC BARTLEY (1 Domingo)

THE HORSE

He stood there, tail waving softly in the breeze,
Eyes rolling, head held high.
Suddenly, a movement.
He starts, and canters away
From the unseen danger.
Soon he is galloping,
Muscles moving like pistons.
His hooves hammer out his hasty goodbye.
Now he goes elsewhere to graze,
A dark shape shimmering through the haze.

F. Potter 3 (Alpha)

THE LION

He is visible on the plain, now,
Head held high.
The Zebra run,
And the buzzards fly.
His mane flows in the wind,
The monkeys scatter and hide,
For there he stands,
King of the pride.
In the heat of his Kingdom,
The sun above shone
On the Lord of the Jungle,
Second to none.

His only other rival,
Under the sweating jungle sun,
Is the money-thirsty hunter,
Who slaughters with his gun.
He slinks away from danger,
For his pride to save,
But the hunter knows the lion
Will find an early grave.
The lion falls, but nobody
Sees the hunter's smiling face.
And greedy man will soon find
No beast to take its place.

Brian McVey (3 Alpha)

A TALE OF TERROR

As he crept down,
So the dark loomed up.
Encasing, entombing his body,
In a mantle of black.
Too much emptiness,
Not enough light,
So sinister was the house that night.

That sound! Such a sound,
Made his eardrums freeze,
As he stood there.
Something moving through the trees,
Uttering such a tone,
That he, alone,
Could perceive to be that
Of the creature he feared to behold.
It was !
But that's all I've been told.

M. Birchall (2 Mersey)

THE PARTING

THE smoke died slowly down. The great sea of the crusaders had finally left. Myar jumped waveringly down his perch on the apple tree. His face was streaked with grey tear stains, his eyes red and watery. The hair which was generally as red as the fox's tail, had been showered with fine dry dust, giving it the appearance of the dried reeds with which his mother carpeted the floor of their shack.

He walked sullenly across the floor of the keep courtyard, which was strewn with autumnal leaves and loose dust. His hands hung limply by his side.

"Why?" He lifted head to the blue heavens.

Myar was the son of Cluse, the castle farmer. Serch, his mother, had married Cluse with all the love in her heart that had ever been held previously. And now Cluse was gone. The farmer of Salisbury Castle had left for war, a war which both Myar and Cluse knew would claim their father. They knew it!

That morning his father had been called from his work by Sir De Guy, lord of the manor. That same morning Myar's father departed from the castle, riding in stately garb, behind Sir De Guy and the other castle soldiers. Not a word of explanation had passed his lips either to his son or to his wife. That noon the reason was known. The King had called his "fellow countrymen" to an overseas war, a Holy war in a land across the length of the continent from England. A Crusade.

Now, he looked down towards his shack. A sad sight met his eyes. A sight to strike sorrow to the iron heart of a wolf. There at the wooden door of their shack, lay his mother, prostrated upon the grass, her soft blue eyes swelling with tears. Behind her shivering frame lay the plough, left standing, still harnessed to the oxen.

The last horse rapidly disappeared into the distance.

M. BIRCHALL (2 Mersey)

THE FUTURE

AFTER a hard day's work at the school, I relaxed in a soft chair and watched television. A preview to a science fiction film of the future was on at this time as my eyes began to shut and I sank into a deep sleep.

I found myself dumped on a moving sidewalk amongst the towering skyscrapers of Western Billingham. Someone with a yellow overall picked me up and told me that they had caught the thief who stole my personal oxygen supply. After a few breaths of pure oxygen I felt better. As I and the man in the yellow overall glided along on his jet-skimmer he told me what was happening in the year 2347 A.D.

We arrived at his living pod after passing numerous sky-scrappers which must have been twice the size of the Empire State Building. He asked me if I wanted a drug to increase my intelligence but I was more interested in his three-D laser television. I asked him what his job was and he told me that he grew Homo Sapiens artificially in his laboratory as a hobby but sea-bed farming was his job.

On his multi-channel three-D laser T.V. was news from Parliament that there was going to be a sixth floating city off the Isle of Wight. Money had been withdrawn by all banks in favour of credit card economy. News also had just come over that there was water shortage in the international city under the South Polar ice. On the other channel there was a programme about the U.S. landing on Mars.

He went on to tell me that there was semi-voluntary euthanasia at the age of 60 and this was encouraged by the Department of Health and that a hundred years before, tooth decay had ended, and cancer and heart disease had been cured fifty years previously. This strange world with mini-helicopters for one in four people and the average working week being 22-33 hours seemed very far away.

MICHAEL EMOND (4 Kappa)

Jesus Christ Superstar

The Un-authorised Version

IN THE year of our Lord nineteen hundred and sixty five, Timothy Rice, born on the tenth of November, nineteen hundred and forty-four, and Andrew Lloyd Webber, born on the twenty second of March, nineteen hundred and forty-eight, came together in a musical partnership which was to produce three children.

Tim had attended Lancing College, Sussex, and the University of Paris. Before joining the Norrie Paramor Organisation and E.M.I. as a record producer, he had worked as a law student and a petrol pump attendant. Andrew had won a Queen's Scholarship to Westminster School and a history exhibition to Magdalen College, Oxford, but had left to study at the Royal College of Music.

The first child was very musical and was concerned with Dr. Barnardo. It died in infancy. The second child was also musical and was associated with the Biblical story of "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat". It matured slowly but now has a steady job on the West End stage after an unsuccessful career on record.

Then, in the Year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and sixty-nine, the third child arrived on the scene. Yet again it was musical and was christened "Superstar", although it later changed its name to "Jesus Christ-Superstar". With the aid of, among others, Ian Gillan, Yvonne Elliman, Barry Dennen and Mike D'Abo, the transformation was made known to the public at a cost of £14,500.

On record, "Jesus Christ-Superstar" received mixed reviews. Some considered it blasphemous, others a classic if its time. Most, however, agreed, no matter what their opinion of the whole opera, upon the high standard of the music, notably "I Don't Know How To Love Him" which won an Ivor Novello Award for best song of the year.

The album's marriage to Tom O'Horgan resulted in a colourful and musical child who quickly made a success as a salesman, travelling around America selling stage productions of the album's songs and finding plenty of interested customers. At the same time as the stage production commenced its Broadway season, the parent album was

soaring high in the charts on both sides of the Atlantic. It was this stage production which brought to people's notice the quality of the individual performances.

The best known performance is that of Yvonne Elliman in the role she has had since the earliest days of "Superstar", Mary Magdalene. The highlight of her performance is the song "I Don't Know How To Love Him". Other outstanding performances were those of Jeff Fenholt as Jesus Christ and Barry Dennen as Pontius Pilate.

Before mentioning the stage version's marriage it is interesting to note that Tim Rice, the lyricist, would have liked, had it been possible, the part of Jesus Christ to have been played by Bob Dylan.

The highly successful stage version had a marriage to film director Norman Jewison (well known for his work on "Fiddler on the Roof") which eventually brought about the resurrection of waning interest in "Jesus Christ-Superstar". The resurrection took the form of a full-length feature film which was well received. Most of the artists in the film were new to their roles, most notably Carl Anderson, the coloured actor in the part of Judas Iscariot who stands out very much in an exceptionally powerful and dramatic performance. It is also worthy of mention that Barry Dennen's performance has a different, rather haunted atmosphere. Ted Neeley also gives a powerful performance in the title rôle. The only light relief in the rather dramatic film is "Herod's Song". This is performed by a rather flabby Zero Mostel and presents a rather different slant on King Herod.

A point raised by many people in criticising "Jesus Christ-Superstar" is that it is quite irrelevant to present-day society. The writers of this article feel that it asks a very relevant question. We suggest that to find this question the reader refers to St. Mark's gospel, chapter fifteen, verse thirty-four. The answer is not given in "Jesus Christ-Superstar"—it is a matter of personal belief.

C. N. REDMOND & P. J. CHAMBERS

(4 Alpha).

THE FAMILY CAR

OUR family car is navy blue and an average sized saloon car. It was built by Triumph and can hold a maximum of six people at a time but only five comfortably. It is three years old and in reasonably good condition, but it still bears the old scars of near misses. Since we bought it we have added quite a few accessories. We have installed a radio, head-rests, wing mirrors and a new back bumper has been fitted.

The car has not gone perfectly since we bought it. In fact, there have been quite a few mishaps and it is now becoming something of a problem. The fan-belt has broken three times. The brakes have failed twice. The steering went, on a main road, which nearly resulted in a fatal accident, and the lights are nearly always faulty. The suspension also, is not to be trusted, for it sounds and feels very unsafe.

The car is treated with great care and almost like one of the family. It is sent in for service every six months. It is driven with great care, at least by my mother, and the interior of the car is cleaned out every two weeks.

The car is driven by two people, my brother and my mother. My mother takes her time in the car, stopping slowly and coasting around corners. However, my brother is always in such a hurry. He stops over the distance which would not cover the head of a pin. He races through the traffic lights and has no idea that pedestrians or zebra crossings exist. He takes the corners almost on two wheels. The effect on the car is very noticeable. Before my brother began to drive it, there were very few faults in the car but when he started he soon made up for lost time. Tyres were changed very frequently and the number of minor faults rose sharply.

The car is on its last legs and if the present rate of breakdowns continues it will have to be sold, (for scrap). There are numerous signs that the end is in sight. The acceleration has become non-existent. It very rarely starts without a push in the morning and also rust is settling in. We are hoping it will last another year but any hopes of a longer life would be fantastic.

M. PYE (5 Latin).

THE OLD LADY

THE fire was warm and I envisaged in its glow, pictures of fantastic depth; a face, a child's face, staring at me. Waking up from the world of fantasy I watched the old lady pottering about from plant to plant giving each an ample supply of water. Those plants were her pride and joy but she was especially fond of her fuchsia. That healthy plant took pride of place on the mantel piece.

Her wrinkled hands would lift the battered watering can shakily up to the edge of each of the pots and pour that precise amount in each.

In her own eccentric way she gave each a pep talk, screwing up her eyes and mouth if she so much as thought that one of them was not giving her its very best. She was quick to criticize but not slow in giving credit.

When she reached the fuchsia her faded pale-blue eyes lit up and she greatly surprised me by criticizing it. On the whole she reckoned "he" was "coming on." It always puzzled me how she knew the sex of the plants.

The inspection over, she asked if I would like a drink. I accepted, as the heat of the fire was overpowering. Her silver-grey hair was tied up in a bun. Her long boney fingers felt for the cup rims as she poured out the lemonade,—although she would never admit it, possibly owing to pride, I suspected, she was half blind. I remember asking her about it one day and with the outburst that followed I was in danger of losing my life. I'll never forget her face; it blew up. Her face went completely red and her eyebrows knitted in the centre of her forehead. I apologised quickly and rectified the matter by running down to the shops for some groceries. By the time I got back she had calmed down and I had learnt my lesson and made sure I never crossed her again.

I listened respectfully to her talking about her youth; I had heard it all before but was patient, for it would be cruel of me to shut her up. She would boast of how she had all the boys under her little finger and how she would tease them.

I glanced at my watch and gave some feeble excuse for getting away. As I walked home I pondered over her, a classic example of an elderly person, stubborn, kind, mildly eccentric, and proud. But old age must come to all.

D. WRIGHT (4 Kappa)

MAGIC SPELL

Lower my eyelids
Over the water,
Join the night
Like the trees
You lie under.

Resting is sinful
On this indoor wild,
There is no thought
Too perfect to be reconciled.

Drawing in
This magic spell,
I look around
My soul to sell
My mind to tell
Myself it is not real.

M. Roberts (3 Kappa)

MEETING OF THE SHADOWS

The lonely night descends all around,
As the thick fog falls upon the ground,
Nothing can be heard.
A man? A GHOST? No, nor even a bird.
Something moves along the moor,
And then the creak; the creak of a door.
Those gruesome shadows as they played,
Would make you jump, you'd be afraid.
They seemed to fight,
In that bitter night,
They seemed to play,
But they would not go away.
On the desolate moors the trees did shake,
As those horrible shadows a laugh did make,
And after this a scream was heard,
But all the time I wouldn't say a word.
A shadow seemed on the ground to fall,
As the others disappeared into the wall,
A mocking laugh they would give
As no longer that shadow would live.
These next moments I cannot tell,
For it seemed as though I was in Hell,
Then I was shaken from head to foot,
When a cold hand on my head was put.
I was awakened by my mum
Who said it's time for school now son,
The weather outside was pretty fair,
I shouldn't think so after that nightmare!

Martin Cummins (1 Domingo)

R.I.P.

A rustle in the grass,
A whisper of danger,
Announced the passage of the snake,
The feared one.
The Devil's emissary perceived a prey—
A sparrow, autumn sombre
But living still, enjoying.
Carefully, the assassin squeezed through the grass,
The victim's head bobbed up,
Stare met stare,
Pupil met pupil,
Forged together in a bond of death.
Terror choked up in the bird's throat,
Muscles and sinews melted by fear,
Like a sacrifice on the altar, it waited
Oblivion.

C. McGeoch (3 Alpha)

LIFE

When the earth began
There was nothing but slime,
Which wriggled and squiggled
All out of time.
All of a sudden
There came a squirm,
And goodness! gracious!
There was a worm.
Then there was stirring
In the depths of the sea,
There were fishes and snails
Which ate fungi.
The next thing that
Our God did make,
A creepy-crawly creature
And then a snake.
All of a sudden,
The snake grew fat,
And out popped legs,
Just like that.
Then the snake was a king with awe,
(He was what we call a dinosaur)
The dinosaur was lord of all,
(But only 'cos he was ten feet tall)
After many a million year,
Things called mammals did appear,
They hurried and scurried all over the world,
And then the first birds' wings unfurled.
That was how it all began,
At the end of it all along came Man.

Leon Robinson (1 Hope)

THE AIR TRAINING CORPS

THE Air Training Corps was formed in 1941 and its patron is H.R.H. Prince Phillip. It is an organisation for boys between thirteen and twenty who are interested in aviation and wish to develop that interest. It offers the chance for boys to go flying, gliding and shooting and to see how the Air Force operates.

All cadets have the chance to go passenger gliding and if they have by the age of sixteen reached a reasonable standard they can apply to be taught to fly a glider solo. Besides gliding, most cadets have a chance of at least thirty minutes' flying a year. The Corps has its own fleet of fifty aircraft spread all over the country to serve the organisation. If a cadet is sixteen and has three acceptable G.C.E. 'O' Levels he may apply for a Flying Scholarship. This consists of thirty hours' flying at a civil airport in a private aircraft. If accepted, the cadet, on reaching the age of seventeen, attends each weekend for the course. These scholarships are worth about £300.

Besides flying and gliding, the cadet is taught how to handle and operate .22 and .303 rifles. There is an annual camp lasting for a week at an R.A.F. base in the British Isles or in Germany. At these camps, cadets are shown how the R.A.F. operates and usually get plenty of flying and shooting. About 100 cadets each year are selected for overseas flights. These flights go to Germany, Gibraltar, Malta or Cyprus. When a cadet is between seventeen and nineteen he may be selected to go on an International Air Cadet Exchange Visit. These visits last about three weeks and go to Canada, U.S.A. or Europe.

The Air Training Corps also participates in most sports, football, rugby, cricket, swimming etc. There are frequent competitions between squadrons, wings and regions. A cadet could be selected to represent the Corps against other organisations.

Cadets are also taught such subjects as air-manship, survival, principles of flight, aircraft knowledge, map reading, engines, airframes, radio and radar, aircraft operations, air navigation and space travel. Cadets also have the chance to participate in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme.

There's only one question you should ask yourself: where else would you get all this?

P. ROWAN (4 Alpha)

WIDNES R.L.F.C. Centenary Year, 1873-1973

WHERE IT BEGAN

IN 1872 the Rugby Union was formed. In 1873 some members of Farnsworth and Appleton villages decided to embrace the game in which a ball was not only kicked and passed, but also handled and punted. On a field where Ross Street now stands and near Cooper Street, they founded the Farnsworth and Appleton Cricket and Football Club.

In the first matches, Widnes played on an unfenced pitch at a part of Widnes called Simms Cross. The team played for charity and other types of funds. The team became a better and better team every match and soon became one of the best northern teams in the country.

In the 80's the club's success led to an improved fixture list with teams from Merseyside and East Lancashire playing against them. In the 1880-81 season the playing ground became unfit for playing on, and so they moved to Lowerhouse Lane where they named their ground Naughton Park, where they still play today.

GREATEST MOMENTS

The greatest achievements must be the trophies brought back to Widnes. The best trophy must be of course the Challenge Cup. Widnes have won the cup three times and have been runners-up twice. Their greatest win was in the season 1929-1930 when Widnes met St. Helens in the final. As in other finals the favourites and underdogs, which Widnes were, beat Saints 10-3 in what is to be said to be the greatest final for 35 years.

PRESENT DAY RUGBY

The present day team is a very good one, still winning matches galore.

The most exciting prospect at the moment is our cup hopes. Since it is our Centenary Year we think we might stand a good chance.

The most outstanding player in the team at present is R. Dutton who, since he started playing for Widnes, has been the highest scorer of points. In his career, he has scored the most goals. He is second highest scorer of goals in a match; he is fifth highest scorer of points in a match.

This is why Widnes is one of the best teams in the league.

NEIL FARRELL (1 Hope)

By Jet To London

AT LAST the day had come when I was to fly down to London by British Airways — Cambrian BAC I-II jet. I had been saving up to do this for three weeks, the savings being supplemented by a holiday job. I went to the airport with my mum and we got there at about 10.50, in plenty of time to complete necessary formalities of checking-in. When I got to the desk, the air-hostess came over and said, "Good Morning." She then took my ticket, looked at it and then said, "Have you any baggage?" All that I had to take into the aircraft was a small overnight bag; the rest would go into the hold of the aircraft, and I would not see it again until arrival at London. All was then completed, and I was told that boarding would commence in three quarters of an hour at 11.45. At last came the announcement: "Attention please, British Airways Cambrian regret to announce a delay in the departure of their service C.S.4683 to London. This is due to the late arrival of the incoming flight from Dublin." This type of thing happened frequently with flights from Ireland, so I wasn't all that surprised.

As we were walking down the stairs, the announcer's voice could be heard again: "Attention please, British Airways Cambrian announce the arrival of their service CS.844 from Dublin." I went over to the terminal window to see if I could catch a glimpse of the jet as it came towards the building. There it was, advancing slowly down the runway, lights flashing, and the pilot and his second-in-command could be seen quite clearly in the cockpit of the aircraft.

As the jet slowed to a halt, I got ready to make for the gate nearest to the departure point I thought would be ours. As soon as all the passengers had disembarked and the aircraft had been refuelled, the familiar voice of the announcer was again heard: "Attention please, British Airways Cambrian announce the departure of their service CS.4683 to London. Would all passengers travelling on this flight, please go now to gate number five." At last the moment had come. I said good-bye to my mum, and handed in my boarding pass

to the official at the gate. The ventral airsteps in-between the two Rolls-Royce engines were clearly visible, and I headed the queue for embarkation. As I walked over the tarmac, a tremendous feeling of excitement crept over me. I turned for the last time to wave to my mum, then I started to walk up the steps, and as the noise of the Auxiliary Power Unit, used for heating the aircraft on the ground, was dying out, the sound of gentle lilting music flowed out to meet the passengers. Just inside the aircraft, the air hostess welcomed everybody aboard. I went right up to the front of the aircraft, so as to be undisturbed by the view which one got if one sat too near to the wings. I chose the third row from the front and began to fasten my seat belt, in accordance with the illuminated sign above the aisle which read "*Fasten Seat Belts, No Smoking.*"

I was so nervous that I could hardly hold the belt without shaking. Never mind, fasten it! At last, all was done, and I sat back to try and steady my nerves. I immediately thought, "Why didn't I go by train?" This last thought was soon brushed aside by the arrival of the Air Hostess who was taking orders for drinks. I ordered a "Coke", and she then went on to the next passenger. Underneath the aircraft, the slamming of doors was very apparent, and I knew that soon we would be setting out for the runway. Just as I was looking out of the window at the luggage trucks being pulled away, I heard the stewardess saying, "Good morning ladies and gentlemen; Captain Anderson and his crew are pleased to welcome you aboard this Cambrian Airways BAC.1-11. We would like to draw to your attention, the safety information card, which you will find in the seat pocket facing you. We are leaving now for London Heathrow, our flight time will be approximately 40 minutes, and our cruising altitude 12,000 feet. Will you now please ensure that your seat belts are securely fastened for take-off, and please remember, no smoking? Shortly after take-off, you may notice a reduction in the power from the engines; this is to comply with the noise abatement regulations over residential areas, and is quite normal. Thank you."

As soon as she had finished speaking, I heard the sound of the frontal airsteps being retracted, and the final slamming of the door. All that could now be heard was the soft music which gently wafted through the cabin. The Cabin Staff could be seen busying themselves with drinkmaking, and one of the hostesses walked along the aisle to make sure that all the passengers had fastened their seat belts.

From the rear of the aircraft, a slight but slowly increasing hum was audible. I realised that it was the port-side engine starting up. The star-board engine followed suit, until they were both in even pitch. As I looked out of the double glazed window, the countryside was visible in the far distance, began to move. We were off! The bumps of the taxiway were easily felt as we proceeded to the main runway for take-off. I was getting more excited every second as we picked up speed as we made our way over to the runway. After what seemed an eternity, we reached the end of the runway which was clearly marked with what looked like a huge zebra crossing. The One-Eleven began to turn so that its nose wheel was aligned with the "cat's eyes" which ran down the entire length of the runway. The Captain put the two Rolls-Royce engines into full thrust, so that each was generating 12,000 lbs. of thrust. The aircraft jerked forward, being shoved harder and harder by the two engines. I felt myself being pushed right into the back of my seat as we hurtled down the runway in excess of one hundred miles per hour. The engines kept up their incessant roar until at last, the nose of the plane began to rise slowly from the ground. There was no more feeling in the two nose wheels as contact had been broken with the concrete. The four remaining wheels, two on either side of the main body of the plane, now left the ground, to be stored under the aircraft until needed for landing. As we climbed higher and higher, my ears began to "pop". Underneath us, the River Mersey stretched out and soon we were over Cheshire. The light above the aisle went out, and so I unfastened my seat belt. The air hostess now returned with the drinks, and the music which had been used during take-off was switched off. I reached forward in my seat and looked at the In-Flight magazine provided in the seat-pocket of the seat in front of me.

The Stewardesses were all dressed in the smart blue and red livery of Cambrian Airways and as soon as they started to serve drinks, they removed their red hats so as to avoid knocking them off in the cabin. The engines reduced their note as was forecast by the speaker at the beginning, and we began to level off. I started to sip my drink, which had been well-iced before serving. We had left Liverpool at 12.15, fifteen minutes behind schedule but nevertheless we were lucky not to have been delayed by a more serious factor such as an engine failure. At about 12.30, the voice of the co-pilot came on the air. "Good morning ladies' and gentlemen," he said; "this is the co-pilot speaking. On behalf of Cambrian Airways, I would like to apologise for the delayed take-off; and we do hope that it hasn't inconvenienced any of you in any way. We are flying at a height of 12,000 feet and are just passing over Birmingham and Coventry. We should be landing at Heathrow in about twenty minutes, and we should be disembarking at one o'clock. We do apologise again for the delay; thank you". Just as the co-pilot had finished saying this, I saw some high-rise flats far below us, and also a busy motorway.

After what seemed like a few minutes the hostess said, "Ladies and gentlemen, we are now coming in to land at London Heathrow. Would you now please fasten your seat belts for landing, and extinguish you pipes and cigarettes? For your own safety and comfort, we would like to ask you to remain seated until the aircraft has come to a complete standstill, the engines have been turned off, the doors have been opened, and you have been requested to disembark. Finally, we do thank you for flying with Cambrian Airways, and we do hope that we will be able to welcome you aboard on some future occasion. We do hope that you have enjoyed your flight with us. Thank-you".

The aircraft now began to descend slowly, but surely, and soon the ground was very much nearer. Windsor Castle came into view, and so I took a picture of it with the camera I had brought along in case I should see anything worth taking a picture of. Then, the familiar sight of the "zebra crossing" of the runway came up beneath us. Slowly the aircraft positioned itself for landing, and a whirring sound was heard as the under-carriage was lowered for the landing. The runway

crept up below, and I waited anxiously for the touch-down. At last a slight bump was felt. We had landed. As we rushed down the runway, over the "cat's eyes", the Captain applied the powerful brakes. The plane came gently to a virtual halt. We began to turn, and we headed for the terminal. We would be arriving at Terminal One, which was used for domestic flights. The taped music was back on again; and proved to be very soothing indeed. I could see from the window, the jetty being got ready for the disembarkation of the

passengers. We halted right in line with the exit on the jetty, which enabled us to walk straight into the airport under cover. We were beside a Trident, and as soon as the door had been opened, I unfastened my seat belt, and walked down the aisle and out of the aircraft, after having thanked the hostess for a pleasant flight. With one last glance to see the registration of the aircraft that had brought me safely from Liverpool, my flight to London had ended.

M. CLARKE (5 Latin)

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Popular Music

The Last Ten Years

PROBABLY the most significant date in popular music was 1963. That was the year when the "Beatles" began to dominate the singles charts, and put an end, if only temporarily, to the more established sound of rock and roll. Their music was different in that it relied on the lyrics to a greater extent than before. In this respect it scored over the sounds from the late fifties, but it also had more life in it than the slower, ballad-type styles of artists like Frank Sinatra. The music appealed to everyone, and it was one of those rare times when parents were in complete agreement with their children about what was good and what wasn't.

This state did not last very long, however. The "Beatles" had given a valuable opening to groups such as "The Who", and the "Rolling Stones". These groups, although similar in some respects to the groups of the fifties, were soon to develop their own styles, which are still popular today. These were also better instrumentalists than the "Beatles", but their popularity was not so widespread.

Groups had been relying on singles for years, and this went on until 1967. Again the change was brought about by the "Beatles", who had "rediscovered" the album charts and their importance with their album, "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band." The more progressive groups now had an outlet for their talents, and so began the rise of groups which would otherwise have had no commercial success whatsoever. In Britain there were "Pink Floyd" and "Soft Machine", while America's main attractions were the Jimi Hendrix "Experience" and the "Grateful Dead". The importance of these in later years cannot be ever estimated. There are shades of "Pink Floyd" even in such groups as "Mott, The Hoople" and "Bread". "Soft Machine" started a new interest in progressive jazz, paving the way for Miles Davis and others. The American "Grateful Dead" became one of the most popular "underground" groups in America or Britain, and Hendrix's "Electric Ladyland" album, with its breakthrough in stereo, is still affecting groups now. The music had undergone a drastic change, as typified in

tracks like "Saucerful of Secrets" (Pink Floyd), "Fanfare" (Soft Machine), and "1983" (Hendrix).

Also in 1967 came festivals, flower power, and free concerts. This was the best period for progressive music. However, it didn't last for very long. In 1968, Syd Barrett, the guiding force behind "Pink Floyd", left. "Grateful Dead" rapidly deteriorated, and are now an average band. In 1970, Jimi Hendrix died. "Soft Machine's" lineup is now completely different from the original. It looked as though the creativity had disappeared. Instead of trying to be original, groups got onto the "hard rock" bandwagon, resulting in the present popularity of "Black Sabbath", "Led Zeppelin", "Deep Purple" and the like. Their music is good, but hardly original. While Britain and America carried on in this vein, "Faust" were at Wümme, in Germany, recording their first album. Publicity for the group took some time, but eventually it was realised that here was a really inventive band. Their music also helped groups who had been playing longer, such as "Can" and "Matching Mole", to take credit for their ideas.

1973 was a bad year. Instead of improvement and exploration it was the year of the critic. The policy of music papers seemed to be, "If they're good, destroy their popularity." Thus we saw "Wishbone Ash" leave Britain, Jethro Tull retire from live appearances, and "Yes" and the "Moody Blues" branded as boring and clinical.

At the other end of the scale, we have the singles charts. There is very little to say about them, as they are basically the same as they were ten years ago. There is still Frank Sinatra, Andy Williams, Perry Como and the like. I'm not saying anything against them, they are obviously good for some people, but music should not be static, and it is time for a change. A good point to illustrate this is the amount of re-released material getting to number one. The only significant event in "recent" years was Arthur Brown's "Fire". This was the origin of "glam rock" and increased showmanship. A result of this was Alice Cooper, who was good for about a year, but now seems very ordinary. Occasionally a good

single is released but if you compare the amount of good ones to the number of old re-released or un-original material, the figures are not promising. The singles world needs a new "Beatles" to change it completely, but there seems little chance of that now.

There is great musical potential among many "album groups" which has been realised by

a few (e.g. Deep Purple's "Concerts for Group and Orchestra", Keith Emerson's 'Five Bridges') but if you read the section on singles you will find that I have written about the Beatles, Frank Sinatra Andy Williams, and Perry Como. As far as musical potential in today's singles is concerned, that just about says it all.

STEPHEN LECKIE (4 Alpha)

Our Transistorised World

TO MANY people a "transistor" is a small portable radio receiver, but to the more scientifically minded man it is an electronic component, usually with three wires emerging from it. It is quite remarkable how this basically simple device has revolutionised our world in the short time that it has been in existence.

The first semiconductor transistor (which is its full name) was set working in the Bell Telephone Laboratories in the United States on the 24th of December, 1947. At this point two men, John Bardeen and Walter Brattain, were working on the device and they found that if two fine wires were placed near to each other on a crystal of an element called germanium, while a third wire was connected to the crystal, this simple device could amplify electric currents. The new device was called a "transistor" since it had a characteristic known as the "transfer resistance" which enabled it to amplify small currents. The implications were tremendous since the device could, in a more developed form, replace the old thermionic valve.

The advantages to be gained were small size, less weight, less fragility, no need for dangerously high voltages to operate it (as in the valve), and no need for a heater. The latter point meant that the transistor could work as soon as it was switched on, without having to let it "warm up" like an old valve.

The first transistors were known as "point-contact" transistors, but it was not long before a second type of transistor was developed.

While working out the theory of the point-contact transistor, the leader of the original

research team, William Shockley, developed the theory behind the "junction" transistor, which turned out to be the superior to the point-contact transistor and within a few years the latter was replaced by the former.

In 1956 the three men whom I have mentioned were jointly awarded the Nobel prize for physics, for their work on the transistor.

Since the junction transistor was developed it has gradually replaced the valve in most applications. Although the first transistor could only handle low currents and voltages, modern devices can handle high currents and high voltages.

The transistor as an amplifier has made possible the many wonders of today such as tiny radio receivers, satellite communications, relatively small tape recorders, colour televisions (which would have been quite impractical with valves because so many would have been needed that the set would have been ridiculously large), and tiny hearing aids.

However, as well as acting as an amplifier, the transistor can also act as a switch, and it is this feature of the transistor which makes the complex electronic computers of today practicable. The important point about the transistor in this field is that it can switch on and off at tremendously fast rates, faster than 10,000 times per second. No mechanical device can approach such a figure.

There are many other devices which have been developed from transistors: devices such as thyristors, field effect transistors, triacs, and unijunction transistors. Many of these devices, however, are somewhat specialised.

Since 1947, another element has been used more and more in the production of transistors and associated devices. This element is silicon. The main advantage to be gained from using silicon instead of germanium is that devices made of silicon can work at higher temperatures than those made of germanium, without their failing because of over-heating.

The use of yet other substances, such as the compounds gallium arsenide and gallium phosphide has enabled some transistors to respond to light and infra-red. Other devices actually give out light. An important development in this part of the field was the development of the photo-electric cell which produces a small current when light is shone on it.

The latest development in semiconductor technology (as it is called) has been the development of a device which is sensitive to combustible gases and smoke. Such a device is a valuable fire alarm.

The greatest trend at the moment is towards miniaturisation and it is now possible to buy a component which is in the shape of a cylinder 5 millimeters long and a little less than 5 millimeters in diameter, and contains a complete radio circuit apart from earpiece, ariel, battery and tuning control!

It is quite obvious that things have come a long way since December, 1947, and who knows what will be next to arrive?

P. A. Bamber (5 Alpha)

Parent's Association

IT must be difficult for a company like say I.C.I., General Motors or any of the giants who are successful every year to make their annual reports interesting reading and not just a set of figures straight from the balance sheet. We are not a giant but we are successful every year and I am facing this same problem now. However the problem has got to be faced, so I will deal with the figures as briefly as possible and then try and put in some background.

On a turnover of approximately £15,000 we forecast a profit well in excess of £6,000. The Building Fund now stands at around £17,020.

During the year we have been able to get a feel for how V.A.T. is affecting us after one year's trading. We are registered under V.A.T. because of the size of our turnover, it being well in excess of the statutory £5,000.

Our gaming activities are exempt from V.A.T. but all other transactions are subject to the tax i.e. bar sales, refreshments, printing etc.

Our net charge under V.A.T. was little over £100 and was paid out of Association Funds and not passed on to the members. We did not increase our prices to cover V.A.T.

The Pools continue to be the chief source of income and the turnover has once again increased.

The Fair and Fete were again successful with the total turnover and profit up on the previous year.

I will not mention money again.

The socials during the year were again much enjoyed by those fortunate enough to be able to attend. It is a continuing regret that we cannot accommodate all who would attend, due to restricted facilities.

Perhaps the outstanding event was the Club Nite with Jim Markey topping a tremendous bill which included the McAndrew Sisters. Oh! the talent hiding behind that *nomme de guerre*. I've been sworn to secrecy.

The Beer and Wine Circle have extended their scope by including in their programme at about three-monthly intervals, Beef and Wine or Cheese and Wine evenings combined with Folk Evenings when the members bring along their instruments and do their own thing.

Jim Carney assures me that the Quiz Teams are the best for miles around and have taken on and beaten a large number of local teams including St. Margaret's, St. Mary's, Cardinal Allan. M.P.T.E. and the Old Boys to mention a few. They have also taken on Call My Bluff with equal success. Winning or losing apart they are great evenings whether being quizzed or just watching.

The Parents' Cricket Team enjoyed another full and successful season.

In our continuous quest for new activities to organise for the benefit of members we have devised two new ventures, first a Folk Evening for the whole family and secondly we intend to run a motor Treasure Hunt if we can get it cleared with the authorities.

We must record our thanks to Br. Ryan for all his encouragement and assistance during his stay with us and wish him every possible success and happiness in his future work.

We at the same time welcome the return of a friend, Br. Chincotta, as Headmaster and look forward to a happy and fruitful association.

Since our last report we have to record the retirement from the community of Mr. J. Collier to whom we extend our thanks for his services. We welcome one new member, Mr. P. Gill, and hope he will enjoy the experience.

I cannot conclude this report without mentioning our indebtedness to the Community and Staff for all their help and encouragement over the year. We must also thank the boys, particularly those from the Sixth Form who assist us on many occasions particularly at Fairs and Fetes.

The present Committee listed below are always available if you wish to discuss Association matters or want to help in any way.

F. A. FENNEY

PARENTS' COMMITTEE, 1973/4

Chairman: Mr. F. Fenney, 11 Broadway,
Grange Park, St. Helens. 74 25755

Vice-Chairman: Mr. J. Haines, 47 Barnfield Drive,
Liverpool, 12 051-226 1693

Secretary: Mrs. P. McMahon, 1 Wyndham Ave.,
Liverpool, 14 051-489 6183

Treasurer: Mr. R. Rudd, 254 Birchfield Road,
Widnes 051-424 2547

Members:

Mrs. K. Ackerley, 6 Salcombe Drive, Liverpool, 25
051-486 2107

Mr. J. Bromley, 63 Corwen Crescent, Liverpool, 14

Mr. J. Carney, 135 Glovers Lane, Liverpool, 10
051-525 2015

Mr. F. Colquitt, 54 Birchfield Road, Widnes.
051-424 2162

Mrs. M. Colquitt, 54 Birchfield Road, Widnes.
051-424 2162

Mr. K. Glynn, 34 Lilac Avenue, Widnes.
051-424 5113

Mrs. H. Hampson, 65 Swanside Road, L'pool, 14.
051-228 3338

Mr. B. Hickey, 45 Cosgrove Road, Liverpool, 4.
051-226 2005

Mrs. C. Hickey, 45 Cosgrove Road, Liverpool, 4.
051-226 2005

Mr. M. Hickman, 53 Larkhill Lane, Liverpool, 13.
051-226 3488

Mr. T. Holian, 28 Clarence Avenue, Widnes.
051-424 5119

Mr. E. Ley, 168 Queens Drive, Liverpool, 15.
051-722 7634

Mr. D. Maher, "Green Gables", 16 Roby Road,
Huyton. 051-489 3086

Mr. J. Martin, 65 Milton Avenue, Liverpool, 14.
051-480 9553

Mr. W. Mason, 119 Queens Drive, Liverpool, 13
051-226 3152

Mrs. V. McAllister, 22 Church Road, Roby, L'pool
051-489 3381

Mr. P. McGill, 120 Beversbrook Road, L'pool, 11
051-226 9476

Mr. F. Morgan, 62 Archway Road, Huyton
051-489 4677

Mr. J. Mulcahey, 6 Durham Way, Huyton
051-489 0760

Mr. F. Nolan, 46 Mounthouse Close, Formby.
36 71126

Mr. T. O'Hara, 17 Mossley Hill Road, L'pool, 18.
051-724 2822

Mr. K. Parr, 5 Eaton Road, Liverpool, 12
051-226 1189

Mr. R. Pritchard, 16 Teasville Road, Liverpool, 18
051-428 3345

Mr. T. Redmond, 33 Score Lane, Liverpool, 16
051-722 6312

Mr. W. Thompson, 27 Agar Road, Liverpool, 11.
051-226 1815

Mr. J. Tracey, 10 Hill View, Widnes.
051-424 8873

College Representative:

Rev. Br. G. K. O'Grady, St. Edward's College,
Sandfield Park, Liverpool, 12 051-228 3376

Photographic Society

THE Society has made much progress this year, and although many of its members are in the sixth form, we do have at least one member in each year

The most important event of the year for the Society was the Portrait Service provided at the Christmas Fair. This was a reasonable success, providing an exercise for the members of the Society, and a small profit for the Parents' Association.

Other activities have included slide shows, which attracted new members from the lower forms and a competition.

Privileges of membership of the Society include use of the dark-room, for which chemicals are provided and advice on the taking and processing of photographs is readily available from the senior members. Meetings are held every Wednesday at 1.00 p.m. in the Physics Lecture Room, and new members are always welcome.

I would like in closing to thank Mr. Brown for his help and guidance during the year, which we hope he will continue to give next year.

P. K. TYRER (6A Sc.1.)
President 1973-74

Sixth Form Activities

THIS year, a selection of new subjects was offered to those third-year sixth-formers freed from the ties of examinations. Under the guidance of Mr. D. Edwards, several boys are taking part in the Duke of Edinburgh Silver Award Scheme. Mr. Edwards, the leader of the four-man expedition which conquered the south slope of Thurstaston Hill in 1968, has taken us to North Wales where we climbed Cader Idris, and to the Lake District, in preparation for the final expedition.

The ascent of Cader Idris was made particularly interesting by the sudden fall of thick mist which restricted visibility to about twenty yards. The drama was heightened by one member of our party (nicknamed 'Pathfinder') who took it upon himself to lose the way twice whilst leading. After negotiating these teething troubles, the summit was duly reached by a cold, wet but triumphant band.

The trip to the Lake District was made when two feet of snow lay on the upper fells, making the countryside beautiful in the sunshine. You may think that two feet of snow would deter most, but it took more than that to stop the protégés of His Royal Highness. On the first day we completed a long hike without mishap, whilst on the second day during the orienteering course it was no surprise to anyone when 'Pathfinder' duly got completely lost.

Apart from the expedition, the Award Scheme involves community service and physical efficiency and it is hoped that in future years more boys from the school will be involved in the Award Scheme.

Frequent visitors to the school may have noticed the emergence of a grey building in the corner of the car park and it is this which holds the key to the other activity about which I am writing. The building is, in fact, a garage which will house the activities of a motor mechanics group. The garage was built by skilled groups of technicians (D. Warriner, P. Carbutt), engineers (D. Styles, P. Gloyne), and navvies (M. Breen, M. Murray) under the guidance of the chief engineer Mr. Glover. The garage has been built to conform to modern architectural standards while incorporating the late Georgian style of pre-constructed concrete walls. The prospective motor mechanics have now acquired a car which will be stripped down and, we hope, put back together again. The garage is to be preserved as a national monument to the endeavour of sixth-formers and to the building skills of Mr. Glover.

Finally, I would hope that such wide-ranging activities will be preserved in the school curriculum in future years to achieve a balance between examination studies and outdoor activities.

P. GLOYNE (6SM)

Society of St. Vincent de Paul

THIS year was another successful one for the society with all the members putting in regular attendances each Thursday lunch time to pay their weekly visits to the local old and needy. Their enthusiasm meant that those people who are on our books were not disappointed by the boys failing to turn up. The real value of the society's work lies here since the boys willingly spend an hour of their free time to go and have a chat over a cup of tea with someone who would otherwise suffer from loneliness. The boys go out in groups of two or three and give 50p. each week to the person they visit, and often they can help by doing the small but necessary jobs in the house which the old person cannot manage to do alone. From time to time it is brought to the boys' attention that something or other is particularly needed, such as a poker or a small mat and the appreciation that is shown by the elderly person who receives it is reward enough for the trouble it takes to provide the item. One decorating job was done in the year with the boys concerned giving

up a lot of their free time to finish off a wonderful task.

Although the number of members is high at the moment there is an urgent need for more members to come from the Six B forms so that a dramatic fall in the numbers is avoided when the older members leave school. It would be a shame if more boys did not take this opportunity to do something really worthwhile to help others less fortunate than themselves.

Thanks are due to all those who gave food at Christmas—it was really appreciated by those to whom we gave it. Thanks also to Old Swan Particular Council who provide our finances.

The meetings were attended dutifully by the officers, which are held monthly at Ozanam House. The officers for this year were Gary O'Hare, President, Peter Sinclair Taylor, Treasurer Paul Rooney, Vice-President, and Michael Fraine Secretary.

M. F. FRAINE, (6 Schol.)

Runnymede Notes

THE School year has again been a successful one for the Prep. We were very sorry to lose Br. D. McCarthy and Mr. K. Stanton, both of whom worked with enthusiasm and vigour in all Runnymede's activities. Our best wishes go to them both in their new appointments; to Miss Dodd whose help in the production of the School Concert we are thankful for; and to Sister Mary Bond to whom we are very grateful for her help during the Spring Term.

We welcome to the staff Rev. Br. P. A. Upton as Form Master of J2 and Mr. Kelly as Form Master of Junior 3. We hope their stay will be a

happy one. We were all delighted to see Rev. Br. D. Walsh again, former headmaster of the Preparatory School, during his short visit to England from the Liberian Missions. Brother's colourful slide show of the missionary work in West Africa was both informative and educational.

Our congratulations go to last year's Junior 4 on their successes in secondary education.

We recall with sadness the death of Mrs. Hughes, mother of Steven Hughes, a former Runnymede pupil.

The boys of Runnymede took part in the Annual Prize Day and Concert on Sunday, July 15th. The forty-nine strong choir sang well, and "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat" was a pleasant surprise. An operetta by Junior 1 and 2 and a piano recital by Andrew Forde provided entertainment for all. "Edelweiss" performed by recorder players from Junior 2 and trained by Mr. Gurr was a memorable item; so too was the "Pied Piper" in which forty-four boys from all

four classes took part. Miss Hogg is to be congratulated for the violin performances of J2, J3 and J4 which featured works by Chopin and Schumann. We would like to thank all the parents who kindly supplied costumes and stage props.

We thank Miss Burrows for the continuation of the physical education lessons for all Runnymede boys, throughout the year.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

SOCCER

| | P | W | L | D | F | A |
|----------------|----|----|----|---|----|----|
| U-11 (A) | 17 | 9 | 5 | 3 | 47 | 34 |
| U-11 (B) | 8 | 2 | 6 | 0 | 17 | 19 |
| U-10 (A) | 9 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 20 | 12 |
| U-9 (A) | 5 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 8 | 7 |
| Total | 39 | 19 | 15 | 5 | 92 | 72 |

TEAMS: U-11 (A)

J. Ball, A. Hill, N. Bolger, B. Reilly, M. Swanick, J. Ireland, P. Flanagan, M. Field, O. Blundell, G. Kearns, G. Ormersher, P. Halligan, A. Connolly, P. Dillon, S. Walker, G. Clements.

U-10 (A)

P. McGrath, D. McNerney, D. Lomax, D. Thomas, P. Kinsella, H. Jones, J. Taylor, D. O'Hara, D. Griffiths, A. Forde, P. Stevenson, M. Brindle.

ATHLETICS

The Athletics Team trained hard and enjoyed unique success last season. St. Edward's Prep School were winners of:

1. The Central District Junior Athletics.
 2. The Junior City Athletics Championships (Section C)
 3. The Christian Brothers Championships.
The following received Awards in the A.A.A.
- 5 Star Award Scheme:
DECATHLON: G. Ormersher (5); J. Ireland(3).
5-STAR: G. Kearns, J. Ball, J. Ireland.

4-STAR: A. Forde, A. Hill, N. Horby, D. O'Hara, D. Thomas, P. Kinsella, N. Carmichael, P. McGrath, G. Cullen, M. Brindle, M. Swanick.

3-STAR: P. Holmes, P. Johnston, P. Taylor, P. Fitzsimmons.

We are very grateful to those parents who showed their loyal support at football and athletics matches, and who supplied transportation for team members.

SWIMMING

THE SWIMMING TEAMS: U-11

M. Salib, A. Higham, G. Kearns, J. Henley, P. Dillon, A. Connolly, S. Alderman, G. Ormersher, G. Clements, O. Blundell.

U-10

P. McGrath, J. Ball, B. O'Leary, N. Hornby, D. O'Hara.

U-9

P. Anwyl, P. Fitzsimmons, G. Cullen, P. Holmes, A. Jolliffe.

The U-11 Swimming Team won the Christian Brothers Shield, and the U-10 Team shared the Christian Brothers Shield with St. Mary's School.

ANNUAL OUTING

On our annual outing, we all enjoyed a brief tour of Chester Cathedral, and a warm and sunny visit to Chester Zoo.

It is appropriate here to thank Rev. Brother Chincotta, the School Secretaries and those members of the Senior Staff whose interest and concern for the boys of Runnymede are greatly appreciated.