

ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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LIVERPOOL

1974-75

Changes in the Governing Body

The Governing Body recently received with regret the resignation of Mr. Philip Hawe, T.D., F.R.C.S., K.H.S., after nearly thirty years of membership. Mr. Hawe was at the school (then the Catholic Institute) from 1908 to 1917, from which he proceeded to Liverpool University, where he obtained the degree of Ch.M. with honours. He is a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons (England) and has achieved a national reputation as a surgeon of considerable skill and high principles. During the 1939-45 war he commanded the 8th General Hospital R.A.M.C., and later became its Honorary Colonel. He served a term as Master of the Guild of St. Luke, and also as President of the Liverpool Medical Institution. Some years ago he was made a Knight of St. Gregory for his services to the Church. This catalogue of distinctions underlines the very real worth of Mr. Hawe to the community at large and the Catholic population in particular.

Despite the public recognition of his qualities Mr. Hawe remains a quiet and shy family man, never seeking the limelight. The Governors acknowledge with great sincerity the tremendous contribution made by Mr. Hawe to the school and its good reputation ever since he first set foot in the Catholic Institute nearly seventy years ago. We have obtained great benefit from his advice at all times and shall miss him very much. His family (including nine grand-children) are now scattered round the

globe, and he will have more time, with Mrs. Hawe, to visit them.

In the place of Mr. Hawe, the Provincial has appointed Mr. James E. Macardle who will be well known to the parents of many generations of scholars because he was the founder chairman of the Parents' Association, a position which he held for ten years. During that period his inspiration guided the Parents' Association to almost unbelievable success, for the benefit of pupils of the school. Some fifty thousand pounds were raised by an army of helpers, the results being seen in the School Chapel, the swimming baths, the dining hall and the Sixth Form block. The School Chapel was designed by Mr. Macardle, who also supervised every stage of the building. With such a record of service to the school, it was only natural that the Governors should look to him to assist in the preservation of the College's traditions into the future.

It is perhaps strange to record that Mr. Macardle was educated not at St. Edward's but at St. Francis Xavier's College. During the war he was a glider pilot with the Airborne Division and gave distinguished service. We look forward to a continuation of that service upon the Governing Body.

Col. J. G. BRYSON, C.B.E., T.D., LL.M., J.P., D.L.



Editorial, 1974-75

THIS year we set out to gather together articles from the boys that would reflect the life of the school in as many different ways as possible — but THEY wouldn't let us. We were reminded of the magazine's tradition of respectability.

Since the last magazine there have been several changes within the school, one of them being in the dining room. After a few teething problems, the new cafeteria system has now got under way and we would like to thank Miss Kelly and all the kitchen staff for all the work that they do. The lower sixth would also like to thank Br. Chincotta for providing them with a common room where they can meet at lunch time and at break.

On behalf of the boys of the school we would like to congratulate Mr. T. Duffy and Mr. P. Mercer who were married since the publication of the last magazine and we wish them both every happiness.

We are pleased to announce that this magazine has been awarded the 1975 Nobel Prize for literature and we would like to thank Mr. Jim Nobel of Widnes for this kind award.

Three new societies were formed this year, the Hispanic Society, the Garcíá Lorca Appreciation Society and the Cinema Club. All have been very successful.

There have been many successes in the field as well. Mr. Irving and the first XV embarked on a trip to France to win or Toulouse.

This year saw our first, if not *the* first "Pantorama." It consisted of the "Star studded cast" of Messrs (Yes, we do mean messers) Duffy, Stevenson, Gibbons and (Surprise, surprise) Mercer. Even the Head-Boy wasn't safe and we will all look back with amusement when we think of him walking off-stage arm in arm with the Christmas Fairy!

A special mention must be given to forms One Mersey, One Hope, Four Lambda and Four Alpha for their outstanding work. We have tried to get as many of these articles as we could into the magazine.

It remains for the committee to thank all those who have aided the publication of the magazine and the firms who sent us advertisements. Our special thanks must be given to Mr. Young and Mr. Stewart for their invaluable help and to all those who sent in articles.

On a serious note, this year saw the death of Mr. Edward Ley, a quiet, friendly man, loved by pupils, parents and colleagues alike. We would like to extend our sympathy to his wife and to his son Chris.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

THOMAS MANNING

GREGORY PRYCE

RAYMOND HENLEY

MICHAEL REDMOND

STEPHEN WALSH

STEPHEN BAXTER

Editors' Notes

OUR thanks go to the members of staff who have left: Mr. J. Doran, Mr. A. Douglas, Mr. J. Holden and Rev. Br. Hopkins for all that they have done for the school. We wish them every success in their future appointments.

We welcome the appointment of Mr. S. Briscoe, Mr. A. Mellor, Mr. P. Metcalf, and Rev. Br. O'Keefe, and wish them a happy and successful stay at St. Edward's.

This has been a very eventful year for the whole school community. Over 2,000 people attended the St. Edward's Day Mass, showing the strength of the links between everyone involved in St. Edward's College.

Elsewhere in this magazine the sad death of Mr. Edward Ley is mentioned. His death was a great blow, both to the College itself and to the whole school community.

We would like to congratulate:

George (The Tuck-Shop) O'Neill, on his 80th birthday;

Last year's 5th form on their best-ever 'O'-level results;

The 6th form on their excellent 'A'-level results, achieved although no "Express stream" boys were taking 'A'-levels a year early.

The 56 boys who gained places at University, including 8 at Oxford or Cambridge; All who have gone on to higher education;

Mr. T. Duffy and Mr. P. Mercer, both of whom were married during the year;

Jim Meaden and John Holian on their selection for the Gt. Britain Catholic Schools Athletics team, and on their success at the European Catholic Schools Championships in Malta;

The Senior and Intermediate athletics teams on winning the Gt. Britain Catholic Schools Postal Athletics Competition;

Peter Shaw, who reached the final England rugby trial;

The Orchestra for its success at Ilkley and Alderley Edge;

The Rugby Team on its successful tour of France.

[Apologies to those whose successes were not mentioned. There were far too many for such a small space].

We would like to extend our greetings to all of the School Community — pupils and their relatives and friends, and all old boys and supporters of the College.

LONELINESS

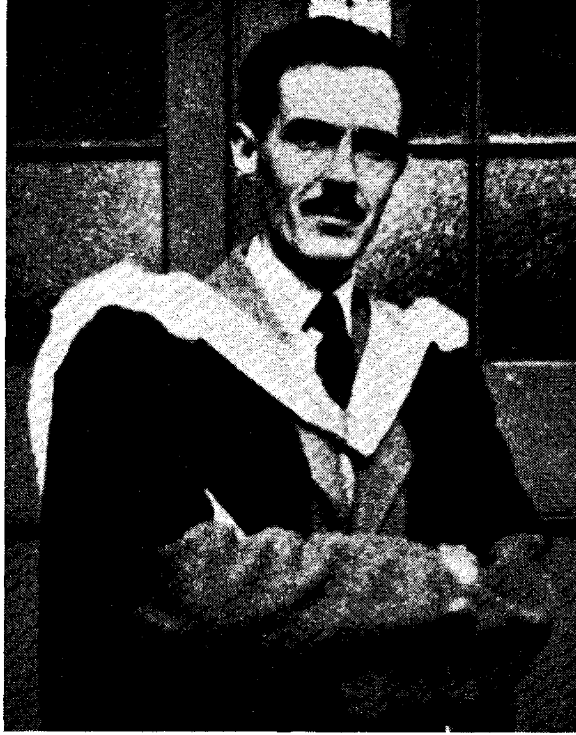
SEATED on a wooden chair, in a stone room, void of matter, save for the plastic cup and paper plate, is a man of flesh and blood and thought. He, rejected by himself and others, sits and thinks and does not feel the cold, of nature or of humans. He eats but does not taste the staleness of the bread, or the fungus on the cheese, or the bitterness of life. His mind is full of glorious thoughts, far finer than

the world outside. His mind is active, his body numb. His world beautiful, his life a vacuum, his mind is rich for his body is poor. He does not move, his mind far away, asking questions of himself and others, and sometimes, often, always,

Why?

F. POTTER (4 Alpha)

Mr. Ley - An Appreciation



ALTHOUGH I attended his physics lessons for something like three years, I knew Mr. Ley chiefly because of the many times I and other members of the VIth form helped him provide technical services for various school and other functions. From our first years at school we knew that if anything electrical or mechanical stopped working properly, Mr. Ley was the person called upon to mend it. Every year, he gathered together a group of VIth formers to help him with these and many other tasks; it was not until I was involved in this that I began to discover the amount of voluntary work he did for both young and old. It never occurred to "Poddy" to refuse to help with something just because he had already been out every night that week or because he had already promised to do something else. I remember one Saturday when he spent the whole day commuting between the three different fêtes for which we were providing public address systems!

Everyone who met him was struck by his enthusiasm and tirelessness and his unceasing efforts to find a new approach or a "gimmick" for a Parent's Social.

He was also a natural storyteller and enlivened many tea breaks whilst we were setting up equipment with tales of the magistrates court or the school staff room. His positively schoolboyish love of puns caused us instantly to warm to him. It also helped us in examinations, for his mnemonic "memory methods" which, like all atrocious jokes, would stay in our minds no matter what the crisis. Indeed we were never quite sure why he suggested we read a book called "Relativity for the Layman"!

He put up with a lot from his "team"; he let us tell him how to build a stage set and didn't even

say "I told you so" when he was (later) proved right. He knew when to leave us alone and when to superintend, when to keep us at work and — most important — when to produce a meal of fish, chips and coke!

No-one who met this man could avoid being impressed by and drawn to him. As old boys we knew that he liked his students to keep in touch and let him know how we were getting on (even those who had renounced physics for ever). As friends

he kept us up to date on College affairs and the judicial scene. As sometime members of his team, we occasionally received panic telephone messages based on the very familiar "couldn't you just . . .?" a request which covered any and every situation. The fact that so many people over so many years responded to that call is in its own way a tribute to the sort of man Mr. Ley was and the sort of loyalty he commanded.

M. D. FAULKNER, 1960 — 1971.

OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES

TO one group, Wednesday Games means more than a cross-country run or a game of football. To the newly-formed Outdoor Activities Group, it can mean absailing, pot-holing, mountaineering or orienteering — in Delamere Forest, Helsby, the Yorkshire Moors — or wherever we happen to go.

If you fancy a quick death—stepping backwards off a cliff, bouncing (with the help of a rope) to the bottom, and climbing back up, getting lost in Delamere Forest, or potholing through black, icy water, in 2ft. high passages for a few hours — then the Outdoor Activities Group is for you.

The activities would be better named "Outdoor Education", since that is what they provide — education. Yes, education — only outside the confines of the school and the normal school curriculum — but just as valuable as that provided within those confines. The activities provide experience and broaden the outlook beyond academic subjects.

For the opportunities provided by the Group, we would like to thank the Headmaster, for his kind co-operation, the Army Youth Team, for their help with our activities, and especially Mr. D. Edwards, whose hard work in organising the activities is greatly appreciated.

P. CARRINGTON (6BS 4)

D. CULLOTTY (6BS 2)

ORCHESTRA REPORT

IN the year 1973/1974, the School Orchestra competed in Ilkley, Alderley Edge and Southport music festivals, coming first (deservedly so!) at Ilkley and Alderley Edge (combining with Seafield). We usually compete at Harrogate Music Festival but last year the transport was not of very high standard — the coach broke down! Of course, no blame can be placed on any boy or master for this.

After the summer holidays, the orchestra (with the loss of some valuable members) was almost immediately entered for the Southport Festival, coming second to our old rivals, Seafield Grammar School.

As usual the orchestra played in the Christmas, Speech Day Concerts and combined again with Seafield for the two well-established concerts in aid of the Liverpool Chaplaincy — give us more support. Unfortunately at the Christmas Concert Mr. Genin was unable to conduct the orchestra and so Miss Hogg (at short notice) had the unenviable task of training the orchestra.

On behalf of all the members, I would like to thank Miss Hogg and Mr. Genin for giving so much of their valuable time to the orchestra. Thanks also due to the many sectional leaders for their instruction and inspiration.

VINCENT PELLEGRINI (6A Biology)

STEPHEN CARNEY (6A Biology)

Concelebrated Mass at the Metropolitan Cathedral on the Feast of St. Edward

SUNDAY, 13th OCTOBER, 1974

HOMILY by Rev. P. M. ADDISON, O.S.M.

WE honour a ruler and a leader when we honour St. Edward. He had his particular mission in Society; he didn't want it, but it was obvious to him that he had to accept it and he fulfilled it with such cleanheartedness — such integrity and firmness — that everyone was able to recognise in him an upright and a just man and he was very readily made a Saint and a patron of the nation.

Perhaps times have changed and there are other ways of leading a nation. We have new Edwards and new Harolds of Hastings, but in every age, and in every man's and woman's life, the Kingship of Jesus Christ is put forward as an invitation: because when each of us was baptized, the Priest took oil and said, "because you follow Christ you are now a Priest, a Prophet and a King". You are a Priest because you are invited to share with Jesus Christ in honouring God; you are a Prophet because you are allowed to share with Jesus Christ in giving a message to the world; and you are a King because you are allowed to share with Jesus Christ in building up his Kingdom. And it is that Kingdom that I want us to think about for a moment.

A Kingdom where nobody lords it over anybody else, a Kingdom where people are no longer scattered and divided either by misunderstanding or by the differences between who has enough and who has not, or divided by colour or the conflict of race, where people are not divided by who has education and who has not, but are brought together as brothers and sisters in Christ, as sons and daughters of the Father; and the Kingdom of Christ, (which we will celebrate at the end of October,) is the Coming-together of the scattered Sons and Daughters of God, and we are appointed each to play our part in bringing together the scattered sons and daughters of God. Each is called to rule, to lead and to serve in that building up of the Kingdom. But the way Our Lord Jesus Christ asks us to do that, was his own example, where he took a risk and gave away what was his and put himself completely at service, to the point

of giving away his life: And our call is the same: to serve, to rule in the sense of *servi*ng. When you think of it the father or mother of a family serves the family by bringing out the best in the children, by drawing together the members. A man at work will serve his work by bringing out the best for which that work exists. The teacher, the local government official, the Priest, each one has a contribution to make in building up the Kingdom of Christ.

It is two-fold and the first is to serve people around you so that they can be really human. That means playing your part in Society so that there is less conflict and more energy, less wastefulness and more creativity, less division; and we must serve the Kingdom of Christ each one of us by enabling every man and woman to be really human.

Secondly, and that is why we are here in a church, we have a vision and an understanding, that we call Faith, to offer people whereby they can recognise, 'it is good to be well off, it is good to be well educated, it is good to have a family that is full of love, it is good to have energetic peace in the world.' But all of these are signs of God, not God himself, and that vision we have and are obliged by our Baptism to share. For parents it is passing on the understanding of Jesus Christ; not ramming it firmly down people's throats but passing it on out of conviction. For pupils it is daring to talk about Christ. For families it is taking the risk of praying out loud together. For people in work it is taking the risk of living up to Christ's standards, no matter what.

Each of us has this two-fold obligation of building the world into a more human place and contributing to the world a vision of God that we have.

There is a problem in all this. We would like to serve. I have a friend who is a member of my order of Friars and he wants to serve as a psychoanalyst and he will do very well at it; but, you see,

before you can do that to others you have to undergo it yourself and he is going through the dark tunnel of analysis himself first and he thought he was very generous until they got hold of him. He thought he was very willing and unselfish and he now realises that we are all pretty selfish and he has got to work with that now and admit, 'I am not as generous as I thought I was; I am not as clever or as kind or as unselfish and altruistic as I thought I was,' and it has hit him pretty hard.

Now I don't recommend everybody goes off to the psychoanalyst to find out how selfish he, or she, really is, but we can take a little risk of looking in our mirrors and admitting where we are just pretending to serve other people and in actual fact are suiting self and dressing it up as service . . . which, of course, is the height of hypocrisy.

It might be the person who works very hard for his family and he thinks he is doing wonders for them and the truth is he is trying to keep out of their way. Oh, there are many examples you can think of where we pretend to do good to other people and really we are just doing good to ourselves. And there is no harm in it: we are all made that way — but we should admit it and face up to the fact that we are not as generous as we thought we were. How-

ever you cannot do this on your own. But with Our Lord Jesus Christ you can take the risk of looking in a mirror, admitting where you are selfish and where you are not and trying to do something about it. With Our Lord Jesus Christ we can also look without too much fear into the world about us and if we see squalor and people who don't stand a chance and if we see a lot of divisiveness and unkindness, we won't go and dig a big hole and bury ourselves in it and say, "This world's a mess; God can't cope with that." We will dare to look the world in the face and try to make our contribution towards making it more human. This I believe is one of the ideals of St. Edward the Confessor and St. Edward's College — hence its motto: "Act like a man", not an ostrich who hides, or a cabbage who never had a personal problem in its life, but like a man! Where you see something wrong, admit it; where you see something right and it makes *you* wrong, admit that, and rejoice in the truth.

With these thoughts we gather here to honour Our Lord Jesus Christ who is Integrity and Truth and we share in this Mass in His death, for truth, and in His resurrection.

Let us be close to him now and renew our faith in the Creed.

St. Edward's Day - 13th October, 1974

I ARRIVED at the Cathedral half an hour early. The Cathedral is a circular building and over the altar is a crown, representing the crown of thorns which was used to mock Jesus.

The lights were dim and there was not much daylight coming through the windows. The organ was playing very softly, and gradually more people arrived. There was a mass of purple as boys took their places. We were there, because the headmaster had asked all the people who were part of the St. Edward's community, past and present, to a Mass to celebrate the feast of Saint Edward, our Patron Saint.

Then suddenly from behind me came a blast of the trumpets and the procession came up from the back of the Cathedral led by the head boy. The

Mass began with the choir filling the Cathedral with the sound of the hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell". Special people were chosen to read the bidding prayers, and a priest, who was an old boy of the school gave the sermon which told us about St. Edward and how he served other people.

The thing that impressed me most was the organ playing. On my last visit to the cathedral I wondered where the organ was played, and this time I had the opportunity of sitting near to Mr. Duffy who played it.

I felt very proud to be part of this special mass and wondered, as I was leaving the Cathedral if this Mass would still be taking place when I am an old boy.

SIMON GIBBONS (1 Mersey).

Many A True Word or If The Quote Fits

YOU may find it diverting to pass the odd spare moment by applying these quotations to various aspects and personalities of school life. Walt Whitman, for example, must have had a vision of the expression on Mr. Fraser's face when the star batsman of the First Eleven was out for a duck in penning the line:

"His eyes are closed, his face is pale, he dares not look on the bloody stump."

Probably even more fitting applications of the following will spring to mind:—

1. More matter with less art
(Shakespeare's "Hamlet")
2. An eye like Mars, to threaten and command
(Shakespeare's "Hamlet")
3. Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin
(Shakespeare's "Henry VI")
4. Throw physic(s) to the dogs
(Shakespeare's "Macbeth")
5. Masters, spread yourselves
(Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream")
6. I'll break my staff
(Shakespeare's "The Tempest")
8. I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came
(Pope's "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot")
9. Play skilfully with a loud noise
(Book of Common Prayer)
10. A losing trade, I assure you, sir; literature is a drug
(Borrow's "Lavengro")
11. And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly
(Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales)
12. I counted two and twenty stenches
All well defined, and several stinks.
Coleridge's "Cologne")
13. He's tough ma'm, tough is J.B. Tough and devilish sly.
(Dickens's "Dombey & Son")
14. They also serve who only stand and wait
(Milton's "On His Blindness")
15. We do not ask a longer term of strife.
(Thompson's "City of Dreadful Night")
16. Rigorous teachers seized my youth
(Arnold's "Grande Chartreuse")
17. Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten . . .
mind not the cry of the teacher!
(Whitman's "Song of the Open Road")
18. And he that tossed you down into the field,
He knows about it all — he knows, he knows.
(Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam")
19. Let schoolmasters puzzle their brains
With grammar and nonsense and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.
(Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer")
20. Come down from where you sit;
We look to you for aid.
(Davidson's "Waiting")

"MENTOR"

Public Speaking

THE two teams entered for the English Speaking Union competition started well this year, obtaining a first and a second place in their initial heats. Moreton and Waldron acted as principal speakers, while Pryce, Walsh, Manning and MacAllister "chaired" and thanked speakers from other schools. Despite good performances, from the

five schools in each semi-final, our team was placed third: only the first two go forward to the final.

However, this should not be the end of the story. Most of our speakers will be with us next year and we continue with high hopes.

D.L.S.

The Face in the Mirror

IT was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and Bernard Crossland had dropped into the barber's shop for a shave. He was aware of a man of about forty sitting behind him on the bench for the waiting customers. Bernard sat back, with his eyes half-closed, pretending to be immersed in conversation with the barber, but he was really scrutinising the man very carefully by looking into the mirror.

He wore a faded brown jacket and baggy trousers. His face, which seemed strangely familiar (though Bernard could not place it) was rather ugly. His eyes were sunken in his bullet-like head and he had a broken tooth which protruded from his mouth. The man had not observed Bernard's scrutiny and had picked up one of the newspapers. After a few minutes, it was only by chance that Bernard happened to glance in the mirror, as the barber filled the shaving jug. The man had turned his gaze specifically at Bernard, a gaze which was wolfishly fierce, as though he had set his eyes on the prey for which he had waited so long. Bernard fought hard to turn his eyes away from that burning gaze. He thought that a few seconds later the man would turn away his eyes, back to his newspaper. However, the man did not. Bernard tried to concentrate on what the barber was saying to lull him into a sense of security.

"For God's sake, hurry up and finish," he muttered to the barber, drumming his fingers on the upholstered chair. The barber hastily wiped a towel over his face with an air of annoyance. The man's eyes bored into Bernard's existence, seemingly alight with flame.

Bernard rose from the chair and casually looked back through the mirror. He thought he saw a look of cunning flit across the man's expression, as though making some decision on Bernard's imminent departure. Bernard, however, thrust a coin into the barber's hand. "Keep the change," he said, hurriedly. The man had risen, and picked up his mackintosh.

Bernard knew that the man had followed him; he was intent on finding some hiding place. There was a big crowd in the brightly lit store on the corner of the street, and he darted through the entrance. He began wandering from counter to counter, and after passing the hardware counter for the third time, picked up a brightly coloured bowl. "I'll take this,"

he smiled. The assistant took his money, and whilst she was wrapping the bowl up, she noticed the grin freeze across his face. The little man was standing at the counter behind him, pretending to examine the cosmetics, but all the while his eyes were darting round the shop. Then his eyes alighted on Bernard Crossland. They stood there like two statues, but it was the little man who made the first move. Crying out in sudden terror, Bernard, vaguely aware that the bowl had smashed to pieces on the floor, and that a number of people had turned in his direction fled towards the exit.

Once out in the street again he felt defenceless. It had grown dark and the neon lights glared down onto the streets below. Turning into a shady side street he paused and thought of the best course of action. The man had a knack of finding where Bernard was. He did not go home as he did not wish to drag his wife into any danger.

He heard dragging footsteps behind him. His sixth sense told Bernard that it was his pursuer. He counted the steps. One, two, three. "Four," he said aloud, shouting it to startle him. They rolled over together. Bernard, by taking the man by surprise, managed to get his hands round his neck. He felt for the narrow tube of his windpipe and pressed, using the full weight of his body. Then suddenly, like an immense cloud, the darkness seemed to swoop down on Bernard. He felt bewildered, falling away into the black oblivion.

When he opened his eyes again it was no longer dark, but he was lying in the ward of a hospital, with the sun streaming through the window. He looked up at the white-coated nurse, beseechingly. "Just lie back," she said. "You've had a nasty shock." He could not lie back, and the nurse looked puzzled. Then she seemed to understand. Bringing a mirror she showed Bernard the bandages round his neck. "Some madman tried to strangle you." "But Bernard made no reply. He felt as though he was about to tumble over a terrifying precipice which he had painfully climbed. All that his weary mind could tell him was that his efforts had been in vain. He looked in the mirror, and the face he saw had sunken eyes, with a bald head, the shape of a bullet.

PETER LALLY (4 Lambda)

Metrication - Metre Madness Strikes Britain

IF you cast your mind back some four years to February, 1971, you may remember the great talking point of the day. It was not prices, wages, inflation or wars. It was the great change-over to decimal currency.

You will probably recall the uproar and protests at this — perhaps the greatest change in our way of life since rationing. "People will never under-stand the 'funny money'" was the cry heard from all quarters. Shopkeepers complained about having to change their tills. Economists shuddered at the cost of the change-over. Conservationists cried "Save our shilling."

Yet D-day came and went. There was fuss and confusion, but the vast majority of people soon caught on that one hundred pence now equalled one pound and adapted themselves to the new system with little difficulty. (Though I confess that I still resort to talking about ten bobs and shillings now and then; as do most people).

Soon, however, we will be facing the impending doom of "the French folly". The Channel will no longer save us! Yes, metrication is about to catch up with the British.

The problems of the change to the metric system are obvious. The name of the unit of every quantity will have a new and unfamiliar ring to it. Farewell dear foot, the metre is taking over. Good-bye British thermal unit per hour foot squared degree fahrenheit. The watt per metre squared degree calcius is coming to stay.

However, in a more serious vein, though metrication will be a difficult and expensive task, it does

not seem to be such a great problem as was decimalisation. People have grasped the hundred concept in currency, and the switch from twelve inches making one foot to one hundred centimetres making one metre does not, therefore, seem so immense.

True, there must be expense in educating the public in metric units and in conversion of equipment, but one must remember that most modern equipment has dual readings in imperial and metric measures. Just think of your car speedometer or your bathroom scales. Besides, science and industry have been metric for some years now.

"Wait," cries the exasperated housewife. "I remember that decimalisation put up prices in many cases. Those odd half-new pennies were usually added on, not taken off when it came to rounding off prices in decimal currency." I whole-heartedly agree. We must guard against profiteering under the guise of inflation. However, I do not see too great a problem here as I believe in the proverb "once bitten, twice shy." Housewives, especially in these hard times, will not let themselves be taken advantage of again.

Why go metric? Mainly because nearly all other countries are metric or are going metric. Trade with the rest of the world will be vastly simplified with one common system of units. This makes it easier for smaller companies to export their goods — which is vitally important for our balance of trade.

Metrication is a challenge. With a small amount of effort we will be able to make the metric system our servant and take our place in a metric world.

GARY BROWN (5 Alpha)

THE OWL

All is silent on this dark, wintry night.
 Except for the eerie hoots of an owl,
 Ready to swoop and kill his quarry —
 A mouse perhaps.
 But nevertheless some pitiful creatures will face
 death tonight.

Suddenly there is a slight movement.
 The owl remains motionless, ready to strike.
 A vole scurries across a path near a tree.
 Too late! Too late! A screech is heard—
 And silence reigns one more.

M. STAUNTON 2M)

The Loser and The Winner

From the safety of my mind, I wander through my thoughts,
 And I think about what I should have done.
 I thought what I did was right.
 But now when I look back, tonight
 I find I am a loser.
 I look at the peeling paint on my ceiling, my home—
 made curtains with holes,
 My carpet worn to a thread.
 I look in the mirror and see a similar image,
 My pale face, my bald head, gaps in my mouth
 where teeth were once housed.
 I approach the window of my attic prison.

I gaze across the wide road to the stately home of a winner.
 He has his Rolls, his loving wife, his glorious home,
 His running water, and even a pet goldfish named Trevor.
 I see him leave his house each night and saunter
 down to his local.
 He buys a double scotch, with soda and a lemon.
 I wish I could sometimes go along, but I have no
 Money. Maybe he would buy me a drink or two.
 He comes back on the dot of five minutes past nine,
 He goes upstairs with his loving wife, I see the light
 go off.
 I wish I had a light to put off.
 All I've got is a candle, and I can only just afford
 the matches.
 I blow the candle out.

I dream about the winner in his Slumberland Bed,
 With a massive quilt.
 I climb into my bed of papers, which I find on the
 streets now and again.
 The month is now December and I haven't fixed the
 hole in the roof.
 However the hole has its advantages. It provides me
 with my water supply.
 I collect the water in my forty-year old bowler hat.
 I go to sleep.
 I wake up and have my breakfast,
 A handful of fly-infested rain water and a slice of
 stale bread.
 I get ready to go out for my daily walk.
 "What is this knock at the door downstairs?
 My he looks like a lord!
 He's coming up to me.
 What does he want?
 Who is it?
 What have I done?
 Who is it? I wonder?"
 Bang! there's the knock. "Shall I answer?"
 I open the door and see a man. He hands me a
 letter (First in ten years).
 Let me see, what does it say?
 Mmmmm it announces me a new man, it
 renames me A. N. Other winner. I have won.
 Seventy-five thousand pounds. It is from the Premium
 Bonds company and it tells me to enjoy myself.
 Now I suppose I'll live happily ever after.

EAMON O'BRIEN (4 Lambda)

REVENGE

A BOMB'S blast: a son's hand, torn and shredded, a sister's leg limp and twisted, a friend who seconds earlier stood joking and sipping his pint in the "Rose and Crown" now lies on its rubble-strewn floor. His mouth, still showing signs of former mirth, dribbles the warm blood which drips slowly onto his pure, white shirt. "Aerial" will not remove this stain nor will "Acdo" work any miracles on the corpse. A mother weeps and a father, blinded by hate and the sight of his daughter's blood, curses and

Stop! Stop them! Stop the butchers!.....
 Two men run : the crowd is bitter.

Two youths, I.R.A. or U.D.A. — it does not matter which, since five are dead — scramble into an alley dark and dirty. They stare aghast and turn round in hope of escape but there is none: the alley has only one exit. The mob advances, thinking of the foul, bloody sight in the pub: they want revenge. The father curses again; he's going to kill the swine.

The ambulance sirens scream; so do the youths.

Now there are seven: two more to be buried,
 two more to be mourned, two more to be avenged.

PAUL CASEY (4 Alpha)

The European Football Season, 1973-74

1973-74 was a very eventful season for Europe. The World Cup was in West Germany, and the countries were preparing for the European Nations Cup, as well as the major competitions for the clubs. This is a summary at what happened in the major European football leagues.

In Austria, the championship was won by Voest Linz, who narrowly beat SW Innsbruck. The cup was won by Austria/WAC. The Belgian League was turned around: Anderlecht, who finished seventh last season, won the league, and FC Bruges, the former champions, were fifth. Waregem won the cup and finished in the middle of the table. In Bulgaria Levski Spartak ended CSKA Sofia's domination of three seasons and won the championship. Beroe Stara won the cup, but came next to bottom in the league. A rather mixed season for them! Slovan Bratislava were the top team in Czechoslovakia, also ending a three-year domination by Spartak Trnava.

St. Etienne had a marvellous season in France, winning both league and cup. IFC Magdeburg, the East German Cup-Winners, won their championship. The West German championship was won by Bayern Munich, who also won the European Champions Cup. This was a marvellous season for Franz Beckenbauer, who in one season, held the World Cup as captain of his country, led his side to the European Cup and the Bundesliga!

Upjst Dozsa were the champions and Ferencvaros the cup-winners of Hungary. Upjst have now won six titles on the run. Lazio won the Italian league, but were not able to enter the Champions Cup because they had been banned from European

Competitions. Bologna were the victors in the Italian Cup Final.

Fejenoord won the Dutch league by two points from Twente Enschede. Ajax Amsterdam suffered by the loss of Johan Cruyff, and came third, five points behind Fejenoord. The surprise Polish champions were Ruch Chorzow, who had only one Polish World Cup player.

Sporting Lisbon had a good season. They did the "double" of league and cup in Portugal. The Spanish Championship was won by Barcelona, who were inspired by Johan Cruyff, the Dutch superstar. Cruyff was bought from Ajax Amsterdam for a staggering fee of £922,300! This was Barcelona's first title success since 1960. The Champions Cup finalists, Athletic Madrid, finished second eight points behind. Ararat Erevan did the "double" in Russia. The Yugoslavian champions, Hadjuk Split, had a very hard title win. They beat Velez Mostar on goal difference! They also won the cup.

The British season was a mixed season. Of course Leeds United won the league, and led from start to finish. The Cup Winners were Liverpool, who beat Newcastle United 3-0 at Wembley, turning on a superb display of attacking football. In Scotland, Celtic did the "double". They beat Dundee United 3-0 in the Scottish Cup Final at Hampden. Cardiff beat Stourbridge, a part-time team in the Welsh Cup Final, and finally in Northern Ireland, Coleraine won the championship, and Ards the cup-winners. This then is the summary of the European Associations season.

MARTIN MCELROY (2 Hope)

A member of The Committee suggested
That I should set my thoughts to paper
To educate, interest, or bore the reader of the
magazine.

So filled with great inspiration
I immediately set to work,
And after many hours of labour
I succeeded in producing An Article.

The same Committee Member
Received this effort with glee
As a change from society reports, accounts of trips,
and awful poems.

My fame is now assured—
Soon my name is in print.
For the first time I have written a poem
Which does not rhyme or scan.

D. MAHER (5 Alpha)

Lost and Foundation Department

I HAVE some sad news for those romantics among you who still cling to the idea that Paris is the artistic centre of Europe. Unlikely though it may seem, our own city of Liverpool has now more reason to claim the title. And you only have to take a look around to see for yourself that we now lead the way in art as we have in the past with music (The Beatles — not repeat, not Alvin Stardust or whatever he's calling himself this week), humour (Ken Dodd, Jimmy Tarbuck and even Arthur Askey) and Football (Woolton Rovers and two other teams whose names slip my mind right now).

You can see what I mean when I say we lead the artistic field when you look at the Foundation Department of Liverpool Art College (which I now attend). Amongst the lecturers there are three leading British exponents of the latest style of painting—commonly called “new realism” or even worse, “new photographic realism”. This style favours an objective and admittedly, almost photographic way of painting. It is not to be confused with the “plastic”, highly-detailed, sunny-day-in-California painting of the American realists. The British style has gone further to achieve realism without relying on gimmicks like the unnecessary use of detail, and the glint of sun on chrome etc. As the “Sunday Times” — no less — says, it is “clarity without detail”.

This quotation refers in particular to the style of one of the British realists. His name is John Baum and he is my personal favourite (well, he is my tutor!). The composition of his pictures is incredibly strong, and you always get the feeling of either seeing a situation just before or just after an event has taken place. Maurice Cockrill, another of the tutors (his exhibition has just ended at the Bluecoat

Chambers) has a similar style to John, but his paintings have an eerie, mysterious quality, despite the fact that the subjects are quite ordinary. Sam Walsh (whose exhibition is now taking place at the Bluecoat) is slightly different to the other two. He uses an airbrush and unlike John and Maurice, only paints parts of things, e.g. part of girl's legs, not the whole girl, part of the railings of St. Luke's Church, and his most famous, “Jackson Pollack's foot”. His paintings are more like photographs because the airbrush, by spraying thousands of tiny dots of paint onto the canvas, achieves a similar quality. At this moment, all three men are taking part (with Adrian Henri and two others) in an exhibition in Sunderland, called, not surprisingly, “Six British Realists”. It's nice to see how four of them are all tutors (or were, in the case of Adrian Henri) at Liverpool.

The other tutors at the Department are by no means unknown. The Head of the department, Mr. Ballard and his wife are both well-known painters, Jim Weston's fascinating creations were recently on view in Liverpool and Pete Mousdale's illustrations for children's books are internationally famous (he does lots of work for “Jackanory” — nice man).

So, it's fairly obvious that Liverpool is in the forefront of the arts to-day, and that if you want to be up there with the artists, the place to be is Liverpool Art College. Without a doubt, the Foundation Department is one of the best in the country. You get the chance to mix with the top artists of to-day, and that's a great help to being one of the top artists of tomorrow.

CHRIS SHARROCK
Liverpool Art College.

THE LEOPARD

His home the jungle, in the trees;
When he passes all the animals freeze.
His yellow coat of spotted black,
Covers all of his head and all of his back.

The lone cat sits up on high,
And looks around with his evil eye.
An antelope he seems to seek,
Which stands before him, oh so meek.

Hunting at night he stealthily crawls,
He stops, then sees, and chases and mauls,
The innocent victim slowly falls:
His meal lies still at his feet.

To the trees he takes his prey.
There it lies day after day.
Now and then he comes to eat,
The carcass rotting in the heat.

JEFFREY BALL (1 Hope)

Liverpool's Cathedrals

AT one end of Hope Street men have been working for over sixty years to build the biggest Anglican Cathedral in Britain. At the other end of Hope Street, half a mile away, the Roman Catholic Metropolitan Cathedral of Christ the King was consecrated on Whit Sunday, 1967.

THE METROPOLITAN CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST THE KING

Sir Frederick Gibberd designed the Cathedral after winning a competition which drew three hundred entries. The perimeter is formed by sixteen separate buildings, eight of them chapels, set between big buttresses which shoot up to the lantern at the top. The Cathedral used more glass than any other cathedral in the world and much of this is in the lantern. There are one hundred and fifty-six panels in the sixteen-sided lantern and they contain 25,000 square feet of one-inch glass weighing five-hundred tons. Most of the glass comes from France and Germany. John Piper and Patrick Reyntiens designed the glass which forms three bursts of white light symbolising the Holy Trinity. The background is a spectrum-blue to the east, yellow to the south, red to the west. Inside the Cathedral is very bare as set out by the Catholic authorities. They wanted the celebrant to be in full view of the people and the building was to cost no more than one million pounds. Gibberd was fast to point out the gains of a round cathedral with very modern materials because of the cost.

In 1865 work began on a first cathedral but only Lady Chapel was completed when funds ran out. In 1928, when Dr. Richard Downey was archbishop, Sir Edward Lutyens designed a cathedral which was to have fifty-three altars and hold a congregation of 10,000 and cost £3,000,000. In 1933 the first stone

was laid and work continued till the war. But when the Crypt was complete Lutyens's design would cost £27,000,000 and take over 250 years to build. In 1955 Adrian Gilbert Scott had a go but his plans proved impracticable. When Dr. (Now Cardinal) Heenan became archbishop, he promoted a competition for the building of our present cathedral.

On Sunday, May 14th, 1967, the cathedral was full of colour. The Duke of Norfolk and the Prime-minister were present in the vast congregation. Dr. G. A. Beck (archbishop) was in ill health so Bishop Augustine Harris took up his duties. The choir and organ added splendour to the occasion, the choir conducted by Mr. P. E. Duffy, the organ played by Mr. T. Duffy. The fees that are owed stand at just under 1,000,000 pounds.

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL

This building has been worked on for three-quarters of a century and will be finished in 1975. The architect, Gilbert Scott, was only twenty-one when he submitted his design in 1903 for a cathedral intended to hold 3,000 worshippers and like the other cathedral to give a full view of altar and pulpit. The choir and organ are a main part of the cathedral with the organ reputed to be the best in the world. The cathedral stands on St. James's Mount and is great in size. It towers above the other buildings in Liverpool except for the other cathedral.

Liverpool, in the future will be known throughout the world as the city with two cathedrals and men will look back at this age and remember when men built two great Houses of God in one city.

DAVID GRIFFITHS (IM)

Upon the Origins? of the Species

NOT really — the CI magazine dates from 1908, when it was issued three times each year — but I thought that the S.E.C. magazines of twenty-five years ago might be interesting to look at.

In 1949, there were two editions of the school magazine, as was customary at the time. The summer edition began with a remarkably abstruse (for a school magazine) editorial on “education”.

The Autumn edition had no editorial and began with “school notes”. Life in those days must have been hard, indeed, for it was stated that during term time, life would “vanish even for the youngsters.”

In 1949, the magazine was full of Latin adages — indeed it seems that it must have been considered necessary to use them — as shown by the following example. “*Palmarum, qui victoriam meruit, ferat*”. This means roughly, he who deserves victory bears the palm branch. Exactly how this was relevant to the quiz held on speech day between the houses, I am not sure, but I am glad to say that this is a habit which seems to have died out.

“House Notes” which no longer appear in the magazine — the houses long having been disbanded — occupied a considerable space and seemed to serve no useful purpose. The most enlightened remark seemed to herald the future — “In a school such as ours, houses are to some extent artificial divisions”.

Some of the societies today active in the school have roots which sink deep into the sand of time. The Scientific Society took over two pages with articles, the French Debating Society was in full cry and the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul had collected a record sum — several pounds. Judging from the articles, either people were more easily impressed then, or as now, there was a dearth of material for the magazine, for “A visit to a Power Station” took up over a page, and there were practically no articles from boys below the fifth form.

As far as the French Debating Society is concerned, it seems to have changed little over the past twenty-five years. The only difference I have found is that they now refer to Mr. Chairman instead of M. le Président.

1950 promised to herald the Millenium at St. Edward's, for numerous New Year resolutions appeared in the Autumn edition containing such rash promises as improvement of position in class — people even promised not to annoy their teachers (I wonder what they did instead?)

A series of epigrams about the teachers was also included, most of which were remarkably banal and in praise of the teachers. However, of the one below which the editor called “definitely cynical”, you may make your own judgement:

“My Dear Brother Valentine,
A happy New Year!
I hope you have a strapping time,
But may it not be here!!

The fact that rationing was in force at the time of publication was well in evidence. Numerous articles went into incredible detail on how to combine such things as cough drops and butterscotch to the maximum advantage. Menus for school lunches were also suggested with and without rationing and someone described a mixed grill in a well-known Liverpool café: roast beef, roast potatoes, cauliflower, carrots and tomatoes.

The sport notes were copious, as today, taking up what seems twenty-five years later to be an inordinately large amount of space.

However, my space is limited, and there seems little else of interest to say, so I will end by expressing the hope that twenty-five years from now, someone will have taken the trouble to look back at old magazines to see how they change over the years.

A. McDONAGH (6B Sc II)

“One of Those Days!”

Today's events have been most unfortunate. This morning I got out of bed on the wrong side. As there happens to be window on that particular side, I woke up with a start. Anyway, swimming in the goldfish pond on a November morning isn't exactly what the doctor ordered.

At breakfast, my cup of tea was lukewarm, and I also missed the school coach. Normally, this wouldn't bother me, but I'd forgotten my shoes and it was snowing this morning. When I arrived at school, I proceeded directly to my class. As I was walking into class, the teacher shut the door, and now I have a rather large bruise on my nose. I sat down and started to re-fill my fountain pen. I had forgotten that it was already half-full, and on pulling the clip, I saw a large blue patch form on the teacher's shirt. I shouldn't have laughed, really. At lunch time I spilt my flask of coffee over my cheese sandwiches. As cheese and coffee don't really go together, I decided to resist eating (or drinking) them.

Everything went well until home-time (that was when the fun really started). I was waiting at the bus stop, contemplating my frozen fingers, when a car came whizzing through a puddle near me, and I was left standing wet and dripping. I cast my eyes up to heaven and a little bird dropped a message into my left eye. I usually use "Optrex," but this time I had to make an exception. I was glad to get home and sit down on a nice, comfortable arm-chair. Comfortable, that was until I noticed a cold sensation creeping up my back. I had sat on a large, messy cream cake that was to be my tea. After I cleaned myself up, I sat down on the sofa. My mother, being of a kind mind, let the cat in. It immediately proceeded to leap, claws akimbo, onto my lap. I screeched in agony, cursing the stupid animal.

I was glad to get to bed that night, and as I slipped the blankets over me, I contemplated getting out of bed on the correct side.

D. GALVIN (3 Domingo)

Coming to School in a Luxury Coach

IF you come to school by car, you're lucky. But the majority of pupils at St. Edward's are not so fortunate. Many for instance travel by coach. This means an early rise, seven o'clock is usual, and after tackling your breakfast cereal with "Terry Wogan" blabbering down your ear, its a short supposedly uneventful journey to the coach stop.

Here, though, complications set in. Many main roads have to be crossed to reach your destination. After climbing the roof of that confounded blue 'mini', fighting your way through the back of a lorry, which just happened to contain a lion, swimming through a river recently created by a burst water main, and eventually persuading that old woman you haven't seen her pet elephant, you're LATE!

So it's a 60 m.p.h. dash down the road, over the bridge through the subway, to the coach stop.

Ah! your troubles are not over yet though; the coach is pulling out. A time for quick thinking;

an idea reluctantly forces itself upon your pathetic brain. A hurl with your sports bag and it latches on to the roof of the coach.

A great feeling, zooming through the air, the wind on your face, ruined only by the need to cling to your bagstrap for dear life.

Then after your arrival at school, comes the confrontation with the coach driver. The matter in question: "why you scratched his coach with your nasty shoes." Answer: "it gave you a stronger hold, to survive the sheer suction of that supersonic jet as it went past."

With that worry gone, you can now enjoy a nice day of work, only to find (when you enter this schoolboys' haven) a great big juicy stack of paper waiting to be filled with an essay on "The inside of a Ping-Pong Ball"—punishment for being 1 minute 22.8 seconds late.

STEPHEN YOUNG (1 Mersey)

The Accident

SWIFTLY, two ambulance-men lifted the dead body of a young man onto a stretcher, and from there into an ambulance. It moved off, not as it had come, with siren blaring and light flashing, but slowly and respectfully to the mortuary.

It began at about eleven o'clock this morning, when Bill Simpson, the barman at "The Pig and Whistle", took the opportunity to clean glasses in one of the not-too-frequent lulls between customers. However, as he started on the third glass, a young man, wearing a grey suit and spectacles, walked in through the swing doors at the entrance to the bar.

'Yes, sir?' asked Bill.

'I'll have a pint of "Newcastle", please,' replied the young man pleasantly.

'Certainly, sir,' said Bill, walking over to the keg containing "Newcastle Brown". He took a pint glass and, holding it under the tap, filled it to the top with ale. He handed the glass to the young man, who took it, gave Bill some money, and sat down at a small table. Out of his pocket he drew a small bar of chocolate. Bill looked curiously at the name on the wrapper.

'"Debates",' he mused, 'never heard of that before.' Then, out loud, he said, 'New brand is it sir?'

The young man looked up, startled. He laughed nervously, 'Oh! Er, yes!' and then, more confidently, 'Yes — very good too!' But he was lying, for "Debates" was not a new brand of chocolate, but a well established diabetic chocolate. You see, the young man was a diabetic, and was nervous because he should not have been drinking beer.

Quickly he drained his glass and walked outside. 'You'll be all right,' he kept saying to himself. 'Beer couldn't do you any harm. Don't worry!'

He climbed into his car, an Austin Mini, and drove off for his monthly check-up at Whiston Hospital. He was still worried about the beer, but

was reassured by the sight of his bag of barley sugar. He shivered, and reached out his hand to turn the heater on. It was already on. That was funny. Perhaps it was broken — no, there was warm air coming from the vent. Just in time he saw the red light and slammed his brakes on, narrowly missing an old lady. A few minutes later he heard an impatient hooting behind him, and realised that the traffic lights had turned to green. He drove off hurriedly, and in his fluster, took the wrong turning. His vision was becoming blurred, and, although he did not know it, these were all the signs of a diabetic fit. He turned right in an attempt to get back on the main road, but by this time, his vision was so bad that he could hardly see the road in front of him, and so it is hardly surprising that he did not see the "No Entrance" sign at Galway Street, and drove straight in. He began to feel dizzy, and as the car careered wildly into a lamp-post he heard a dull thump in the distance before slumping over the steering wheel.

At precisely a quarter to twelve the same day, Mr. James Potter, aged forty-three, came out of his house, sixteen Galway Street. He had to cross what used to be a very busy road, but since it had been declared a "play street" had been free of cars.

'What a blessing one can cross this road in safety now,' he thought, as he stepped off the kerb. Then he thought he heard an engine. A car in a play street? Surely not. He looked up. But it was! The driver must be a lunatic, for he was sitting bolt upright, with glazed eyes. Mr. Potter ran, but he had no need to. With a sickening crash, the car ran straight into a lamp-post. Mr. Potter and a nearby woman ran to the car, while two teenage girls ran to the phone box, to phone for the ambulance and the police.

Within three minutes, two squad cars and an ambulance were on the scene. But there wasn't much they could do, for the young man, (who in fact was driving the car) was dead. (And the rest? Well, you know it yourself.)

P. KAVANAGH (3 Domingo)

SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY



Standing: E. McGrath, C. Wilson, R. Disley, P. Mulcahey
Seated: P. Jordan, P. Byrne, M. Maher, D. Warriner.

CROSS-COUNTRY 1973-74

Overall Team Results:

Winners of Christian Brothers Championships
6th in the National Catholic Schools Championships.
9th in the Cheadle Moseley Relay.

Senior Cross-Country Record 1973/1974:

Team results in Cup and League Races:

Merseyside League — 4th.

3rd in Cumella Cup.

Inter School Fixtures: Ran 13 Won 7 Lost 6

Representative Honours:

P. Byrne selected for Liverpool City and Merseyside League teams.

Disley, Maher, McGrath, Warriner and Mulcahey selected for Lyver Team.

Under 16 and Under 15 Team Results:

Winners of the Merseyside League ('B' Team 6th).

Winners of the Memorial Cup.

4th in the Newcastle H.S. Relay.

3rd in the Booth Cup (U-15 — U-14).

2nd in the Waterloo Cup Race.

2nd in the Christian Brothers Schools Championships.

2nd in the National Catholic Schools Championships.

3rd in the Sandfield Park Road Relay.

11th in the Northern Schools Championships.

2nd in the Liverpool City Championships.

(U-15 — U-14)

Inter School Fixtures: Ran 12 Won 9 Lost 3.

Representative Honours:

C. Fennell was a member of the Merseyside League and Liverpool City Teams.

D. Maher and E. Munro were members of the Lyver City Team.

Under 14 Team Results:

Winners of the Newcastle H.S. Relay (U-14 — U-13).

2nd in the Merseyside League

Winners of the Waterloo Cup (U-14 — U-13).

Winners of the Christian Brothers Schools Championships.

14th in the National Catholic Schools Championships. (U-14 — U-13)

2nd in the Caldly Hill Relay (U-14 — U-13).

14th in the Northern Schools Championships.

Inter School Fixtures: Ran 10 Won 6 Lost 4.

Representative Honours:

Merseyside League Team : M. Heywood, G. Coyne, P. Skinner.

Liverpool City Team: M. Heywood, S. Preston, M. Lang, P. Skinner.

U-13 Record:

3rd in Merseyside League (A Team)

4th in Merseyside League (B Team).

10th in Merseyside League (C Team).

2nd in Christian Brothers Championships.

3rd in Jack Sharp Relay.

Won all school races except when competing against St. Anselm's or Anfield Comprehensive who both had outstanding teams.

U-12 Record:

Won the Christian Brothers Championships.

2nd in the Tryfan Trophy Race.

5th in the Merseyside League.

15th in the Northern Schools Championships.

Inter school fixtures: Ran 14 Won 7 Lost 7.

Representative Honours:

Badge in Northern Schools Championships—
D. Bartley.

Badge for individual merit in League Races—
D. Bartley.

Medals for Tryfan Trophy Race (team):—
Bartley, Gaul, Hewitt, Murray, Walsh.

Medal for 3rd Overall:—D. Bartley.

Badges for Christian Brothers Championships:—
Bartley, Gaul, Murray, Walsh.

Bartley and Walsh are members of Liverpool Harriers

SWIMMING CLUB, 1973-74

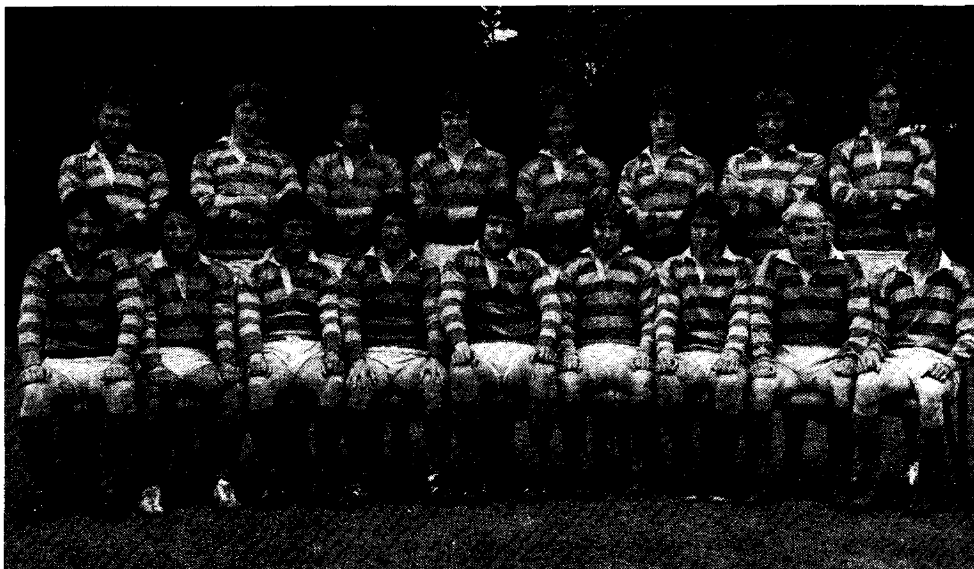
Team	Swam	1st	2nd	3rd
1st Year	9	5	4	0
2nd Year	9	3	6	0
3rd Year	8	3	5	0
4th Year	8	6	2	0
Open	9	4	5	0
Overall Result	43	21	22	0

SENIOR SWIMMING TEAM

Standing: D. O'Neill, S. Dunn, J. Smith, T. Martin.

Seated: J. Chambers, F. Pryce, P. Clarke.

FIRST XV SQUAD — RUGBY



Standing : M. Withe, I. Humphries, J. McQuillian, M. Sloan,
G. Glynn, J. Holian, P. Shaw, S. Bimson,
Seated : P. Bulger, P. Clarke, M. Reid, M. Pye, I. Naughton, P. O'Connor,
A. Manley, M. England, W. O'Leary.

RUGBY, 1973-74

	P	W	D	L	For	Agst.
1st XV	23	20	0	3	548	187
2nd XV	19	17	0	2	466	77
3rd XV	9	9	0	0	329	29
U-16's	3	2	1	0	67	21
U-15's	19	10	1	8	311	341
U-14's	18	11	0	7	296	272
U-13's	20	20	0	0	726	57
U-12's	14	10	0	4	367	77

REPRESENTATIVE HONOURS

P. Shaw—selected for Final England Trial. Reserve for England's Tour of Australia. Represented North West Counties versus Australia. Represented Lancashire. I. Naughton (School Captain) also represented Lancashire. G. Glynn, M. Pye, T. Leahy, M. Withe, J. Wharton and I. Humphreys selected for Merseyside XV which thrashed the rest of Lancashire by 39 points to Nil. I. Naughton, I. Humphreys, T. Leahy and M. Pye all represented Liverpool R.F.C. first fifteen.

SEVENS HONOURS

Semi-Finalists at Roehampton Public School 7's.
Semi-Finalists at Northern Sevens. Quarter Finalists at Oxford National School Sevens.

TEAM HONOURS

The Team was again nominated as one of the best six sides in England and in the top ten in Great Britain.

	P	W	D	L	F	A
3rd XV	9	9	0	0	329	28

A magnificent achievement and a wonderful season in which the potential ability of the team was obvious. Early victories were gained with such ease: 51-0 over St. Anselm's, 72-0 over West Derby and 62-6 against Birkenhead School, that comparisons with the Lions were made and there were rumours of Nigel Starmer-Smith being seen in the vicinity of Sandfield Park, and later victories over Cowley and King's Macclesfield by 28-3 and 45-0 respectively led us confidently into the game with Merchant Taylor's when tragically, a series of injuries and promotions to the 2nd XV left a depleted XV facing their new rivals with some trepidation. Unbelievably aided by the magnificent never-say-die spirit of our late replacements and a spirited rearguard action a single first-half try by W. O'Connor was enough to give us a narrow 4-0 victory.

The New Year began with a comfortable 21-0 victory over Wirral G.S. in a bruising game and then came two games against visiting Irish teams, resulting in a narrow 20-16 victory over Belvidere gained by a magnificent second-half revival from a 16-6 deficit in what history

has termed "O'Brien's Finest Hour", and, in the last display of the season, a convincing 26-3 victory over Belfast Methodists brought a memorable season to an end.

The boys who represented the side were: Byrne, Polson, Dosley, Taylor, Martin, Walker, Gloyne, Dyer, Barrow, Bartley, Whittaker, O'Brien, O'Connor, Scullin, Orford, Handley, Marley, Holian, Roberts D; Roberts P., Morrissey, Percival and Morley. I would like to thank you all for giving of your best at all times and offer my congratulations to those of you who have since represented the 1st XV and finally a special word of thanks to that 'veteran' Tony Dyer a marvellous, dependable captain, administrator and right hand man without whose aid (and 88 pts!) all this would not have been possible.

ATHLETICS, 1973-74

Merseyside Senior Schools Athletics Competition:

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

Christian Brothers Schools Athletics Championships:

Seniors.—Second.
Intermediates.—Winners.
Juniors.—Third.

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:

31 boys were selected to represent their City in the Lancashire Athletics Championships at Wigan on June 8th, 1974.

As a result of these Championships we had 3 individual Lancashire Champions:—

John Holian — 22m, 22.8 equalled the Lancs record.
Chris. Fennell — 1500 St'Chase.
Paddy Carrington — Pole Vault.

All England Athletics Championships:

John Holian selected to represent Lancs in these Championships.

Amateur Athletics Association '5' Star Awards:

Parker, Mannion, Coleman, Marrs, Galvin, Goodman, Melville, Brannan.

Amateur Athletics Association '4' Star Awards:

Jackson, Higgins.

This was a very successful year, and we were strong on both a team and an individual basis. Our overall strength was shown by our victory in all four shields in the Merseyside Senior Schools Championships and by having 31 boys selected to represent Liverpool. The most successful team was the Intermediate Team, who were our only winners in the Christian Brothers Championships and, together with the senior team, the winners of the Great Britain Catholic Schools Postal Athletics Competition.

Our most successful individuals were two sprinters, John Holian and Jim Meaden. Both were chosen to run for Great Britain in the European Catholic Schools Athletics Championships in Malta. John won two medals (for the 200m and the sprint relay), and Jim one (for the relay). John was also the only one of our three winners in the Lancashire Schools (the others being Paddy Carrington in the Inter Pole-Vault and Chris Fennell in the Inter S'Chase) to be picked to run for Lancashire in the English Schools Championships.

Special mention must also be given to Paul Jordan, the Senior Captain, for the good example he showed; to Francis Carroll, who was unbeaten in Intermediate javelin competitions; and to Eddie Munro, who was awarded a Cup for the outstanding middle-school athlete of 1974.

C. FENNELL, (6B Sc. 3)

Hon. Secretary.

CRICKET, 1973-74

TEAM RESULTS

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

ORCHESTRA

FESTIVALS

Ilkley Music Festival — 1st,
Alderley Edge Music Festival — 1st.

Members of:

National Youth Orchestra:—J. Kerrigan.

Merseyside Youth Orchestra:—D. Faulkner, J. Kerrigan.

Liverpool Schools Senior Orchestra:—P. Bamber, G. Soulsby, E. Pritchard, D. Faulkner, T. Fitzsimons.

Liverpool Schools Junior Orchestra:—G. Walker, M. Daly P. Nickson, W. Kelly, M. Forde.

Holders of Liverpool Music Studentships:—P. Bamber, J. Kerrigan.

Leader:—M. Brennan

Manager: A. Derbyshire.

Chess Club, 1973-74

	P	W	L	D
Wright Shield	7	4	3	0
Sunday Times Comp.	4	3	1	0
Seniors	11	6	5	0
U-15	12	10	2	0
U-13	11	6	5	0

REPRESENTATIVE HONOURS

P. Jordan, D. Watkins, A. Beesley, A. D'Arcy, A. Leonard, M. Webster, P. Hughes, P. Lally, P. Tattersall, G. Bramwell have been selected on various occasions to represent Liverpool Schools.

SUNDAY TIMES KNOCKOUT COMPETITION

A combined Senior/U-15 Team played in this Competition which carries a handicap based on the average age of team members.

The team was knocked-out in the semi-final for the Liverpool zone.

LIVERPOOL SCHOOLS CHESS LEAGUE

The U-15 Team had a very successful season, losing only two of their games. They were section winners in the second part of the Competition.

The U-13 Team played well enough to earn a place in the Championship Section, but managed to win only one game in the Championship play-off.

There was a revived interest in Chess in the school this year, and this was reflected by the success of both teams and individuals. The Senior Team, led by (Team Captain) P. Jordan, and ably supported by 3 U-15's, won through to the zonal semi-finals of the "Sunday Times" K.O. Competition, and were eventually defeated by the eventual zonal Champions.

The U-15 team were second in their section in the first part of the Liverpool Schools League, and won their section in the play-off section. The U-13's won through to the Championship Section, but only won one match in that section.

It was very pleasing to see 11 of our players (P. Jordan, J. Smart, A. Beesley, D. Watkins, A. Leonard, P. Hughes, M. Webster, P. Lally, G. Bramwell and P. Tattersall) selected to play for Liverpool, who won their three matches (two v. Preston and v. Birmingham).

Our grateful thanks go to Mr. D. Bamber and Mr. D. Stewart for their encouragement and support for all the teams throughout the year.

A. D'ARCY, (6B Sc 3)
Hon. Secretary.

Flea-Pit Hits St. Edward's

THE autumn term saw the foundation of a completely new society, the Cinema Club. During this term, the committee was not without its disagreements which once threatened to disrupt it — it was suggested we should produce our own film entitled, "The Story behind the Story of the Cinema Club." But fortunately all arguments were amended.

The aims, basically, are to show good films to a wide audience. This effectively means restrictions to "U" and "A" films so that younger members can attend.

The Committee will freely admit that the reproduction of the first film was poor, which we deeply regret. However, these problems have been rectified and we hope members enjoy the films. At present there are 225 members of which an average 110 attend each film.

The Committee hopes soon to extend the club's

facilities in order that literature may be available to members, refreshments sold at showings and "AA" films shown to the elder members. However, for such proposals to succeed, money is necessary.

This leads me succinctly to my final point.

We need the readies! [my apologies to Shakespeare]. Films, on average, cost about £15 to hire — popular films much more.

To show high-quality films and to extend the facilities, more members and higher attendances at films are needed. We stress that for just 70p. per term a member can see eight films.

Think about it!

So support your Cinema Club, one which A. Lincoln might have described as "of the boys, by the boys, for the boys."

E.F.P. (6BM 2).

Cookery

IT was a cold, windy, winter afternoon and the ground was covered with a thick blanket of snow. Night had fallen, and shrouded us with a cold, opaque mist. My sister, Jan, was dressing for her cold journey to her cookery lesson. She had been taking night-school lessons once a week, for nearly seven weeks and her cookery still left much to be desired.

My brother actually tasted some of my sister's cooking and still has some faint red marks left as a result of food poisoning. My mother had to throw away the cake tin, after Jane had forgotten to put the flour into the mixture (I am dreading Christmas, as my sister is baking the Christmas cake). As far as I know, my sister is the only person who could manage to burn the ice-cream in "Baked Alaska". She will not be told that it is not logical to peel potatoes that come from a can, or that you cannot put "Egg Flip" in a Christmas cake if you do not like brandy or rum. When she made a trifle for my birthday the jelly in it was liquid and the cream was underneath the custard. Jane was going to night-school to-night, I thought, to make "Peach Flambée", so we had given the fire-station a fair warning and cleared the kitchen of most of the inflammable objects.

Jane came racing down the stairs, clad in a duffle-coat, polo-neck jumper, and a midi-skirt. She also had my father's wellingtons on her small feet, which made a sound like wet flippers on concrete when she walked. She ran into the kitchen (omitting first to open the door, which gave her a red nose) and ran out again carrying a glass jar for her peaches. She grabbed her woollen cap from the hat-stand and ran out of the front-door, slamming it behind her. A few minutes later there was a loud, rapid rapping at the door and as soon as I opened it she ran in again, apparently having lost her gloves. It was at this point that I remembered that she was to take her examination and that we would have to taste the results, good or bad (probably bad). I decided to go with her to see what mess she was going to make of the exam and of her "Peach Flambée". I followed her all the way to night-school where she found the other candidates had already started.

It was lucky that I came that night, as we had to get some ingredients from the shops. It was at that time half-past five and the shops were beginning to close. I helped my sister to choose her foodstuffs, and to carry them back to the examination room. At this point I had to leave my sister, as any spectators were requested to sit on the opposite side of the room. I realised that she was doing well, for an idiot.

The exam, I had been told, lasted for three hours, and that the candidate had to prepare an hors d'oeuvres, a main course and a desert. Jane must have known the basic plan of the exam, and had chosen the "Peach Flambée" as her desert. She was going frantic and the examiner had to try to keep her calm. For her hors d'oeuvres she made a salmon salad. The main meal was beef stew. Now came her "pièce de résistance": "Peach Flambée". This was made with the greatest of care, with a liberal helping of brandy. She decided not to set fire to the peaches until the examiners came round.

The examiners started their rounds and Jane lit the fruit. There were twelve candidates before her, and the fruit was blazing merrily away. The examiners examined each candidate's work slowly and carefully. Jane had apparently put too much brandy on the peaches and it had blazed up quite well. Jane was now getting worried, as the peaches were beginning to burn. Soon she was jumping up and down frantically trying to catch the examiners' attention. When the examiners reached her they examined the hors d'oeuvres which were satisfactory. Then came the beef stew which they graded as good. Then they came to the "Peach Flambée". The chief examiner frowned at it and then picked it up, a black burnt mess, and swallowed it. I could not prevent myself from exclaiming: "Good Heavens! He's actually eaten it!"

The examiner frowned again, ran out and was promptly sick.

M. GROSART (4 Lambda)

Music Society Report

ONE way and another, the Music Society has had rather a rough year since the last report was written. Bad luck dogged us and the Society didn't get much done. However, the new Committee is determined to rectify the situation and we are, at the time of writing, in the process of arranging concerts for this season, which we hope will be well in progress when this appears in print.

Among our first activities has been the sale of tickets for concerts at the Philharmonic Hall at substantial reductions. These, which are restricted to members, have so far proved extremely popular, and we are hoping to see if this service can be extended to other local concerts in the near future. The programme being arranged also includes a number of other interesting features. We intend to tap some of the great reserves of musical talent which exists in the school for a series of informal lunchtime concerts. Plans are also well advanced for a lecture, in conjunction with the Garcia Lorca Appreciation Society, entitled "Garcia Lorca as Librettist", featuring music by Bach, Stockhausen and Tchaikowsky, among others. The Liverpool Brass Ensemble will be paying us a visit. In late February, Mr. John Ward, principal percussionist with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, and Miss Mair Jones, principal harpist in the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic

Orchestra, should each be giving a lecture. Activities provisionally planned for later in the year include a summer chamber concert, and the sale of tickets for a National Youth Orchestra concert (Orchestra please note).

We are aware that in the past the accusation levelled at the Music Society has been that it caters for those interested in Classical Music, and we agree that this is to some extent true. We therefore ask anyone who can suggest how we can cater for his particular musical interest to see a member of the Committee, and we will try to assess the feasibility of any suggestions. We extend our thanks to Mr. T. Duffy for the help he has given us throughout the year, and to Mr. Anthony Wedgewood Benn for not nationalising us.

Finally, remember that the Music Society exists for all those in the school who are interested in music — so join it.

OFFICERS, 1974-5:

Chairman: P. A. BAMBER

Secretary: R. F. L. HENLEY

Treasurer: D. DONOHUE

R. F. L. HENLEY (6BSc2)
Secretary.

Hispanic Society

THIS is a new society formed in the autumn term by the Upper Sixth under the supervision of Mr. Mars. Our ventures include talks on Spain, S. America and Portugal, illustrated by slides and films, together with music from and quizzes on the countries. These have all been actively participated in by the Upper Sixth — a tradition which we hope the Lower Sixth will follow.

Although new, the society has created a great deal of interest throughout the school, and we are especially pleased to see the large number of younger

boys who are regularly attending.

Finally we would like to thank those members of staff who have helped, above all Messrs. Doyle and Mars, and we hope that the society will continue to flourish in the coming years.

Committee:

S. Conway (Secretary); P. Corbishley; R. Disley; D. Knight; S. Lafferty; K. MacMahon; P. Phillips; M. Sullivan and T. Willson.

The Man in the Homburg Hat - A Day in a Life

THE wizened old man hobbled wearily over the cobbles.....stumbling and with pain-wracked faltering footsteps. His ragged and stained attire flapped noisily in the cold, blustering breeze, his grey greasy hair which hung down from beneath his weather beaten Homburg hat blew across his face, his wrinkled ancient face; a face like an obscure pre-historic statue. His bony, grimy talons clutched tensely at his bedding: a tattered newspaper and a shopping bag which contained his few mundane possessions. He stumbled his way over to a shadowy doorway and he crouched there recovering his breath and resting his weary, racked body.

His name was irrelevant, no-one knew it, no-one wanted to know it.....he was a nobody, an unimportant vagabond..... exiled..... lonely..... rejected. He crouched there in a dark corner, dragging anxiously at a microscopic fag-end sheltering it from the vengeance of the merciless wind. It was extinguished. He spat angrily and retreated further into the gloom of the doorway. The whites of his bloodshot eyes shone out through the darkness, piercing and fearful like the eyes of a trapped or caged leopard. He wrapped the newspaper tightly around himself and sank into an uneasy sleep.

He was awakened the next morning by a lorry with a cargo of oil drums clattering and bumping its way along the cobbled back-street. The man in the Homburg hat stretched, yawned and pulling aside his bedding clambered up. Wiping the sleep from his eyes he straightened his ragged garments and adjusted his hat, his pride. Then folding up his newsprint bed, he stuffed it carefully into his holdall and walked into the street. The sun flamed down on him like some distant father. The birds chirped and sang and the traffic's familiar hum was just audible in the distance.....it was just another day like yesterday or the day before, a day of monotony, hunger and misery. A day to dodge traffic, ferocious dogs and to beg for food or money from the more fortunate members of society. He dreaded every hour of every day: wondering where the next meal was going to come from or where he was next to sleep. He trudged on and on, on a never ending journey, going somewhere yet nowhere, living in an eternal wilderness of loneliness and isolation.....isolation in a city busting at the seams with life and energy.

S. W. JOLLY (3 Hope)

THE TALE OF THE SHADOWED HOUSE

The Shadowed House lies on Parbold Hill,
Half a mile from the village of Tiflay.
It is said to be different from most other houses
Because it is haunted by the late Dr. Jay.

He died some several years ago,
But no one knows just how.
But some folk say, "On the night of his death
We heard a terrible row."

They said they heard a terrible scream
Which sounded like that of a man,
And since that day, the folk do say,
He never was seen again.

The people of the village, still do not know
Just what the row was all about,
But some said they recognised someone's voice.
As they heard him yell and shout.

So they convicted quite accordingly,
A man named Tim McRed.
But after one night of his being in jail,
He was found to be battered and dead.

So they never found the murderer,
After investigations even from Sherlock Holmes.
But the fact still lies that in the Shadowed House
Dr. Jay still roams.

CHRIS BARRY (1 Hope)

Big "SIE-H"

IT was on a cold and wet November afternoon, when I was lazing around the house as bored as ever, that I decided it would be a good idea to take a look around the record library in town, about which I had heard so much, yet seen so little. I knew where it was, so I would have no trouble finding it. I left immediately and arrived within half an hour.

Inside there was nothing but shelves and shelves of records. However, when I began to root around I found a small counter in the corner, with several rows of desks immediately in front. Sitting at these desks there was a group of very intellectual-looking gentlemen. It was as though they had been hired on to give the place a high-class appearance. Except there was a young man sitting upright in the far corner, he was very scruffy, just like me, I thought. I asked the assistant where I could find the works of Beethoven, the only classical composer I could think of. She directed me to a large rack of records labelled "Beethoven". I took one out and began to inspect it; whilst doing so I walked over to the desk and sat down. The leaflet inside was all about Beethoven's life. As I read, I pictured myself conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. I don't know why — I hate classical music. However, I was brought back to reality by a chair scraping across the floor. Looking up I was unpleasantly surprised to realise that the man facing me across the desk was the boy I had so feared at school. Big "SIE-H" he called himself. Everyone would quiver in his boots when his name was mentioned.

I remember I did something to him on the last day of term, the last time I saw him. I set fire to his blazer when he was at games and told the *Boss* he did it himself as a means of showing what he felt towards the school. Perhaps he still remembered it? I hoped not! He got up from his chair and walked with that famous "SIE-H" walk towards the counter, where, elbow on the bar, he turned around and gave me a very nasty look. I quickly dropped my head and carried on reading the book. Out of the corner of my eye I could see him walking towards

me. My immediate reaction was to get up and make for the nearest door. This I did very quickly. He followed me through the door and out into the outside. It was then that I realised I had taken the backdoor which had lead me into a maze of alleyways. I turned right, then left, then right again, each one leading to another. I ran and ran until I was exhausted. It was going dark now and it was raining. I stood at the end of an alleyway, with the rain pouring from me, waiting for him to appear around the corner. Sure enough he did, but to my horror, he produced a long knife which flashed in what was left of the ever-diminishing light. I turned and ran, right into the wall. I had forgotten I was at the end of the alleyway. So I ran towards him for a while and then took the first exit to the right which also was a cul-de-sac. So here I was trapped, with Big "SIE-H" walking steadily towards me; what more could a masochist want? As he neared I searched my frustrated mind for a way out; I tried the doors I even tried to jump down the grid but it was too small.

My last chance was to jump a wall and hope that the person living there would be slightly more sociable than this savage. I jumped up onto the wall and as I did, he ran towards me tormenting me with that knife, and what a mess of me it might make. I arrived in the back yard without much difficulty, and I knocked furiously on the back door. A light was turned on and the door creaked open. A tall scruffy looking man appeared, whose face seemed to ring a bell. I was sure I had seen him somewhere before. Of course..... It was "SIE-H". Oh dear! I backed up to attempt to jump back over the wall but he followed me with a bread knife held high above his head, I could go no further, the wall prevented my escape. This was the end; he brought the knife slowly down into my side, the blood trickled down his arm, and I screamed loud. The scream awoke me. It brought me back to reality and my bedroom and the ever terrifying face of "SIE-H" with a blade.]

M. TURNER, (4 Lambda)

Toulouse Tour

ON Wednesday, 18th December, the rugby team set off on a tour of France, chaperoned by Fr. Naughton, Brs. Chincotta and Bones, and Messrs. Olson, Synott, Thomas, Dillon and Irving, oh! and Br. Corvan and first change driver.

After nipping down the M6 we arrived in Southampton with a couple of hours to spare. Neff asked the way to the nearest tavern from one of the local men in blue and we descended on the place like a thirsty rugby team. This short visit was quite enjoyable, only one pint being knocked over and the odd glass smashed!

About half past nine, we found our way onto the boat and before leaving dock all the major facilities had been located—the duty-free shop, bar and café. Nobody can remember much about that night except the chorus of the school song, sung on the aft deck about one-thirty. Peace and quiet was appreciated by many people the following morning.

Nothing spectacular happened that day except the losing of Martin Sloan on one of our stops — unfortunately we found him again. The day's journey finished later than expected at a youth hostel in Poitiers. After dining we went out on the town. Twenty minutes later it became apparent that the only entertainment in the district was a table football and a 'ping-pong' table back at the youth hostel. Earlier than one would suppose we went to bed in the dormitories upstairs, and in all honesty Pete Quinn's UCCA form was the only thing that prevented a dust-up with the natives, who insisted on keeping us awake—many by hurling insults.

Next morning we experienced our first 'petit-déjeuner', coffee and rolls — very filling? — and followed with a run about. The travel that day was unexciting and, again late, we reached Blagnac town hall. Following the civic reception we were hosted out to various families. I might add that Mike Reid got the best deal with three teenage sisters, yo-ho-ho!

On the following day we had a practice then a meal in the town-hall and then the match. Dave Evans beat the rest of the team 25-18 and nineteen school shirts were swapped to celebrate. Later on

in the evening we were taken for a tour of the Concorde factory in Toulouse (up the road from Blagnac: However nothing worthwhile would fit into Mike Hanley's pockets and as Poc flatly refused to buy anything, we left empty handed.

It was back to the town hall for our last meal there. Now after we had had plenty to drink the Frenchman who had been in the resistance when he was seventeen, and who had medals to prove it, started to sing! The rest of the French contingent joined in. Not to be outdone Ged Glynn our maestro — I mean captain — organised a quick verse of an English song. There was a song from each side then for about an hour and a half, we won on points as they ran out of songs. However there were two highlights to these procedures,

1. After everyone had hushed, Poc stood up to sing a verse of "Liverpool Lu", and then sat down because he forgot it.

2. During one song — chorus being "buvez!" — people had to drink a glass of wine. It got out of hand to the extent that Pete Shaw tried to do it with half a bottle, and failed miserably.

Everybody got home all right that night and in the morning would you believe a few people saw the inside of a church for the first time in years.

The following day we gave and received various presents, ties, badges and scarves and after saying goodbye we began the journey home.

There isn't enough time to talk about this as I have had to cut out about four pages already. However, I will say Pete Quinn was eighteen on the second to last night, and throughout the two days various pictures were taken for the magazine.

I wonder whether Br. Chincotta, Mr. Dillon and Mr. Synott allowed their publication.

As for all the people who didn't get a mention, I am sorry, but blame that kid from 6B's who kept hurrying me up and telling me that ten pages or so was too much.

Yours faithfully,

PAUL BARTLEY.

The Mock Election

IT all started when Harold Wilson decided that six months was long enough for the country to do without a good laugh...sorry! a stable majority government, and we needed another General Election to decide the issue. Immediately the Election Committee swung into action for a mock election within school. The first posters went up the morning after the news broke and in just over a week we had our full complement of candidates. Representing the Conservatives were Trevor Haines (6BSc2), Dermot Maher (5 Alpha) and Peter Howarth (4 Lambda); Labour had Mark McAllister (6BSc3), Donal McGuire (5 Mersey) and Mark Ord (4 Kappa); with William Waldron (6 BMods2), Liam Fogarty (5 Alpha) and D. Price (4 Kappa) standing as Liberals. We also had other candidates: Mark Daly (6BSc1) stood for his own Independent Party, J. McCoy (4 Kappa) asked the electorate to give him a personal mandate to govern, and William "Billy" Lyon (5 Hope) represented the National Front.

The campaign moved into top gear as various parties put up posters and tore down those of the opposition. Very large Labour posters were placed on strategic notice boards, whilst the Liberals and Conservatives tried smaller posters with more subtle messages. A series of debates for each year's candidates was arranged, most of which were well attended and these culminated in a major debate in the Hall on the day before polling, involving all the candidates and party chairmen. The electorate was invited to choose from among such promises as Social Contracts, National Unity, Liberal power, repatriation of coloured immigrants, and capital punishment for doctors who carried out abortions. Billy Lyon came in for a lot of heckling and questioning, which he handled well, and two members of the fifth form insisted on giving Nazi salutes each time he spoke (it wasn't really a Nuremburg Rally).

At last October 10th, 1974 dawned and the polls were opened in the Geography Room. Each member of forms 4, 5, and 6B was entitled to vote for the candidates in his year. With turnout in the region of 90% the polling booths were soon packed. Voting ended at 4-15, and a number of volunteers helped with the count. The result soon emerged: Haines had won 6B for the Conservatives with a healthy margin of 16 votes, and Ord captured the Fours for Labour by a landslide majority of 37 votes. The situation in the Fives, however, had become interesting, as Lyon and Fogarty had both come first with 29 votes. Since the National Front's supporters were strongly suspected of ballot rigging, and in the country as a whole the Liberals were doing better than the National Front, the Returning Officers decided to award victory to Fogarty. The results were declared before the whole school the next morning.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all those members of staff and pupils without whose co-operation the election could never have been held, and especially Mr. Allen and Mr. Kay for much helpful advice and criticism, and the candidates for devoting their time and energy to the campaign, not forgetting Tony Benn for keeping out of the Labour campaign and not nationalising us.

Returning Officers:

R. F. L. Henley (6BSc 2) S. Baxter (6BSc 3)

Party Chairmen:

M. McAllister (6BSc 3) T. Manning (6BMods 2)

S. J. Walsh (6BMods 1)

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul

LOOKING over past Reports, the Society seemed to have problems of some sort or other. For example last year there was a shortage of 6 B's which could have led to the 'end' of the Society. However, at present the membership is the highest since the society was formed, including a number of 6B's. Monetary problems seemed to give most cause for worry. However, a school collection which amounted to £21, a donation from Mr. Stevenson's form, of last year, of £26, and money grants from the Old Swan Particular Council, (who usually look after our financial needs) have all helped to make our Society a healthy one.

The old people we do most of our work for, suffer basically from loneliness. Our members go out every Thursday, visiting old people in a two mile radius of the School, and other special visits have been made. These visits are really looked forward to by the old people and some benefit is got out of the visit by the visitor and the visited.

At present, only Sixth Formers are allowed to join the society but we look to the lower school,

because they are the future S.V.P. members, for help because without their donations the society would not be able to continue. I would like to thank all those who have given generously, and this also includes the parents.

I would also like to thank the headmaster for allowing us to do this work during school time, Mr. Stewart for help in Social Service affairs, Mr. Hynes for looking after our money, and Mr. W. Kelly, the present President of Liverpool S.V.P. Committee, who has guided and assisted the society to its present heights and also introduced a new element into the society of looking after underprivileged children, at a camp, during the summer holidays.

The Committee for 1974-75 is

President: P. MOORE

Vice-President: A. CARMICHAEL

Treasurer: M. PROE

Secretaries: B. CALDWELL and K. MCCARTEN

P. MOORE (6ASc 4).

The Garcia Lorca Appreciation Society

THIS newly-formed and, as yet, little-known society is dedicated to the study of the works of Federico "Fred" Garcia Lorca, the renowned twentieth-century Spanish poet and playwright.

He was born in Granadaland in 1899, and was cruelly cut off in his prime in 1936 during the Spanish Civil War. He belonged to what is known as the "1927 Generation" of poets along with Guillermo Valdron, Antonio Quillen and Paddy Murphy, all world-famous names. His poetry includes "La Amante" and "Romancero Gitano". His popular plays include "Yerma" and "La Casa de Bernada Alba".

Most of the support for this society comes from the sixth form, in particular the Spanish classes and the First XV. Membership is small at the moment, but we hope that this situation will change after we have shown the films "Lollabrigida Recites

Lorca" and "Archaeological Oddities of Andalusia" (in Portuguese; souvenir magazines, 25pts).

The Society's Committee is at present trying to obtain a life-size portrait of Lorca for the Dining Centre. Henceforth, Lorca Day will be celebrated on April 1st. Unfortunately the planned pilgrimage to Lollobrigida's home has had to called off.

To conclude, here are a few lines which express the Society's feelings concerning Lorca and his writings:—

Queremos Lorca para el Rey,
Y Viva Garcia!
La gente canta con ardor,
Garcia, por favor!

THE GARCIA LORCA APPRECIATION SOCIETY COMMITTEE

by R. O. DRULES, O. KAY.

History Society Trip to York

THE main activity of the History Society in the past year was a trip to York. The actual trip was preceded by a talk on York and its history with particular reference to York Minster. The trip took place on Thursday May 30th, which turned out a fine sunny day and on the journey there, a Historical Quiz on York was held. We arrived around 1 p.m. and proceeded to the Minster. York Minster is one of the finest examples of perpendicular architecture in the country and our guide pointed out the many impressive parts of the cathedral as well as telling us of its history. In the crypt we saw remains from Roman, Saxon and Norman times and in fact much of the foundations are of Roman masonry. Of course York has been inhabited since Roman times and evidence of its Roman past such as Roman columns still exist.

From the minster we moved on past the ancient city walls to the Treasurer's House. The

House is of Jacobean origin and extensive restoration has preserved some of its older features and it now gives a very good picture of the development of a large house through the centuries. After this we walked through York, noticing the Regency Mansion House and Assembly Rooms, to the Castle Museum. Here we visited the thirteenth century Clifford's Tower with its unusual quatrefoil shape and then went round the museum. The museum was particularly interesting to those interested in social history showing the development of the home with special reference to the impact of the Industrial Revolution and of mass production. Also very interesting were the two fully equipped old streets. Leaving York in the early evening we arrived back at Sandfield Park after a busy but interesting day a little after eight.

ANDREW CARMICHAEL
Chairman, History Society.

TONGUES

Oh, could there in this world be found
Some little patch of happy ground
Where simple pleasures might abound,
Without malicious tattling!
How doubly blest our lives would be,
Where all might dwell in liberty
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossip's endless prattling.

'Tis mischief-makers that remove
From our hearts warmth and love
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure
They seldom seem to sympathise — but when
They've heard our cares, unkindly then
They soon retail them o'er again,
Mixed with poisonous measure.

Then they have a practised way
Of telling ill-meant tales; they say,
"Don't mention what I've said, I pray;
I would not tell another."
Straight to a crony friend they're spurred
Distorting everything they've heard,
To break the peace with words prepared
Against a wife, friend or brother.

A wink, a nod, head aside like a bird,
"Just in passing; it's what I heard —
Of course I'd never breathe a word."
Then garbled tales the innocent hear.
They wonder how they could have failed,
Their happiness with doubts assailed,
Through sleepless nights their minds impaled
In worry, disbelief and fear.

The scandal-mongers find delight
In some poor soul's hapless plight,
Caring not whose home they blight,
Or contentment they have wrecked.
Assiduously they sow the seed,
Sans thought or care of what they breed
To foster sin and evil deed,
From rotted rumour, rife, unchecked.

The Saviour, once in scathing tone
Admonished one who held a stone
To search his soul ere one was thrown;
He shamed a rabid throng.
So verbal stones carry their weight,
Cold with malice, envy, hate,
To ricochet and reverberate.
Heed not the unbridled tongue.

G. O'NEILL

Christmas Revue and Pantorama

DECEMBER 16th - 17th, 1974

"THIS is a B.B.C. News Flash. Sandfield Park was under seige today after it was announced that only one ticket remained for the St. Edward's College Christmas Revue and Pantorama. Unfortunately, all the teachers survived". That News-flash underestimated the interest and excitement generated throughout Liverpool by the clandestine preparations for the new-style "Christmas Revue". The interest was proved worthwhile when two packed houses were treated to a superbly planned and executed evening's entertainment.

The two highlights came at opposite ends of the evening. The first was "Spike" Naylor's sketch "Who Killed Muscular Orange?". Some great acting here — from "Spike", Professor Peter Bamber, Paul Matthews and Terry Burke, who was attacked by the "dreaded school scarf" (a fate worse than school dinners was threatened — becoming an Irish Christian Brother). The game "splat the midget" was introduced, and has since been a great success in the school.

The audience, warmed up by this hilarious sketch, was very receptive to the other acts, excellently compered by J. B. (Michael Popel) Thomas (despite harassments from Nicky Walker). Outstanding acts were the Orchestra — who were cheered off the stage; Martin and Willy, the best of the singing acts; Billy Lyons, as the accident-prone Frank Spencer, and "Twentyfingers" — piano playing by the Headmaster (dressed as Mark Ord) and Mark Ord (dressed as the Headmaster). [Everyone but myself was fooled.]

At last, the great moment came. The lights went down, the music played, and the curtains opened for Act 1, revealing Mr. Mercer (played by Widow Twanky), who surprised us all (especially Br. O'Grady), by announcing Br. O'Grady's birthday. His life-like portrait of a hard-working slave in the Brother's House won him an Oscar, the V.C., and the sack from Br. Chincotta. The Devil (a suitably cast Mr. Gibbons) gained some well deserved boos

for demanding Aladdin's Lamp from Widow Twanky and Buttons (Jonathan Kenny).

The Ugly Sisters Gasolina and Vaselina (Mrs. Teresa Duffy and Mrs. Michele Stephenson) were so good that some members of the audience thought they were teachers in drag. They caused some stir when they referred to "that smoothie" Mr. Dillon (who has since shaved his beard off in keeping with this new image.)

Act II opened at the 61 bus-stop, with the Headmaster's Prince Charming, Steve Bimson, trying to find his marriage partner — the owner of an old Rugby boot. He finally walked off arm-in-arm with Paul 'George' Braithwaite, the thinnest fairy-Godmother on record. Two Chinese detectives chasing Widow Twanky off the stage led to the final scene, in which the Devil found the lamp, and offered everyone a wish. Vaselina's wish (that **** would stop picking on me for wearing a coloured jumper) caused a great laugh, as does the school uniform he has been wearing ever since.

The curtain fell to great applause (relief?) and finally Br. Chincotta led everyone in carol singing.

[Mr. Eric Morley, of Mecca Promotions, later announced the results of the Pantorama 'Miss World' Contest (in reverse order as usual). The first three were:—

3rd: Vaseline (Mr. M. Stephenson accepted the prize on her behalf).

2nd: Widow Twanky (who was disqualified later for getting drunk on gin and for scratching Vaselina's eyes out).

1st: Gasolina (Mr. T. Duffy later announced his retirement from beauty contests. Gasolina was disqualified two days later for using artificial aids).

When it was discovered that the stage-hands and helpers were all female actors in disguise, they were awarded first place "en masse".

By our Ballet Critic, S.J.W.

The Choral Society

THE Choral Society is a new society formed in October 1973, and is run by Mr. Duffy along with help from the year reps 1. G. Heaney 2. Green 3. D. Galvin 4. P. Swanson 5. D. Falkner.

As a society (its much posher that way) we haven't done a lot, although what we have done has been successful. The society was first "publicly" introduced at the assemblies. Here it had to show its power at rousing the rest of the school to render assorted hymns with great gusts. This of course worked. Now people are flocking to the hall to hear us give our renditions. We have sung at various masses at the school but our crowning glory was at the Cathedral. There we showed that we can sing on a par with the "best choir" in the city. In fact we even lend some of our singers to the cathedral choir.

At Speech Day we showed that we were not just a superb church-music-choir but also a choir that could sing anything. We had to be! "Old Joe has gone Fishing" is a marvelous ditty. It is designed for choirs of only the highest calibre. When sung properly, it sounds like a "sing-song" in a pub. (It's supposed to). But when sung wrongly it still sounds like a "sing-song" in a pub, albeit a drunken one. If *you* were at speech day, *you'll* know which one it

sounded like. The other "non-church-musical" piece was concerned with stringing up your granny and Farmer Johnny's Bullock paying for a party. You try singing that with a straight face.

Another of our outstanding successes was the School Concert. "Good King Wenceslas" will never seem the same without the paper snow coming down in handfuls and all the other assorted "gags" attached to the song. Monty Python has never had such stiff competition.

In future, the society will still sing at assemblies (non-pupils or non-teachers — 50p. at door) and at the various school masses. We hope to make next year's cathedral mass another success. We probably won't need the cathedral choir this time — we'll be too good. The orchestra too is going on a trip to Canada. We hope that a contingent from the choir will go along to show them over there how good, even a part of the choir is.

New recruits are still wanted, so if you want to exercise your tonsils and warble to your heart's content — come along. Its all good, clean, fun! And the more members we have, the better we can become.

THE TRENCHES

The MEN lie in their trenched graves, but a hundred yards apart.
 A man yells out in agony, one who will soon join the rest.
 Cigarettes hang from mouths, self smoked, unlit by men who are too tired.
 The shrill whistle of the dropping shells sends more men on their way.
 A sentry stands his guard, his once spruce uniform caked in mud.
 Bodies lie scattered over cratered holes, the remains of an attack.
 Sick, injured, 'dying, lie vomiting, row upon row along trenches, muddy walls.
 A gas mask. Whose? Nobody knows but it must have belonged to some poor soul —
 And over all this murder, this futile destruction
 Bright red poppies grow on the fertile earth.

ROBERT BAIRD (2M)

MISSIONARY LIFE

The love of God will live forever,
 Or will it?
 Fresh-faced young men enter this forsaken wilderness,
 Broken and weary they return, if ever.
 The non-stop heat.
 Diseases that torture and decay the flesh.
 Non-stop work, flies, healing, soothing, mass, praying,
 writing.
 Is this the destiny of an annointed hand?
 No sleep.
 The velvety blackness and freezing winds mean no end to a missionary's day.

R. DAHILL (1M)

Parents' Association Report

REMEMBRANCE DAY now has an added significance for the people who were fortunate to have known the late Ted Ley.

Ted served the Committee loyally for nine years: all this time he was a member of the Social Sub-Committee. He was not a talker, he preferred to let his actions do his talking for him. Before and after any function there was Ted buzzing about seeing to this and that and especially the electrics.

In conjunction with Brothers Walsh and O'Grady he was a link-man between the Association and the School, so a lot of his valuable work was done behind the scenes.

The Association is that much poorer by the loss of Ted.

May he rest in peace.

As if to answer the allegation of the Committee being a "closed shop", this year has seen the election of six new members to the Committee. We welcome Mrs. J. Handley, Mrs. P. Jenkins, Mr. T. Begg, Mr. D. McDowell, Mr. J. Preston and Mr. D. Nolan. It can only be good for the Association to have so many newcomers on the Committee bringing with them new ideas and fresh enthusiasm.

While welcoming these new Committee members, we say "thank you" to the retiring members of the Committee for all their work on behalf of the Association.

The Finishing Touch Pools continue to be our main source of income. This year's New Parents have rallied round to become agents, or failing that members of the pools. This enlisting of new agents and members, to replace those we automatically lose at the end of each school year, requires a great deal of organisation and hard work by the Pools Sub-Committee.

The Christmas Fayre and Summer Fete with their accompanying raffles were again great financial successes.

While our income, on paper, appears to be increasing, we are not keeping abreast of inflation.

With this in mind, the Social Sub-Committee put forward the suggestion that we should run a monthly bingo session. This met with the approval of the full Committee and bingo is now held on the fourth Sunday of each month.

The Parent's Association and its activities are now part of the school routine. Father Naughton, at the agent's social, said "the Association, with the Brothers and staff, leads to a happy family atmosphere in the school."

The spirit of the community at St. Edward's was seen in a remarkable way at the Mass in the Cathedral on the Feast of St. Edward, this coming together of the Brothers, staff, old-boys, parents and present pupils. It was an inspiring occasion and this Mass will now become an annual event.

The raising of money to provide additional amenities at the school for the boys, is not the only way the Association helps the school. A new and exciting project for parental involvement has been offered to us by the Headmaster and the careers staff. There are approximately eight hundred boys in the school, just imagine the many and varied occupations of that number of parents. The idea is to form a careers guidance panel composed of parents. Careers guidance officers visit the school, but they can only speak in general terms: a person doing a job every day will know all the advantages and disadvantages of his particular job. If you would be willing to speak to the boys or answer any questions they may have, please give your name and occupation to Mr. Thomas in the school or contact any Committee member. It is not only professional people who are needed—tradesmen and craftsmen are just as important — not all the boys proceed into the sixth form to study for their "A" levels, some leave at the end of the fifth year and it is possible that these boys are in greater need of careers guidance.

The monthly socials continue to be very successful (if only we had a larger hall).

The devotees of the Beer and Wine circle meet on the second Monday of each month: if you are interested in the home-brewing of your liquor, come along.

The intelligent and not so intelligent enjoy the quiz evenings.

The whist-drives, held on the second Sunday of each month, could do with much more support. If you enjoy a game of whist, why not give the "telly" a miss on that evening?

The parent's cricket team is always on the look-out for new talent: rumour has it that the middle of the batting order needs strengthening, and with the test matches against the school and against the staff again on the fixture list, we need the strongest team we can muster. Cricket practise will be held every Tuesday and Thursday evening at the school at 7-45 p.m. commencing early in May and matches will be played on Sunday afternoons.

The Association is what you, the members, make it. If there is some activity you would like to see, please let us know and if there is enough interest we will give it a try.

We thank Brother Chincotta, the Community and all those layfolk who have made this year so successful for the Association.

COMMITTEE: 1974—1975

<i>Chairman:</i> Mr. J. HAINES	
47 Barnfield Drive, Liverpool, 12.	226 1693
<i>Vice-Chairman:</i> Mr. T. REDMOND	
33 Score Lane, Liverpool, 16.	722 6312
<i>Secretary:</i> Mrs. P. McMAHON	
1 Wyndham Avenue, Liverpool, 14.	489 6183
<i>Treasurer:</i> Mr. R. PRITCHARD	
16 Teasville Road, Liverpool, 18.	428 3345
<i>College Representative:</i> Rev. Br. O'GRADY	

Philatelic Society

THE meetings of the St. Edward's College Philatelic Society continue to be held regularly on Thursdays during the lunch hour. The venue has shifted upstairs since the mathematics room was converted to a staff marking room, but the fund raising activities have continued unabated.

Membership is open without fee to any boy in the school who is interested in philately. We find we are able to sell many of the stamps at 20 for 1p. and so there is something for everyone. The penniless can browse through magazines, or just watch the proceedings, while business-like members have been known to sell the odd stamp to the society.

The accounts show that during the last twelve months no less than £68 has been sent to the Save the Children Fund. The money has been raised by selling stamps to collectors in the school, and the surplus to dealers.

There is scope for still further expansion, and our only disappointment this year has been the rate at which the collecting box for used postage stamps has been filled. Fortunately for the society, we no longer rely on the source to keep going, but it would be nice to think that a higher proportion of the

stamps which pass through the hands of our boys, parents and friends of St. Edward's were being put to good use in fund raising.

It is stressed that all stamps can be used, not just the ones which are in some way "different". Stamps in quantity, even the commonest values, can be converted into cash. Those we sell to our members form only a small fraction of the stamps we handle during the year. Nothing is wasted. In fact our present system is a first class example of conservation in action.

A new dimension to the society has been opened this year when philately was chosen by several boys as one of their activities for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. The initial enthusiasm was tempered somewhat when the participants discovered that, as well as forming a collection and presenting it for assessment, they would be expected to give a short talk on their chosen topic. However, we look forward to some interesting meetings when these members do realise that the prospect of such an ordeal is far worse than its actual experience.

G.V.R.

Runnymede Notes

RUNNYMEDE has again shown itself as a flourishing department. Schoolwork continues to maintain a high standard and the well-developed and varied curriculum ensures that the educational needs of all the boys are catered for. The library and chess facilities are in frequent use. We are very thankful to all members of the staff for their kindly assistance and encouragement.

We were all pleased to see Rev. Br. Gillespie, an old boy of Runnymede, during his visit to the school, and we are grateful for the help and contributions of Br. Marquis, Br. Halligan (ex-pupil), Br. Whitty and Br. Reid, the student Brothers.

Rev. Br. Walsh and the other Brothers in the Liberian Mission, gratefully appreciated the contributions of the Runnymede boys and they have written to express their thanks for the boys' efforts on their behalf.

Our congratulations go to last years Junior 4 on their successes in secondary education.

We recall with sadness the death of a sister of

Paul Kenyon (Junior 4), the mother of Marcus Roderick (Junior 2) and Mr. Ley who worked devotedly to make Runnymede's Sports and Prize Days successful. Mr. Ley will be sadly missed. Our sympathy is extended to their families in their great loss.

The Runnymede boys took part in the Annual Prize Day and Concert on Sunday, July 14th. The School Choir, under the direction of Mr. P. Duffy sang very well, and the Instrumental Ensemble gave a notable rendition of "Before the Battle" and "Boom Fallera." The violins, under the capable direction of Miss Hogg, once again, gave enjoyment all round. Two French songs by Junor 3 and a Speech Group taken from J2, J3 and J4, directed by Mr. W. Kelly, gave memorable entertainment. Piano solos by Anthony Preston, Damian Thomas and Stephen Leonard were well received. The afternoon was a great success.

We thank Miss Burrows for her efforts to provide physical education classes for the Runnymede boys.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

SOCCER

	P	W	L	D	F	A	Pts.
U-11 (A)	... 13	7	3	3	32	10	17
U-11 (B)	... 4	2	2	0	4	2	4
U-10's	... 18	10	7	1	37	24	21
U-9's	... 7	6	1	0	15	8	12
Total	... 42	25	13	4	88	44	54

TEAMS: U-11 (A)

J. Ball, N. Bolger, D. Thomas, P. McGrath, P. Kinsella, D. Lomax, D. Griffiths, A. Hill, J. Taylor, D. McNerney, A. Forde, N. Hornby.

U-10 (A)

P. Stevenson, P. Taylor, G. Cullen, S. Leonard, P. Johnson, A. Preston, P. Holmes, A. Jolliffe, P. Fitzsimmons, M. Hammond, S. Bentzen, M. Brindle, P. Anwyl.

Regular lunchtime practices and up to date coaching techniques have been largely contributory in team successes.

We are very grateful to those parents who gave loyal support at football and athletic matches and who supplied transportation for team members.

ATHLETICS

The Athletics team trained very hard to achieve remarkable success last season. St. Edward's Prep' were winners of:—

1. Central District Athletics.
2. Christian Brothers Championships.
3. City Championships (Section C).
4. Liverpool Junior Schools Cross Country U-9's and U-10's.

SWIMMING

The Swimming Team won:—

1. The Christian Brothers Shield U-11's.
2. The Christian Brothers Shield U-10's.
3. The Central District: Breast Stroke 3rd.
Free Style 1st.
Back Stroke 1st.

SCHOOL OUTING

On our annual day out we returned to witness the interests and amusements of Chester Zoo. The weather was fine and Rev. Br. O'Grady generously financed a welcome midday meal for the staff. No one was sick on the coach or lost in the zoo, and we all enjoyed ourselves very much.

In conclusion, we would like to thank Rev. Br. Chincotta, members of the Main School Staff, the school secretaries and Rev. Br. Naughton for their continued interest and support in the activities of Runnymede.

CONTRIBUTIONS

A man who lived so wondrous wise,
He preached upon the mountain side,
He told the people about his father,
Who was their heavenly guardian.

He died on the cross just for us,
And we should take his example thus.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Tell us today about his way,
They made the Gospels for us to read,
And we should take them with great heed.

(BRIAN TAYLOR AND STEPHEN FLETCHER, J3)

ANIMALS

CAT

We have a cat called Tom,
He has four corners were his legs join on,
And at the back he has a tail,
Which daddy put on with a nail.

DOG

My father has a dog called Pip,
He didn't bark he just went Yip,
When dad dozed to take a nap,
He didn't bark he just went Yap.

LION

We have a lion his name is Fred,
And he never ever sleeps in his bed,
He really does act quite odd,
So I'll think we'll change his name to Bobo.

MOUSE

We have a mouse who's name is James,
But really he has quite a lot of names,
He sits on a doormat and sleeps on a rug,
And your so scared of killing him he looks so snug.

MATTHEW HIGHAM (J2).

THE WONDERFUL SEA

What a wonderful thing is the sea,
What better thing can there be?
What better thing you THINK there is,
Can not really be better than this.

Why is the sea so wonderful?
On account of the fish says the gull,
Because of the sailing some say,
For me it is swimming all day.

The sea may be beautiful when it's calm,
But when it's rough it can do lots of harm,
It wrecks our ships or sends them off course,
We can do nothing against its force.

During a storm the waves will roar,
And beat and pound upon the shore,
But also peaceful and quiet it can be,
The wonderful, wonderful, wonderful sea.

CHRISTOPHER RIMMER (J2).

JESUS

Jesus said, "I am leaving home,
On my journey to the unknown".
Then he said, "I have got to go,
To tell the people who do not know,
About my father who is so great,
Helping people at every gate."

"Good-bye" he said to his mum and dad,
Who in a happy way looked so sad,
"I'll come and see you some other time
But I have to tell some people how,
I hope that you won't miss me now,
To love my father in every way,
And pray to him every day."

by NICHOLAS JACOBS (Junior 3).

THE MILLER

A long time ago when the snow was a drift,
A miller came over the hill,
He decided to make some flour that night,
So he started off for his mill.

When he got there he found that the farmer had not
brought the wheat,
So he sat down to wait and soon was sound asleep.

When at last the farmer arrived,
He thought the poor miller had died.
He went back to the farm through the driven snow,
All peaceful, white and calm.

The miller slept on without ever knowing,
The snow had covered his door,
When he awoke he tried and tried,
But couldn't get out of the door — he died.

SIMON MAHON (J2).

There was a young man from the zoo,
Who found he had nothing to do.
So he sat on the stairs,
And counted his hairs,
And found he had seventy-two.

DAVID PARRY (Junior 3).

A FRIENDLY TOAD

I am a toad a friendly thing,
I eat your slugs and flies,
I know I'm ugly brown and squat,
But have you seen my eyes.

Just look at them — like jewels rare,
Gleaming in my head,
I watch you with them as I sit,
Upon your garden bed.

Please like me little boys and girls,
I can't help how I grow,
I've got to be a toad you know,
And you've got to be you.

LAWRENCE FONTERIGO (J2.)

AN OLD WITCH

The old witch,
Lived in the ditch,
Her pets were slivery snakes,
And toads out of lakes,
With frogs and toads,
On the main roads,
The traffic went beserk.

P.C. Double,
Had some trouble,
With the old witch,
He went to her ditch,
And complained,
He complained about the trouble,
He did that, P.C. Double.

He told her and told her,
But the witch worked potions,
In terrible motions,
And quick as a flash he was gone,
And there he was in the middle of the road,
Looking like a toad
And that was the end of P.C. Double.

PAUL OAKLEY (J2)

Hickory, dickory, sackory down,
How many miles to London Town,
Turn left and then turn right,
And you may get there by Saturday night.

RICHARD HASTIE (Junior 4).