

ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Vol. 2

No. 8



LIVERPOOL

1975-76

*This issue of the magazine is
dedicated to the memory of
MR. W. H. ROWE
in grateful acknowledgement
of a life's work devoted
to the College.*

W. H. ROWE

A PERSONAL MEMOIR

I never knew W. H. Rowe. Billie? Yes! "Didge"? Yes! I knew of him long before I went to St. Edward's in 1923. The names of Rowe and Curtin, of Forde and Leahy had already inspired awe among young Catholics in Liverpool. As well, my mother was never tired of telling me with pride — even well into her eightieth year — that she had taught Billie Rowe in St. Francis de Sales Elementary School, Walton, before he went on to the C.I. And I can remember, as though it were yesterday, that first Sports Day my mother attended in St. Domingo Road, and Billie suddenly dashing away from the crowd of judges on the field to come to greet her, though it must have been nigh twenty years since they had last met. I felt as though I'd won the Victor Ludorum (though I think it was either Jack Smith or Jack Pozzi who actually took the trophy.)



This may cause many a wry smile:— I regret that I never had him as a teacher. They say his students went into class in fear and trembling. He was one of the "old school" of teachers, energetic, painstaking, thorough, and he made you work. He didn't put the fear of God into you; the fear of Didge was enough. And yet . . . At the C.I.-Edwardians' Annual Dinner the cry would go out: "Where's Didge?" and you'd always see him surrounded by a merry group taking spirited revenge for the past.

He was a dedicated teacher; you will forgive the hackneyed phrase when you learn that one of

his contemporaries in Liverpool University strongly urged him to go into business with him. The late Lord Woolton, for that is who it was, saw the potential of Billie in the world of commerce, high finance and politics. His loyalty was to his old school, the Catholic Institute of Hope Street, and to the Catholics of Liverpool struggling to break the social chains of 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' and to give their children the opportunity of higher education.

I was somewhat fearful in 1955 when I was appointed Head Master. How would men who had taught me, Tony Barter, Jim Mullen, react; above all how would the now legendary Billie Rowe bring himself to accept me? As you would expect there was nothing other than the warmest of welcomes, the firmest of loyalties. He never knew how much he taught me, how his example strengthened me in my vocation. The quirks of the Head lost their irritance while he was on his way from Office to Staff Room; the healthy criticism of Staff was brought to the Head in good manners, good humour and good tact. I marvelled at his work load, as I envied that neatly dressed gentleman with jaunty step and swirling gown, wasting no time as he moved from class to class.

Would that he were still with us. During his time he saw many changes in the educational system that affected the school. Some would say it is just as well he is not here to see today's goings-on. But that would be completely alien to Billie's nature; we had been through hard times and we pulled through. He may not be with us now but the name and fame of ROWE is writ large in the history of the C.I. and St. Edward's and his memory will whip us on to overcome our problems.

It is a genial custom to present the Head who is leaving with some token. On the last day of the school year, he came into my office to say farewell.

"Is it true that you're going?" he said.

"Yes, Billie; I'm afraid so."

He said nothing; just gripped my hand hard and his eyes filled with tears, words choking in his throat. It was the finest compliment I've ever had paid me. Billie, I return the compliment.

God rest his soul: God bless him for all he did and for all he was.

Br. W. D. FOLEY.

EDITORIAL

THE PURPOSE of a school magazine is to reflect the life of the school, and we have tried to do this to the best of our ability. We are aware that criticism is often levelled at the magazine, accusing it of being staid, boring, old-fashioned and having little relevance to the boys in the school. We recognize some truth in these comments and we are trying to change the magazine in order that it might fulfil its role to an even greater extent, but you must be the judges of our efforts. In any event, we would welcome any suggestions or advice for the future course of our publication.

The past year has been an eventful one at St. Edward's. In the examination room and on the playing field our previous standards have been maintained and often beaten, as the facts that twelve of last year's sixth-form have taken up places at Oxford or Cambridge, and that the rugby team won England's premier Sevens competitions amply demonstrate.

Culturally, too, we spread our wings with the Orchestra flying to Newfoundland to celebrate the centenary of the Christian Brothers' arrival in Canada and the sesquicentennial of their arrival in this country. The Choral Society has been journeying afield, having been invited to give a concert at Ingestre Hall.

The new Music and Arts Centre has now been completed, and is now housing these activities. It will be formally opened in a few months' time, and so properly belongs to next year's issue though we can say that it is an impressive building attached to Runnymede, which substantially increases the facilities of the school.

Two teachers who spent many years here, Mr. Dillon and Mr. Clarke, both left us this year, Mr. Clarke to take up an appointment in Australia, and we wish them and their families every success in the future. In their place we welcome Mr. Thompson and Mr. Bruce, and hope that their stay here will be long and happy. Welcome, also, to Mr. Sweeney to the Runnymede staff.

Our school chaplain, Father Naughton, celebrated his silver jubilee since we last went to print, and we would like to offer him our congratulations and best wishes for the future.

We celebrated a second St. Edward's Day mass in the Metropolitan Cathedral on October 12th. In addition we were commemorating the sesquicentennial anniversary of the arrival of the Christian Brothers in this country. Father James Dunleavy flew in from Dublin especially to preach the sermon, and the principal celebrant was the Very Reverend Canon Gerard Walsh, assisted by seventeen other celebrants. We were very grateful for the assistance of the fanfare section of the Police Band. The Mayor and Mayoress of Hyndburn, Councillor and Mrs. D. J. McNeil, were also present. A special exhibition was mounted in the Cathedral showing the history of the school in Liverpool.

Most of the 'events' of the school calendar took place this year as usual.

The thespians among us were also active with the resumption after some years of the co-production of a play, "The Crucible", with Bellerive, and of course the Christmas Revue and Pantorama was its unusual self.

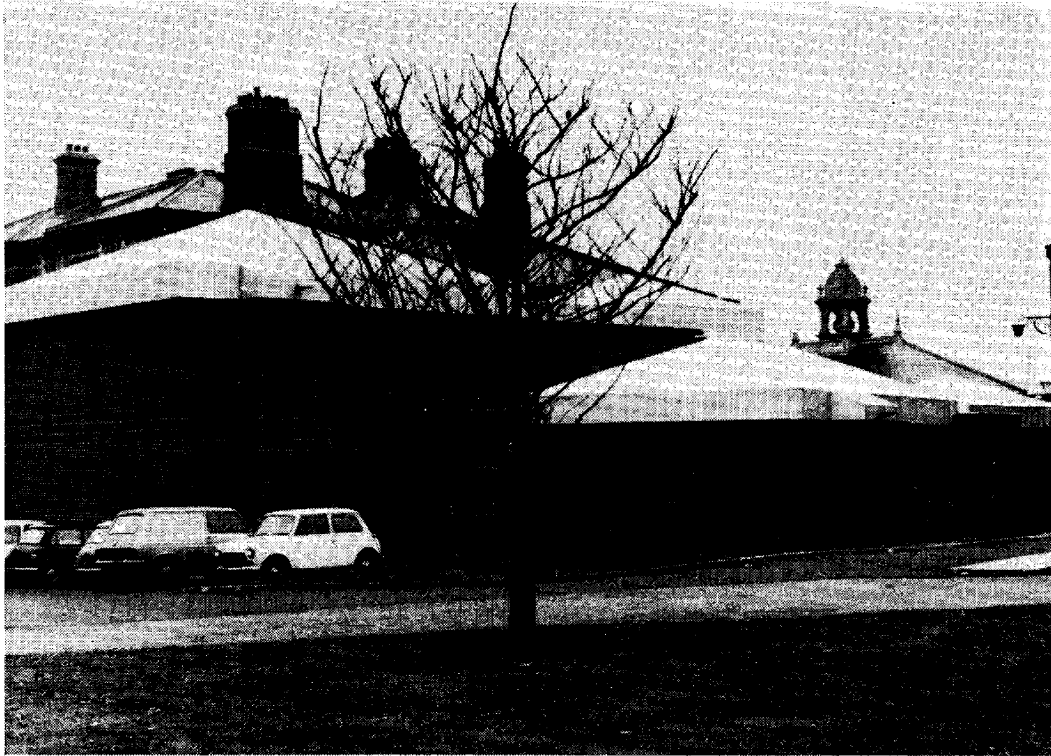
We would like to thank those unsung heroines and heroes, the office staff, the canteen staff and the grounds staff for their tireless work on our behalf. Without them the school literally could not function. We thank the advertisers, also, for their continued support.

On a sad note we regret to record the death of Mr. Rowe, who was Senior Mathematics Master here until his retirement some years ago. He spent a great part of his life teaching at St. Edward's, and we wish his family every condolence.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

MICHAEL REDMOND	RAYMOND HENLEY
STEPHEN BAXTER	THOMAS MANNING
GREGORY PRYCE	DERMOT MAHER
GARY BROWN	

Many people have wondered what happens when the articles are chosen for the magazine. "Why did you include that load of rubbish and not mine?" In order not to embarrass authors we cannot discuss specific articles, so instead we present the minutes of the committee meeting at which we wrote the editorial.



THE NEW MUSIC AND ARTS CENTRE

He sits, fingers over the typewriter keys, his soul burning with indignation at the injustices he is about to expose. He pauses for a moment while fitting his thoughts to suitably striking words and phrases. Then, confidently, he begins to type: another great editorial is in the making

Meanwhile, back at S.E.C., the St. Edward's College Magazine EDITORIAL COMMITTEE is trying to write an EDITORIAL by COMMITTEE. The members sit in the lengthening SHADOWS of a cooling TUTORIAL ROOM, glumly staring at a SHEET of BLANK PAPER.

CHAIRMAN TOM: Right, boys, we need a catchy, witty, sparkling opening line to grab the attention of the readers.

A HOLLOW SILENCE ensues.

CHAIRMAN TOM: Well?

The HOLLOW SILENCE threatens to engulf them all.

AN ANONYMOUS WIT: There is only one thing worse than writing by committee, and that is not writing by committee.

Suddenly YOUNG DERMOT puts the HOLLOW SILENCE to flight.

YOUNG DERMOT: How about, "In preparing this year's magazine we have received many varied and interesting articles from throughout the school."?

They blink, ruminatively. The HOLLOW SILENCE creeps cautiously out from under the table. GREGGERS yawns HUGELY.

MAD MIKE: Well, that's true enough, and it's got to go in, but -

CHAIRMAN TOM exercises his CHAIRMAN'S PREROGATIVE and interrupts.

CHAIRMAN TOM: - But it's not really very snappy.

MAD MIKE (coolly): Quite.

The CHAIRMAN'S PREROGATIVE cowers, and the HOLLOW SILENCE grins slyly. SWINGING STEVE stirs from his CUSTOMARY SLOTH.

SWINGING STEVE: What about, "We would like to acknowledge the assistance of all those who have aided us in the publication of the magazine, including the firms who sent us advertisements."?

Overcome by the effort, SWINGING STEVE slumps back into his CUSTOMARY SLOTH. The CUSTOMARY SLOTH lopes off to begin a game of Bridge with the HOLLOW SILENCE, the CHAIRMAN'S PREROGATIVE and MAD MIKE.

YOUNG GARY: Once again, that's very true, and we must include it, but -

The CHAIRMAN'S PREROGATIVE springs into ACTION once more.

CHAIRMAN TOM: - But it's still not a very snappy opening.

The HOLLOW SILENCE: One diamond.

YOUNG GARY (icily, his hair curling furiously): Quite.

MAD MIKE: Two hearts.

The CHAIRMAN'S PREROGATIVE: No bid.

Only one member of the MERRY BAND has thus far not contributed (provided you count HUGE YAWNS by GREGGERS as contributions) viz. BIG RAY. He sits INTENTLY, his GLASSES misting over slightly, his eyes fixed FIRMLY on a brighter FUTURE.

The CUSTOMARY SLOTH: Two spades.

BIG RAY: We might mention all the year's successes: the Orchestra's tour of Newfoundland, the victory of the Sevens, the opening of the new Music Block, the First XIV results . . .

His VOICE fades, his EYES glaze over. He begins to cover reams of PAPER with STRANGE SYMBOLS and he produces, as if by magic, a POCKET CALCULATOR. He tries to translate XIV into Arabic.

The HOLLOW SILENCE: No bid.

GREGGERS, after SEVERAL HUGE YAWNS, takes up the thread.

GREGGERS: Or we might mention this year's new school societies, the Numismatic and Astronomical Societies.

A HUGE YAWN (cheekily): Too true, squire.

GREGGERS savagely perpetuates CORPORAL PUNISHMENT upon the HUGE YAWN, which is SUITABLY ABASHED, also SUITABLY BASHED.

MAD MIKE: Three spades.

The CHAIRMAN'S PREROGATIVE: No bid.

YOUNG DERMOT: Okay, but they'll be able to read about all that in the -

The CHAIRMAN'S PREROGATIVE suddenly DISCARDS his CARDS, also CARDS his DISCARDS, leaps into a TELEPHONE BOOTH and emerges as SUPER-CHAIRMAN'S PREROGATIVE -

MR. YOUNG: No, Chairman's super-prerogative. —the TERROR of the UNDERWORLD.

CHAIRMAN TOM: - in the rest of the magazine, yes.

THE CUSTOMARY SLOTH: Four spades.

The TERROR of the UNDERWORLD, his work done, returns to the card game.

YOUNG DERMOT (coldly): Quite.

The HOLLOW SILENCE: No bid.

MAD MIKE: No bid.

The CHAIRMAN'S PREROGATIVE: No bid.

YOUNG GARY: We can thank especially Mr. Young and Mr. Stewart for their hard work, help, and support; also all those who sent us articles -

The CHAIRMAN'S PREROGATIVE is ENGROSSED as the Bridge game is reaching CRISIS POINT (the CUSTOMARY SLOTH is to play four spades, MAD MIKE is dummy and is laying down his CARDS). NEVERTHELESS, CHAIRMAN TOM interrupts REGARDLESS. There is an eerie BUZZING sound.

ELEANOR SUMMERFIELD: Tautology!

CHAIRMAN TOM: - sent us articles, yes. But we still haven't got a snappy opening.

YOUNG GARY (bitingly): Quite.

His EYES shoot DAGGERS at CHAIRMAN TOM, who pinches BIG RAY'S POCKET CALCULATOR and begins to practise his CRICKET with them.

CHAIRMAN TOM (incongruously): Fore!

The CUSTOMARY SLOTH (its three toes clenched in a fist of rage as he sees MAD MIKE'S cards): You opened two hearts with a hand like that!

MAD MIKE: Well, perhaps it was a bit rash on a points basis, but -

SWINGING STEVE catches a DAGGER in his TEETH.

SWINGING STEVE: Owzat!

The BRIDGE GAME has ERUPTED in CONFUSION. The table is overturned, the cards are scattered as the CUSTOMARY SLOTH, with a STUPENDOUS ROAR, leaps across and grabs MAD MIKE by the THROAT.

A STUPENDOUS ROAR: Hi!

The HOLLOW SILENCE and the CHAIRMAN'S PREROGATIVE try vainly to restrain the CUSTOMARY SLOTH. CHAIRMAN TOM bleats INEFFECTUALLY for ORDER. He has meanwhile given up all hope of ever outclassing CLIVE LLOYD.

CLIVE LLOYD: Never a truer word was spoken, old boy.

The COPS raid the place. A HUGE COP with a BALD HEAD and a BROKEN NOSE puts a LOLLIPOP on the POLISHED TABLETOP.

A HUGE COP: You're all under arrest, sweetheart! Stavros!

ANOTHER COP: Yes, Lieutenant?

A HUGE COP: Book 'em.

ANOTHER COP: Yes, Lieutenant.

A HUGE COP: Coochy-coo! Who loves yah, baby?

The LOLLIPOP: Watch your image, Theo!

PRESIDENT FORD (with a crash): Sorry, I got my head stuck in the door. Oh! I broke the table. Sorry-oops!

They are all taken away in a GARISH AMERICAN FUZZMOBILE, except for BIG RAY, who has nearly cracked the XIV problem, YOUNG DERMOT, who is quietly CONSTRUCTING odd-shaped POEMS, the LOLLIPOP who is considering taking out a correspondence course in LOGICAL POSITIVISM, and CHAIRMAN TOM, who is contemplating the JOYS OF BUREAUCRACY.

The SHADOWS toll the KNELL of parting DAY -

DAY: Bye!

A KNELL: Bong!

- and the TUTORIAL ROOM sinks slowly in the west. Fortunately, CHAIRMAN TOM escapes before it goes under, in an inflatable MAE WEST lifebelt.

MAE WEST: Thrilling!

- and lives to fight another DAY.

A READER: Is that the end?

A DISTANT VOICE: And so, their journey had just begun

S.B.

ONE STEP AHEAD

Not long ago Greece had a dictator named General George Metaxas. He was both proud and absent-minded and most people were afraid of him. Once when he saw a new kind of sea plane he wanted to pilot it himself. Everything went well until he started to land at an air field. The young officer with him in the plane was scared but said very politely, "Excuse me, Sir, but wouldn't it be better to bring her down on the water?" "Not a bad idea," the general answered and he headed back towards the water.

After the sea plane had taxied to a stop, the general turned to the young man and said, "It was kind of you to be so tactful when you saw I was about to make a bad mistake."

Then he opened the door of the sea plane and stepped out into the water.

PETER BRASH (2 H)
JAMES CONNELLY (1 D)

A PASSAGE TO NEWFOUNDLAND

THE STORY OF THE ORCHESTRA'S TRIP TO CANADA

by RAYMOND HENLEY and GARY BROWN

With many thanks for the invaluable help of
ANDREW DERBYSHIRE and GEOFFREY WALKER.

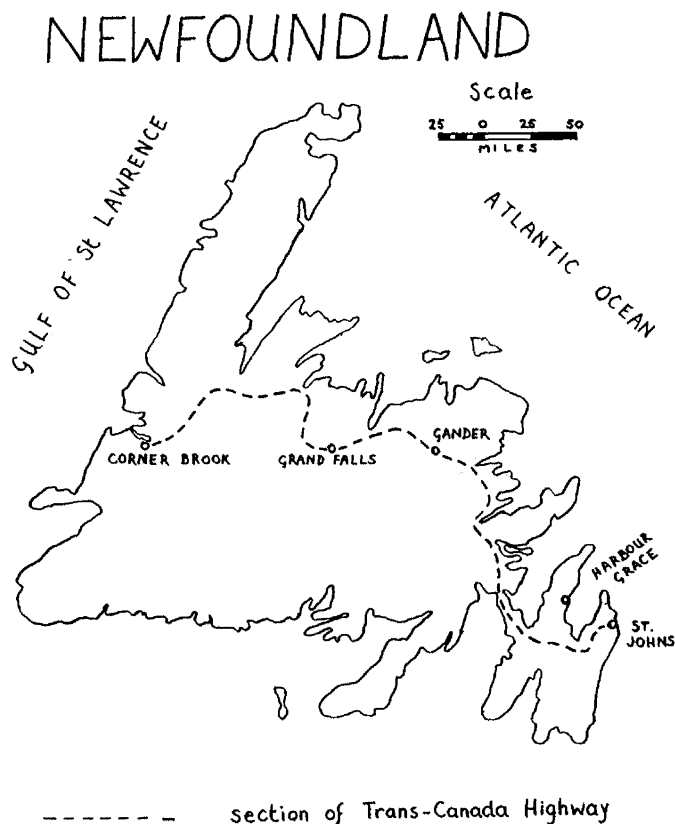
"When Sun-rays crown thy pine clad hills,
And Summer spreads her hand,
When silvern voices tune thy rills,
We love thee smiling land"

'Ode to Newfoundland.'

At 11-30 p.m. on Friday, September 12, the fifty members of the Orchestra who were going to Canada, along with Mr. Lyons, our conductor, Brother O'Grady, our moderator (We have never

found out what this term meant, but that was the title he was given on all the programmes), and Andrew Derbyshire, our manager, assembled in the sixth-form block, ready for the culmination of months of rehearsing and fund-raising. It hardly seemed credible, but we were going to Canada. Just before midnight we got into the coach that was to take us to London, and Brother Chincotta gave us a few words of advice and encouragement. At last we were ready to leave (Paul Barrow had got to school at last) and, as we waved farewell to relatives and friends the coach pulled off into the night. As Stephen Carney (Chas) put it, "And so their journey had just begun."

The undoubted highlight of the drive to Heathrow was the spectacle of our Deputy Head Boy, Tr-v-r H--n-s, riding the "Jumping Kangaroo" machine in a motorway service station at two o'clock in the morning. We arrived at Heathrow Airport at ten to five in the morning of what was now Saturday, 13 September. Terminal Three, from where our flight was to leave, was deserted. We dumped our luggage in a large mound near the Air Canada desk,



and, since there had been very little opportunity to sleep on the coach, most of us found an empty bench or settee and lay down. We were able to obtain some breakfast at about half-past seven. Unfortunate news arrived, however, when we heard that Thomas Clarke, our principal 'cellist, had been taken ill and was in the sick-bay. Geoffrey Walker played a large part in looking after him, and conveying messages from one side of the airport to the other. At eight o'clock, plastering our instruments with large red bilingual "Fragile" stickers, our luggage was checked-in. We then went out to find good vantage points from which to watch Concorde depart on a proving flight to Bahrein. We waited then for our flight to be called and for any news of Tom Clarke. We sat, squatted, or lay on the floor around the Air Canada desk, and waited. Our flight was due to leave at noon, and at eleven forty-five we finally learned that Tom Clarke would be unable to come with us. We were still waiting when they called our flight for the third and last time, as Mr. Lyons was still trying to get the right copy of our insurance policy to take with us. At last we could

go. We went through passport control and, in such a hurry that there wasn't even time to visit the duty-free shop, rushed to Gate Twenty-six. We went through security, including a body-search, and a fleet of buses took us out to join the waiting aircraft, an Air Canada DC-8L. When the first of us got to the aircraft door, we were unable to go inside as we had no boarding cards. They were following with Mr. Lyons three buses behind. Eventually, we were able to go on board and took up our seats near the back. (By this time Timothy Fitzsimons had forgotten his wallet three times). As the plane left the ground "We knew," as the immortal bard said, "our journey had just begun."

The plane stopped over at Prestwick for an hour and a half. This was due, primarily, to the fact that a dog that was due to be loaded onto the aircraft, had escaped and was running around the tarmac. Nobody, but nobody, could catch it. We took off again and, after we had taken full advantage of the free (non-alcoholic) drinks, we collected an enormous tip for the stewardesses, which John Connor presented to them.



AND SO THEIR JOURNEY HAS JUST BEGUN

Coming in to Gander Airport we were struck by the countryside, which was apparently a carpet of pine-trees. We landed at three-fifteen p.m. Newfoundland Time (three-and-a-half hours behind ours). We went through customs and assembled in the main airport lounge where we were officially welcomed by Brother F. D. Nash, chairman of the organizing committee. We were then taken the sixty miles to Grand Falls on board a bus. (Fitz forgot his luggage at the airport). At St. Michael's High School in Grand Falls we were given a package of literature about Newfoundland, and met the people who were to be our hosts for the next two days. As a wit put it, "And so their journey had just begun."

The next day, Sunday, September 14, was the day of our first concert. We were taken to Mass in the morning by our hosts, and the orchestra met again as a whole at three o'clock for a rehearsal. This was one of the worst we have ever had, with hardly a single note right. That night, however, we gave a very good concert — there is really no

business like show business! The Grand Falls Arts and Culture Center, where we gave our concert, is an impressive modern building, originally a part of Expo '67. Our programme was very varied, but the most popular item was Martin Pope's folk-songs. (Fitz forgot his brush, comb and violin).

The next morning, Monday, we met outside St. Michael's High School ready for the long journey to Corner Brook. We must have made quite a colourful sight, as most of the members of the Orchestra travelled in a yellow School Bus; some other boys and some luggage were in a blue minibus; the instruments were in a white van driven by Brother English, and the staff followed on in a car. As we set off along the Trans-Canada Highway, we knew that our journey had just begun.

There is only one traffic-light on the whole of the Trans-Canada Highway between St. John's in the east and Vancouver in the west, on the outskirts of Grand Falls. We were stopped by it.



"Mmmm . . . where do you blow?"

One hundred and sixty-four miles and three hours later we arrived at Corner Brook. Whereas Grand Falls is situated on a river well inland Corner Brook is situated on a beautiful estuary, the Humber Arm. The town, like Grand Falls, depends mainly on a paper-mill for its economic success. We arrived at Regina High School at about half-past one, and left our luggage and instruments there while we were taken to the basement of St. Paul's Church for lunch. We had Kentucky Fried Chicken! We were then taken back to Regina to meet our hosts. At a quarter to seven we returned ready for a quick pre-concert rehearsal. Tragedy struck! The percussion music could not be found. Feverish searches were fruitless, and when we came to start the concert the percussion section was forced to use spare scores, memory, and musical initiative. (A fancy way of saying "Ad-lib"). However, at the end of the concert John Connor, our timpanist, was asked for his autograph, so he can't have done that badly. Afterwards a reception was held in our honour. (Fitz forgot his music).

On the next day, Tuesday, September 16, we were taken on a tour of Corner Brook. Starting at half-nine from Regina, we were taken on a sight-seeing trip around the city, and we were shown round Bowater's paper mill, from the end where trees go in to where the finished newsprint comes out. We were given an opportunity to buy souvenirs and to send letters and postcards home, before we returned to Regina for lunch, after which we gave a special, forty-five minute, concert for the boys of Regina. As we were packing our instruments, the percussion music was discovered, a great relief to us all.

That night was the night of the Provincial Elections, and many of us watched the results come in on television, even if we didn't really know what they meant. Peter Lally had an especially late night as he was staying with one of the candidates, and met the Premier, a fact he did not realise until later.

We assembled outside Regina at nine o'clock the next morning, Wednesday, the 17th. to drive the two hundred and twenty-two miles to Gander. As there was no sign of the bus that was to take us, a local priest took four boys out to see one of the major beauty spots of Corner Brook. Of course the inevitable happened and we spent quite a long time on the coach waiting for the tourists to return. Leaving Regina and Corner Brook a phrase of the prophet was considered most appropriate: "And so their journey had just begun."

Lunch was taken in the Mt. Peyton Hotel in Grand Falls at one o'clock. It was very enjoyable, despite the constant rumours that the meat was moose, caribou, skunk or some even more exotic North American animal. We drove on to Gander and arrived at St. Paul's High School at about three. There we met our hosts for the night and were taken to their houses for tea. We returned to the Auditorium at St. Paul's for a quarter to seven for a rehearsal. At quarter past eight we gave what was easily our best concert on the tour. As well as this, the day was doubly fortunate because Tom Clarke was now fully recovered and had been flown out from England to join us in time for this concert. Martin Pope was especially well received, despite the threats to lynch him if he sang "Streets of London" ever again. (Fitz had left his coat in Corner Brook.)

The next morning we all got up very early in order to go to the airport, as we were flying to St. John's and our reporting time was six a.m. The flight left at six forty-five in very foggy conditions. As we rose above the fog those of us on the left-hand side of the plane were treated to a very spectacular sunrise as the blood-red sun lit up the pearly-grey fog below us. Half an hour later we were in Torbay Airport, St. John's. Brother Nash was there to welcome us, and he brought letters from home for some boys. Timothy Bradley, our principal oboeist, received a letter-card, and when he opened it, found no message inside! We were taken by bus to the Brother Rice High School and given breakfast of tea and doughnuts, and then we waited for our hosts to come and collect us. We returned to Brother Rice in best school uniform (blazers polished and shoes combed) at three to be taken to City Hall, where we were officially welcomed to St. John's by Mayor Dorothy Wyatt whom we presented with a school crest and a Liverpool crest entrusted to us by Mr. Owen Doyle, Lord Mayor of Liverpool, at our pre-tour concert. In return each boy received a St. John's flag autographed by the Mayor and City Clerk. Some members of the Orchestra played solo or small ensemble works for Her Worship, and we were each given a can of 'Coke' and some chips (crisps to us). (Fitz left his music stand behind).

Friday, September 19, was an uneventful day. No official functions required the whole Orchestra, and most of us were taken sight-seeing by our hosts. The major event of the day was a social to which we had all been invited at Holy Heart High School, which was greatly enjoyed. Derek Donohue had to sit it out, however, as he had sprained his ankle earlier on.



CONFEDERATION BUILDING, ST. JOHN'S

"I only heard the School Orchestra once . . . and look what happened to me"

That afternoon Mr. Lyons, Stephen Baxter, Stephen Walsh and "I'm Stephen . . . sorry, Peter Bamber" were interviewed on the radio. (We gave them 0 for content, 0 for expression and 3 for effort.)

Saturday, 20 September, was a day spent with our hosts, and again most of us went sight-seeing. St. John's has many features of historical interest: it was the place from which Alcock and Brown set off on the first non-stop transatlantic flight in 1919, and Signal Hill, which dominates the scenery, was the site where Marconi received the first transatlantic radio messages. The main street, Water Street, is

also the oldest street in North America. The surrounding coastlines were also impressive with many varied types of beaches, cliffs and inlets. We were especially fortunate in the weather, as it was warm and sunny during most of this time. (Indeed, about the worst weather we encountered was thick fog in the mornings.)

On Sunday, 21 September, not very much happened until at seven p.m. most of the boys moved to St. Bride's College, Littledale, for the remainder of our visit, though some remained with families at their hosts' requests. The college is a modern comp-

lex with a gymnasium, swimming pool, chapel and common-room with stereo and T.V. The rooms themselves were immaculate and the food was delicious. The whole place was a credit to the sisters who owned it and looked after us — even accepting our eccentricities of midnight swimming and football. Certain boys “forgot” about midnight curfew, and Mr. Lyons and Brother Nash had a very late night waiting for them to come in!

The next day, Monday, 22nd. saw us enjoying the first of our substantial breakfasts at Littledale — though not without mishap. Several people ended up with cream on their cornflakes before the milk dispenser was discovered! Then we set off for the home of the Newfoundland Parliament, the Confederation Building. We saw the museum there, which was very interesting, illustrating the history of the province. After this, we went for an audience with the Deputy Premier of the Province of Newfoundland and Labrador, Mr. Hickman, together

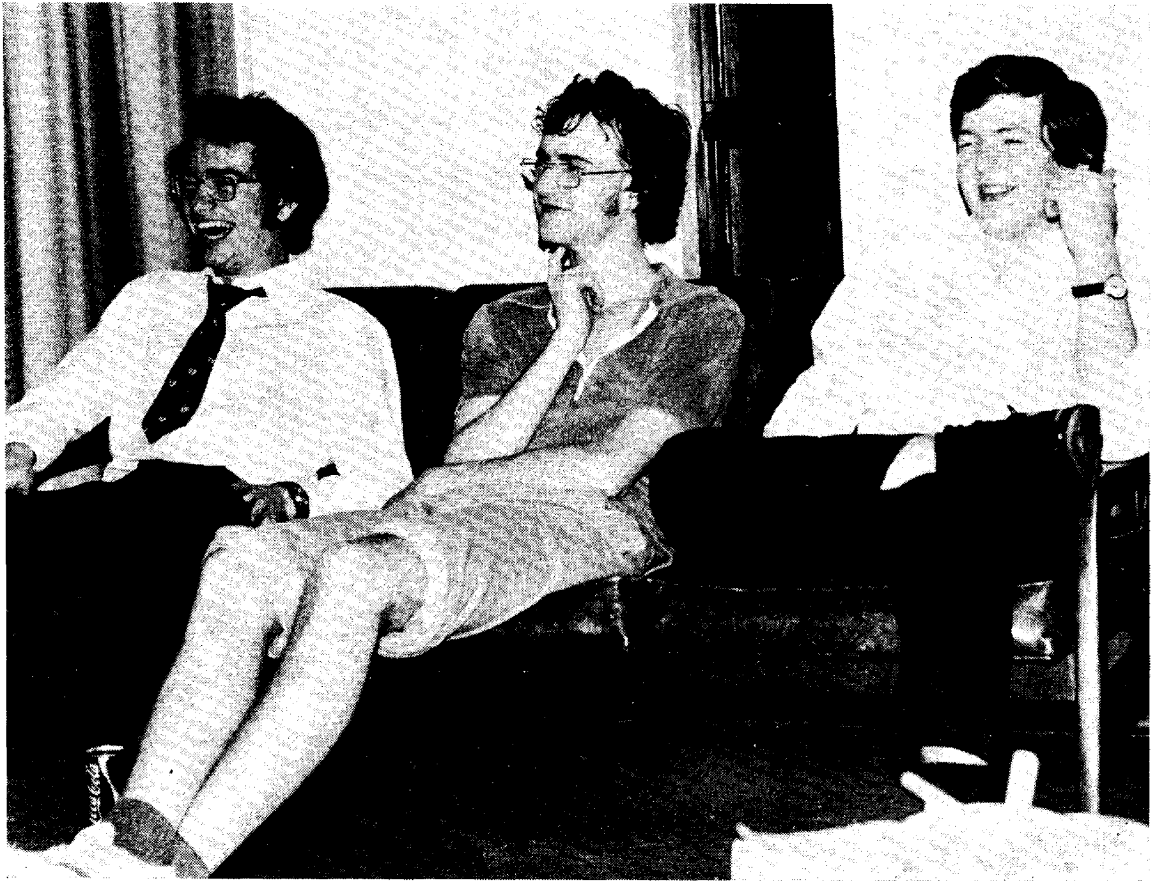
with some cabinet ministers, many of whom owed their education to the Christian Brothers. We presented Mr. Hickman with a school crest, and in return we were given maps of Newfoundland showing the flora and fauna. We were given lunch by the Minister of Sport and Recreation in the canteen, shared by ministers and civil servants alike. The afternoon was free, and was spent by most people looking round St. John's, the oldest city in North America. By the way, we had chicken for tea!

On Tuesday (September 23), our dreams were shattered by the sound of Chas playing reveille on his trumpet over the recently discovered public address system. We spent the morning at a rather mediocre rehearsal in the most impressive St. John's Arts and Culture Center. However, that evening “one of the greatest youth symphony orchestras in the world” (as the radio described us on Sunday) gave a concert to celebrate the opening of the centenary celebrations of the Christian Brothers in the



“PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH”

(Martin Pope and Stephen Carney at Littledale)



"I WAS JUST A VIOLINIST . . . UNTIL I DISCOVERED SMIRNOFF"

(Gary Brown, Guy Soulsby, John Myerscough)

New World. We played a wide variety of music, as we had throughout the tour, ranging from Martin Pope's solo spot, singing and playing the guitar (five songs and four jokes) to "Pomp and Circumstance Nos. 1 and 4". (Who says we aren't versatile?). The concert, though not our best, was very well received by a large audience including religious and civic dignitaries and music critics who marvelled that so young a group could play so many right notes and who ignored the inevitable mistake here and there — an attitude sadly lacking on this side of the Atlantic.

When leaving, Steve Leigh forgot his trombone and Fitz, of course, forgot his brush and comb. It was a very late night for those at Littledale watching a riotous edition of "Who do you do on the Staff of St. Edward's?" by Messrs. Pope and Carney.

We were aroused from our slumbers by a sixth-form choir singing "The Sun Has Got His Hat On" and "Tommy's Holiday Camp" over the P.A. After a hurried breakfast we boarded a bus for a two-hour trip to Harbour Grace and observed that Andrew Buchanan had mysteriously lost half of his moustache during the night! Our concert at Harbour Grace was well received by an attentive and appreciative audience of school children. On returning to Littledale we carried out our usual evening pursuits, with the addition of an involuntary black-and-white minstrel show for one instrumentalist which involved the application of copious quantities of boot polish. Another amusing incident occurred during the night when several boys found themselves and their mattresses on the floor of their rooms. The true culprits were, of course, never discovered, but certain strong circumstantial evidence points to sixth-formers John Smith, Fred Bloggs and A. N. Other.

Thursday, September 25, was our last day in St. John's, and when those who had spent all their money borrowed some from those who hadn't, nearly everyone went souvenir hunting. In the afternoon we gave our farewell concert at St. Patrick's High School, the oldest Christian Brothers' school in the New World. After this we were treated to a banquet along with a Toronto football team who had also come to celebrate the centenary. To follow we were entertained by the St. Pat's school dancers giving a display of step dancing, dressed in brightly coloured costumes. However, they appeared to enjoy themselves and, once we had overcome our initial astonishment, so did we! Then came the formal part of the evening with the presentation of a commemorative plaque to the school and medallions to the boys, and a mass interchange of presents. Of course, the rest of the evening had to be spent in saying goodbye to Fred, the barman in our local, by all those old enough. An extremely merry evening was had by all, perhaps with the exception of a certain second fiddle who was given a cold shower at one a.m. We would like to thank Brother Nash for the flags commemorating the 1977 Canada Games which he gave to each of us.

On a rather head-throbbing and bleary-eyed Friday (September 26), we said goodbye to the sisters who had looked after us so well for the week, and set off on the long drive to Gander. When we finally arrived it was with great thanks that we said farewell to Brother English, our faithful "trucker", who, despite having retired, had driven our instrument truck the length and breadth of Newfoundland. We spent the evening with our hosts of the previous week and at a foggy and icy nine p.m. we assembled at the airport for a last look at Newfoundland. Unfortunately, Brother Nash, the chairman of the centennial committee and the man who had done so much to make our visit so enjoyable and such a great success, was unable to be there to see us off. At ten-thirty p.m. we flew homeward (again by Air Canada DC-8L).

After a rather uneventful flight, except for when we discovered what our meal was . . . chicken, we landed (at our second attempt) at Heathrow in the early hours of Saturday. Fifty weary musicians staggered onto the inevitable, but most welcomed, Widnes Coach and within minutes all were oblivious of the world in deep stupor, interrupted only by the odd groan as some violin case deposited itself on the head of its unfortunate victim. A rather amusing

incident occurred at a certain M6 service station as boys queued frantically to phone parents to beg them not to have chicken when they arrived home. We finally arrived back at the college at half past two (Deo Gratias) to be welcomed by that most English of phenomena — pouring rain. Roll on the next Christian Brothers centenary in Newfoundland. "And so," we chorused in unison, "our journey had just begun."

On behalf of every member of the Orchestra who went to Newfoundland we would like to thank:

Brother Chincotta, for letting us go and doing so much behind-the-scenes organizing.

Brother Nash, the chairman of the centennial committee for organizing our itinerary in Newfoundland and above all for being a very great friend to us all, helping us to cope in a new and different country, and having really good ideas, such as buying 'Coke' and milkshakes for everyone at ten o'clock at night.

Brother English, for moving our instruments all over the island, so quietly and efficiently you could hardly tell he was there, though the instruments always were.

The sisters of St. Bride's College, Littledale for putting us up and putting up with us.

Brother O'Grady, our "moderator", travelling companion, and the one who stayed home and then sat up for the boys who didn't believe in curfews.

Mr. Lyons, our conductor, for organizing rehearsals, fund-raising and large portions of the trip itself, for worrying about us so much, and for looking after us so well.

Miss Hogg, Mr. Genin and all the individual tutors for training us so well.

Everyone who contributed to our funds, from the boys at school who gave 10p for sponsored activities to the parents who contributed £150 and more.

Above all else, our thanks must go to those hundreds of families who allowed us to stay in their homes for part of the trip. They demonstrated the true meaning of hospitality, and even if we could write a testimonial to them that was the length of this magazine, it would not nearly be enough.

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS:

"If you've got your own, look after your instrument. Don't leave it hanging around."

"When we get to the school, you will be split up to your billets."

"They're applauding you, receive the applaud."

"When you're leaving the plane, don't forget to take everything off."

"Bring your drumsticks."

"P!"

"During rehearsals, keep your fingers off your instruments."

"John, have you got the castanets?"

(Collected by Stephen Baxter).

SPECIAL COMPETITION: A FREE TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND WILL NOT BE GIVEN to the first person to attribute correctly the above sayings and define the word "moderator". Postcards only please.



THE WEAKNESS OF SUPERFRED

The year is 1965, and Superfred, alias George Smithy (it would have been Supergeorge, but that is a rather silly name), was sitting back in his rocking chair, with a pint of Guinness in his hand, listening to his favourite group, the Bay City Strollers. However, only George himself knew of the secret superhuman powers which he possessed.

Suddenly, George received an urgent radio signal, transmitted through his ultra-sensitive ears, telling him that a party of enemy aliens was attacking America's gold strongbox at Fort Knox-Pox and overpowering the guards.

With a shriek, George shot up from his chair, drank his Guinness, and said, "This sounds like a job for Superfred!"

He then ripped off his army surplus jumper and revealed a huge 'F' on his yellow suit, and flew out of the window at a speed faster than that of light.

After a journey of over four hundred miles, covered in the time of twelve minutes, thirteen seconds precisely, Superfred caught sight of the aliens pointing their highly sophisticated laser rifles at the defenceless guards and disintegrating them with so much ease that even Superfred was amazed.

However, using the one thousand volts which he could release at will, he zapped the aliens, who,

only slightly dazed by this superhuman power, turned the laser at our superhero, and fired.

Although the power of the gun could destroy human flesh, it was no match for Superfred's chest of steel. Angered by the audacity of the aliens, Superfred reached into his pocket, and drew out two handbags containing atomic warheads and threw them at the aliens with such a force that they did not see them coming.

These weapons were most effective against the aliens who were now only two strong.

Pleased with his success, Superfred lost his concentration for a moment and was suddenly subjected to the Plutonium-Kryptonite rays which immobilized his superhuman powers completely. For once in his life, George Smithy could not transform himself into Superfred.

The purple aliens cashed in on his handicap by hitting him with the laser on stunning power, being careful to keep the Plutonium-Kryptonite rays concentrated upon him.

While reinforcements were landing from other ships, the two aliens took George Smithy prisoner and put him into their ship, while more aliens were draining America of its golden wealth.

After a short while, their mission was complete, and they took off, with George Smithy, a now harmless man, a prisoner, never to be seen again.

ANTHONY QUAYLE (4 S)

PRISONERS OF DEATH

I am writing this to tell any race of humans, after us, exactly what happened in the disaster that removed the human race from the earth's surface — that is, if there is to be another human race, which seems very hard to believe at this moment.

People at first thought they were quite a novelty. The news reports of "strange creatures sighted in the Shetland Islands" seemed exciting and for some people it broke the boredom of everyday life in the city of Liverpool. Teams of scientists and biologists made their way north to the lonely Shetland Islands. They were accompanied, of course, by huge swarms of photographers and newsmen all eager to be the first to bring back pictures of the things. Astronomers were calling them visitors from Mars and such things but no one ever thought up a name for them.

The novelty eventually wore off, as sightings became less and less frequent, but that was only until the things were seen again in Northern France. Hordes of camera-men and reporters flew over to France to see them. However, the new sightings didn't arouse all that much public attention; people just accepted them as being there and that was that. Soon there were many reports from all over the world of the same creatures but we concentrated on the things nearer home. For the first time scientists now tried to establish why they were here, miraculously, without ever coming to a real conclusion. Still, the sightings went on until all of a sudden, in the Shetland Islands there was a mysterious death. The death involved a young girl who went fishing in a small tarn near her home. She never returned.

The death was immediately blamed on the new creatures and almost as suddenly came a new report of a death in France. The same pattern emerged but this time an old man was the victim. More reports flooded in, from China, the U.S.A., Africa, Russia — from all over the world. The newspapers ran riot on all this; "All deaths the same, bodies never found." Some papers called it the day of judgement: they were right, in a way.

The deaths continued, now spreading into the mainland of Scotland and Southern England. There were now something like one hundred deaths a day

and people in London were becoming worried. The same was true for Edinburgh and Glasgow but we in the middle just did not understand what was going on because of the confused ideas in the press. The creatures moved in on the big cities. People were leaving London in droves and those who could not, were barricading their homes. Contact with other countries ceased. I guess they were having the same problems.

The creatures soon hit London, with a bang. Thousands ran screaming through the streets trying desperately to escape.

There was no real way to describe these things. They looked like huge lumps of black jelly. They enveloped their victims who were never seen again.

London was wiped out. The frightened people were no match for the creatures who killed where and when they liked. Next to fall were Edinburgh and Glasgow — the same story there. For us, trapped in the middle, it was a nightmare with the creatures moving in on both sides. Nobody could emigrate as the services had been stopped and everybody concentrated on the problem at hand. The army soon found that bullets were of no use against the creatures as they just soaked them up. The army then tried bombs which succeeded in blowing the things to bits, but these creatures had the uncanny knack of reuniting the parts of their bodies again.

The government had to do something, so they organised a military take-over. Everyone was horded underground into vast subterranean cities which had been built beforehand in case of such a disaster. The entire population of Great Britain (now one tenth of its original size) was housed underground.

From time to time we received reports from people outside, that the creatures were closing in and would soon occupy the whole of Great Britain. Meanwhile, underground, life went on. People assumed that they would be able to live here in safety until the creatures left, but this was not so.

There was then a lull which lasted for about three weeks, in which reports stopped coming in and everyone was baffled as to what was going on. Some of the more enterprising people mounted expeditions to see whether the creatures had gone. The expeditions never returned. This stopped others going out for fear of the consequences.

While everyone was speculating about the creatures, they were rapidly multiplying ready for an attack on our subterranean cities. The attack came. A whole army of the creatures broke into the east wing of Subterranean Liverpool, as it was called. The creatures were more devastating underground than above. They moved with startling speed down the narrow passages, removing everybody in their path. Soon, most of the creatures made their way to the vast control area which was heavily guarded by armed soldiers, not that they did much good, as the creatures enveloped them and their weapons. The things seemed to know exactly what to do, for they quickly demolished the heating and ventilating systems.

Those people who did not freeze or choke to death, deep under the ground, were soon destroyed by the creatures. In fact, the whole human race was wiped out.

If you then wonder who on earth is writing this, I shall tell you. I am one of those beings you humans so inaccurately called things and there is something I cannot understand writing this: some vestige of human spirit must still remain within me and it has compelled me to write this account.

DAVID PARRY (3 M)



THE ROAD

We've only a year and a margin of days,
The two-way road must go three ways.
Rip out the pavement, there are trees to be lopped
The traffic may have to helicopter!

Order the sand, the cement and hard-core,
Set up the huts for tea-breaks galore.
Block all the sidewalks, hinder and bar,
Impede normal progress on foot or by car.

Festoon with tapes and signs and lamps,
There are men at work on levels and ramps,
Stacking curbs and setts, excavating and filling,
Maintaining incessant din of their drilling.

Heap rubble and rubbish on pedestrian path,
Let folk indulge in expression of wrath.
If some old body's killed in frustrated tension
'Twill save the Government paying her pension.

Move the bus-stop further down.
Confuse commuters round the town.
A Zebra should go here by rights,
Stone the crows! We forgot the lights!

Back a bit, men, dig trenches and holes
To take the cables and the poles.
There are no mistakes in these situations,
Only adjustments and alterations.

Unlike Khayaam's moving finger
We can retrace, pause and linger,
After the profiles, relay the screeding
According to theodolite reading.

Bulldoze homes, level and clear
All trace of what folk once held dear.
Give them a grant if that will atone
For a place of contentment they called their own.

The lollipop man will have to go
Pied-piper pupils to and fro
Down the road for half a mile
To shepherd in group or single file.

Finish a stretch that all may see
To criticise in comment free,
To cuss and discuss by pro and con
A camber or fall as work goes on.

On asphalt rolled down firm and tight
Run arrows and lines in lasting white.
According to blueprint crayon and pen,
If they're wrong we black out and mark 'em again.

So 'tis done. The highway's complete.
New lanes, new turns, new paths for the feet.
Barriers erected for accident prevention,
All on the rates with good intention.

So on life's road we tread and falter,
The Master's plans we cannot alter.
Watch the guide-lines! Our road leads *two* ways
But have *we* a year and a margin of days?

GEORGE O'NEILL.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

in

The Mystery of The Murdered Manure-Man

Sherlock Holmes and I were looking out of the window of Holmes' country cottage in Devon, admiring the view of the little village of Five Bells. In the middle of the street was a cart with a dirty old man sitting on it. Piled high on the cart was a mountain of foul-smelling sacks. Both he and the sacks were covered with elated flies. The dirty old man was singing, "Mature manure! Plants luv it! Get yer manure 'ere!"

"You see that man, Watson?" said Holmes.

"Yes, what about him?" I asked.

"He comes from Scunthorpe."

"Really, Holmes! I don't see how you can tell. How do you know?"

Sherlock Holmes chose this as the right psychological moment delicately to pick his nose.

"Elementary, my dear Watson," he said when he had finished. "He's my uncle. Cooie! Cooie! Uncle Tommy!"

Suddenly there was an audible hiss. The manure man threw up his arms, shrieked and fell dead onto his horse. The horse, startled at this, galloped towards our garden. He tripped over the fence and three tons of six-month old, fully matured sacks of manure came hurtling towards our window.

"Down, Holmes!" I cried, saving us from a fate worse than death.

The glass shattered and the sacks burst forth their contents upon the opposite wall.

"Thank you, Watson. Bless my soul, what a stench!" Holmes said as he thoughtfully watched it dribble down the walls. "We shall investigate. Mind how you tread!" He lit his pipe to stifle the fumes. Carefully, we made our way outside. There, two policemen were holding back the crowd. One policeman had a moustache and wore a monacle. The other was coloured with teeth reminiscent of a piano keyboard. When he saw us, the latter exclaimed,

"Mistah Holmes! What happened dere, boss?"

Holmes inspected the corpse for some time with

his magnifying glass and muttered, "Ahhh! Yes, ah-hah! Yes, just as I anticipated."

"What?" asked everyone.

"I don't know what it is."

"Perhaps zis will help you, ja? It was found on der body," said the second policeman.

"Ah-hah!" cried Holmes, snatching it out of his hand. "Yes, it's a poisoned dart used by the Woga-woga tribe from darkest Glasgow. It was thrown from a blowpipe. Now I know who the killer is."

"Who is it, Holmes?" I demanded. "How d'you know?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson. YOU are the killer!"

"What! But I was with you all the time!"

"Awwh, go on, be the killer."

"Certainly not!"

"Meany! Meany! Watson is a meany!" Holmes sang. "Arf a mo! If it's not you, it must be this bobby. He has a blowpipe concealed in his trunch-eon!"

The policeman gave a whimper of terror. I grabbed him by the collar. "Well done, Watson," Holmes exclaimed. "Now talk, you. Why did you do this?"

"It ain't mah fault, dat dere cop made me do it. It wuz all his doin'. Dat uddah cop is really . . . DR. MORIARTY!"

"You dirty squealer!" he screamed. "I'll get you if it's the last thing I do! You'll not take me alive, Holmes!"

Out of his helmet he pulled a gun.

"Now you die!" screamed Moriarty.

Even as the gun was levelled, Holmes drew in a breath from his pipe and blew out a stream of smoke into the villain's eyes. Then Holmes's foot slammed into his foe's left nostril. Moriarty collapsed.

"How de do dat?" the bogus bobby gasped.

"Elementary, my dear false bobby! The foot is quicker than the eye," Holmes replied. He demonstrated again and booted the crook's head in. "Now Watson, our poor roses will soon be blooming. All you have to do is to scrape off the . . ."

Before he finished I beat a hasty retreat.

MICHAEL GRIFFITHS (4 H)

MYSTERY AT MURDER MANOR

CHAPTER ONE: The Mystery Begins.

Miss Marigold Murder, niece of the late Lord Arthur Murder of Murder Manor, was just arriving at her dead uncle's former abode. It was a large house, which, in the eerie moonlit sky, looked rather weird. As Marigold drove through the gateway, she felt a shiver run up her spine as a bat hooted close by.

She marched up to the front door and banged the knocker, this object having the gruesome appearance of a pain-wracked gargoyle on the point of laughing. An ancient butler opened the door. He was tall and stony-faced, and, when he saw her, one of his eyebrows raised quizzically.

"You rang, ma'am?" he asked. It was a stupid question.

"No, I knocked," she replied. Ask a stupid question . . .

The butler looked annoyed. "You want to see Sir Charles Murder, I take it?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm his niece. I've come about the will."

The butler showed her to the dining-room. Here sat Sir Charles and a solicitor.

"My dear Marigold!" exclaimed Sir Charles. "How delightful to see you!"

"And you, uncle dear," said Marigold politely.

"Politeness is the 'sine qua non' for a young girl your age, if I may say so," said Sir Charles. He had been an Oxford don and was also a big show-off.

Marigold looked around the room. As usual, in tales of this kind, there was a young man to act as hero. He was, as ever, strong and handsome. She herself was the beautiful heroine, she realised with conceit. Also, there was the usual detective; this one was a middle-aged aristocrat with a Gladstone bag full of detective equipment to make any fictional detective green with envy. Why these two men (detective and hero) should have been there at all is beyond all comprehension, but they must have had some excuse.

The solicitor then read the will. It left the entire fortune, a set of jewels, to be shared by Sir Charles and Marigold. The manor itself was to go to an orphanage. After hearing the will, they left the room for lunch.

At this point, I must explain two minor details. First, why LEAVE the dining-room to have lunch? This was because all meals were eaten in the ball-room, the only room long enough to contain their one dinner-table. Second point: at the beginning of the story, it was a moonlit night, so why have lunch now? Well, I can't stop to answer your stupid questions.

Later, the strong, handsome young man (name of Peter Hargreaves) was playing billiards with himself and winning easily. Mind you, he won easily against everyone at anything. Suddenly, a blood-curdling scream rent the air. Peter ran along the corridor and was up the stairs in a flash. He reached the library seconds before the detective (Neville Smythe) burst in. The scream had come from Marigold Murder, who now lay motionless on the floor. She had fainted. Her uncle, Sir Charles, was sitting in a chair opposite her. He was outside a knife.

This came as no shock to Peter, who, as an avid reader of detective novels, had grown to expect heirs to be knifed in libraries. The detective took out a protractor from his trouser pocket, measured the angle between knife and body, and grunted.

"The killer was a left-handed, one-eyed Chinaman, about 5ft. 4ins., who walked with a limp. Shouldn't think it'll help us, mind," he added ruefully. "The story's probably full of 'em."

CHAPTER TWO: The Plot Thickens!

When Marigold was brought round, she was advised by Mr. Smythe, detective extraordinary, Peter Hargreaves, hero unrivalled, and the police force to stay in her house. She was in grave danger, they told her. Take precautions.

She took them. "I'm no fool," she thought. But she was. That is, not at first. But after that — well.

When a man entered her room by the window, she levelled a gun on him. (Good, Marigold, keep it up). He was Oriental, scarfaced and limped.

"Velly solly about this," he said, "but can you come and help me mend a puncture?"

Marigold was a trusting soul. (Oh, no!) She put down the gun (very clever) and followed him to the car (?!!?!?!). Marigold was prepared to believe the best of people and was therefore most surprised to be knocked on the head and bundled into the car.

CHAPTER THREE: Will the Cat Move?

When Marigold awoke she found herself in the crypt of a temple. Before her was a Buddha doing the Lotus Position while the band played "Do the Hustle!" When he had finished, he asked Marigold "Where are the jewels?"

"I don't know," trued Marigold. (Well, if you can 'lie' why can't you 'true'?)

"Very well," said the Buddha. "I will hand you over to our executioner."

The executioner bound and gagged Marigold and made her sit in a chair. Then, he explained his plan:

"Above your head you will notice that there is an axe. The axe is attached to a rope, which, by a complicated leverage system, has its other end in the next room. When this other end is pulled ten feet, the axe falls. The other end is tied to a cat. Ten feet in front of the cat is a can of 'Cattylikes' to entice the cat forward. When the cat eats, you die! Simple, isn't it?"

Marigold didn't agree. "You vile fiend!" she spluttered, though she was gagged. "You won't get away with this, you monster!"

The executioner grew childish. "Sticks and stones may break my bones but words will never hurt me," he chanted.

He then left to entice the cat forwards. In the torture chamber, Marigold struggled to free herself from her bonds. In the midst of her fear, she could not help chuckling at the sound of the executioner's voice in the next room:

"Come on, pussy. Nice kitty. Ow! Stupid animal! Eat your stupid dinner — I mean, eat your juicy dinner, you nice, furry, kitten . . ."

CHAPTER FOUR: Escape, Re-capture, Rescue

Ten minutes later, Marigold was struggling to free herself. Suddenly, with a mighty leap, she was free! Seconds later the axe fell, slicing the chair into two halves.

However, Marigold was still not entirely free. Footsteps were coming closer. There was no escape from her room. Voices were growing nearer. One was the executioner's, saying, "I was wondering why the cat didn't eat the food when I realised that the can wasn't open. Well, of course . . ."

At this point, the door opened. The executioner had two henchmen with him. Marigold was in the middle of the room.

"You, you . . . you're not dead!" exclaimed the executioner.

"Ten out of ten for observation," remarked Marigold dryly.

The executioner recovered himself and pulled out a gun. "All right. All right. But you won't escape. Already I have another fiendish plan to kill you. I have designed a pistol which only goes off when the song 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow' is sung. So we tie you up and point the gun at you. Then, we all start to sing. As soon as . . ."

But he never told them the end of his plan. For now, Peter Hargreaves entered. Within seconds, he had knocked the executioner and his henchmen unconscious.

Quickly, Marigold and Peter ran along a corridor and climbed through a window and escaped. As they walked away, Peter said, "I suppose they were Sir Charles's killers."

"Most likely," agreed Marigold. "But we still don't know who is the master-mind. It must be someone in that room on the night the will was read."

"There was myself, yourself, the butler, the solicitor and the detective."

"I think it was the solicitor," said Marigold.

"I think it was the butler," said Peter.

They walked off towards the manor, still discussing the matter.

CHAPTER FIVE: And Then There Were Four

When they went back to the manor, Peter left. Marigold went into the kitchen to make herself a cup of coffee. There she saw the solicitor on the wrong end of an African spear. She screamed.

Neville Smythe, the detective, came running up. "Oh dear," he said. "Not another one."

Marigold then told him all that had happened to her since she last saw him. After a while, he looked up.

"I have known for some time," he said, "who was the master-mind. Now, I will reveal all. But first, come for a drive with me while I tell you."

Marigold left the house with him. As they left the house, a bat hooted.

A few minutes later, Peter Hargreaves returned to the manor. He had just seen Mr. Smythe leave with Marigold and remembered that Smythe was a suspect. He rang the police.

"Police?" he asked after dialling. I think Miss Marigold Murder may be in danger. Please go to Weirido Woods."

He then left the house and sped after Smythe on his motor-bike.

CHAPTER SIX: Then There was One.

Meanwhile, Neville and Marigold were in the woods. "Who," asked Neville, ungrammatically, "do you suspect?"

"The butler?" asked Marigold.

"I'm afraid not," said the detective. He opened a car-door and out fell the butler. "It was I!" He pulled out a gun. "Hand over the jewels and I won't kill you."

Shocked, Marigold gave them to him. He grinned and put them in his pocket. "I always was a great liar," he said and pulled back the safety-catch on his gun.

Suddenly, Peter drew up on his motor-cycle. After a brief struggle he shot the detective. "Why did he do it?" asked Peter.

"Those jewels," replied Marigold, "could make a man rich."

"Could they?" asked Peter. He picked up Smythe's gun. "They'll make me rich then!"

"Peter, don't!"

"Shut up! I've been poor all my life. Now's my chance and I'm going to take it!"

At that moment, the police drew up. Peter began to run away but was overpowered by two policemen.

"Well done, officer!" cried Marigold.

"Can we give you a lift to the manor, madam?" asked the inspector.

"Oh, thank you!" said Marigold.

As they drove off, Marigold thought to herself: "A fine detective Smythe turned out to be. I suppose it was he who kidnapped me. But what a lie about his being the master-mind! Little did he know that I was the master-mind, for I ordered the killing of both my uncles and the solicitor: and I would have killed all the other witnesses to that will. How could he have known that I wanted to destroy the will and forge another, which left the manor-house to me instead of that stupid orphanage? Still, now all the witnesses are dead or in prison, I can complete my plans for the manor."

"I think you'd better accompany me to the station, Miss," said a voice beside her.

She had been thinking out loud!

T. ALLEN (4 S)

Q. What's black and white and staggers down the corridor?

A. A Brother with a knife in his back.

BATTY BOOKS

"Learn to Count in German" by Von Tufrie.

"Dutch Graffiti" by Van Der Lism.

GERRARD HEENEY/ROBERT EDMONDSON 1 M)

HOW?

Bert Garret was a burglar, but no ordinary burglar. He was six feet three inches tall. He had broad shoulders and looked like a thug.

The following events occurred in London on the fourteenth of July, 1973.

Jason Malone and Arthur Malone had planned a robbery which, if successful, could bring in a haul of nine million pounds. As far as they could see, there was nothing to go wrong. They had taken all the necessary precautions to ensure that they had a getaway vehicle and a hideout to go to. They had asked Bert to come along because he was a heavy character and they were both "ninety-eight pound weaklings" as the Joe Atlas adverts say. All three knew that if they were caught it would mean at least thirty years' imprisonment for them.

Jason and Arthur were brothers. Jason was the one who hatched the whole plot. He had a college education and had his first shot of heroin at the age of sixteen at a junkie party in Oxford. He was the editor of an underground magazine called "Blast!" He was married but his wife got a divorce on the grounds of his addiction to drugs even though he had only a shot every week. For a few weeks he had tried L.S.D. and had beaten up his wife, thinking that she tried to kill him with an electric carving knife. It was during his divorce hearing that he hatched out his fiendish plot. The judge ordered Jason to pay his wife thirty pounds a week.

Among other things, Jason also dabbled in the occult. In this way the getaway vehicle was provided. While drunk, Jason and his friends used a ouija board. Jason asked the spirit on the board if a time machine had been invented. The spirit's answer was astounding to Jason even in his drunken state. The spirit said that there was one which had been invented by a man named Don Martin who lived in London. The plans were drawn by his father, Sergio Aragonés Martin.

July 23rd was the big day for "The Terrible Three" as Jason had aptly named them.

The car was parked in the street and three figures got out of it. Two of them were dressed in police gear and they started putting up road blocks and telling the crowd about a police rehearsal.

In a few minutes, Bert, who had run up the streets returned with a Churchill tank. Bert came thundering down the streets and ploughed his way into the walls of the bank and, with difficulty, into the vaults. A spray of sleeping gas was released. Sensing this, Bert slammed down the hatch and, as all soldiers know, sleeping gas cannot hurt those whom it cannot reach. Then a series of loud explosions occurred and these gave Bert a headache. The tanks automatic grabbers shot out and grabbed some Bank of England gold bullion. Bert didn't have a chance to get a lot of gold because the alarm sounded. The tank dashed out and Bert and his mates opened the car doors and loaded the gold into the car, which was a black Rolls Royce. This Rolls was different. In it was the Time Machine! There was not much gold in the car, as not much would fit in. They had to leave a lot behind. Even so, there was still £1½m. there. They entered the car as they could hear genuine police sirens.

Then Jason pressed the button!

Everybody's heart leapt. A spinning sensation was felt and everyone passed out. When they awoke, Jason and Arthur got out. Arthur asked a man what year it was. The man, rather puzzled, said, "Nineteen thirty-three."

Jason went into the Rolls to get out a knife. He came out again. Suddenly, the crowd surged forward and Arthur was killed in a mad rush. Jason, in a mad frenzy, lashed out with his knife. He hit a poor man who came over to see what all the fuss was about and the blow was enough to kill him.

Next instant, everyone disappeared. Jason noticed that there were police all around him. They were wearing modern uniforms and Jason asked one of them about Sergio Aragonés. The policeman replied, "I was there at the time. I was eight years old. A group of men just appeared and disappeared from out of nowhere, one of them killed Mr. Aragonés."

Jason thought on his way to the police station: "If Aragonés was killed, he didn't invent the time machine. So I didn't go back in time. He wasn't killed so he finished . . . Oh! who cares anyway. I'm done for sure!"

B. WALLINGTON (3 D)

THE CLIMB

It was a beautiful day when Jon Hollister and his friend Mike Belding set off in Mike's veteran Hillman 'Imp' for Cadshaw, just outside Bolton. After an hour's drive, Mike parked outside 'The Carpenter', a pub, alas, no longer open. After pulling on their boots, they set off across the marshy fields, Jon carrying the rucksack, and Mike the rope and their P.A.'s — lightweight footwear, specially adapted to rock climbing, and at length they reached the rocky outcrop, hidden in a small valley, a hundred feet above a small stream, winding its way through the pastures.

"You wouldn't think there'd be a place like this so near Bolton," mused Jon, half to himself as he laced up his P.A.'s. "Bolton of all places! Still it won't be here long with all these motorways they're building."

"Don't be so gloomy," Mike reprimanded him, handing him the guidebook. "Now what do you want to do first?"

"Sorry," Jon laughed, "my inner emotions got hold of me." He flicked through the guide book, 'A Guide to Lancashire's Climbs.' "What page is it?"

"Fifty-one."

"Thanks." He studied the book for some moments and then, biting his upper lip, said, "How about this one — 'Column Climb'?"

"What grade?" asked Mike, suspiciously.

"V.S."

"Very Severe, to start off with! You must be joking!"

"No."

"Oh, all right. Do you want to lead, or shall I?"

"You can."

"O.K. Hold on a minute while I put my glasses on." Gently, Mike slipped out his contact lenses and

placed them in their container. Out of one of his pockets he drew a pair of glasses and put them on.

"Where is this climb?" he asked.

"Over there," said Jon, pointing to a steep slab. "Doesn't look too bad, does it?" Quickly, they tied on, and, taking an array of runners of all shapes and sizes, Mike started . . .

"Runner in!"

"O.K." Mike was now about half way up the climb, and he continued his ascent, inching his way slowly but carefully up the route. With little difficulty — or as little difficulty as one can expect from a very severe climb, he reached the top and anchored, or, to use the correct term, belayed onto a gnarled oak tree.

"Taking in," he cried, beginning to pull the slack rope in, hand over hand. When approximately a hundred feet of rope had come up, he heard a cry from the bottom: "That's me!" This was the signal to take up the belay position. He pulled on his glasses and took up his stance. "Climb when you're ready!" he shouted.

"Climbing!" shouted Jon back faintly, and, after making the necessary checks on the systems, he began to climb. Quickly and effortlessly, he crawled up the first ten feet like a fly. Suddenly he could see nowhere to put his hands and so he stopped to think.

"Where do I go now, Mike?" he called.

"You've got to traverse left," came the faint reply. "There's a big spike for your left hand about two feet above your head and a foothold at waist height."

Jan lifted his left hand and felt gingerly about for the handhold.

"I've got it!" he shouted, grasping a piece of rock firmly. As he began to put his weight on it, however, it came away in his hand, crashing down into the heather some twenty feet below, and he only just managed to keep his balance.

"Great help that was!" he shouted up sarcastically.

"Sorry!" came the reply.

He flattened himself against the rock and stretched his left hand out as far as it would go. It slipped into a crack. If only he could get a fist in . . . with his fist jammed in the crack he traversed gently along the ledge. Then, ignoring the pain of the tearing flesh on his fist, he heaved himself up. Once again, now, the movements came smoothly, and soon he came face to face with the runner. Unfortunately, he only had a very small stance, so he couldn't afford to hang about there for long. He reached his hand inside the crack and grasped the metal firmly and attempted to push it back and upwards to release the runner. To his horror, however, after several attempts, it just would not come out.

"I wish you wouldn't put your runners in so tightly, Mike," he gasped. "I can't stay here for much longer."

"Oh, leave it then," said Mike, "It's not mine anyway."

"Whose is it then? Mine?"

"Mmm."

"I'm not leaving it, then!" With renewed vigour, he tugged at the runner, but still it wouldn't budge.

"Have you got a peg with you?" asked Mike. "That might do the trick."

"Good idea." Jon reached into his back pocket, sweat pouring down his brow, and by now, utterly exhausted. With a sigh of relief he drew out the metal peg and attacked the runner with it. Then, all at once, he knew that he could not hold on any longer.

"Tight, tight!" he screamed. "Keep the rope tight! I'm going to fall!" Mike braced himself for the shock, when there was a sharp tug on the rope.

Jon was swinging around in space for what seemed like an eternity, but it was, in fact, only a few seconds before he managed to get back on the rock face. Shaking all over, he crawled up to the

runner again, where he became vaguely aware of a voice above him shouting, over and over again: "Are you all right? Are you all right?"

"Yes, I'm O.K." he shouted back weakly. He shuddered as he looked at the runner again, but this time, as he slipped his hand into the crack, it came out easily. Runners always seem to wait until you've hurt yourself before they choose to behave nicely.

It was a further twenty minutes before Jon reached the top and lay down on the grass. Gone was the feeling of happy anticipation and enjoyment. All he could feel was an overwhelming sense of relief . . .

P. KAVANAGH (4 D)

THE WOUNDED CLIMBER

One day when Johnny was playing out,
He saw a large oak tree.
He climbed amongst the branches,
And slipped and hurt his knee.

This made Johnny very sad,
And tears came to his eyes.
Along the path came Mother,
And said with some surprise:

"Oh Johnny dear, come over here
And tell me what you've done.
I do not like to see tears appear
In the eyes of my favourite son."

"Oh Mother dear, listen please,
I'll tell you what happened to me.
I climbed a tree and slipped and fell,
And landed on my knee.

I know that I have hurt it,
Because it gives me pain,
And Mother, I will never ever climb that tree again
. . . without a ladder!"

ANDREW FLETCHER (1 Domingo)

PARADOX

James Donovan was bored. The whole trip to Antarctica was boring. The only interesting part was the coming trip to Weather Station One. Donovan decided to visit the station then, to get an idea of its ability. He had heard that it was computer controlled but he thought that no computer could be as infallible as this one was made out to be. David Pallas, the chief Meteorologist, was said to almost worship it.

The wind was howling as Donovan reached the station. He could even hear it inside the station. When he arrived Pallas greeted him.

"Come to see how the place works? We don't have many visitors," he said. "I'm the only one here, so I get a bit lonely. The computer does nearly everything."

"I suppose you are here in case of breakdowns," said Donovan.

"Oh my, no!" said Pallas. "This place can't break down. I'm just here to send results to the central office."

"Surely a broken wire would make the computer go wrong?"

"Never. There are no wires. All connections are by laser."

"A burnt out tube?"

"No. The computer has about twenty banks, any one of which can do anything from working out results to operating the lights. The problem would simply be solved on a bank which was not being used. Even if a problem needed more banks than there are, it would not overload the machine. The computer would simply carry on until a result was found."

"I know," exclaimed Donovan. "I can overload your machine."

"Look, it can't be done, I'm telling you now," said Pallas. "Your trouble is that you are too stubborn."

"I can do it," said Donovan.

"I tell you, I'm not just nearly sure. I'm one hundred per cent sure of myself. Even though you may think you can do it, you can't."

"I'll bet you one thousand pounds I can!" shouted Donovan.

"No! Even though that would make me rich, compared to my salary, I won't take your money!"

"Put your money up or shut up!" said Donovan.

"All right then, I will!" Pallas roared. "The verbal hookup is down the corridor, first door on the left if you need it."

Donovan left. In a few moments he returned, looking smug. Then suddenly the lights went out. Next the air conditioning stopped.

"Come on! What's happening?" shouted Pallas.

"Was I right?" said Donovan.

"Yes! Yes! You were right! Now what did you do?"

"Your machine is overloading itself over a paradox."

"A paradox!" groaned Pallas.

"Yes. I told it to reject my statement as every statement I made was false. Do you see? Yes, it's obvious that you do. Now get the machine back to its proper duties."

"I can't," groaned Pallas. "Thanks to your stupidity and stubbornness we are going to die! We'll die!"

"But you must be able to!"

"If I could, you wouldn't have won your bet," was Pallas's best answer.

The two men looked at each other in horror.

Outside, the wind rose as if in anticipation.

PAUL MOORE (3 H)

THESPIANISM IN THE SIXTH FORM

It all began one Friday morning at Assembly when the Headmaster told us that he had been asked to provide several boys for a joint production of a play with Bellerive Convent, The mere thought of meeting members of the forbidden sex incited several people to volunteer immediately. However, when the names of all the volunteers were collected it was found that they amounted to twice as many as were required. Owing to this excellent response auditions were quickly arranged and very soon Mrs. Lynch arrived from Bellerive to look over her recruits and to announce that the play was to be 'The Crucible' by Arthur Miller.

After much deliberation, Mrs. Lynch succeeded in reducing the numbers to the required ten and these duly set off for Bellerive the following day. Casting was soon settled and rehearsals began. Progress was slow but sure and gradually the play began to take shape, as confidence grew. Rehearsals were time-consuming and strenuous but the nightly visit to the fish and chip shop invariably put an end to all suffering. Rehearsals also provided time to get to know the girls socially and certain acquaintances appear to have outlasted the play itself.

The dress rehearsals and the first two performances were, happily, very successful. However, the

Sunday performance, for some unknown reason, was abridged and consequently caused considerable backstage panic which was eventually quelled by some quick thinking all round. This performance then went on to be as successful as the first two had been.

The play itself is set in Salem, Massachusetts in the Spring of the year 1692. The story is concerned with the persecution of witches in a strictly Puritan society. The fear of witchcraft by the villagers provides ample opportunity for the murderous schemes of a young girl to be brought to their unjust conclusion. The leading male rôles were taken by Carl Falconer (John Proctor) and Philip Swanson (Deputy Governor Danforth). Our contribution to the cast was increased by Gary Brown (Rev. John Hale), Michael Clarke (Rev. Paris), Billy Lyon (Giles Corey), Mark Seddon (Judge Hathorne), Anthony Baxter (Ezekiel Cheever), Aidan Thomas (Francis Nurse), Michael McAllister (Marshal Herrick) and Neil Flewitt (Thomas Putnam).

On behalf of all the lads at St. Edward's I would like to thank the Headmaster for his permission to do the play and for his kind co-operation throughout. I would also like to thank all who helped in any way and especially Mrs. Lynch and the girls for putting up with us for so long. We all enjoyed taking part in the play and found it a very worthwhile experience.

NEIL FLEWITT (6B Mods 1)



NUMISMATIC SOCIETY

This society was started at the beginning of the autumn term and already it is enjoying moderate success. The weekly meetings are quite well attended, numbers increasing with increasing interest.

The society exists to cater for those interested in this very intriguing hobby. Collecting coins is not as uninteresting as some people may think. In fact, most regular attenders would vouch for its interest.

In the future it is hoped to stage lectures by invited guests.

We hope to increase membership in the spring term and continue this society at least for another two years.

J.S., P.R., G.T.

LONELINESS

A lot of people are very lonely in our area today. We never could think how lonely some people are. Not only with the loss of a relative but with no-one going to visit them. Your neighbour might be lonely but doesn't show it. Some people are lonely because they are housebound and can never go out.

So when you are not doing anything, why don't you spare a thought for them and give them a visit? It will make their day happy.

It is well to remember Thomas Aquinas's famous saying: 'There but for the grace of God go I'.

PETER KINSELLA (1 Hope)

ORCHESTRA, 1974-1975

The Orchestra's year was mainly concerned with the Newfoundland trip (a full report appears elsewhere) and a lot of work — notably from Mr. Lyons with the help of Miss Hogg and Mr. Genin — went into it. For this reason — apart from the traditional Christmas Concert and Speech Day appearances — we played only once in England. The Joint Concert was cancelled (and unfortunately will not take place this year either), and the only festival entered was the Harrogate festival. Our good record here was sullied by an ignominious (and undeserved) 4th placing (out of 4!) for which we hope to make up this year with a victory. We also hope to spread our wings a little this year, to show off "one of the best youth symphony orchestras in the world" as one Radio Station in Canada called us!

As usual, several members pursued their instrumental interests outside the school, bringing much credit to the school by so doing. It is particularly pleasing to have a representation of five on the Merseyside Youth Orchestra, including the Chairman of their Management Committee, Dominic Faulkner.

Merseyside Youth Orchestra:

Dominic Faulkner (Chairman of Committee), Derek Donohue, Graham Lea, Guy Soulsby, Michael Kerrigan.

Liverpool Schools Symphony Orchestra:

Derek Donohue, Timothy Fitzsimons, Guy Soulsby, Dominic Faulkner, Edwin Pritchard.

Liverpool Junior Orchestra:

Michael Forde, Nicholas Walker.

St. Helens Junior Concert Band:

Daniel Higham.

Holders of Liverpool Music Studentships:

Peter Bamber, Timothy Fitzsimons.

Knowsley Youth Orchestra:

Martin Buchanan, Andrew Buchanan, John Ireland.

STEPHEN WALSH, *Orchestral Manager.*

THE TEN DEAD MEN

At the bottom of the hill,
On the edge of the glen,
There lie the bodies, of ten dead men.

They lived in a cottage,
At a corner, in a den.
And that's all that's known,
Of the ten dead men.

Nobody knew them,
Nobody cared,
Except some Beggars,
Who saw them lying there.

The Beggars up with shovels,
And dug with all their might.
Pleading for mercy.
As they dragged them out of sight.

The last shovel was shovelled,
To them eternal rest.
And to those few
Who did their very best.

At the bottom of the hill,
At the edge of the glen.
There still lie the bodies
Of the ten dead men.

The men who buried them
Are all long gone,
But the memory of the Beggars
Still lingers on.

K. DILLON (2 H)

THE TOMB OF THE EVIL

The Tomb of the Evil is a terrible sight;
If you go near there you're in for a fright.
The Coffin is plated with silver and gold,
And the floorboards and windows are very, very cold.

There are Monsters and ghosts with long creepy
claws,
There are spiders and cobwebs and creaking doors.
So if you go near there you'd better take care,
Because remember you're going where no-one will
dare.

MARTIN THOMPSON (J3)

PHILATELIC SOCIETY

The College Philatelic Society is alive and well, though not quite so vigorous as in recent years. £64 has been sent to the Save the Children Fund in the last twelve months, the proceeds of the sale of stamps by the society.

There have not been as many senior boys attending the meetings this year, and this has perhaps given the impression that stamp collecting is exclusively the province of the junior forms. This has certainly not been the case in the past and, although it is to be expected that many of those who try the hobby will not find it entirely to their liking, one does expect others to be so taken with it that it becomes an absorbing life-long interest.

The problem nowadays is that so many stamps are available that it is no longer sensible or possible to collect stamps from the whole world. Those who try are doomed to failure and consequent disappoint-

ment. Others who select a particular aspect of philately — it may for example be a thematic collection of animals on stamps or the commemorative stamps of Great Britain — and concentrate on displaying it well, find that this is more likely to be within their scope both financially and physically and so derive a greater sense of satisfaction from their hobby.

We would like to thank those parents and friends who have sent in used postage stamps on paper. The box for these reposes on the window ledge in the corridor opposite the Five Alpha classroom. It has not been filled as frequently as we would like, so once again we appeal to all readers who would normally throw used stamps away — yes, even the ordinary ones — to save them and let us have them from time to time. All stamps sent in are put to good use, and although it is not possible to say with accuracy what proportion of the fund raising can be attributed to stamps which pass through the box, they certainly contribute materially to the success of our venture.

G.V.R.



HISPANIC SOCIETY

The Hispanic Society in its present energetic form began the present school year with a slide-show and commentary on South America, which was given a rapturous reception by a near capacity crowd of about 45 in the Physics Lecture. Other events have included a talk on "Un Pueblo de Castilla" by Señor Marbán, and a hotly contested quiz, set by Mr. Mars, which was very deservedly won by the better team. Brother Bownes also gave us an interesting and enjoyable talk on Bullfights, for which we thank him.

As always, Mr. Mars was the guiding hand and driving force behind the Society's success and he should take the credit for this. But for him, none of the events (probably this report as well) would have materialised. We hope that he finds next year's committee just as hard-working, and that they enjoy their work as much as we have done this year.

Committee: T. Sanders (Secretary), K. Kearns (Treasurer), P. Maclachlan, E. Pritchard, P. Murphy, J. Buckley, T. Manning, G. Polson and W. Waldron.

T. KILLEN (*Chairman*).

S. V. P. REPORT

This last year has been a good one for the society, with members willingly giving up an hour of their Thursday lunch-break to go out and visit elderly people in the district.

Although membership of the society is limited to sixth formers it is heartening to note the interest shown in the lower school. In particular, I would like to mention the boys of last year's 2 Mersey who donated £31, raised by a sponsored football match, to the society. This money was very much appreciated and went towards buying Christmas presents for the old people we visit.

To continue its work fully the society needs more 6B members and this term we hope to be able to encourage some of them to help to reduce the loneliness that is all too often a part of growing old.

Officers for 1975-76 are: T. Bradley, President; P. Mullin, vice-president; G. Soulsby, secretary; M. Gloyne, treasurer.

T. BRADLEY, *President*.

A HOLIDAY IN HAMPSHIRE

"The Police have issued descriptions of a gang of 15 in connection with the disappearance of 19 handicapped children at Westbury House, West Meon, this week. The leader of the gang — which included two members of the C.I. mob — was the Chaplain, Fr. Naughton."

Well, we didn't quite lose that many, honest! At times, it seemed as though we were going to, though Fr. Naughton has run similar holidays for handicapped children for several years, so for this one we had some much-needed expertise to deal with the potentially fatal incidents which occurred.

Unfortunately for the helpers, throughout the week there was never a dull moment: fortunately, most of the time was dominated by events that were comic (especially for those not involved), and it is these comic events that remain in the memory — being pushed around by Chris, in Chris' wheelchair; Mary O'Reilly being driven (round the bend) by Michael on the dodgems at Southsea Fair; the smashing time I had in Winchester, at the expense of one of the front wheels of Jeffrey's wheelchair: these, and many more such incidents, provided us with many laughs.

We went on several outings, and all of these were very enjoyable, despite the problems presented by the transportation of twelve wheelchairs and their occupants. The most popular trips were those to

Southsea Fair, which included seeing a hovercraft at close range, to Portsmouth, where all but landlubbers Claire Egan, Jeffrey, Anthony and I enjoyed a trip by boat round the harbour, and to the cinema where most of the helpers tried to have a well-earned sleep while the children watched the spectacular antics of "Doc Savage."

The highlights of the week came at our 'base', Westbury House. The first was a barbecue supper, provided for us by a visiting scout group. They also led some hearty community singing, and organised some interesting competitions — including a wheelchair race, and egg-throwing contests — during a memorable evening. The second highlight was the Farewell party, where the presents — including one for the champion wheelchair smasher (which was intended for Jeffrey but for some reason found its way to me) — were given out.

The farewells were very sad. It was sad to realise that, despite the many exchanges of addresses, we would never meet, or be able to help, many of these brave, cheerful children again.

The holiday was both inspiring and enjoyable, and on behalf of all the helpers from St. Edward's — Danny O'Brien, Dennis Cullotty, Ged Doherty, Dave Hyslop and myself — I would like to thank Fr. Naughton and Miss Claire Egan (from Broughton Hall) for making it possible.

STEVE WALSH (6AMI)



There was a Martian from Mars,
Who loved to eat thick chocolate bars.
When eating one night,
He took a big bite,
And was sick all over the stars.

Q. What do you get when you cross a chicken with a greyhound?

A. Runny Eggs.

There was a young fellow called Mark,
Who didn't like the trees in the dark.
His friend said, "Poor mite,
Do you think they will bite?"
He said, "No, but I don't like their bark!"

MARTIN NICKSON (2 Hope)

A lady goes up to a teenager and says, "Would you like to buy a raffle ticket for a poor widow?"

"Indeed, I won't! What would I do with her if I won?"

PAUL STEVENSON (1 Hope)

Here is a newsflash: 1,000 blunt pencils were stolen from a factory today. Police say the raid was pointless.

Two Irishmen were marooned on an island. One day a boat drifted to the island. When the Irishmen saw the boat, one said to the other, "Come on, Mick, we can chop this up and make a raft to sail home!"

PETER LUNT (2 H)

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY REPORT

In ten thousand million years from now, our Sun will be dying. Its core choked with nuclear "ash", it will swell into a monstrous, bloated, "red giant" star.

If man survives until that unimaginably distant epoch, and has not left Earth, the death of the Sun will surely bring his end, for the Earth and the inner planets will be blasted and scorched by the senile Sun. The collapse of the Sun into a tiny, cooling, "white dwarf" star, giving out a small fraction of its former heat and light. Earth with its ruined, lifeless surface will continue to orbit the Sun in the gathering cold and darkness — a chilling thought!

This is how an average star like the Sun meets its end. For more massive stars, death comes in a more sudden, spectacular fashion in an exploding supernova — in which for a few days or less, the exploding star can outshine a galaxy of one hundred thousand million stars. After this devastation, the wreck of the star collapses in on itself, and if it is massive enough, nothing can halt the collapse. Ultimately, the matter which constituted the star may contract to a point — a "singularity" which has no volume and whose density is infinite!

Surrounding the singularity would be a region known as a "black hole". Here, space would be so distorted by the immense gravity of the singularity that if you were to enter the black hole you would never be able to leave, or even pass a message to

the outside. By passing through a black hole, it may be possible to traverse the universe instantaneously — the science-fiction "space-warp." It may even be possible to travel to other Universes, or to travel forward and backward in time, at will.

As well as more 'down to earth' topics, these are some of the subjects that have been discussed at meetings of the Astronomical Society since it was established last November. Meetings are held weekly on Tuesdays at 1-10 p.m. in the Physics Lecture Room, and talks have been given by members of the Society and by Mr. G. Olsen of the Physics Department to whom we extend our thanks for his much-appreciated help and encouragement.

We have contacted the Liverpool Astronomical Society, one of the country's leading local societies. Mr. R. Halliday of the L.A.S. has visited St. Edward's to give a lecture on astronomical photography, and the L.A.S. have also offered to arrange a special planetarium show for our members. We would like to extend to them our warm thanks for their generous interest in our Society.

Anyone who is interested in any of the topics mentioned, or in any other aspect of astronomy is encouraged to join the Society which is at present a small but keen growing group. Members of the fourth year are reminded that they have an opportunity to take 'O-level' astronomy this year, but membership of the Society is open to anyone in the school, and we are pleased to report that our members already range from first-formers to sixth-formers.

S. BAXTER, *Hon. Secretary* (6 AS 3)

A. McDONAGH, *Hon. Treasurer* (6 AS 2)



THE LAND OF NO RETURN — SCHOOL

School is the Land of no return.
Where teachers eat up the pupils
The teachers are the Predators of pupils
Where there are clever people who like sums.
These people are called sumertarians.
The dinner we have is called bulk,
With shark-infested custard
At the end of the day we run away from the teachers
And the next day is the same.

SIMON NAYLOR (J3)

NEW SCHOOL

New school, new school.
Don't get flustered, play it cool.
Finding classrooms, meeting boys.
Getting used to lots more noise!

Lots more subjects now to learn.
Never know which way to turn.
Many new friendships now in sight.
Things are sure to turn out right!

BRENDAN MCILROY (1 Mersey)

FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY

After an absence of three years the French Debating Society was resurrected in the winter term of 1975. It was decided that the debates should take place every two weeks in the 6B1 form room, (there are not quite so many French scholars as there have been other years) and the first of the few occurred in November.

The debate — "Que la fête de Noël devrait être abolie" — followed the old established pattern: there were two speakers for and two against the motion. However, for the majority of us it was a new experience, and consequently the general discussion that was supposed to follow the debate found many of us filled with hesitancy as regards airing our own opinions or asking the speakers questions.

There were two more debates before the Christmas break: one, "Que le sport n'est plus le sport" questioned the behaviour and motives behind today's professional sportsmen. The other, "Que la place de la femme est à la maison" tried to designate woman a definite place in society. The latter debate, it appeared, evoked most enjoyment out of speakers and audience alike.

To sum up: the Society got off to a slow start on account of our inexperience and lack of numbers. The second fact cannot, as yet, be rectified but the first will, it is hoped, disappear in the next few months.

Finally, we must extend our thanks to Mr. Fraser for the unceasing encouragement and guidance he has shown us.

S. LEIGH *Hon. Sec.* (6BM 1)



HE COULDN'T HELP IT

The name of the boy 'was Sid,
He caused the cat to 'flip his lid,'
He washed the dog and went to cook it,
But in a flash — it kicked the bucket.

His sister got a bit upset,
Having heard they'd lost their pet;
To find out why, she tried and tried;
"I couldn't help it!" Sid replied.

Mum nearly lost her temper though,
When Sid crushed the radio,
"Oh Sid, you naughty boy," she creid,
"I couldn't help it, mum," he sighed.

Dad, he nearly lost his head,
'Cos Sid blew up the garden shed!
To find out why, he tried and tried;
"I couldn't help it dad," Sid sighed.

So in the end, they threw him out.
He landed on a roundabout!
"Why did you do it, dad?" he cried,
"I couldn't help it!" dad replied.

When Sid was looking for a job,
He met a foreman, whose name was Bob,
You can guess the job he got all right,
On a demolition site.

JEREMY HUGHES (1 M)

THE SHIPWRECK

The waves they beat against the rocks
The moon has lost its light.
The wind howls angrily, the ship rocks;
There is a storm tonight.

Ropes and deck and everything,
Are covered in salt spray.
The capstan spins out of control,
And the rigging falls away.

The ship flounders in the rough seas,
As it's driven closer to doom.
The lightning strikes once! twice!
Then comes thunder with a mighty Boom!

Crash! The ship has struck a rock,
The hold is filling up.
Women and children get into the lifeboats.
No one must give up!

Lifejackets are distributed;
I hope we won't need more,
You'll have to row and swim very hard
If you're going to reach the shore.

Exhausted people reach the beach,
After struggling with the sea.
A mighty sailing ship has been lost
And with her lives three.

JUSTIN MCGOWAN (J 4)

RUGBY - 1974/75

THE SCHOOL FIRST-FIFTEEN 1974-75

Played 17, Won 13, Drawn 1, Lost 3.

Points for 362, Points against 101.

Winners of the Birkenhead, Oxfordshire, English and Welsh Schoolboys' Sevens Championships and the Great Britain Schools' Open Sevens Tournament at Rosslyn Park.

Nominated by "Rugby World" as one of the top six schools in England for the fourth successive season.

Nominated by "Rugby World" as one of the top twelve schools in Great Britain for the fourth successive season.

Mark Flanagan, David Evans and Peter Shaw represented Lancashire.

David Evans and Peter Shaw were selected for England Trials.

Gerard Glynn represented Liverpool R.U.F.C. 1st XV and, as a result of his displays for them was selected as a travelling reserve for the Lancashire President's XV — virtually the entire Senior County team — in the Jubilee match at Lancaster.

THE SCHOOL SECOND FIFTEEN

Played 14, Won 12, Drawn 0, Lost 2.

Points for 519. Points against 46.

U-16's and THIRD FIFTEEN

Played 12, Won 7, Drawn 2, Lost 3.

Points for 174. Points against 140.

UNDER FIFTEENS

Played 20, Won 6, Drawn 2, Lost 12.

Points for 259. Points against 321.

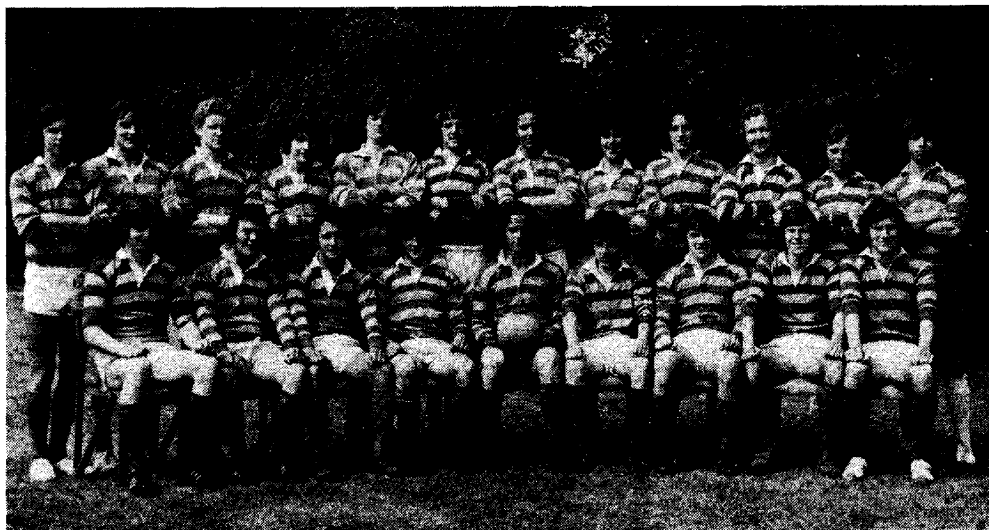
UNDER FOURTEENS

Played 17, Won 15, Drawn 0, Lost 2.

Points for 584. Points against 65.

Seven-a-Side: Winners of the Christian Brothers' under 14 Cup.

Runners-up in the Merseyside Competition.



RUGBY: FIRST XV SQUAD

Standing: M. Ashcroft, T. Whittaker, D. O'Brien, P. Bartley, D. Evans, P. Shaw
M Flanagan, M. Blumsun, J. Holian, P. Quinn, P. O'Connor, F. Orford.

Seated: J. Ridge, M. Reid, P. Clarke, M. Pye, G. Glynn, V. Byrne, M. Sloan
M. Sloan, S. Ashcroft, S. Bimson.



FIRST YEAR SEVENS

Standing: S. Young, S. Dumbell, T. Sweeney, S. Gibbons.
Seated: I. Dooley, D. Coleman, P. Loughney.

CROSS COUNTRY

Overall Team Results:

2nd in the Christian Brothers' Schools Championships.
5th in the Newcastle H.S. Relays.
6th in the National Catholic Schools Championships.
9th in the Cheadle Moseley Relay.

Senior Team Results:

2nd in the Merseyside League.
8th in the Newcastle H.S. Relays.
2nd in the Cumella Cup Race.
3rd in the Sangster Cup Race.
3rd in the Christian Brothers' Schools Championships.
11th in the National Catholic Schools Championships.
21st in the Northern Schools Championships.
Inter School Fixtures: Ran 10, Won 7, Lost 3.

Representative Honours:

Merseyside League Team: C. Fennell, S. Walsh.
Outer Liverpool Team: C. Fennell, M. McAllister,
S. Walsh.

Under 16 and Under 15 Team Results:

Winners of the Merseyside League.
Winners of the Memorial Cup.
Winners of the Christian Brothers' Schools
Championships.
13th in the Newcastle H.S. Relays.
3rd in the Booth Cup (U15—U14).
4th in the Warrington A.C. Cup Races.
3rd in the National Catholic Schools Championships.
2nd in the Sandfield Park Road Relay.
7th in the Northern Schools Championships.
2nd in the Liverpool City Championships (U15—U14).
Inter School Fixtures—Ran 7, Won 4, Lost 3.

Representative Honours:

Merseyside League Team: M. Heywood.

Outer Liverpool Team: M. Heywood, M. McAllister,
D. Maher, R. Spicer, E. Munro.

Under 14 Team Results:

2nd in the Merseyside League.

8th in the Newcastle H.S. Relays (U14 — U13).

2nd in the Sefton Harriers Race (U14 — U13).

5th in the Warrington A.C. Cup Races (U14—U13).

2nd in the Christian Brothers' Schools Championships.

11th in the National Catholic Schools Championships
(U14—U13).

5th in the Caldý Hill Relay (U14—U13).

16th in the Northern Schools Championships.

Inter School Fixtures: Ran 9. Won 6, Lost 3.

Representative Honours:

Outer Liverpool Team: D. Galvin, J. Stitt, N. Melville,
M. Redmond, M. Lovelady, P. Jackson.

Under 13 Team Results:

4th in the Merseyside League.

2nd in the Liverpool Harriers Trophy Race.

3rd in the Christian Brothers' Schools Championships.

4th in the Jack Sharp Trophy Relay.

2nd in the Liverpool City Championships (U13—U12).

29th in the Northern Schools Championships.

Inter School Fixtures: Ran 9, Won 5, Lost 4.

Representative Honours:

Outer Liverpool Team: D. Bartley, G. Ormesher,
P. Walsh, P. Gaul.

Under 12 Team Results:

4th in the Merseyside League.

2nd in the Sefton Harriers Race.

2nd in the Christian Brothers' Schools Championships.

3rd in the Warrington A.C. Cup Races.

4th in the Tryfan Trophy Race.

4th in the Sefton Shield Relay.

12th in the Northern School Championships.

Inter School Fixtures: Ran 15, Won 9, Lost 6.

Representative Honours:

Merseyside League Team: C. Barry.



COLLEGE ATHLETICS TEAMS

ATHLETICS - 1975

Merseyside Senior Schools Championships

Seniors: Winners of Senior Shield.

Intermediates: Winners of Intermediate Shield.

Juniors: Winners of Junior Shield.

All Teams: Winners of Radio Merseyside Shield
for overall competition.

Christian Brothers Schools Athletics Championships

Seniors: Winners of Bro. Gibbons Shield.

Intermediates: Second.

Juniors: Winners of Bro. Robinson Cup.

Central District Championships

1st—4th Year Teams: Winners of Shield.

Champion School of Liverpool Athletics Championships:

1st—4th Year Teams: Winners of McLaughlin Cup.

County Championships

The College had a record number of boys selected to represent the Outer Liverpool Team in the County Championships—52 out of 80.

CRICKET - 1975

CRICKET 1st XI.

First Team: G. Glynn (Captain), M. Bowe (Vice-Captain), P. Bartley (Secretary), C. Dooley, D. Evans, K. Warriner, K. McCarten, D. O'Connor, P. Quinn, P. McElroy, J. Bird, N. Byrne.

Record to date: Played 9, Won 8, Drawn 1, Lost 0.

Outstanding achievements: Three boys have achieved scores of over 50.

M. Bowe—107 not out (v St. Kevin's)

G. Glynn—80 (v Stoke)

D. Evans—58 (v Collegiate).

Record bowling performance: K. McCarten—7 wickets for 19 runs (v S.F.X.)

Merseyside K.O. Competition: St. Edward's 1st XI have reached the semi-final of this competition.

The match that will decide whether they are to be in the final will be against Salesian, and take place at Aigburth C.C. ground in mid-July.

CRICKET 2nd XI

Record to date: Played 7, Won 2, Drawn 2, Lost 3.

CRICKET U15

Record to date: Played 6, Won 4, Drawn 2, Lost 0.

CRICKET U13

Record to date: Played 6, Won 3, Drawn 1, Lost 2.

CRICKET U12.

Record to date: Played 4, Won 3, Drawn 0, Lost 1.

CHESS

Team Results:	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
Senior Team	11	7	1	3
U-15	10	7	2	1
U-13	11	5	2	4

Representative Honours: D. Watkins and P. Hughes have represented Liverpool Schools and Lancashire Schools on a number of occasions this season.



CRICKET, FIRST ELEVEN

Standing: D. O'Connor, P. McElroy, P. Bartley, D. Evans, K. Warriner.
Seated: J. Bird, M. Bowe, G. Glynn, K. McCarten, N. Byrne.

SWIMMING CLUB - 1974/75

	Swam	Won	Lost	For	Agnst	% Wins
1st Year	17	15	2	638	439	87.5%
2nd Year	17	14	3	623	454	81.25%
3rd Year	16	13	3	573	403	80%
4th Year	12	8	4	376	337	63.6%
Open Year	16	11	5	626	464	67%
Overall Result:	Swam 78,	Won 61,	Lost 17.			

SWIMMING AWARDS

Amateur Swimming Association Survival Awards:

Bronze: P. Fitzsimmons, D. Fisher, P. Taylor, G. Keenan
D. Jones, A. Willett, P. Stephenson, D. Short,
J. McGrath, A. Preston, P. Monaghan, T. Gibson,

M. Ford, P. Johnson, S. Rankin, N. Brennan,
J. Grace, S. Fletcher, T. Alderman, F. Cunningham,
L. Robinson, P. Melia.

Silver: A. Higham, M. Salib, A. Connolly, M. Flewitt,
M. Buchanan, D. Fisher, P. Fitzsimmons, D. Short,
D. Higham, S. Rankin, J. McGrath, P. Monaghan,
A. Willett, P. Taylor, P. Stephenson.

Gold: A. Norris, T. Soulsby, S. Hughes, R. Baird,
A. Higham, N. Salib, M. Buchanan, M. Flewitt,
J. O'Donnell.

Honours: P. Maloney, M. Sweeney.

Royal Life Saving Society Awards:

Bronze Medallion: G. Tyrer, N. Flewitt, M. McAllister,
P. Sweeney.



SENIOR SWIMMING TEAM

Standing: P. Moscardini, S. Murphy, N. Flewitt, P. Cunningham, T. Haines.
Seated: G. Tyrer, J. Chambers (Capt.), A. Buchanan.

CROQUET - 1974/75

FIRST XIV REPORT

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
17	0	0	17	0	57	0

Honours, Cups, Trophies, etc. F.A. Cup.

1974-75 was yet another fine season for the First XIV.

The year opened promisingly with the team battling bravely against enormous odds and finally achieving a resounding victory which will cheer the heart of every true Edwardian when they qualified for the first round of the Bootle and District Fairs Cup by having their name pulled out of the bingo barrel at the parish hall of St. Norman the Unrepentant, Bootle. The team journeyed to one of the game's national shrines, the hallowed turf of the field at St. Wedgewood the Free-loader R.C. Infants' School, Bootle, to face the home team (also known as Bootle Dynamo). Our enjoyment was spoilt only by the misfortune of our star striker Billy Bean, who got his stud stuck in a bottle half buried in the hallowed turf. The stud had to be removed. Always brave, even in defeat, we came home tired but happy.

In December the team embarked on a highly successful tour of Kirkby. The tour started with a relatively narrow defeat at St. Roger the Whippet Breeder Comprehensive. And so, their journey had just begun. It continued with visits to such venues at St. Heinrich the Remarkable Secondary Modern, St. Kissinger the Lumberjack GS., and St. Elvin-of-the-Watergate Juniors. The team almost came close to spectacular and well-deserved victory on some occasions. The tour ended with a visit to one of the game's other national shrines, the other hallowed turf of the field at St. Longmuir the Urban District Council Comprehensive. A near crisis arose after the match when star striker Billy Bean mislaid his stud, but it turned up and the day ended happily. Always brave, even in defeat, we came home tired but happy.

In February came the testimonial match for the legendary Bixie Bean, in which the team faced an all-

star side including Kevin Keebean, Bob Latchbean and Jillie Bean King. The match was held at one of the game's other national shrines, the other different hallowed turf of the field at St. Henry the Shocking G.S. (soon to be merged with the St. Richard the Pigeon Fancier G.S. to become the St. Percy the Gazumper Sixth-form College), Bootle. The occasion was covered by the B.B.C. (i.e., a works' outing from the Better Bean Company-. Another sad day for star striker Billy Bean, however, who was sent off after a flare-up following his being hit in the face by a flying cob of other different hallowed turf, though this was more than recompensed when the Better Bean Company offered to have his stud stuffed and mounted. Always brave, even in defeat, we came home tired but happy.

As the great Ian St. Bean once remarked (or it may have been Nobbean Stiles), "A good season is like a plate of fish and chips." Every season must, inevitably draw to a close, but I am certain that oft, at twilight's mystic hour, our labours o'er, our minds at rest, we'll snatch a mite from mem'ry's dower and live again the great 1974-75 season, when the First XIV excelled themselves in maintaining their usual standards.

In conclusion, special congratulations must go to our star striker Billy Bean, whose stud was selected by Don Bevie to represent England at international level in the forthcoming FIFA. Cup Tournament (Federation International de Footwear Artificiers). Offers for this stud have been made by many clubs in the English and Scottish F.A.s (Footwear Association), and from foreign clubs involving Athletesfootwear Madrid.

Congratulations, Billy! It's "bean" a great season!

B. B. (Hon. Sec.)

Editor's Note—Errata: the initials B.B.C. do not stand for the Better Bean Company, but, of course, for the Better Bean Corporation.

The word "sweet" was inadvertently omitted from the Honours List.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION REPORT

During the year 1974/75 your Association made a profit of approximately £5,500, which in itself is very significant and a very worthwhile contribution. Inflation hits us all and we would have liked to see the figure a little higher. However, so far this year the signs are that our hopes are being realised.

With the existing money in the Building Fund, last year's profit, and with the profit already accrued this year, we have been able to contribute approximately £30,000 towards the new Music and Arts Centre, which is now completed. We know many parents have visited the centre and found it to be an excellent addition to our College of which we are justly proud.

A new venture was started last year, namely, the "200 Club". This has gone from strength to strength, and all tickets have been taken up. It would be very nice if we could start a second "200 Club," so if you are interested do not hesitate to contact us. Also, there is a waiting list for the first 200 Club.

We would like to welcome the following four new members to the Committee — Mrs. E. Melville, Mr. J. Keenan, Mr. L. Scott and Mr. J. O'Hara. It is very nice to have their willing support and help.

We must not forget the retiring members who served the Association so loyally and on your behalf I would like to thank Mrs. R. McAllister, Mr. W. Thompson, Mr. R. Bromley and Mr F. Morgan.

The Finishing Touch Pool as usual was the main source of income and we would like to thank all Agents and members for their continued support.

The Social Sub Committee has again been very active and, in conjunction with the Bar Committee, has arranged a very wide variety of Socials, Dances and "Club Nites". It is a constant source of disappointment to us, that we cannot push the walls of the Dining Hall back to enable us to get more people in.

The Summer Fete and Christmas Fair continue

to prosper and to attract very many people, and together with accompanying Raffles made a profit of approximately £2,000.

The monthly Bingo started last year had to be stopped due to lack of support, which is unusual for our Association.

The Whist Drives held on the second Sunday of each month are supported reasonably well. If you enjoy a game of cards in a friendly atmosphere, why not come along?

The Cricket Team had a good and successful season and I understand that Tom Butchard and his merry men, who meet every Tuesday and Thursday evening (7-45 p.m.) for practice commencing May, 1976, have their sights set on Australia next year.

The Beer and Wine Circle meet on the second Monday of each month, and are giving some good demonstrations on this noble art. Also the Beer and Beef and Cheese Parties they hold at about 3 monthly intervals are very boisterous and enjoyable, so I am told.

Jim Carney — he is the brainy one on the Committee — continues with Quiz Evenings and is forever asking me questions I cannot answer — I suppose I should attend more often his quiz sessions. What about yourselves?

The annual Mass at the Cathedral on the Feast of St. Edward showed the spirit of the Community at St. Edward's College, bringing together the Brothers, Staff, Parents, Old Boys and present pupils — a really impressive afternoon in thanking God for his blessings on us all.

I would like to conclude this report by expressing our indebtedness to Br. Chincotta, Br. O'Grady, Br. Brickley and the Community, Father Naughton and the Staff for all their help and encouragement during the year. I must also thank the boys, particularly those from the Sixth Forms, who assist us on many occasions, particularly at Fairs and Fetes.

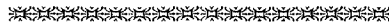
The present Committee listed below is always available if you wish to discuss Association matters or want to help in any way and make any suggestions.

J. W. HAINES.

COMMITTEE 1975-1976

<i>Chairman:</i> Mr. J. HAINES	
47 Barnfield Drive, Liverpool, 12	226 1693
<i>Vice-Chairman:</i> Mr. G. M. HICKMAN	
53 Larkhill Lane, Liverpool, 13	226 3488
<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>Committee:</i>	
Mrs. K. ACKERLEY	
6 Salcombe Drive, Liverpool, 25	486 2107
Mr. T. BEGG	
195 Muirhead Ave. East, Liverpool, 11	226 3856
Mr. J. CARNEY	
135 Glovers Lane, Liverpool, 10	525 2015
Mr. F. COLQUITT	
54 Birchfield Road, Widnes	424 2162
Mrs. M. COLQUITT	
54 Birchfield Road, Widnes	424 2162
Mr. K. GLYNN	
34 Lilac Avenue, Widnes	424 5113
Mrs. H. HAMPSON	
65 Swanside Road, Liverpool, 14	228 3338
Mrs. J. HANDLEY	
21 Hilary Close, Widnes	424 1504
Mr. B. HICKEY	
45 Crosgrave Road, Liverpool, 4	226 2005
Mrs. C. HICKEY	
45 Crosgrave Road, Liverpool, 4	226 2005

Mr. T. HOLIAN	
28 Clarence Avenue, Widnes	424 5119
Mrs. P. JENKINS	
28 Fairfield Avenue, Liverpool, L36	489 9963
Mr. G. KEENAN	
72 Wandsworth Road, Liverpool, 11	226 8629
Mr. D. MAHER	
Green Gables, 16 Roby Road, Huyton	489 3086
Mr. J. MARTIN	
65 Milton Avenue, Liverpool, 14	480 9553
Mr. D. McDOWELL	
27 Beech Park, Liverpool, 12	220 6430
Mr. P. MCGILL	
120 Beversbrook Road, Liverpool, 11	226 9476
Mrs. E. MELVILLE	
23 Walney Road, Liverpool, 12	226 8410
Mr. J. MULCAHY	
6 Durham Way, Huyton	489 0760
Mr. D. NOLAN	
19 Orrell Road, Liverpool 21	928 2856
Mr. J. O'HARA	
17 Mossley Hill Road, Liverpool, 18	724 2822
Mrs. T. O'HARA	
17 Mossley Hill Road, Liverpool, 18	724 2822
Mr. K. PARR	
5 Eaton Road, Liverpool, 12	226 1189
Mr. J. PRESTON	
102 Leyfield Road, Liverpool, 12	228 9026
Mr. T. REDMOND	
33 Score Lane, Liverpool, 16	722 6312
Mr. L. SCOTT	
4 Norwood Grove, Rainford, St. Helens	074 488 3593
<i>College Representative:</i> Rev. Br. G. K. O'GRADY	
St. Edward's College, Sandfield Park, Liverpool, 12	228 3376



SPRING

Out of his shell
 Into the light,
 Bright yellow chicken
 Chirps with delight.

SUMMER

Warm sun, blue sky,
 Bumble-bee and butterfly.
 Honeysuckle, daisy chain,
 Summertime is here again.

AUTUMN

One, two three, the Spring's departed.
 Four, five six, the summer's started.
 Sunshine, flowers and fields of hay,
 Thunder, showers and holiday.

WINTER

Snow upon the rooftops
 Winter's here again,
 Lovely frosty pictures
 On the window pane.

PAUL JOHNSTON (1 M)

RUNNYMEDE NOTES

Runnymede continues to play a full and active part in the life of St. Edward's College, for it is here that the foundations of later success must be well and truly laid. Academically speaking, the younger members of the Edwardian family continue to maintain the high standard expected, throughout the four junior classes. In particular, the successes of last year's Junior 4 group in admissions to secondary education set the seal on a year of full co-operation between the members of the Staff, the boys and their parents.

The high religious tone of the school is shown in various ways — in the devout way in which the boys say their prayers — by their charity to others in need, from Liverpool to Liberia — and by their participation in the various events of a religious nature organised for them throughout the school year.

The gap left by the departure of Br. P. Upton for higher education has been filled by Mr. P. Sweeney, and we extend a warm welcome to him (though rumour has it that he is an E n supporter!!) We welcome also the 31 new boys now fully fledged members of Junior One class.

Sincere congratulations to Brother G. K. O'Grady who has been granted the rare privilege of distributing Holy Communion. We hear that he served the School Orchestra well during its recent visit to Newfoundland, even receiving a new title. Our thanks to the Superior, Br. G. C. Brickley, who encouraged and supervised the Preparatory Department during Br. O'Grady's absence. We rejoiced to learn, too, of the Final Profession of Br. H. Harrington, an old friend of Runnymede and its staff.

Music continues to play an important part in the school curriculum, and we are grateful as ever, to Miss Hogg for her work with the budding violinists. Our association with the Metropolitan Cathedral Choir under Mr. P. Duffy has proved to be beneficial

for all concerned. Miss H. Burrows continues to supervise the physical education classes with her customary vim and vigour. The boys of Runnymede appreciate the contribution made by the Main School Staff and are grateful for the help given by the Student Brothers whose presence is always welcomed.

Many people help, in various ways, in the smooth running of our school, but we especially value the part played by the School Secretaries, by Miss Kelly and her dining-room staff along with the caretaker and cleaners.

Highlight of the school year once again proved to be the Annual Prize Day and Concert on Sunday, 13th July. The occasion was a truly memorable one since the principal guest — Rev. Br. W. L. Gillespie, C.F.C., L.R.Sc., M.A. (Cantab.), Ph.D., is a former pupil of Runnymede.

The violinists under the capable direction of Miss Hogg, and the recorders played most pleasingly. The main part of the proceedings was the production of "St. Jerome and the Lion". This legend, with music by W. H. Parry and poem by Rumer Godden, brought together many aspects of school work, and even included live monks (junior size) with a truly life-like lion in Paul Johnston. We even had an ass and a camel lurking among the cast. Mention must be made of Stuart Wright in the part of St. Jerome. His singing and acting were of a very high standard. The school choir and instrumental musicians were trained and conducted by Miss H. Hogg. The speech and production were in the hands of Mr. W. Kelly, whilst Mr. P. Moorhead acted as Stage Manager.

SCHOOL OUTING

Chester Zoo was the venue for this day away from the toil of the classroom. It proved an enjoyable occasion as usual, and all returned safely save perhaps for one erstwhile gentleman from Junior 4 group, who met with a slight mishap during a "stop-off" in Arrowse Park. So for Graham Proffitt the outing turned out to be something of a "loss".



RUNNYMEDE UNDER-ELEVEN FOOTBALL TEAM, 1975

Back Row: A. Morgan, M. Nolan.

Middle Row: D. Connolly, A. Reid, B. Taylor, J. Grace, D. Parry, D. Short.

Front Row: R. Byrne, R. Mann, G. Hyde-Price, D. Ford, N. Brennan (Capt.)

G. Hughes, N. Jacobs, R. Cullen.

SOCCER

	P	W	L	D	F	A	Pts.
U 9's	2	1	1	0	3	4	2
U 10's	13	9	3	1	36	21	19
U 11's	11	8	1	2	22	13	18
	26	18	5	3	61	38	39

CROSS COUNTRY

LIVERPOOL JUNIOR SCHOOLS' INVITATION CHAMPIONSHIPS

St. Edward's Prep. overall winners, winning 5 out of a possible 8 team events.

WINNING TEAMS:

J.1. (A) Team: S. Dwerryhouse 1st. A. Reilly 8th. A. McNamara 9th.

J.1. (B) Team: T. Hornby 1st. R. Brown 4th. J. Evans 12th.

J.2. (A) Team: T. Larcombe 2nd. M. Nolan 7th. G. Hughes 9th.

J.3. (A) Team: P. Astles 1st. J. Grace 7th. C. Maher 8th.

J.3. (B) Team: N. Whitfield 1st. D. Ford 9th. J. Power 22nd.

J.4. P. Fitzsimmons 3rd.

50 - 60 Runners in each race.

ATHLETICS

1. CENTRAL DISTRICT — Winners of small Schools' section.
2. CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' CHAMPIONSHIPS — 3rd place.

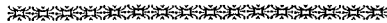
On the sports field, the boys of the Preparatory School trained hard to achieve success, but are finding competition from rival schools much keener. Thank you to those parents who gave loyal support

at football and athletic matches and supplied transport for team members.

The swimming team won the Central District Championships and was represented for the first time in the Merseyside Schools' Swimming Championships at Speke Baths.

Finally it is pleasing to record another notable "first" in Alan Jolliffe, who was chosen to play for Liverpool Primary Schools' Cricket Team — well done!!

W.K.



SEVEN DOGS AND A CAT

There were seven dogs from Regent St.
 Altogether you could see 28 tiny feet.
 Their feet plodded into the ground.
 They went round Regent St., round and round.

One day the seven saw a hat.
 Under it they found a cat.
 They chased it round the street.
 What a racket made 32 feet.

The cat jumped onto a wall.
 Then down bounced a football.
 For about a mile the dogs could be heard.
 The cat was very scared.

The cat jumped off the wall,
 But fell on the ball.
 Luckily it got away down the street,
 In the distance you could hear 4 tiny feet.

GARY HYDE-PRICE (J3)

SNOW

I'm sitting here thinking
 Where the snow comes from.
 Is it from the sky so high,
 Or from the clouds so white?

I wonder if the clouds crumble
 And fall down to the ground.
 Or is it funny shaped stars
 That are falling all around?

BRENDAN GALLAGHER (J3)

BONFIRE NIGHT

The Bonfire's bright
 Red, orange, lights;
 All colours gleaming.
 Smoke streaming;
 Tiny tots in bed dreaming.

MICHAEL F. J. BYRNE (J1)

A TRIP TO THE MOON

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Lift off! The rocket sped off at full speed. It was going to Mars. Soon the rocket was in outer space. "Ground control to Mars flight. You may walk around." When they were eating, the rocket shook and the lights went out. "A meteorite! Mars flight to ground control. We will have to land on the moon." They were cut off. They fired retro-rockets to slow down, and they landed on the moon.

They tried, but in vain, to fix the damage, and by accident someone pushed the ladder onto the take-off button and the rocket took off, into orbit round the moon! Later a rumbling was heard and a rocket came into view. Ground control had heard their distress signals and had come to rescue them. When they got back to earth they told their story.

PETER HEDGES (J2)

MY BUDGIE

I have a pet budgie called Joey
 Who is very white and snowy.
 He flaps his wings
 And usually sings.

He flies round the cage
 And gets in a rage.
 He knocks his friend,
 Then falls down again.

He gets out at night
 And goes for a flight.
 He scatters his feathers
 Over my head.

DAVID WILLIAMS (Junior 1)

CRANEZY ZOO

Yesterday an American visited London Zoo. "Where are the famous Grey Cranes?" inquired the American. "I am very sad to have to tell you, but the two famous Grey Cranes died last year," replied the Zookeeper sorrowfully. "Could you please show me where they are buried?" asked the American. "Okay," replied the Zookeeper.

He led the American to a field. In the middle of the field there were many large, gay flowers, and around the edges of the field there were dull, small flowers.

"Why is it?" inquired the American, "that the flowers grow better in the spot where the Cranes were buried." "Oh, didn't you know," asked the Zookeeper, "that Grey Dead Cranes Make Finer Flowers?"

JAMES CONNELLY (1 D)

There was a new clerk at the Poste Restante window in the Post Office. One day when he was busy, a man came to the window and boomed, "Any letters for Mike Howe?"

The clerk went on working. The man repeated the question even louder.

Without looking up, the clerk answered, "Not for your cow or your horse either!"

PETER BRASH (2 H)

Q. What do you get when you cross a chicken with a cement mixer?

A. A bricklayer.

How would you describe, in one word, a lunatic with a bottle of perfume?

Sentimental.

IAN WOOLEY (2 D)

Q. Why can't a bicycle stand up on its own?

A. Because it's two tired!

Q. What is green, slimy, and goes "Hith, Hith"?

A. A snake with a lisp!

A. HAUGHTON (3 Hope)

Have you heard of the two corpuscles who loved in vein?

"Mummy, I don't want this egg!"

"Eat it up, dear."

"But, Mummy, it's not very fresh!"

"Never mind, dear, eat it up."

"But, Mummy, do I have to eat the beak as well?"

PETE EDGE (4 Sefton)

A PAINFUL RUN

Waiting for the start;
Chills running up my spine,
Throbbing in my heart
And saying "This race is mine."

The starter sets us off
And we're fighting for the lead.
I'm searching for the confidence
That I know I'm going to need.

We've not gone very far
But already I'm feeling the strain,
Beginning to get a stitch
And my legs are feeling pain.

Halfway through the race,
Someone shouts, "You're doing great!"
I make a bid to catch the leader
But — "Have I left it late?"

I'm being overtaken
But I will not let him go.
My body says, "I can't go on"
But my mind says, "That's not so."

The finish-line comes into view
And I'm sprinting even more.
I cross the line, exhausted
And I fall down on the floor.

MICHAEL THOMPSON (1H)

AUTUMN

Autumn is a season,
When most of the trees are bare.
Their leaves are scattered on the ground,
Almost everywhere.

All the birds have migrated,
To the warmer lands.
The animals are asleep once more,
Some below the ground.

The wind blows between the trees,
The trees begin to sway.
Now the sun begins to set,
To end another day.

The nights are getting darker,
Autumn will soon be gone.
Christmas will soon be with us.
And then we'll have lots of fun.

PAUL ROBERTS (1 Hope)

SHE SITS

She sits. She sits alone and listens all the while.
She waits. She waits for someone who will bring to
her a smile.

She stares. She stares as seconds slowly slip away.
She thinks. She thinks of when her life was gay.

We move. We move along with bustle all the while.
We live. We live our lives from day to day in city
style.

We see. We see but seldom sense what's going on.
We sleep. We sleep and yet another day is gone.

She sits. She sits with tattered scarf on greying head.
She smiles. She smiles with wrinkled face that shows
the life she led.

She stays. She stays so still in cherished rocking chair.
She longs. She longs for something new to break
despair.

We move. We move with shuffling feet and engine's
roar.

We frown. We frown as dirty rains upon our
buildings pour.

We go. We go to sleek suburban-sited homes.
We watch. We watch the T.V. set and things
unknown.

She lies. She lies upon the paper on the floor.
She lies. She lies as people civilised and clean go past
the door.

She lies. She lies in some place soft so far away.
She lies. She lies for gone is her last day.

We gasp. We gasp in horror at the scene.
We groan. We groan as old age, dead, appears upon
our screen.

We gaze. We gaze as cam'ras move our thoughts
elsewhere.

I weep. I weep because so many couldn't care.

W. WALDRON (6 AM 2)

THE KESTREL

The kestrel patrols the sky,
Alert to the slightest movement below.
It pauses — hovering.
Downward it plunges onto its prey,
And rises — a limp form dangling from its claws.

A mouse scurries through the wheat searching for
food

In the shadow of a kestrel's wings.
It freezes in terror.

The cruel claws grip the mouse,
It dies painfully with a shattered spine.

PETER KERRIGAN (1 Mersey)

OLD MAN

Old man, old man, sitting on the stair,
Not a care in the world; no-one loves him.
Old man, old man, smoking all day —
No-one will stay, and sit with him.

Life is hard — doesn't he know it!
But unlike the rest he won't show it.
The war took his wife and children three,
And there's no-one left to care for he.

Old man, old man, sitting all alone
Doesn't have a home or a family.
Old man, old man, watching time go by —
Wonder when he'll die? Who cares? Not me!

PEACE, NOT WAR

Peace not war is the message. No-one abides by it.
Guns and bombs and flick-knives! Run, for the fuse
is lit.

Live your life of fear; the world is ruled by war.
Never, never walk the streets, because no-one obeys
the law.

Thugs and robbers and muggers cast their evil eyes
Over the innocent people, and pick the victim who
dies.

Murder is too common to shock the paper reader,
And cries come from o'er the land: "We need a
stronger leader."

Did you ever hear the parable, about the Samaritan
and the Jew?

Well, there are many robbers, but Samaritans are just
too few.

Policemen are no problem, for the vicious evil thugs,
For if one does appear, they fill him full of slugs.

Peace not war is the message. No-one abides by it.
Guns and bombs and flick-knives! Run, for the
fuse is lit.

COLIN ROSS (4 Mersey)

FOG IS ALL AROUND US

It covers the world
It covers the ground
It covers the houses
All around.
It tosses about,
It twirls around.
It comes from the sky
And touches the ground.
It's a big grey blanket,
It comes and goes,
Wherever it goes to
Nobody knows.

MICHAEL O'LEARY (1 Mersey)

HAIKUS

Battle
The battle commences
Agonising screams.
Innocent soldiers.

Aztecs
A fierce fighting race,
A civilised people,
The ancient aztecs.

Power
American nuclear power.
Coal as a steam power.
Man's everyday needs.

Bonfire Night
The fireworks explode.
The guy is alight.
Chestnuts in the fire.

Waterfall
Fast flowing water,
It eats up the banks.
Down, down, over it goes.

JONATHAN KEARNEY (1H)

THE OLD CAPTAIN

There was an old Captain named Gray,
Who sat on a tintack one day.
His yell was so vast
That it brought down the mast,
And carried the mainsail away.

PAUL KENYON (1 D)

PRICE OF A DRINK

"Five pence a glass!" Does anyone think
That this is really the price of a drink?
"Five pence a glass," I hear you say,
"Why! that isn't much to pay."
Ah yes, indeed, it's a very small sum,
That you're passing across with your fingers and
thumb.
And if that were all that you gave away.
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink, let one man tell,
Who sleeps tonight in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the evil of hell.
Honour, peace, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of days of wealth and fame,
High ambition and noble aim,
These are the treasures thrown away,
For the price of a drink from day to day.

JOSEPH GRANLY (2 Hope)

THE PHANTOM

Through the graveyards, on a dreary night,
The Phantom floats around;
To the human eyes a horrible sight,
The monster from the ground.

The body lies rotting in the grave.
The Spirit has risen up.
It haunts anyone who dares to pass its way.
It maddens who dare look.

Many a victim the Phantom has claimed.
Many a person has died.
Many people the Phantom has maimed,
And many mourners have cried.

ANDREW MITCHELL (1 Hope)

THE WILD HORSE

Pounding across the open plain
With fiery eyes and fluttering mane,
The wild horse is full of speed.
He's a beautiful, fierce, fiery steed.

With heart aglow, with eyes so bright,
He gallops across the moonlight night,
He gallops, across a golden stream,
But now he's vanishing like a dream.

BATTY BOOKS

Pattern — by D. Sign.
Snakes — by Anna Conder.
Buried Treasure — by Ida Coin.
Leaving School — by X. Peld.
Learning to Drive — by L. Plate.
White Sinks — by A. Jax.

MARTIN FORDE (1 Hope)

A DAY IN SUMMER

During the summer, everything's fine.
How I wish the world was mine.
The country-side is bright and gay,
Birds are singing all through the day.

There are animals running everywhere.
Oh, look there, is that a hare?
Soon the night will come
And all the animals will go home.

And then, at dead of night,
When the moon is shining bright,
Then, the owl appears,
And out of its nest it peers.

And then, with gleams in its eyes,
Away it silently flies.
After a while, it finds its tea.
And then it returns to its tree.

ANDREW SADLER (1 Hope)