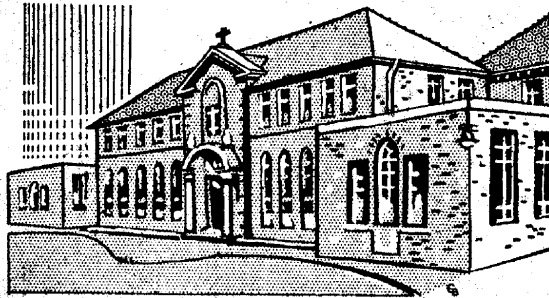


St. Edward's College Magazine



LIVERPOOL

1976/77

ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Vol. 2

No. 9



LIVERPOOL

1977

This issue of the magazine is
dedicated to
COLONEL BRYSON
in grateful acknowledgement
of his devoted work
for the College.

EDITORIAL

In some ways it does not seem as if a full year has elapsed since last year's publication of the magazine. However, if you think back over the last year you will soon realise just how many changes and events have taken place in the school. Nevertheless, before drawing your attention to these events, with reference to the content of the magazine, we would just like to point out that the magazine is the result mainly of your efforts and not ours.

First of all we would like to express our regret that Mr. J. Thomas and Mr. R. Irving left us this year. As everyone knows, Mr. Thomas was a member of the English staff, and in his later years at St. Edward's, he also fulfilled the role of Careers Master, giving up much of his own time to help boys in the choice of their future careers.

The departure of Mr. Irving, affectionately known as "Rod" (amongst other things) will be a great loss to the school. As well as being a language teacher he also stepped in to help in the careers office when Mr. Thomas left. But perhaps he will be missed to a greater extent by the sporting side of the school, especially in the field of rugby.

Although Mr. Bruce was with us only a short time, he also will be greatly missed due to the impact he made on many sixth form mathematicians. We would like to wish all these members of staff and their families every success in the future.

We would also like to welcome to the College Mr. S. Sheedy, of the English Dept., Mr. J. McCarthy of the Maths. Dept., and the Rev. Br. Foley, an ex-headmaster of our school, in the more junior capacity of careers officer. We hope their stay with us will be long and enjoyable.

This year also saw the departure of Fr. Naughton. We wish him every success in his new post, and extend a warm welcome to Fr. Peter Ryan, the new school chaplain.

Miss J. Sheehan and Mr. C. Burgin have also joined us in the Spanish and Biology depts., respectively, teaching on a part-time basis.

Finally, on behalf of many students, both past

and present, we would like to thank Miss Kelly for her many years of faithful service in the canteen, and wish her a happy retirement.

This year we again celebrated the feast of St. Edward with a Mass in the Cathedral. Our thanks go to everyone who helped to make this such a joyous occasion.

The pantorama was again its usual self. We would like to congratulate Mr. Duffy and Mr. Stevenson for making it slightly amusing by continually forgetting their lines.

Again, for the second year running, the lower sixth form of St. Edward's and Bellerive combined, this year, to present a production of Shakespeare's "The Taming of The Shrew".

As one can see, the past year at St. Edward's has been quite an eventful one, both in the classrooms and on the playing fields. The rugby team once again won the National Sevens and from last year's sixth form, students have taken up places at Oxford and Cambridge. Congratulations also go to Dermot Maher, who this year received a scholarship from Cambridge, and to Philip Swanson who received an exhibition from Oxford, and to the other sixth formers who have also been offered places at these universities.

We would also like to thank and say goodbye to Col. Bryson who has served the school with many loyal and faithful years of service on the Board of Governors.

To finish, we would like to thank most sincerely the office staff, grounds staff, and canteen staff for their tireless work on our behalf. Without them the school literally could not function. In this respect we would especially like to thank Mrs. Usher and Mrs. Hickey for their patient help and assistance in producing the magazine, by bearing up so nobly under Mr. Young's frequent appeals for information and help.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

IAN GILROY

JOHN RIDGE
GEOFFREY WALKER
MIKE MCCALLISTER

MIKE CLARKE
STEVE LEIGH
MR. B. YOUNG

COLONEL BRYSON — AN APPRECIATION

Colonel 'Paddy' Bryson retired as Chairman of the Local Governing Body of St. Edward's College at its Autumn Meeting in 1976 after occupying the post for many years, a position in which he succeeded Canon Danher.

Colonel Bryson became the first layman to be Chairman of the Governing Body and added this distinction to a long list of other 'firsts' which he acquired during a life-time of service to St. Edward's College in particular and to Merseyside in general.

Colonel Bryson, the son of a distinguished Old Boy of the Catholic Institute, was educated at St. Edward's College in St. Domingo Road, Liverpool. Leaving school in 1930, he followed his father's footsteps by joining the legal profession. In accordance with the tradition of the times he commenced his study of law as an Articled Clerk to a solicitor. Combining practice with study at the University of Liverpool, he obtained his LLB Degree and has practised in the legal profession on Merseyside continuously, with the exception of his military service, since that time. After World War 2, he became Registrar of the High Court and County Court of Liverpool, being the youngest Registrar in the country at that period. During the last thirty years, these courts have grown considerably and he is now the Senior Registrar with five registrars reporting to him.

Before 1939, he was Commanding Officer with the 470 Regiment of the Territorials stationed at Aigburth Road, and after the outbreak of hostilities served in the Liverpool Irish Regiment as their C.O. with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He has maintained these associations since that time and is now a Brevet Colonel of the Liverpool Irish and Honorary Colonel of the Royal Signals Regiment, headquartered in Huyton.

In a synthesis of his public services and his

own professional expertise, he has for many years been a Justice of the Peace and is presently Chairman of the Selection Board for Justices of the Peace. He is Chairman of the British Legion Poppy Day Committee for Merseyside and also Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire. His record of public and private service is a reflection of his outstanding ability and commitment in these areas, and he is an Old Boy whom the College holds in the highest esteem and whose reflected glory it enjoys.

Colonel Bryson became Governor of St. Edward's College in 1951/52, succeeding his illustrious father in this position; and only now has felt it necessary to relinquish this duty. Despite his many professional and public commitments, Colonel Bryson has never spared himself in his application to the interests of the College and this has been particularly so during the period of his Chairmanship, since during this period the problem of re-organisation with all its attendant problems has been one of the principal preoccupations of the Governing Body, and a primary responsibility of the Chairman.

His intense professional commitment together with his quiet personal efficiency, has ensured that many protracted and difficult discussions were conducted quietly and with charity, even though on occasions there were conflicting voices and opinions to be heard and to be reconciled at the meetings of the Governing Body. He was an ideal Chairman in every sense of the word, and the conclusions reached concerning re-organisation which, we hope, will be in the best interests of the School, the Church and of the City, owe an immense debt to his patience and hard work during this difficult period.

Despite his resignation as Chairman and as a member of the Governing Body, we are confident that we will always have his good wishes and assistance in the future. We take this opportunity of very simply but nonetheless with great sincerity, thanking him for all the effort, hard work and advice which he has shown to his *alma mater* during a life time of public service.

PROFESSOR W. B. WHALLEY.

FATHER NAUGHTON — an appreciation of his work in St. Edward's

Out of the blue, we heard that Fr. Naughton had been appointed to a parish in Pemberton, near Wigan. Up to then, we were his parish — the staff and boys of St. Edward's. I simply had not thought of his leaving.

When had he come to St. Edward's? No one knew immediately. As a curate at St. Paul's he was our chaplain almost automatically and slowly but surely he became an integral part of the life of the college, teaching throughout the school from first year to the sixth form. Not only involved in the religious education of the boys, he ran and watched the Second XI cricket team. This caused some divided loyalties in the staff, for Fr. Naughton was also a regular member of the staff side.

Working also as chaplain in Broughton Hall, he forged links, between their sixth form and ours by organising joint retreats and discussion groups.

He was involved in organising holidays for handicapped children through which he built up a team of old boys and sixth formers who each year spent part of their summer vacation helping with the children.

His unassuming, patient work in the school helped the staff in many ways, particularly the Religious Education staff. Through the critical period following Vatican II, he performed the delicate task of supporting the different members of staff in their attempts to orientate themselves and their teaching to the new ideas.

The school chapel was opened during his stay with us and he worked to make it an important part of the school. He showed a keen interest in all that the boys and staff did and worked tirelessly for our good.

To be of service and to be available are two hallmarks of any school chaplain and Fr. Naughton displayed them to the full. He will be missed, and we thank him for all he did for the whole school community and wish him success and rewarding happiness in his new appointment.

A. E. EDWARDS



THE PHANTOM OF THE CINEMA

In the City of Liverpool there is a cinema. It is closed now but years ago it was a very popular cinema. It was said that it was haunted. Only the staff would believe it. The public thought that it was only a joke. No one dared to stay in it over-night. One man was getting fed up of the old story and said that he would stay in it over-night thinking that he might put a stop to the story.

The night came and everybody who had been watching the last show had gone out. The staff cleaned the cinema and the man came to stay. The staff locked the doors with him inside. They asked him if he was alright and he said, 'Yes.' The staff

came back now and then to see if he was alright. Nothing happened until about three o'clock when a scratching coming from the cinema was heard. Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! All was quiet then but in the middle of the silence there was a scream. Then the same thing repeated itself. Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! And then silence. The staff opened up the cinema. The man was nowhere to be seen. The staff looked in the offices. They found nothing except the foot in a shoe — the foot of the man. After this story got around, the cinema's audiences declined, until eventually it was closed and the cinema was boarded up and the offices bricked up. It is said that on some nights you can still hear the three scratches and the scream.

PAUL SKINNER, 1 H.

INTRODUCING THE CHAPLAIN

by FR. PETER RYAN

When I was asked to write this article some-time in December, I said, "Yes," cheerfully enough. I never find it too difficult to take on engagements of various sorts. Providing one is given sufficient notice, the thing — whatever it is — looks comfortably enough in the future — next month — next year — and can be written painlessly into one's diary. But then the day of reckoning draws inexorably nearer and one has to start the business of preparing the sermon, talk or article, as the case may be. It's then that one begins to regret the easy acceptance of the invitation to do the thing in the first place. And that's exactly how I feel at this minute. Here I am on a cold, grey, January morning with a bit of music in the background for comfort, trying to produce an article introducing myself to the readers of the St. Edward's College magazine.

What on earth does the Editor want? What will be of interest to the readers? Goodness knows! And I've not even got a limit to work to. When I asked, "How many words?" I was told, "As many as you want, Father." Not much help! I suppose rumours of the length of my sermons must be rife and the speaker must have felt the hopelessness of trying to curb the flow of clerical verbiage.

I daresay it's a bit of autobiography that's really wanted, so I'll try to do something along those lines. I was born in Crosby way back in August, 1929. That makes me 47. I put that in for the sake of the wretched boy in Runnymede who rather nastily estimated my age at 65.

I was educated locally, beginning with the Infants' Department of Merchant Taylor's Girls' School. I reckon this ought to qualify me as an entrant to the Old Girls' Association; since the Act of Parliament outlawing discrimination on the grounds of sex I don't see how they could refuse

me. From M.T.S. Girls' I finally graduated to the boys' school, after an intervening period in Crosby Preparatory School.

I was at Merchant Taylors' from 1940-48 — difficult days for the school, since nearly all the younger members of the staff were away on war service. I shall never forget my first summer term at the school, when lessons were continually interrupted by air-raid warnings and we had to keep rushing off to the shelters. At first this meant a joyous release from the tedium of lessons, but then the "Powers-that-be" decided that this wouldn't do, and we had to take our lesson books with us and continue our labours in the shelters. We were always hoping for a direct hit on the school during our temporary absence below ground, but the enemy never obliged. The nearest he got was three bombs on the school field!

We had to carry our gas masks slung over our shoulders all the time, and I recall a disciplinary visit to the Headmaster in my second year when, before caning me, he said politely, "Would you please take off your gas-mask?" It might have cramped his style.

In those days there was a thorough-going policy of apartheid between Catholics and other Christians, and we had absolutely no official contact at all with either St. Mary's College or Seafeld Grammar School, though in the winter we sometimes had the most marvellous snowball fights with St. Mary's. But it is sad, looking back, to think how completely our worlds were separated.

From Merchant Taylors' I went, like most of my generation, into the Forces to do my National Service. I entered the Royal Army Service Corps in September, 1948, and was released in 1950 — then on to Liverpool University to read for a degree in Natural Sciences.

In my last year at school I had suddenly woken up to religion, and had begun to find myself

attending church not just because of family pressure but out of real conviction. In the army, contact with some good chaplains helped me further, so that by the time I started at University I was beginning to think vaguely of offering myself for ordination in the ministry of the Church of England. Half way through my University course I attended a selection board and was accepted as a candidate. I took my degree in 1954 and then moved on to Lincoln Theological College for my training. In those days, if you had a degree, in no matter what subject, only two years at a theological college were required, and there used to be a saying that Catholic priests were amazed that Anglican clergy could know any theology after only two years, whereas Anglicans were astonished that Catholics could know so little after six!

I was ordained a deacon in May 1956 in Carlisle Cathedral. It was a rather dramatic occasion, as the ordaining Bishop collapsed just after ordaining me, and the remaining two or three ordinandi had to wait for another day. The uncharitable jibes I had to endure can be imagined.

I served for two years in the parish of St. Peter's, Kells, Whitehaven, the first as a deacon, and then at the beginning of my second year I was ordained a priest. While I was at Kells, I lived in 'digs' with a mining family, all of whom were keen supporters of Whitehaven Rugby League Club, and they helped me to make my first acquaintance with the professional code.

After my two years at Kells, I moved on to Maryport, just north of Workington, where I spent three years as curate at the parish church of St. Mary's. During these five years in Cumberland I became much involved in ecumenical activity, and it was my increasing contacts with Catholics and Free Church people that helped to lead me on to a more serious consideration of the claims of the Catholic Church. At last, in 1961, things reached the point when I felt that I could no longer continue in the Anglican ministry, though I still didn't feel

sure enough of myself to take the step of becoming a Catholic.

So, having talked things over with my Bishop, I decided to spend some time as a volunteer with a team organised by the World Council of Churches working in a very poor region of Greece, near the Albanian border. This was a wonderful experience, giving me, inter-alia, a chance of getting to know something of the Greek Orthodox Church.

During my time in Greece, my mind became clear as to what the next step must be. I returned home to England in February, 1963, and on March 23rd I was received into full communion with the Roman Catholic Church. Archbishop Heenan (as he was then) accepted me as a candidate for the priesthood for the Archdiocese of Liverpool, and in October of the same year I went out to the Beda College in Rome. My period of training culminated with my ordination to the priesthood in the Sistine Chapel by His Holiness Pope Paul VI. It was a wonderful occasion, made the happier for me by the presence of my mother, then 80 years old, and many of my friends, including — a great ecumenical gesture — my former Anglican Rural Dean from Maryport, Canon William Marsden.

I came back to England in the summer of 1967 and was appointed assistant priest at the Cathedral, where I spent eight very happy years. In July, 1975 I moved to St. Edmund's, Waterloo, where I combined work in the parish with serving as part-time chaplain at St. Mary's College — a school of which most Edwardians will at least have heard. How oddly things turn out. How surprised I would have been as a boy at Merchant Taylors' if I'd been told that one day I should be Chaplain to that strange and mysterious institution down the road.

In July, 1976, Archbishop Worlock asked me if I'd like to be appointed as full-time chaplain to St. Edward's College and Broughton Hall High School, in succession to Father Naughton. I said, 'Yes' — and here I am!

GERRY ALSTON, R.I.P.

GERRY ALSTON died in November, 1976, and the world was a poorer place for his going.

Blessed with a rare organising ability and a limitless capacity for work, qualities which made him a natural leader of men, he would have gone to the top in any field he chose to enter. Such things, however, were not for him. He preferred to devote himself to the service of others.

Of all his activities there are two for which he will best be remembered; the Old Boys' Association and his work for the Diocese.

An Old Boy of St. Mary's, Crosby and of St. Edward's, he had nothing but praise for the Christian Brothers and their work (and no little sympathy for those through whose hands he himself passed). This as much as anything else was his motivation in looking for an effective Association. It was his drive and vision which led to the post-war development of Bishop's Court when he literally drove a motley collection of teachers, civil servants and other non-manual workers into the purchase and building of the annexe at that same Bishop's Court and external structural alterations to the main building. He was chairman, foreman, clerk of works

and sticker on of stamps, but never did he ask a man to do a job he was unable, or unwilling, to do himself. When promotion took him away from Liverpool he left behind a strong and vigorous Association in which his interest always remained.

In the 1960's rising prices and lowering incomes left the Church in financial difficulties. Seeing the answer to the problem, he took early retirement and offered his services to Archbishop Beck and began a second career. As Revenue Director and Covenant Organiser he did as he had done twenty or so years earlier; he gathered around him a group of hand-picked volunteers, told them what he wanted and set out to persuade the priests and people of the Diocese of the need and showed them the way. In a few short years the Diocese was receiving almost £750,000 a year — all of it reclaimed from the Tax Man.

Ill-health eventually forced him to retire for a second time, but he fought against it with the courage and determination which had so characterised his life.

To his wife, Mary, and his family, we offer our deepest sympathies and assure them that he and they will always be in our prayers.

F. NAVEIN.



THE PEOPLE IN NEED

All over the world people are homeless and dying from hunger. Lots of things account for this such as earthquakes and famines.

Wasting food is almost a sin when you think that some people would give their right arm for the scraps you leave.

I am not suggesting that you should go over there and feed them but they do need prayers and if there is ever a collection for organisations such as C.A.F.O.D. please give some money even if it is only a penny or two. It might save someone's life.

D. MOCKFORD, 1 Hope.

CENOTAPH

A cenotaph built of grime
In the graveyard stood
And crumbled in the wind and rain
As a humble tombstone would.
Its marble angels turned to demons
And their benevolence turned to scorn
And they scowled and leered
And mocked and jeered
With features vile and worn.
The holy inscriptions so carefully made
In finest poetical verse
Were eroded, eaten away
And transformed into hideous curse.
The white marble walls
In their filth-grey palls
Acquiesced to the voice of Decay;
And significance lost, regardless of cost
They quietly crumbled away.

S. JOLLY, 5 Hope.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION REPORT

We are happy to report the expectations we had last year have materialised and your Association's profit for 1975/76 was approximately £6,600. We are never satisfied, and of course would like to have seen a higher profit; however, we thank everybody for their efforts and can only add, let us have that little bit extra for the coming year.

This money has been used to reduce the outstanding debt on the Music and Arts Centre (Ley Memorial Hall).

We would like to welcome the following four new members to the Committee: Mr. N. Ashton, Mr. M. A. Fitzsimons, Mr. M. M. Gallagher and Mr. C. Melia. They have already found there is ample scope for their help and enthusiasm.

At the same time we must not forget the retiring members who served the Association so loyally on your behalf and would like to record our grateful thanks to Mrs. C. Hickey, Mrs. H. Hampson, Mr. J. Martin and Mr. L. Scott.

The Finishing Touch Pool, a splendid contribution to the Association profits, with the hard-working backroom boys, who may not always be seen, deserve the greatest credit for their efforts. The Agents' Social and Supper shows that we can boast such a good number of Agents, but we can always find room for more. Our thanks to the Agents and members of the Pools.

The 200 Club is proving a steady success story and the many winners of the monthly prizes will certainly agree with us.

The Social sub-Committee in conjunction with the Bar Committee have once again presented a very good variety of Socials, Dances and Club Nites and it is a pleasure to be able to report that 95% of the activities have been a sell out, which proves that the Committee have given you what you wanted.

The Summer Fete and Christmas Fair, the two occasions of the year which draw so many people to the College, were again successful and together with the raffles made a profit in excess of £2,000.

The numerous other activities of the Association, Whist Drives, Annual Bingo, Beer and Wine

Circle, Cricket Team, Swimming Club and Quizes all flourish and draw their own special supporters.

The Feast of St. Edward was celebrated by Mass at the Cathedral and this annual event is becoming a day to be remembered, when the Brothers, Staff, Parents, Old Boys and present pupils, join in thanking God for his blessings bestowed upon us.

It is with regret that we said "Au Revoir" but not goodbye to Father Naughton, who had been our School Chaplain for so many years, on his appointment as Parish Priest in Wigan Town. We wish him many happy and fruitful years in his new Parish. We welcome Father Ryan as our School Chaplain and sincerely trust he will feel at home with the Parents' Association and ask God to bless his work.

I would like to conclude this report by expressing our grateful thanks 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, such as 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, 1976-1977

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33 Score Lane, Liverpool, 16	722 6312
<i>College Representative: Rev. Br. G. K. O'GRADY</i>	
St. Edward's College, Sandfield Park, Liverpool, 12	228 3376



HISPANIC SOCIETY REPORT

Unfortunately, the Hispanic Society got off to a slow start this year but then soon rallied under the dynamic leadership of Mr. Mars, ably assisted by his charming and ever helpful upper sixth Spanish form. In the first term our work concentrated mainly on the sixth form and upper years but soon we hope to delight, educate and entertain some of our younger members with Spanish and South-American films, slide-shows, talks and lectures.

The event which has aroused most interest so far in the Hispanic Society was the hotly contested Spanish debate, the motion being "Es mejor casarse joven", which was spoken upon eloquently, clearly and interestingly by both teams.

The session that followed for posing any questions or giving any opinions also proved valuable to those present. However, there were some disconcerted mumbles when the opposing side

were declared the winners and there even came several cries of "¡fijado" from the back of the room.

Other important events on our calendar took place. There were three Spanish feature films shown in the Liverpool University Lecture Theatre, "Tristiana", "El Verdugo", and "El Espíritu de la Co'mena", which proved to be very interesting and enjoyable. There was also a Spanish day in Manchester University and we would like very much to thank the person who turned up for it.

Finally, I must comment on the fascinating lecture on "La Vida Aldeana" given by Señor Victor Marbán at Liverpool University. This lecture was greatly applauded by our members, as was the following slide show on Spanish History. For this, and all the other welcome events provided for the Society, we would like to extend our thanks to all those involved in them and all those who made them possible.

PHIL SWANSON. 6 A Mods. 1

"TERROR"

A THRILLING ENGLISH SOCIETY REPORT

(Not for Nervous Readers)

Suddenly the lights went out. A candle burnt dimly on the table, and the curtains began, inexplicably, to move.

"Is there anybody there?" whispered an anxious voice. "Let's not do it after all." Then suddenly the glass began to move; there could be no turning back now. They found they could take their fingers from the glass as it moved, hesitantly, round the ouija board. It spelt out a message, and was still. They read what it had written: "In May, the first event in the Society's year took place. This was a visit to the Neptune Theatre's production of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus". Most of the society attended and the production gave a good idea of how the play is meant to be seen since a lot is lost in just reading the words on the paper.

"Who moved the glass?" The question was cut short by the sound of the door slamming, and a low moan. The glass moved; "On November 3rd, Christ's College of Education held a one day conference on the subject of "Othello". This included a lecture by Kenneth Muir on the character of Iago, and a period of group discussion. There was also a "Drama Workshop": the kindest way to describe this would be to say that opinions differed as to its value, and several members lost interest about half way. On the positive side, however, Kenneth Muir is an authority on Shakespeare and his lecture was valuable. So was the lunch break, but we will let that pass.

The glass stopped moving, and the candle brightened. An owl hooted. A minute passed. Suddenly, the sound of chains and a muffled moan could be heard outside the door. The door shuddered something was trying to get in. The glass moved again; the moans grew stronger; the message spelt out: "Two days after this, members of the society went to Stratford to see the Royal Shakespeare Company perform "The Winter's Tale", which was

a great success and played to a full house. The Society members were conducted round the theatre beforehand by Michael Williams (ex-St. Edward's). This was a day that was both enjoyable and valuable for our course, and our thanks go to Mr. Williams for giving us a fascinating insight into the practical problems of presenting Shakespeare. Thanks also go to Mr. and Mrs. Allen for organising the trip and for driving the party there and back in the fog that reduced visibility at times to below ten yards."

The glass shattered, chains rattled and the moaning outside the door turned to malicious laughter. Slowly the lights came back on. The chairs at the table were empty. The glass on the ouija board lay broken, and the only signs of life in the room were four frogs that croaked plaintively on the floor. They all had B.A.'s.

S. LECKIE. 6 A Mods. 1.

THE CINEMA CLUB WANTS YOU

This is the third attempt at starting the Cinema Club. Previous years, we are sorry to say, have not turned out too well due to lack of support. This year we are attempting to arouse the interests of a wider audience with films encompassing pop, comedy and adventure. We have had many requests for favourite 'X' rated films but some of the suggestions would turn the hair white. The nature lovers will not be forgotten; this includes of course the people who 'flocked' to see "Day of the Dolphin" last year which entertained a massive audience of 36. We have several new catalogues to choose from this year and hope to screen films to suit all tastes. However, we cannot succeed without support. The bigger the audience, the better the film. So please, support your cinema club and help it to become a "phoenix rising from the ashes", because, after all, it's a lot cheaper than the Odeon and you get a better class of people here!

Th, th, that's all folks!

P. WILSON, *Secretary*.

THE PIGEON LOFT

The Pigeon-Racing Society was started early last year by Br. Chincotta. A pigeon loft was built above the coach garage, and to help it on its way pigeons were kindly donated by Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Tarleton of the West Derby Pigeon-Racing Society.

Br. Chincotta, the President of the school's own club, appointed year representatives to look after the members in the representatives' forms. He also appointed Neil Fazakerly, a sixth-former with pigeons of his own as supervisor. Unfortunately, Neil left school that summer, and the club fell into ruin. However, Richard Mulhearn, Jeffrey Ball,

Michael Cunningham and Kevin Dillon remained loyal and kept the loft clean and the pigeons fed. We were later joined by John Chadwick.

The pigeons are released every dinner-time and evening in the summer, and every dinner-time in the winter for exercise. Training, in the summer, was made possible with the help of Mr. Traynor, Mr. Mars and the Brothers, who provided the transport of the pigeons to the liberation point. The West Derby Pigeon-Racing Society also carried training flights at the price of 3p per bird.

The pigeons were named by Br. Chincotta; all the names begin with the letter "s" and "Sandfield" was adopted as a surname. The names are Sky,



The pigeon-fanciers with the fanciest pigeon.

Silver, Susy, Stranger, Sebastian, Survivor, Seattle, Super, Sin, Snowy, Sioux, Scaly and Sandy. Unfortunately, the latter three were lost in training.

We entered our first race on July 24th, race-point Ludlow — 71 miles away, and, much to our delight, we won it. The winner was Sky, ring no. 71073, who won out of 6229 birds, at an average velocity of 994.60 yards per minute.

We received new rings, a certificate, £16, a shield, a tankard and a cup.

It is now the breeding season, and three cock birds were given to us to even up the pairing for breeding in the early spring. From the six pairs we have, we hope to get sixteen young birds for next season.

After the breeding season, we hope to re-start the club and win some more races.

RICHARD MULHEARN

JEFFREY BALL, 3 Hope.



THE S.V.P. REPORT

The Society has enjoyed a very good year this year, paying many much-needed visits to old people in the Old Swan, West Derby and Knott Ash areas. The number of members has increased this year enabling at least two 6A members and one 6B member to visit each week.

Outside the normal activities of visiting, shopping, painting and decorating, there have been several social events this year including the Society National Meeting at Owens Park, Manchester in September, 1976, where over two thousand members of the Society met to discuss the previous year's work and also to celebrate the feast of St. Vincent. The two members who went to this meeting would like to thank Mr. W. Kelly for taking us there and bringing us home. The most striking facet of this meeting was to notice how strong the society actually is — it was mentioned that every day of last year three thousand people were visited all over Britain.

One of the campaigns to which the Society contributes is CAFOD campaign (The Catholic Aid for Overseas Development). A collection from the school amounted to £37 and to increase this sum the Society organised a sponsored event which entailed an all-night billiards/table tennis match held

in the school on the evening of the 27th October, 1976, which raised over £100.

The Society held the annual Mass for deceased members at St. Margaret Mary's Church, Liverpool, on 16th November, 1976. After this Mass, the committee members enjoyed a generous reception in one of the classrooms of the school.

We would like to thank the members of 4 Domingo and their Form-Master, Mr. A. Kelly, all the people actively involved, (and all the people who sponsored them) for their help in the CAFOD campaign; Mr. Stewart and the Headmaster for their constant help and advice; and finally, I personally would like to thank the first-class committee who leave me very little work to do.

Looking to the future, our main concern is that the present lower sixth-formers will continue the work on the successful note on which we have left it.

Officers for 1976/77 were:

K. KENNEDY (*President*)

N. FLEWITT (*Vice-President*)

P. SWANSON (*Secretary*)

I. GILROY, (*Treasurer and 'Chauffeur'*)

K. KENNEDY (*President*)

ORCHESTRA REPORT

Following the excitement of September's trip to Newfoundland, the Orchestra settled down to what was to be a quiet year even by normal standards. There were no joint concerts with the girls of Sealfield Grammar School because we were told they were too young, and one of the regular festivals, Alderly Edge, was dropped.

We attended two festivals, Harrogate and Ilkley and were victorious at the former, playing Desorme's "Spanish Ballet Music" suite. Speech Day was, as usual, another great event, and on this occasion we were graced with the presence of Mr. Eugene Genin as a guest — for so long the conductor at Speech Day.

This year, however, the usual round of appearances was surpassed in importance by the series of

concerts marking the opening of the school's new Music and Arts Centre. The concerts were on Sunday, May 2nd, and the following two days and featured the orchestra, the Choral Society and guest appearances by ex-pupils and old friends of the school. Barrie Moore, an old boy of the school, now deputy leader of the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, performed on the violin, along with his wife, Loretta Morgan (mezzo-soprano) and accompanied on the piano by Norman Price. They performed works by Ravel, Bach, Brahms and others.

The concerts were a fitting opening for the new block and the orchestra was set for a new year with the loss of a great number of 6A's, leaving what is now a very young orchestra. However, this gives hope for an orchestra in two or three years to match some of the greats of the past.

C. REDMOND. 6A Mods. (*Leader*)



THE BRASS ENSEMBLE

It had its roots in Harbour Grace, Newfoundland. The brass section were rehearsing some music for brass alone when suddenly there was silence. Everybody in the gym-hall stopped talking and listened to the polyphony of Antegnati. When we had finished, we received a great ovation from not only the audience but from the rest of the orchestra! We all decided to take up the prospect of a Renaissance group.

However, nothing came of the decision. When Stephen Carney left, things began to get done. (I wonder why?) I borrowed some music from the Music Library and we began to practise this. Our first performance, although some nerves did show, was given for the opening concert in the Ley Hall.

However, once again, nothing further came of this, until October of 1976 when Mr. T. Duffy asked us as a section, to play some music before and during the Academic Mass. We played some music by Susato under the direction of Mr. Taylor, the tutor for the valved instruments. For the procession of the Archbishop we played a fanfare written by our own Mr. P. Duffy.

Many people congratulated us on a splendid ("Excellent" from one teacher) performance. The group at that time consisted of the orchestral brass section joined by the budding juniors; S. Carroll, J. Hewitt, P. Norris, M. Furlong and A. Kerr. The Headmaster informed us that we had played so well that he had already received some invitations to play at various places. However, due to a lack of concert repertoire, we agreed that this could not be done. However, we worked hard and during the last week of the Autumn Term we played at the Cathedral, Sandfield Park Special School and Fazakerly Hospital, where we were made most welcome by the Staff with a full Christmas Lunch. We had to turn down some requests due to the Mock Examinations in the previous week, such as to play in the Town Hall.

Joined now by two more trumpeters and two more trombonists, bringing our total force to 16 players, we hope to practise well for our next performance which will probably be Speech Day. This is the final year for both myself and Stephen Leigh and we join together to wish all present and future members continuing success. I must thank the masters previously mentioned as well as Mr. Lyons and Mr. Jennings for their unending counsel.

G. P. WALKER, 6A Science1.

PHILATELIC SOCIETY

After a quiet Summer Term, which gave the organisers a chance to take stock, September saw an influx of new members. They have been largely responsible for the buying spree that has enabled us to send £46.90 to the Save the Children Fund in recent weeks. Investment in a new stockbook exclusively for G.B. stamps has been quickly repaid, while smaller amounts have also been paid to the Metropolitan Cathedral Building Fund and to the South American Missions.

Our box for used postage stamps has not been filled very frequently during the year. One wonders whether it is that people have stopped writing letters because of the expense or that most people just cannot believe that we would like the "ordinary" stamps that come their way.

We never throw stamps away. Those we get which are surplus to our own needs are parcelled up and sent off to various appeals. One thing we did receive in the box during the year was a newspaper (Echo?) cutting with details of a pensioner's appeal for stamps. One of our parcels went to this old man. We would like to be able to report that we were overwhelmed with stamps this time next year — even the "ordinary" ones!

While the interest within the society is principally in G.B. stamps — a source of amazement for the more discriminating members — we still manage to cater for the needs of the collector of foreign stamps. While it is no longer sensible to collect the "whole world", there is a fine range from which to make your choice. The obvious decision is to collect one particular country, but many philatelists favour a collection devoted to a particular theme. Our stockbook of foreign stamps is full of material to satisfy either taste.

Unfortunately the hobby has recently been affected by inflation. Investors have moved in to buy up stocks of the better stamps, and catalogue prices have reached ridiculous levels. Many of these people will get their fingers burned because they do not know what they are buying, but it does make things more expensive for the genuine collector. Already it is impossible for us to buy in bulk the sort of stock which set the society flourishing seven years ago. All the more reason why we would like to be kept busy emptying the box. The genuine collector, you see, does not need "valuable" stamps to sustain his interest. Some, I suspect, would get as much enjoyment out of a collection of jam jar labels — properly mounted of course!

G.V.R.



THE POLITICAL AND HISTORICAL DEBATING SOCIETY

Though a comparatively new society, the Political and Historical Debating Society has, in its short existence, gained considerable recognition. We have enjoyed large attendances at our meetings and our audiences have been enthusiastic if not boisterous in their response. Our request for speakers, a much sought after commodity in our society, was enthusiastically answered and we, therefore, hope to continue our meetings well into next year as successfully as we have done so far.

Our thanks must go to certain members of

staff particularly Mr. Allen, our President, to whom the society chiefly owes its birth, and to Messrs. Stewart and Sheedy for their excellent time-keeping and able chairmanship.

The Society relies solely upon your support for its very existence and, therefore, as you have given us energetic support this term we hope you will continue to do so in the terms to come.

Committee: A. J. WILKINSON (*Chairman*)
S. W. JOLLY (*Secretary*)
S. J. WILLIAMS (*Treasurer*)
M. K. GRIFFITHS

HANDICAPPED CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY

Douai Abbey, Woolhampton

July 24th — August 6th

With thanks to Anna, Colin, Derek, Gary, Gillian, Greg, Jane, Jane, Laura, Madur, Robert, Ronald, Royston, Sameena and Vince. FOR A WONDERFUL HOLIDAY.

This was my second holiday with handicapped children, and both leave very clear and very fond memories. I admit, still, to a great deal of wonder with regard to handicapped children. Just where do they get the ability from to overcome their handicap so well? And how do they inspire such friendship and affection so quickly — in less than a week

that one is close to tears on leaving them? The success of the holiday — and, I am sure, of others of the same kind — rests on the surprising fact that the helpers enjoy the holiday as much as, if not more than the children, such is the inspiration and joy that these children by their efforts give to others.

Of course, the object of the holiday was that the *children* enjoy themselves, and so the helpers had to work hard each day, washing, dressing, pushing, carrying and playing with the children, helping some with their food, and so on. However, almost immediately such friendship grew up between the helpers and the children that these 'tasks', especially playing with and pushing the children in wheelchairs, became a real pleasure. For me, one of the greatest pleasures of the week was playing tennis with blind and otherwise handicapped children, despite some difficulties in connecting shots.

Some organisation also went into trips and other special occasions. The week's highlights were the trip to Windsor Safari Park (on Friday), and the party and race on Saturday (which was also the birthday of Julie Gallagher from Broughton Hall).

Apart from these, we went on frequent shopping trips (to Reading, Newbury and Henley), a boat ride on the Thames (from Henley to Caversham), a cinema visit (to see "Jungle Book") and a picnic. Luckily, the Abbey's facilities were tremendous — swimming pool, tennis courts, day room, television room and others — and they were well used; in fact, our situation was ideal, being in the country but with several towns within relatively easily accessible. For this, our thanks must go to Fr. Anthony (Headmaster of the Abbey Junior School, which was our H.Q.). He was not only our host, he also became a third minibus driver, and always cheered us with his helpfulness, courtesy and unflappable good spirits.

The 'esprit-de-corps' was 'so great that unpleasant incidents were quickly put aside and forgotten. An unplanned 'trip' for me — down 10 stairs at the cinema, when carrying Anna — resulted fortunately in just shock, and I was soon forgiven. Madur's homesick crying on the first day soon stopped, and Jane (Ebsworth) recovered from a feverish illness with rapidity. The occasional rude person encountered was simply ignored, since so many people — especially at the Abbey — went out of their way to help us.

The end of the holiday (as you will no doubt think, the end of this article!) came all too soon, for me two days earlier (on Friday) than the rest; we were all left with a mass of happy memories — and addresses! I would like to thank Fr. Anthony and all the priests and staff at the Abbey; also Clare Egan and a great bunch of young ladies from Broughton Hall and men from St. Edward's, (old boys Dave Hyslop and Danny O'Brien, and Dave Hornby and Simon Kerr). But thanks go particularly to our former Chaplain, Father T. Naughton, who once again led us splendidly on possibly his last (of many) holidays of this kind; and above all, a great big 'THANKS' from all the helpers to the fifteen children named at the start — they gave me more joy through this — 'their' — holiday than I could possibly have given to them.

STEVE WALSH.

TEA FOR TWO — THOUSAND

Just before last Christmas, on a frosty morning when mist was lying over the fields, I went to Ashurst to have a chat with Mrs. Bailey about her experiences in the feeding of the multitudes, for she helped to provide refreshments at St. Edward's for hungry rugby players, cross-country runners and concert-goers over the past fifteen years. I will not reveal Mrs. Bailey's age, but I will tell you that she started helping with the refreshments when she was seventy! Mrs. Bailey was surprised to see me but rapidly agreed to be interviewed, so to speak. The gracious lady showed me her hospitality by inviting me into the warmth of her home and offering me some of her Christmas cake. She promised to "tell the truth about the lads."

First, however, Mrs. Bailey told me how she had become involved with the refreshments through her grandson, Timothy Fetherston, (whom some of you may remember!) starting at St. Edward's. In her fifteen years of providing refreshments Mrs. Bailey has seen a lot of changes at the college. She started when Brother Coffey was Headmaster, before the Parents' Association was formed and before the running track, swimming pool and canteen had been built. The time flew quickly, Mrs. Bailey assured me, because she was kept so busy helping to provide refreshments at sports fixtures and concerts and to prepare meals for visitors such as the rugby players from Coleraine.

Sometimes things got pretty hectic, Mrs. Bailey told me, as for instance when nobody had filled the



Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Styles, Mrs. Fetherston, Mrs. Pollock.

tank. Then kettle after kettle had to be boiled to make tea for five hundred people. "We were absolutely killed, worn out," said Mrs. Bailey.

It must have been a hard enough job on an ordinary Saturday — when the milk did not run out, when the tank was filled, when there was enough cake to go round — because some of the boys were "little monkeys." Mrs. Bailey told me that sometimes a hand would appear over the edge of a table in search of cakes. Generally, though, "the boys were never unruly, they were all good lads," which is perhaps more than can be said for

the adults, since they preferred to put ash on the floor instead of in the ash-trays and on some occasions "we provided for the masters' table and then visitors came and cleared the decks."

As one of the many thousands for whom Mrs. Bailey has provided refreshments I thank her for the valuable service she has given to St. Edward's. It is typical of her that as I left she called out, "Don't say anything about the lads taking the cakes!"

DERMOT MAHER, 6 A Sc. 4
Head Boy.



ODE WRITTEN MOMENTS BEFORE A MATHS 'O' LEVEL

I've learned all the formulae nicely,
I've learned off my log. book by heart,
I've learned how to calculate cosines,
I've learned every polygon's part.
Addition presents me no problems;
Subtraction is really a cinch;
Division is just like the back of my hand;
Times tables I say at a pinch.
Root three over two is cos thirty.
Root two over three's cos four five.
When you know your trig. ratios like I do
Man, it feels good to be alive!
The sine rule is "a over sin A
Is equal to b o'er sin B
And also to two times the radius
To say nothing of c on sin C."
I've remembered my ruler and pencil
My compasses lie on the bench
And here comes the old question papers
And here the — Good grief, it's French!

TIM ALLEN 5 Sefton

LINES

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Some poems rhyme,
Others don't.

PHIL SWANSON, 6A Mods 1.

I HAVE NOTHING TO DECLARE BUT MY GENIUS — AND A BOTTLE OF WHISKY

"Greater pain than this, no man hath ever known!"
Cried Shakespeare, whilst in his throat was stuck a
chicken-bone.

A remarkable gift: to defy friend and foe
By inventing a quote on the spur of the mo'.
"I wandered lonely as a cloud," said Bill (thirteen)
When mumsy asked him where he'd been
And not just the vague-sounding: "Oh, I dunno."
Or e'en the prolific: "Well, er, y'know!"
And when Gray was escaping from mother-in-law
His excuses weren't feeble; his mind not unsure:
When asked where he was going, in a voice clear
and loud
"Far," he replied, "from the madding crowd."
What rhythmic rhyme! How wonderfully phrased!
Superbly rend'ring wife's mother amazed!
The consequence of the story really matters not,
His wife was quite disgusted and she left him on
the spot.

TIM ALLEN 5 Sefton.

TREE

Bloodless arm, blackened bone
Dressed in dire monochrome
Twisted, gnarled, a shrivelled shadow,
Here yesterday and here tomorrow
Earless, eyeless, senseless witness
To an eternity of history
To occasions ancient, time-forgotten;
A figure built of mystery.

S. JOLLY, 5 Hope.

WHERE DO I GO FROM HERE? A Student's View

'It's easy to be wise after the event' is an oft-used, and unfortunately, an oft-correct, phrase. It could certainly be used with accuracy in the case of many 6th formers, who — deciding to go on to Further Education — take 'pot-luck' as to where they pursue their studies. Nine-tenths or so of St. Edward's pupils carry on with their education elsewhere, and the choice of subject and place of study frequently determines their future course of life; the 'what and where' decision is without doubt one of the single most important choices in any person's life. Since this is so, is it not more than a little disturbing that not only is the choice made quite haphazardly in quite a proportion of cases, but also that even where an effort is made to find out where to go and what to do, the information used to decide on a particularly important question is often insufficient, or biased, or irrelevant? A good teaching staff and careers service can help greatly with the choice of subject and type of course, but the principle information it can provide on Colleges (or Universities or Polytechnics or Training Colleges etc.) comes from necessarily patchy personal knowledge, and more importantly from official prospectuses, which at best are a brief indication of what life at a particular place is like, and at worst a misleading piece of propaganda. For example, what help is it in the choice of Oxford College that, in the case of my own College (Exeter), Sir Roger Bannister and Richard Burton (which one anyway?) 'wuz here'? What is more, when do prospectuses go to the extreme of telling the truth in such ways as 'Our rooms tend to be cold even if the fire is always on', or 'meals in Hall are frankly disgusting', or 'Our prices are very high'?

This is not to criticise the school leavers service or educational institutions, the latter's concern to attract the best students is understandable, but it leaves us with the question of how 6th formers should choose which College to go to. This article is addressed to them in particular, to give them some advice on how to go about choosing a place to study. The first thing to decide is whether or not to leave home, and this is very much a matter of

personal preference; often people have a strong wish to move away, or maybe the course you want is not available in Liverpool, but on the other hand there may well be reasons to stay in Liverpool. Staying at home is much less of a wrench, and home can provide a stable background to the change from school to College, but moving away is a great experience, and one which will probably have to be faced at some stage.

With this decision made (and most people do go away to College), the next choice will be what type of College to go to — University, Polytechnic, Training College, Technical College, etc. — and this choice will be made best by consideration of your academic ability and leaning, and choice of career. Often these factors, — along with informed advice from staff — will limit the choice to one type, and sometimes to two: a quick check of the courses which each College offers will often limit the choice further. Now comes the most important question of all: 'of the places that do the type of course that I want, which one (or ones) shall I choose?', and now — before forms are filled in, or choices made — is the time to make inquiries from the major specialist source on College life — students. There can be no doubt that students at a College of any kind can give possible applicants more information on life at the College than he could get from any other source. If more than one place has to be chosen (as on the U.C.C.A. form) attempt to contact someone at each place you consider. Even if students cannot make the choice for you, they can tell you the things you want to know and should know about a College, and help you to eliminate those which don't fit your bill. This applies as much to the choice between different Colleges at a collegiate university like Oxford, and to Halls of Residence elsewhere, as it does to that between the different establishments. Remember to discuss the different aspects of the College like accommodation ('how long can I live in hall?', 'how big, warm, comfortable and convenient are rooms in hall, and how expensive?') food ('how much is there and is it worth eating?') tuition (especially important in collegiate universities, where the Colleges are often responsible for tuition), sport ('how good is the College's team?') ('what facilities are there?'), as well as the 'social life' (clubs, pubs, restaurants,

discos; remember a good town apart from the College is a big help). Some of this information could be gained from other sources, but only a student can tell you all of it. It is worth noting that (I think) it is best to find out before you apply, which means thinking about it early, and making some effort to contact students at the College. Obviously, old St. Edward's men will be the easiest to contact in most cases, most will be very helpful, but you have to approach them, and not expect it to be the other way round. In my experience, the tendency is to choose and then to ask old boys about the Colleges — this, in fact, is what I did to a very limited extent, and I have been lucky to have guessed right. Unfortunately, success is not guaranteed when you gamble, and the choice is too important to make a mistake on if it can be avoided.

After the choices are made, options taken and so on. About September normally you will know where you are going for certain, and then you head for a further case of being wiser after the event. The most important period in College life is the 'settling in' period, since this often tends to decide if you will take to College or not. Of course, if you have made the right choice there is likely to be no major problem; it is however possible to be put off by first impressions even if the College is very suitable, and first impressions are often lasting. Here again the 'old boy' network can help — knowledge of the College you choose will help you to feel at home straight away.

However, as a very recent 'freshman', some general questions spring to mind. The first is about how to prepare for going away (if you decide to). Evidently, most thought in preparation will necessarily be practical — money (for initial costs, such as books and stationery), clothes, bedding, an alarm clock and so on; but in the midst of it spare a thought for your poor brain. It has been squeezed through two years sixth form including 'A'-levels, and is about to be stretched by a further period of hard study; the break between school and further education is probably the only period of such a considerable length you will have with no pressure of studying until you retire, so for the break let enjoyment and relaxation be paramount. You may have a reading list to tackle, but that will not often

take too much time and is generally not to be done in too much detail; a summer job may be tiring physically but avoid a mentally taxing one; moving away from school is a fresh challenge; let yourself be ready to meet it.

If you are sure you are expected, have a room to go to and a way of getting there, arriving should be no problem. I found arriving early a great help; it enables you to get to know your way around (for which, if in a town, a map is essential), to settle into your room and find out what essentials you have forgotten — there will always be something! Important places to know are pubs, cafes, students' union, shops, bus stops (and routes), libraries, faculty buildings and so on; and also get to know how you can be contacted (e.g. notice boards), and check there regularly. Then, get ready for a whirlwind of activity — as clubs tout for membership, associations send you their 'blurb', tutors and lecturers give you work, and so on; this first period is very hectic, and enables you — if you make a bit of an effort — to make a lot of acquaintances quickly, both among your own year and that above. Your own room can be an advantage, but not if you lock yourself away; make some effort (if you find it so) to make some friends, to get involved in a society of some kind apart from your work (the best way is to meet people) and to get to know what not to do, and then you will enjoy it. College will, in fact, be as good to you as you make it; remember that enjoyment is as much part of the life as work, but also that work is as much part of the life as enjoyment!

As I said above, most 'old boys' will be helpful, if approached about their place of study; I would certainly like to think that any St. Edward's boy thinking of doing law or of coming to Oxford would feel free to contact me, and I would certainly give what help and advice I could. All the views and opinions I have expressed in this article are purely personal ones; if it makes some sixth formers think a little deeper and make a few enquiries more about their destination in Further Education, then it will have succeeded in its primary purpose: to change (in this case) 'wise after the event' into wise before it'.

STEPHEN WALSH,
Exeter College, Oxford.

RUGBY - 1975/6

THE SCHOOL FIRST FIFTEEN 1975-6

Played 22, Won 19, Drawn 1, Lost 3
Points for 578 Points against 112

The school had four Lancashire players in David Evans, Timothy Whittaker, Daniel O'Brien and Mark Flanagan, who was the County's Captain.

David Evans and Noel Byrne both represented Liverpool R.U.F.C's first fifteen.

The Sevens team won the Birkenhead School Sevens, the Merseyside Sevens, the Welsh and

English Schools Sevens Championship at Oxford and the Belmont Abbey Jubilee Sevens at Hereford. Their win at Oxford meant that they had won the competition for the second year in succession.

The Side was again named for the fifth successive year in Rugby World's Top Six Schools.

THE SCHOOL SECOND FIFTEEN

Played 17, Won 6, Drawn 3, Lost 8
Points for 191 Points against 152

THE SCHOOL THIRD FIFTEEN

Played 3, Won 3, Drawn 0, Lost 0
Points for 129 Points against 6.



FIRST FIFTEEN SQUAD

Standing: M. Simpson, C. Nelson, M. Quinn, N. Blunsum, D. Leonard, D. Evans,
J. Oultram, P. Barrow, J. McCarron, T. Whittaker, M. Hackett.

Seated: E. O'Brien, J. Ridge, D. O'Brien, M. Pye, P. Clarke, N. Byrne, J. Holian,
S. Ashcroft.

Those underlined were members of the Senior Sevens Squad.

UNDER FIFTEENS

Points for 437, Points against 142
 Played 18, Won 13, Drawn 1, Lost 4.

UNDER SIXTEENS

Played 9, Won 6, Lost 3
 Points for 164 Points against 92

UNDER FOURTEENS

Played 17, Won 13, Lost 4, Drawn 0
 Points for 394 Points against 103

UNDER THIRTEENS

Played 20, Won 20
 Points for 624 Points against 49

UNDER TWELVES

Played 19, Won 12, Lost 5, Drawn 2
 Points for 242, Points against 174

CHESS

Senior Team	10	5	0	5
U-15	10	5	0	5
U-13	11	7	0	4

Representative Honours:

Hughes, P., Watkins, D. have represented Liverpool Schools and Lancashire Schools at Senior Level. Bramwell G., Allen, T., Allen, M., Walsh, M. and Anderson, C. have represented Lancashire Schools at U-15 and U-12 level.

**UNDER FIFTEEN SEVENS**

G. Goodman, M. Coleman, J. Thomas, M. Johnson, N. Brannan, I. Parker.
 G. Scott, M. Mannion, J. Cunningham, B. O'Connor.



UNDER FOURTEEN'S SEVENS

V. Muldoon
I. Buckle
G. Adderley
P. Gibson
P. Flannagan
P. Ventre
G. Kearns
J. Farrell



UNDER THIRTEEN'S — 15-A-SIDE TEAM

S. Young, J. Hogan, T. Sweeney, K. Jordan, S. Gibbons, S. Dumbell, S. Wall,
J. Roche, C. Thistlewood, E. Doyle,
M. O'Leary, R. Dahill, I. Dooley, D. Coleman, P. Loughney, J. Ball, D. Furlong.

CRICKET**CRICKET 1st XI**

Played 7, Won 2, Drawn 1, Lost 3.

CRICKET 2nd XI

Played 4, Won 1, Drawn 0 Lost 3

CRICKET U-15

Played 7, Won 4, Drawn 1, Tied 1, Lost 1

CRICKET U-14

Played 4, Won 0, Drawn 1, Lost 3

CRICKET U-13

Played 5, Won 3, Tied 1, Lost 1

CRICKET U-12

Played 4, Won 3, Drawn 1, Lost 0

ATHLETICS - 1976*Merseyside Senior Schools Championships*

Seniors: Winners of Senior Shield.

Intermediate: 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 Br. Gibbons Shield.

Intermediates: Winners of Br. Casey Cup

Juniors: Winners of Br. Robinson Cup

Central District Championships

1st—4th Years: Winners of Shield. Champion School of Liverpool Athletic Championships.

1st—4th Years: Winners of McLaughlin Cup

U-16 Liverpool Championships

The following received Liverpool Championship Badges:

O'Brien, E. 100m., Dodd, G. 200m and Hurdles, Heywood, M. 800m and 1500m., Nickson, P. Pole Vault.

Relay: O'Brien, E., Dodd, G., Roxborough, S., Mottram, A.

**FIRST ELEVEN**

T. Coyne, C. Nelson, E. O'Brien, D. Ludden, T. Whittaker, N. Byrne, D. Evans.
B. Hunter, M. Gloyne, P. McElroy, S. O'Hara, M. Douglas, K. Tracy.



SENIOR ATHLETICS TEAM

Great Britain Catholic Schools Athletics Championships 1975

Holian, J. Silver Medal — Triple Jump
 Holian, J. Silver Medal — Relay
 Ridge, J. Silver Medal — Relay
 Parker, I. Bronze Medal — Hurdles
 Parker, I. Bronze Medal — Relay
 Falconer, P. Bronze Medal — Relay
 Falconer, P. Silver Medal — Hurdles

Wendy Knight Trophy 1975

Galvin, D.

County Athletics Championships

Once again, the College had a record number of boys selected to represent Liverpool in the County Championships:

59 out of 92

County Championships

Ridge, J. 200m. 23.2 **
 McAllister, Mark 1500m 4 — 08.9 *
 Walsh, S. 5000m. 16 — 17
 Polson, G. Hurdles 17.0
 Martin, T. High 1.75m.

Carrington, P. Pole Vault 2.80m.

Evans, D. Javelin 53.95 *

Barrow, P. Hammer 26.84

Hackett, M.

Tipping, J.

Relay 46.2 *

Holian, J.

Ridge, J.

Galvin, D. 400 53.0 **

Nickson, P. Pole Vault 3.00m *

Kearns, G. Pole Vault 2.80m **

2nd Place

Holian, J. 100m 11.1 **

Hackett, M. 400m 51.9 **

McAllister, Mike St' Ch. 7.09

Sanderson, P. Pole Vault 3.00m *

Heath, J. Shot 10.69m

Coleman, M. Hammer 34.40m

Parker, I.

Galvin, D.

Relay

Dodd, G.

O'Brien, E.

McCourt, M. Javelin 37.90m

Muldoon, V. Hammer 31.80m

3rd Place

Maher, D. St Ch. 7-32.0
 Flewitt, N. Triple 11.54m
 Dodd, G. Hurdles 14.2 **
 McNerney, J. High 1.75m *
 Scott, G. Shot 10.32m
 Waterfield, G. Discus
 Swanick, M. Hammer 30.08
 ** English Schools Standard
 * County Standard

European Catholic Schools Athletics Championships in Belgium — 1976

Selected to represent Great Britain:
 Ridge, J. Senior 100 & 200m
 Dodd, G. Senior Hurdles
 Munro, E. Senior Long Jump
 Mannion, M. Junior Long Jump
 Galvin, D. Junior 400m

All England Athletics Championships 1976

The following boys have been selected to represent their County in these Championships:
 Kearns, G. Pole Vault
 Galvin, D. 400m
 Dodd, G. Hurdles
 Parker, I. Hurdles
 Holian, J. 100m
 Ridge, J. 200m
 Hackett, M. 400m
 Evans, D. Javelin

CROSS COUNTRY

Overall Results:

2nd in the Newcastle H.S. Relays
 3rd in the Guardian Trophy Relay
 4th in the National Catholic Schools Championships.
 2nd in the Christian Brothers' Schools Championships.
 8th in the Northern Schools Roses Competition.
 7th in the Cheadle Moseley Relay.

Senior Team Results:

3rd in the Merseyside Schools League.
 3rd in the Merseyside Colleges League.
 10th in the Newcastle H.S. Relay.
 Winners of the Nicholson Memorial Trophy.
 3rd in the Cumella Cup Race.
 2nd in the Sangster Cup Race.
 4th in the King Henry VIII School Relay.

6th in the National Catholic Schools Championships.

2nd in the Christian Brothers' Schools Championships.

13th in the Northern Schools Championships.

Inter-School Fixtures: Ran 10, Won 8, Lost 2.

Representative Honours:

Merseyside League Team: Fennell, C., McAllister, Mark, Munro, E.

Outer Liverpool Team: Fennell, C., McAllister, Mark, Walsh, S., McAllister, Mike.

Merseyside County Team for the English Schools Championships: McAllister, Mark.

Under 16 and Under 15 Team Results:

4th in the Merseyside Schools League ('B' Team 9th)

2nd in the Newcastle H.S. Relay.

3rd in the Weston Trophy (U-15 — U-14)

Winners of the Memorial Trophy.

2nd in the Booth Cup Race (U-15 — U-14)

4th in the Warrington A.C. Cup Race.

7th in the National Catholic Schools Championships.

3rd in the Christian Brothers' Schools Championships.

17th in the Northern Schools Championships.

5th in the Sandfield Park Road Relay.

Winners of the Liverpool City Championships (U-15 — U-14)

Inter-School Fixtures: Ran 17, Won 10, Lost 7

Representative Honours:

Merseyside League Team: Heywood, M.

Outer Liverpool Team: Heywood, M., Coyne, G., Skinner, P., Galvin, D.

Merseyside County Team for the English Schools Championships: Heywood, M.

Under 14 Team Results:

5th in the Merseyside Schools League ('B' Team 12th).

4th in the Newcastle H.S. Relay (U-14 — U-13)

Winners of the Sefton Harriers Race (U-14 — U-13).

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

9th in the National Catholic Schools Championships (U-14 — U-13).

4th in the Caldý Hill Relay (U-14 — U-13)

3rd in the Christian Brothers Schools Championships.

10th in the Northern Schools Championships.

Inter-School Fixtures: Ran 18, Don 12, Lost 6

Representative Honours:

Merseyside League Team: Ormesher, G.

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

Under 13 Team Results:

3rd in the Merseyside Schools League ('B' Team 18th).

2nd in the Bushell Trophy Race.

3rd in the Liverpool Harriers Trophy Race.

5th in the Warrington A.C. Cup Race.

2nd in the Christian Brothers' Schools Championships.

35th in the Northern Schools Championships.

3rd in the Liverpool City Championships (U-13 -- U-12).

3rd in the Jack Sharp Trophy Relay (U-13 -- U-12).

Inter-School Fixtures: Ran 16, Won 11, Lost 5

Under 12 Team Results:

6th in the Merseyside League ('B' Team 12th).

4th in the Newcastle H.S. Relay.

3rd in the Sefton Harriers Race.

3rd in the Tryfan Trophy Race.

10th in the Warrington A.C. Race.

2nd in the Christian Brothers' Schools Championships.

6th in the Sefton Shield Relay.

12th in the Northern Schools Championships.

Inter-School Fixtures: Ran 19, Won 13, Lost 6

Representative Honours:

Outer Liverpool Team: Barry, C.



SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM

D. Maher, M. Paton, P. Murphy, M. McAllister, P. Redmond.
M. McAllister, C. Fennel (Capt.), E. Munro, S. Walsh.

SWIMMING CLUB 1975-6

	Swam	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st Year	11	6	0	5
2nd Year	11	9	0	2
3rd Year	11	6	1	4
4th Year	11	9	0	2
Open Year	9	8	0	1
Overall Team: Galas	11	10	—	1

SWIMMING AWARDS

Amateur Swimming Association Personal Survival Awards:

Bronze: Jacobs, N., West, C., Shea, A., Fraser, M., Anwyl, P., Taylor, B., McNamara, A., Naylor, S., Brown, R., Blunsum, T., McCoy, J., Brash, P., Evans, J., Marsh, A., Fitzsimmons, D., Mulrooney, M.

Silver: Johnson, P., Gibson, T., Whitfield, N., Fletcher, S., Melia, P., Anwyl, P., West, C., Grace, J., Mannion, M., Edmonson, R., Norris, P., Furber, R. Cunningham, M.

Gold: Connolly, A., McGrath, J., Monaghan, P., Fisher, D., Bentzen, S., Taylor, P., Short, D., Willett, A., Johnson, P., Gibson, M., Lunt, M., Whitfield, N., Fletcher, S., West, C., Edmondson, R.

Honours: Higham, A., Salib, M., Fisher, D., Hill, A.

A.S.A. Teachers Certificate: Phillips, P.

Royal Life Saving Society:

Award of Merit: Phillips, P.

Teachers Cert.: Phillips, P.

**SENIOR SWIMMING TEAM**

G. Soulsbý, S. Murphy, T. Haines, J. Conroy,
P. Moscardini, G. Tyrer, P. Cunningham.

MUSIC REPORT

Holders of Liverpool Music Studentships:

Bamber, P., Fitzsimmons, T.

Merseyside Youth Orchestra:

Faulkner, D., Kerrigan, M., Lea, G., Soulsby, G.

Liverpool Schools Symphony Orchestra:

Bamber, P., Donohue, D., Fitzsimmons, T., Pritchard, E., Soulsby, G.

Liverpool Schools Junior Orchestra:

Forde, M.

Liverpool Schools Training Orchestra:

Walker, N.

Knowsley Youth Orchestra:

Buchanan, A., Buchanan, M., Ireland, J.

Metropolitan Cathedral Choir:

Kenny, J. (Head Chorister), Horner, C., Griffiths, D., Hill, A., Jolliffe, A., Jones, S., McIlroy, B., O'Keefe, D., Preston, A., Shanahan, A., Wright, S., Ward, P., Donohue, D., (Librarian).

Cathedral Cantata Choir:

Baxter, S., Donohue, D.

Liverpool Philharmonic Choir:

Clarke, M.



BATHING

Sunday night at eight-thirty: my parents were out dancing and my destructive, energetic baby brother whom I was minding, was eventually persuaded to sleep in his cot after descending the stairs to the living room five times in succession. The previous week had been an industrious one, with both my mind and body almost exhausted.

I climbed up the stairs to the bathroom where I opened the both taps so that the water cascaded out, crashing against the enamel surface. Within seconds I found myself in a dense 'pea-soup' fog with the temperature inside the chamber rising to a tropical standard. The humid atmosphere made me more drowsy than before, but on closing the taps, a tranquil, pacific resting place became visible which, I hoped, would erase the troubles and the bruises of the week.

Although I entered the bath cautiously, my feet were too numb and insensitive to be scorched by the heat of the water. I slothfully submerged my body beneath the water, keeping my neck at water level. I then relaxed all my limbs except my toes, which were steadily creeping up to the tap apertures. I gave myself a brisk, unthorough scrub

using only my hands and a white, unscented slab of soap. After this unpleasant activity I stared at the opaque bathroom window and began to contemplate the happenings of the past week.

My mind had been very busy during the past seven days. My schoolwork compelled me to study at least one subject each night of the week at home. The week-end had also been very exhausting at the cost of being physically fatigued. I had competed in two different sports, cross-country running and football, on both Saturday and Sunday. I praised and cursed myself for things I had done correctly and incorrectly in the game and pondered over chances I could have taken if they had been there in the football game.

Eventually I returned to my senses and to the present, corrupt world in which we are now living. While I was worrying about events in the following week I suddenly remembered a preparation homework I had been given which was to be learnt by the following day, Monday. I jumped out of the bath making puddles all over the linoleum floor. I then tugged the plug by its chain, allowing the dirty, grimy water to flood through the rusty drain pipe to the contaminated sewer below.

NICHOLAS SMITH, 4M.

BRIXHAM

Brixham is a small fishing village in the County of Devon. I know it well because I have stayed there several times while on holiday. The quiet, picturesque village attracts thousands of holiday-makers to it every year for a holiday that will put them in a good frame of mind for another year's slog at work.

It has a place in history too, because it is where William of Orange landed from the Netherlands. There is a statue to commemorate this on the quayside. Unfortunately for William, a drunken Irishman did not like the look of William's face so he acquired a hammer and chisel and knocked the statue's nose off. The police failed to see the lighter side of things and forced him to pay for the repairs which, from the face, look as though they were done by another drunk.

Life in this small village revolves around the harbour. It is not very big but nevertheless it shelters about a dozen small fishing smacks. In one corner of the harbour is the pride and joy of the village. It is a replica of the "Golden Hinde", the ship in which Drake sailed to many adventures. It is correct down to the minutest detail and has often been used in films.

During the warm summer evenings when all the fishing tackle has been cleared away from the quay, morris dancers dance many 'olde world' dances till about nine o'clock. Then they take off their bells and instruments and go into the local pub where the most popular drink is "scrumpy".

On a clear day you can see across the bay to Torquay and Paignton or the Headland on which stands the George Hotel, once used to detain Napoleon before he was shipped off to St. Helena.

If you find it too quiet during the evenings there are plenty of clubs and pubs, or you can find more lively nightlife in Torquay, which is only a bus-ride away.

'All this and much more' as the saying goes leads to a most enjoyable holiday in a lovely little town. Once somebody has visited it he always wishes to return.

PETER MCCALL, 4S.

MISSPELT WORDS

I particularly like reading, especially in newspapers, words which have been incorrectly spelt. One of the major problems I have had so far in writing this essay is how to phrase this sentence without using the word "misspellings", which can be very hard to spell properly without a dictionary.

Sometimes, when you are trying to write quickly, you can make many spelling mistakes, and you can easily end up with a completely different meaning for the sentence. If you were talking about a public appearance of the Queen, it could happen that you said she was wearing an extensive dress, or, as the 'Daily Telegraph' said when Miss Jamaica became Miss World, "When asked if she was thinking of getting worried, she said she had a boyfriend".

The 'fun-tastic' books have a collection of amusing mistakes made by newspapers from all over the world, and quite a few are accidental spelling errors. One spoke about a man who was seriously burned when he came into contact with a high voltage wife, and another about a traditionally tired wedding cake. Another paper said that the best way to address the Mayor of a certain town when writing him a letter was "Dear Sid".

A practice for a Children's Christmas Programme "was to be hell on Saturday afternoon", said one paper, and while it was considered bad manners "to rip one's beard in one's soup" by one paper, another thought it disgraceful that shareholders were making too much honey.

Liverpool papers were some of the worst offenders, and one objected to the schemes of both the Socialists and the Liberals involving increases in the cost of loving. In one year, America's 100 tornadoes kidded 250 people, claimed one American paper, and another wanted a *maid for mousework*. One woman advertised for another with whom she could share her fat, and one paper reviewed "an amazingly gripping story of ten men lost in the dessert".

Animals seem to feature quite a lot in the newspapers, and one dense fox in Essex did not promise well for hunting, and reports came in of a dog suffering from babies. What will they think of next?

MARTIN ALLEN, 4 Mersey.

THE DISCOVERY AT MADISON HALL

The three boys all met in the village by the old park gates. They had decided to relieve their boredom of the summer weeks by cycling out to the old Hall. With their packed lunches and their maps they set off.

After a few hours of passing through rich countryside, they eventually saw the crumbling Hall. They came to the field, which once used to be the gardens of the mansion, and were confronted with a heavy wooden gate and a big notice saying, "Private Property". Ignoring this sign (the map marked it as a public right of way) they quickly cycled down the overgrown track. They arrived at the ruined building with many scratches from the brambles along the path. There they put down their bikes and decided to explore before they had their lunch.

Most of the building was ruined after being raided by rioting peasants during the end of the last century. The broken arches, crumbling walls, smashed tiles and all the undergrowth made a haven for bird wild life in the area.

As the boys cautiously stepped through the rubble there was a screech from a fleeing jay, and cruel cackling from the magpies high on the once magnificent wall. As the boys searched round the musty rooms, creatures hopped out of their path. Then as they were carefully stepping along the rotting staircase, the smell pierced their nostrils. The rats scurried away and they caught sight of the mutilated corpse. The flies were swarming around the bloody eye sockets. Not much was left of her (or was it his?) face. The flesh had been ripped away, revealing bare cheek bones. That was enough for the boys and they ran out of the room down the old staircase and along the broken tiled hall floor.

They rode back to the village with difficulty and still trembling they knocked on the door of the little village police station. Mrs Trevelyn gave them a hot drink, and told them to explain their story calmly. A well-built policeman then phoned the

police district office and asked for lights, dogs and men to go down to the Hall.

Sergeant Bradshaw set up a few lights around the entrance to the Hall. He then went back to the "Rover" to get his strong, hot tea. He lifted up the back door and took out the flask; then, as he was drinking his tea, he saw a blue blur, dazzling feathers glinting in the artificial light. Then he felt a searing pain in his eyes. The creature had jumped on his back and was gouging his eyes out. He stumbled to the stained grass, writhing in agony. The creature scurried away with an ear-piercing screech. One of the tracker dogs heard the yelp and raced after the creature. There came another ear-piercing screech: this time the creature was in pain.

The alsation was found with a deep red scar of congealed blood down its back. Blue feathers were scattered around the dog. The creature had managed to escape but it left its trademark: blood seeped out of the red flesh. Then one of the radios buzzed to life. "There's something at the top," came a sergeant's voice.

"Keep a light on it!" shouted the voice of Chief Inspector Groves.

The feathered shape came out of the tunnel entrance that was concealed by a large bush. As it raised its head the glare of the spotlight dazzled the large, deepset eyes. As it began to crawl into the ferns, a dog snarled and leapt for the creature. The blue shadow ducked and slithered to one side. Then as the alsatians's jaws were above it, it rammed its claws into the dog's mouth. The creature with a quick jerk pulled the dog and hurled it, writhing and twisting, into the glare of the spotlight. It then ran and the dogs gave chase. The sergeant told the men at the bottom of the cliff to let the dogs loose. The only escape for the creature was to climb down the cliff.

After climbing about five feet, the dogs and men soon caught up. Then Constable Smith picked up a rock and hurled it down at the feathered creature. Then for one long, brilliantly illuminated moment the men on the rocks below saw the strange feathered creature fall down the sheer cliff face, the long blue feathers pluming up. Then it crashed onto the stones below.

CHRIS HORNER, 4D.

WEMBLEY

Here comes the train:
 Everyone cheers!
 The station shop has sold out
 Of shandy and beers.
 We all get on:
 No-one gets off.
 Only half an hour till the kick-off.

Someone shouts, "Hey! there's the ground."
 The supporters get up and have a look around.
 Then the train stops.
 Everyone off.
 No-one wants to be late for the kickoff.

A rush for the ticket office.
 Everyone in!
 The supporters start yelling:
 Oh! what a din!
 No sign of the teams:
 The crowd groaned.
 Then the man on the loudspeaker said:
 'Sorry — match postponed.'

A. SHEA, 1 Mersey.

PLEA OF AN UNBORN CHILD

I am John — as yet, unborn
 Why should I be one to scorn?
 Let the virtuous man condemn me
 He who has no sin!

I will challenge King or Vagrant,
 Docker, Lawyer, Judge or Priest.
 Let the good man do this deed;
 Surely he will not succeed — To Hell?
 I cannot give testament 'gainst those who would
 destroy
 My life — My right.
 As much as I cannot make known my thoughts
 Yet it seems that He who knows the thoughts of
 man and boy
 Knows too, My plight.

And all your sorrow will avail you nought.
 Let me be born — Am I such a threat
 To be destroyed like vermin?

GERALD TYRER, 6A Sc. 4.

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The Beginning.

Once upon a time, always upon a time — or that's what I always say. Another thing I always say is that Mr. Wing Ting Poddly-Tinn was lying in bed one morning when without warning the clock struck eight. Eight *what*, he doesn't say, but the general impression is that the clock turned nasty and went about striking things — but then that's not the only nasty thing in this story (*Dramatic Chords*). For quick as a flash, Mr. Poddly-Tinn — Mr. WTPT as we call him for short — got out of bed and picked up his vest. Even quicker than the previous flash which Mr. WTPT was quicker than — the vest swallowed him whole. "What!" you exclaim. "What a cad and a bounder Mr. WTPT must have been if he forces his vest to such extremes!" You don't fool me — you didn't exclaim that at all. Well exclaim it now quick or I'll have to go on without you. Right! You asked for it — I'm going on without you.

In fact, Mr. WTPT was no cad or bounder or any other rude words for that matter — indeed he

was very kind to his vest and kissed it goodnight (he was a bit of a fool when you think about it) and tucked it up in bed. Anyway, the vest ran out of the room and leapt downstairs as fast as his nose could carry him. It dived through the letter-box just as the postman was delivering some letters, and ate him whole. A reporter saw this and wrote it down, up and sideways, and pretty soon a newspaper appeared in mid-air bearing the headline: "*String Vest Eats Postman*" and the editor was immediately sacked as the ensuing article was about cattle fodder in New Guinea. However, the vest continued its life of terror and went about petrifying innocent terrorists and forcing them into giving it their machine-guns as a sacrifice and then eating them raw. Eeeh oooh, you might say — ee yuk, but then what you say in the privacy of your own home is no affair of mine. Anyhow, the sinister attacks of the savage vest on harmless people grew more and more daring every seventeen seconds. The situation grew desperate, the grass grew green and the Prime Minister grew azaleas.

Then, as if by magic, the Pied Piper appeared in the House of Commons just as the affair was being discussed by Parliament. "I will," quoth he, "rid the town of this monster in return for a payment of one thousand guilders."

The Prime Minister readily agreed, so pleased was he at a chance to be rid of the fiend in underwear form which would also, very likely, win him hundreds of votes. The mysterious piper put the flute to his lips and very soon a beautiful melody flowed forth, such as had never been heard before. The vest suddenly flew round the corner and ate him. "Ah, well," sighed the Prime Minister. "Back to the drawing board!"

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "I recognise that vest! It belonged to my old Uncle Arthur in 1942. It goes round eating people unless you sing 'Happy Birthday' to it before you put it on. Funny I didn't think of it before!"

The Prime Minister swore fluently under his breath and prayed for protection from this imbecile. Then the government sang 'Happy Birthday' and the P.M. put on the famous vest. Everyone cheered and just as he was about to deliver a speech, they noticed a blue rag in the middle of the road going "Tick tock, tick tock".

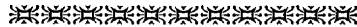
"Oh, no!" shrieked the Chancellor. "It can't be! It is! It's Uncle Arthur's left sock!!!"

But it was too late. The sock exploded, killing

millions of people, including everyone on earth, and splitting the world in two. Everything was silent except for a quiet "whoosh" as a pair of Uncle Arthur's trousers hurtled towards the sun with a cruel glint in its eye . . .

The End — or is it? (Dramatic Chords — Fade out). Don't miss "The Sinister Skull-cap" which is in fact simply "The Savage Vest" translated into Hebrew.

TIM ALLEN, 5 Sefton.



THE NORFOLK BROADS

A journey of some two hundred miles awaits the Liverpudlian who wishes to spend his holiday in Norfolk; most of this would be on motorways, not giving a good idea of what is ahead, but in East Anglia the roads are narrow, winding through picturesque landscape, typical of Constable, seemingly unchanged from his paintings of many years ago. The boatyards are hard to find and on finding them one automatically is surprised. "I didn't think it would be like this," is probably what is said, but anything would come as a surprise to a 'first-timer'; the boats are more like floating caravans than like the barges seen on television; the boatyard is very clean, very neat and tidy; the proprietor must be very proud of it.

On leaving the boatyard and starting to move into the main body of the river, one becomes a major hazard to the millions of ducks, swans and geese there, but they seem to have mastered the art of surfing on the waves caused by the boat. A wildlife photographer could retire here knowing that if he lived for another fifteen years, he would be able to find a different topic nearly every week. Indeed, any such person spending a fortnight only would be spoilt for choice. Many people come alongside and ask for your opinions on such a place. You give it and explain how to get there; they thank you and go there. There are some hundred and fifty miles of cruiseway on the broads.

The Norfolk Broads is a term used nowadays to describe the areas of navigable water in East Anglia, which are connected and run between Norwich in the West and Yarmouth and Oulton Broad, Lowestoft, in the East. This, however, is a loose interpretation; the Broads themselves are a number of lakes or sometimes just wide parts of the river, and are possibly the most beautiful part of the country. They hide in between forests and are very calm, in fact frighteningly so to a city-dweller. The serenity of Barton Broad at sunset is astounding; the sun's red rays being slightly distorted by minor ripples gives a marvellous effect. This would be heaven to many people.

If the night's mooring place is a village, a trip to that village will be surprising. The villages are not all of the sort centered around a statue in the mainroad. A few are, but straddle a road with quite a few shops, always a petrol station and quite often a railway station — the smallest station in Britain is here at the Bernex Arms Mill, with just an old mill owned by the National Trust and a public house, only accessible by river — and a portrayal of the town, both past and present.

These are just a few of the things that make me like the Norfolk Broads so.

GERARD CRUTE, 4M, English.

There was a young lad from Peru,
Who thought he would make a canoe,
When out on the river,
He found with a shiver,
He hadn't used waterproof glue.

Friend — What are you doing?

Simple Simon — Writing a letter to my brother.

Friend — Don't try to fool me. You can't write.

Simple Simon — That doesn't make any difference,
My brother can't read.

THE HAZARDS OF SCIENCE

Mixed some green little chemicals
A green little chemist,
On a green little day,
Mixed some green little chemicals
In a green little way.
The green little gases
Now tenderly wave,
O'er the green little chemist's
Green little grave.

Q. What do you get when you cross a Boa
Constrictor with a hedgehog?

A. A twenty foot toilet brush.

THE WRATH OF PERSIA

The enemy gathered on the hill;
Amongst the sand they stood so still.
They waited for the king's command
And raced across the burning sand.
There was a shout, a scream, a roar;
Across the sheets of sand they soared.
We stood stock still; then raised our shields:
Amidst the sand a flash of steel.
The armies mixed; their swords they rang,
The wounded fell; the Persians sang.
The bodies lay there in the heat,
The fighting over, war complete.

NICHOLAS GRAY, 1 Domingo.

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DANCING IN THE BALLROOM EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY & SUNDAY

MYSTERY ISLE

Carruchbarran Island is a small volcanic rock jutting out of the sea one mile off the coast of western Scotland. Today it is populated only by the sea-birds but fifty years ago there was a lighthouse on Carruchbarran Island run by two men who had a terrier dog. The local fishermen from the mainland port of Barran never go near the island: they believe it's haunted by the ghosts of Viking raiders who were shipwrecked and drowned there a thousand years ago. The locals also believe that it was these ghosts that killed the two men and terrier dog who were on that island fifty years ago and disappeared without trace on the 21st of June, 1926.

One of the two men who disappeared, John Riley (the chief lighthouse keeper), kept a very precise diary of all the events on the island, and it was his job to walk round Carruchbarran every night and to check all the meteorological equipment, that was set up at various points around the island. Riley was a very precise, meticulous man who always liked things exact. He always made his rounds of the island at seven in the morning and seven at night. He would always record exactly the rainfall, wind-speed, temperature and humidity from his meteorological instruments. He kept two diaries, one solely for his meteorological readings and one of all he did during the day and any ships he sighted.

Riley's partner, Calvin, was an old seafaring man who had been in the navy during the war but

had left in 1921. He had returned to his native Glasgow and had tried to get a job as a merchant seaman, but he was turned down because of his age. In the end Calvin had got a job as a lighthouse keeper and had been on Carruchbarran for five years when he disappeared.

According to Riley's diary, the night of the 21st of June, 1926, was a cold, misty one. As usual Riley made his rounds at seven o'clock and then returned at quarter to eight to sit down and bring his diary up to date while his partner watched the light. At ten to eight Riley heard a shout and then a fog-horn. Calvin heard them too and rushed downstairs, thinking it was a fishing boat aground on the rocks. They ran outside but the noise stopped and they could find nothing. They split up to search the island but then a heavy mist came down and Riley got lost. Eventually the mist lifted and Riley found his way back to the lighthouse. Calvin must have returned too for Riley carried on writing his diary. He wrote about hearing the foghorn and going outside but then he stopped. The last words he wrote were: "It was with a feeling of considerable relief that I saw the mist clear and the path to safety open before me."

The next morning when the supply boat came to the island, the crew found everything in order and Riley's diary open still there but Riley, Calvin and the dog were gone without trace, never to be seen again.

PAUL EDWARDS, 3 M.



TERRORISM

People shooting, people bombing,
In this terror-stricken day,
Southern Africa, Northern Ireland,
These monsters killing any way.

People fighting for their causes,
Are they right or are they wrong?
Who is brave enough to stop them?
Today the people aren't that strong.

People terrorising countries,
Armies coming to protect;
Devastation and destruction,
What is going to be left?

JOHN LYNCH, 1 M.

TWELVE LINES IN RHYME

Twelve lines is all I have to write,
And though I am trying with all my might
I realise now why poets are scarce;
Because it's hard to write in verse.

Twelve lines: now that's not much;
I should finish in time for lunch.
But now it's almost time for tea,
And a blank still stares at me.

Three cheers! I find I've written eight,
And though my poem might not be great,
It took a lot of patience and time,
To write just twelve lines in rhyme.

B. MANN, 1 M.

EN ROUTE

I've roamed the world and garnered a spot
Of knowledge and lingo — but not a lot —
In peace, in storm, in warring blot.
One sphere I've yet to know!
The years have gone as stick in whittle,
Seeing and hearing tattle and tittle;
Customs and creeds; learning a little
In wandering to and fro.

Interested in folk in my leisure times,
Rat-racing of various types and climes;
Striving for pesetas, yen and dimes;
Labouring till day is done;
Till they rest in apprehension or in doubt —
Have they ultimate aim, or are they without?
Do they wonder what living is all about
At setting of the sun?

Kaleidoscope of human kind,
Tints and shades of mould and mind,
Faiths ignored or beliefs that bind,
To follow false or true.
Some toy with are they right or wrong,
Or abide in Word of centuries long
Ingrained from precept, sure and strong,
Be they Christian, Bhuddist, Mohammedan or Jew.

From coast to coast, brine to brine,
Minaret call or wayside shrine,
Mental jogs to keep in line
From dim ancestral teaching.
The atheist scorns the need to pray;
"We live but once," we hear him say.
No Cross or Crescent bars his way —
For earthly paradise he's reaching!

Substance chasing shadow to abscond
From rut of life's monotonous bond,
To moon-trip from daily slough of despond
To position and power.
For status-symbol and grander nest,
Opportunities they grasp with zest
To prove they're better than the rest
Of the Jones's modest bower.

To self-chosen star in manic hurry
From peon stage to ideal they scurry
To be cocooned against care or worry,
Brushing men and morals aside,
Spurred on by scent of sweet success
Reaping, winnowing, the cream to possess,
In ego boast and miserly caress.
What doth it profit at life's eventide?

Target: cornucopia overflowing;
Code: trampling in purblind going —
Dropping no seed worthwhile the sowing —
No pause to reck the cost.
But wood-pecker tapping must intrude,
In period of solitude,
To review past ground left unstrewed.
Then conscience is not lost.

Fleshpots, golden calves of man's creation,
Magnetic breaks from cares and frustration,
All allure in off-guard imagination;
Then — aftermath to self revile!
Yet simple pleasures do abound;
One talent cast on fertile ground
Brings happiness. 'Tis easily found:
Give a hand to the luckless with a smile.

What if the end be Pandora's box?
A false self con! Rainbow crocks,
Pyrrhic score that derides and mocks
Save for Sprite of Hope!
Soothing even years of misspent chase
For earthly Shangri-La. One can return to base
To start anew at pilgrim pace,
With heart and will to cope.

How admirable 'tis to aspire —
For self and dear ones to acquire
Good comforts which we all desire,
To degree of security;
For the needs of life, with hands and brain,
Without class-envy. Honestly to gain;
Reaching a goal within limits sane,
With pardonable pride in ability.

E'en ignorant savage will prostrate pray
For moral strength, in peace or fray,
To fetish carved from wood or clay —
Crude symbol of Spirit unknown.
Tribute he pays mid vert and dust,
To rise, self-reliant, strong and just.
One must envy his simple trust,
His belief that he is never alone.

"Through a glass darkly" — how oft we hear
From word of scribe of yesteryear.
Our horizon limited, future unclear.
What use in vague assessing?
Few go through life in lavender-wrap:
Misfortune, pain and stress entrap.
Yet, in affliction, some Grace will cap
With sprinkling of welcome blessing.

From crowded hours to serenity,
 One relaxes in moment of reverie.
 To guesstimate what's gone and what's to be
 In place of promised dimension.
 Seer and sage, ilk of oracle strain
 (To whose I.Q. I could never attain)
 Have paged for us visions of veiled terrain
 For man's credence or dissention.

By the way most folk can be content
 To abide by rules the Creator meant,
 That gift of life is free to be spent
 In glitter chase or ploughman plod.
 To "This was your life" they hope to reply:
 "I have transgressed" — without plea or sigh —
 "In earthly span, I did but try
 To believe in God!"

GEORGE O'NEILL



FINALE

A personal Report by M. McAllister,
 6th Form.

Looking back over the year that has elapsed since this time last year many earthshaking events that have taken place within the school spring readily to mind, but enough about school dinners. One of the strongest images is of Mr. Young's performance to the Magazine Committee for this year — if I recall correctly, his words were nothing like . . . "The room grows dim and hazy; an excited, high-pitched voice comes to the aural foreground followed by the visage of the speaker" . . . "Gentlemen, we have the School Magazine, an institution barely alive, we can rebuild it, make it bigger, more exciting, cheaper, non-compulsory, more easily readable to the general public, better than it's ever been before; but let's not chaps, we'll just give it a new cover instead." Thus the annual conglomeration of self-congratulation having been initiated, the day to day running of the school had to be attended to.

The continued success of the First XV Rugby team was ensured by placing its care in the capable hands of 'Cider-drinker' Phil Thompson and Peter, 'there's plenty of good lads in the fifth year' Mercer. The former has manifested his financial acumen by starting this year a large extortion racket throughout the Upper and especially the Lower School. Despite losing many senior members, the orchestra fortunately survived, as always, and is at present rehearsing 'Der Ring des Nibelungen' with the School Choir.

During the year, the school sent a number of candidates to Oxford and Cambridge, whose academic abilities can be judged by their terrific effort in the mock 'A'-level; despite having little time to revise, they pulled through and succeeded in getting marks as low as everyone else.

Inspired, as I often am, by these and other great deeds too numerous to mention, and the obvious barrenness of the trophies' cupboard, I am proud to present, on behalf of my school, the following awards, which will be presented on Prize Day, when, in front of the usual rapt audience of 27, the Orchestra and Choir will perform the new school song: "Look at us aren't we great!"

The Failures Cup (jointly to:

Mr. Mercer, for his work on the Panto., and the 1976-77 Oxbridge candidates for very little.

The Efficiency Award (jointly) to:

J. Szymanski for even less
 and T. Bradley — Caretaker, for many time and labour saving ideas — like not working.

The "Today, Deputy Head, Tomorrow the World" Trophy (singly) to:

A. Edwards.

An Academy Award (jointly) to:

Mr. T. Duffy, for overacting in the Panto.
 and Mr. R. Irving, for his overwhelming modesty.

RUNNYMEDE NOTES

Another year has slipped away and it is pleasing to note that Runnymede continues to play a full role in the overall scheme of the college. The Prep. school is bursting at the seams with enthusiastic youngsters who most of the time are keen and willing to learn!

In the last school year we said farewell to Fr. Naughton, our school chaplain. We would like to wish him every success and happiness in his new parish. To our new chaplain Fr. Ryan, we extend a warm welcome and look forward to seeing him as often as possible in Runnymede.

The high academic standards which have now become synonymous with Runnymede have been maintained, in fact improved upon, in this last year. The results of the Junior Four class at the end of their stay with us were excellent. We wish these boys well in their future education.

Although the academic emphasis of Runnymede is well known we would like to think it does not end there. Musically the school goes from strength to strength and the boys' enthusiasm for this subject is a credit to the music staff. Much good work is produced in the art lessons and there appear to be a few budding artists on the roll. On the sports field as well much hard work and enthusiasm has been displayed by the boys. (A full list of the sporting triumphs and disasters appears elsewhere).

Once again the highlight of the school year was the Annual Prize Day. The principal guest this year was Mr. E. Genin who, of course, is well known to St. Edward's. We thank him most sincerely for distributing the prizes. The violinists and recorder players excelled themselves and the main part of the proceedings, "Little Billy", was obviously a great success, judging by the reaction of the audience. The boys performed extremely well and are to be congratulated for their high standard of singing and acting.

Another important event in our year was the First Communion Mass for our younger pupils. We offer our sincere congratulations to our 8 communicants.

This year's school outing was an unqualified success. A most enjoyable day was spent at Trent-ham Gardens and amazingly enough we returned home with as many boys as we left with in the morning.

During the Christmas term we lost the services of Mr. Glover because of ill-health. We wish him a speedy recovery and look forward to having him back in the fold again. Meanwhile we welcome and thank Miss Sheehan who has stepped in to fill the gap.

Finally, there are numerous people who have in many different ways helped the Prep. school during this year. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking them all most sincerely for all they have done.

ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE PREP. SCHOOL SPORTS NOTES 1975/6

FOOTBALL

	P	W	L	D	F	A
U-11	20	9	6	5	56	42
U-10	12	4	5	3	11	17
U-9	5	3	1	1	11	6
	37	11	12	9	78	65

I suppose it would take just one word to describe the 1975/76 season — AVERAGE —. The year started off badly with two defeats, though in fairness to the team they were against stronger opposition than they had been matched against before. Gradually the team began to put its game together and some pleasing and well earned victories came their way. The 'high spot' of the season was probably the drawn game at S.F.X. — a creditable achievement against a side a year older than St. Edward's.

It is always a difficult task to single out individuals but mention should be made of Neil Brennan, the captain, who, after an uncertain start, put in



ST. EDWARD'S PREP. SCHOOL U-11 FOOTBALL TEAM 1976/77

Back row: S. Whitfield, T. Alderman, S. Dwerryhouse, T. Larcombe, D. Connolly, M. Nolan, P. Leonard, S. Mahon.

Front row: G. Hyde-Price, (Joint Capt.), T. Blusum, Ian Birch, A. Reilly, J. Glover, M. Brennan, S. Naylor, G. Hughes, (Joint Capt.).

Results to date (Dec. '76) P15 W 10 D1 F51 A 30.

some solid performances during the year. Dominic Ford was also a tireless worker but the boy who deserved the most credit was Quentin Cullen — (the remark heard from the sidelines most often during the season was 'If only we had a few more like him!')

The Under 10's have shown great promise though they have no individual stars and perhaps this isn't a bad thing. It will be their task to carry the flag of St. Edward's into the Liverpool Schools Football Association League next year. This will be the first time the Prep. school has taken part in this competition where standards are very high. Let us hope that they surprise a few people and do well.

It would not be right to end this report without a word of thanks to the Dads who provided us with

transport and much needed support throughout the season.

So we look forward to the 76/77 season and we hope better things to come.

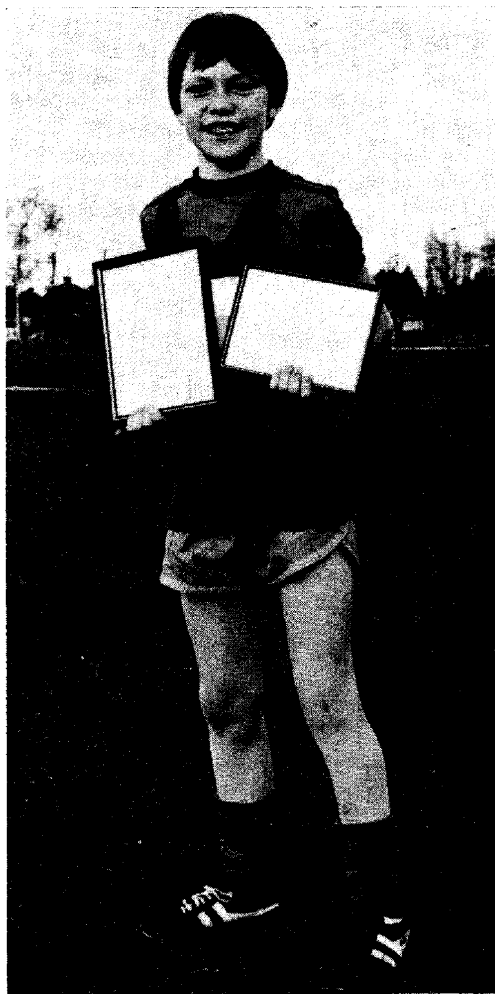
INTER SCHOOL FOOTBALL COMPETITION

An innovation this year which proved to be most popular was a league competition played in the lunch hour during the Easter Term. The competition was open to all boys in J2, J3, J4. Each team was named after a J4 boy and the eventual winners of this keenly contested competition were the mighty Ford Rangers who defeated Mann Rovers in a league play-off. A cup and medals were presented to the winning side.

ATHLETICS

As far as results are concerned this has not been a good year for Runnymede. In the Christian Brothers' Sports we came last out of the four schools taking part. An improvement was shown in the Central District Championships; competing against 14 other schools a creditable 3rd place was obtained. This year we entered the Liverpool Catholic Schools Championships for the first time and obtained another quite good placing, coming 3rd out of 15 schools.

All credit must be given to the boys who trained hard throughout the season. A special word of thanks is due to Robert Mann, the captain, whose example was an inspiration to the rest of the team. This year, for the first time ever, a boy from St. Edward's Prep. was chosen for the Liverpool Junior Schools Athletics Team. Congratulations are due to Quentin Cullen for achieving this honour.



QUENTIN CULLEN, J4

Liverpool Catholic Schools Junior Cross Country and 400 metre Champion 1976. 2nd place in Liverpool Junior Schools Cross Country Championships and a member of the Liverpool Schools Athletics Team 1976.

SWIMMING

The 1976 season proved a most successful one for Runnymede. We entered the Liverpool Catholic Schools Swimming Championships for the first time and in the Intermediate section came second out of 12 schools. This qualified us for the City Championships and a magnificent performance on the night was rewarded with 2nd place. In the Central District Championships that elusive 1st place was at last achieved, although the team had to wait till the last team race of the evening to secure it. There were also two individual galas against St. Anthony of Padua and Dovecot C.P. and victories were

recorded in both of them. The team captain was Jonathon Grace who did an excellent job, not only in the water but also as team organiser during the actual galas. The team should also be congratulated for their behaviour at the galas, they were a credit to St. Edward's and to themselves.

CROSS COUNTRY

Junior schools cross country is becoming more organised in Liverpool and consequently standards are improving. It is pleasing then to record that Runnymede did extremely well. We entered the two major competitions in the city, the Catholic Championships and the Liverpool Schools Championships. In the Catholic Championships the U-11 team came home a creditable 4th out of 21 schools with the captain Quentin Cullen taking the individual 2nd place. The U-10's came 8th in their section with Gregory Hughes the highest runner in 6th position. In the Catholic Championships (one age group) the team gained 2nd place overall with Quentin Cullen coming home with a magnificent individual first place. This was a well deserved victory for a captain who had trained with dedication during the season.

THE BIG FAT TROUT

I was a fisherman fishing for my tea,
Suddenly I had a bite, excited was me,
I jerked the line,
O dear! Caught in a pine.

The fish got away but I shall not stop,
I shall keep on trying until I go pop!
The next day, with some pain,
I hooked it, once again.

I didn't jerk the line this time,
So the fish didn't get off the line,
I hauled it in, it was such fun,
It was a big fat juicy one!

SIMON MAHON, Junior 4.

THE GHOST

Once upon a time a ghost came to our house.
I heard it and I woke up and it came into my bedroom.
So I pretended that I was asleep and it went in all the bedrooms and then went downstairs and I followed it. It looked everywhere, then it turned round, so I hid behind a chair. Then it went outside and looked there. It turned around and saw me, I fell over and pulled the sheet and I found that it was my brother.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

A FOOTBALL MATCH

The roar of the crowd as the teams appear,
Eleven each side, yes, they're all here,
The referee and linesmen too,
I wonder what our team will do?

The kick-off now, wow, that man is tall,
Who's the small one? It's Alan Ball.
We're One-Nil up now, look at the signs,
Who's the scorer? Oh . . . it's Mick Lyons.

Arsenal Nil, Everton Two,
Do you think we'll win? Well, I hope we do.

Half time's over, we're off again,
Now three-nil up, despite the rain,
I'll bet the Arsenal Manager's sad,
They really haven't played that bad..

Two points surely, it can't be long,
Oh, no, they've scored, it's George Armstrong,
It's all over now, 3-1. Hurray,
For us it's been a very good day.
Everton deserve a loud "Well done,"
And I'm so glad that Everton won.

MICHAEL PRENTON, Junior III.



This puny and under-developed specimen walks into a pub and orders a pint and a whisky. He pours the whisky into his top pocket, and drinks the pint in one. He asks for the same again, whereupon he repeats his actions. This goes on several times, till at last the barman cannot contain himself, and tells the man that he is a fool to keep on wasting good whisky like that. On this, the little guy leans

over the bar, grabs the barman by the throat and hauls all eighteen stone of him over the counter. "Step outside, sir; nobody calls me a fool," he rasped. Just then, a tiny mouse pops out of his top pocket and shouts, "Yeah, and bring your ruddy cat as well!"

SIMON HEWITT, 3 Mersey.

THE TREE

I was a seed that fell in silver dew;
 Nobody noticed me, for nobody knew;
 Yet Someone saw my fate as I grew tall,
 To be a thing of hate for jeers and gall.
 A sapling I became, blest by the sun;
 No whisper of my shame heard anyone;
 I was full of life, birds sang on me;
 Unpruned by knife, I grew a tree.
 So stout and strong, though still so young;
 Then came a horde with axe and tongue;
 They cleft me to the core with savage blows;
 From their ranks a roar of rage arose.
 Like my companions, I was proud to grow;
 There was no need to lay me low.
 Why did I end so ill in the midst of three
 Black crosses on a hill called Calvary?

GEORGE O'NEILL.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

The haunted house is big and old,
 You can hear it at midnight.
 The creaking and the moaning
 That gives me such a fright.
 As you walk through the doorway
 A chill goes down your spine.
 You walk across the hallway
 Wondering if you were right.
 All the house is silent.
 Suddenly you hear a sound,
 But you realise it is only the rats
 Underneath the floorboards.
 You wander up the stairway
 And the rotted floorboards creak
 As if threatening to collapse beneath your feet.
 Suddenly you hear a sound:
 You wonder what it is.
 It screeches and wails like a hungry cat.
 You enter the room and the sound stops.
 In a second the floor gives way.
 You plunge through the trapdoor
 And feel the wind racing past your cheeks.
 You land on the back of your neck
 And hear a brittle crack.
 You die instantly.
 For the rats to have a feast.

ALAN RUDKIN, 1M.

POLLUTION IS UNTHINKING

A bird was dancing around so gay.
 He didn't know what would happen that day.
 Dancing and twirling in the sun,
 He was having so much fun.
 Then suddenly he thought it was some boys,
 But then the sound came so much nearer —
 Frightening, threatening and so much clearer.
 At first he went behind a tree,
 But there was no cover he could see.
 He dug a hole and lay;
 Oh no! there's one coming the other way.
 His chest was getting very, very heavy
 And there lay the butterflies in a bevy;
 And there the poor bird lay,
 Those planes are careless with their spray.
 They had killed another bird that day.

MICHAEL O'LEARY, 2 Mersey.

AUTUMN

In Autumn the dying leaves do fall,
 And migrating birds give their last shrill call.
 They wing their way to foreign lands,
 Before winter grips with her icy hands.
 The withering flowers fade and die,
 Summer has gone with its bright blue sky.
 For snow will come and cover the bed
 Where the flower once held its noble head.
 Animals and seeds will sleep,
 Until the Spring begins to peep.
 Autumn has brought death and decay,
 Spring will renew nature's display.

P. ASTLES, 1M.

THE EAGLE

With wings outspread, the eagle swoops,
 With strength flight does demand,
 Searching, seeking for its prey,
 It scans the sky and land.
 A lamb down in the field below,
 Aware it's going to die,
 Looks lamely at the shadow above,
 Way up there in the sky.
 The eagle stares with eyes unmoved,
 Makes ready to kill its prey,
 The poor lamb breaths its last short breath,
 The last one in his day.

NEIL WHITFIELD, 1 Hope.

KNOCK KNOCK'S

Knock, knock.
 Who's there?
 Willie.
 Willie who?
 Willie getaway.

Knock, knock.
 Who's there?
 Amos.
 Amos who?
 A mosquito.

Knock, knock.
 Who's there?
 Yetta.
 Yetta who?
 Yet another mosquito.

M. McGUIRE, 1 M.

Q. What do you call a snake in a shop?
 A. A slippery customer!
 Q. What did one orange say to the other?
 A. "You give me the pip!"
 Q. Why do hens lay eggs?
 Because they can't lay bricks!

BATTY BOOKS

"Archery" by Mister Gain.
 "Un-ladylike" by Tom Boy.
 "The Funeral" by Dai Tuesday.

STEPHEN MAGINN, 1 D.

LIMERICKS

There was an old lady from Boota.
 Who went down the road on a scoota.
 She bumped into the Queen,
 Said, "Sorry old bean,
 I should have sounded my hooter."

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