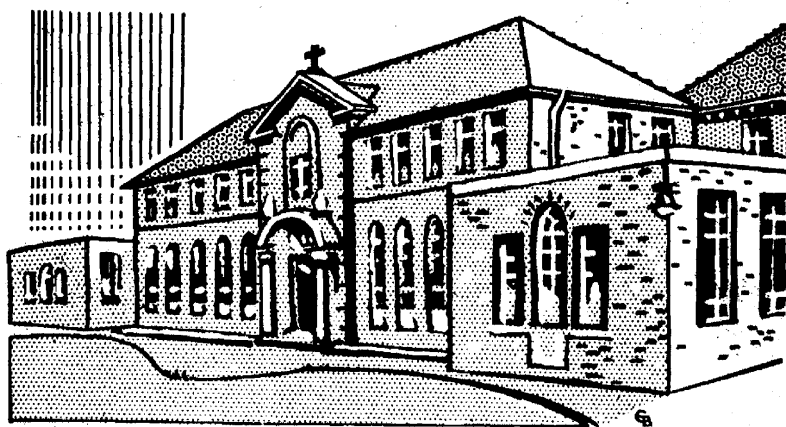


St. Edward's College Magazine



LIVERPOOL

1977/78

ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE

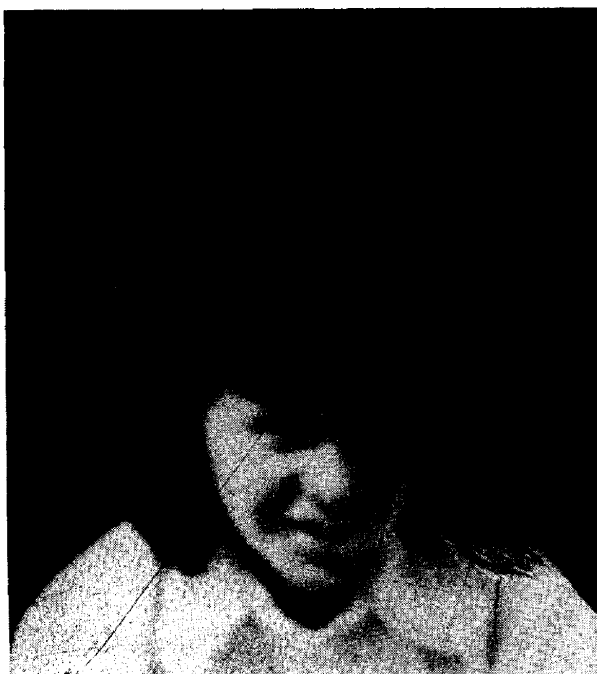
Vol. 2

No. 10



LIVERPOOL

1978



This edition of the magazine

is dedicated to

the memory of

MICHAEL WYCHE

R. I. P.

EDITORIAL NOTES

A glance through this year's magazine may well give the impression that the past year has been uneventful—an impression conveyed by the absence of reports on extra-curricular activities, apart from those of the Music Department. Perhaps the coincidence of preparations for earlier exams with the preparation of the magazine prevented representatives of the various societies from meeting the deadline. We do feel, however, that the standard of the entries submitted is more than adequate compensation, and the credit for the standard of the magazine is yours, not ours.

We welcome to the College, Rev. Br. McNamara and Mssrs. Bowring, Jordan and Lever, and it is not mere convention that makes us wish them a happy and successful time at St. Edward's.

Especially in our minds as we write is Mr. Glover still suffering a long and distressing illness. We pray for a safe and speedy recovery and offer our prayers and sympathy also to his wife and family.

While the academic staff are of obvious importance, it is most certainly true to say that the College could not function without the efforts and devotion of ancillary staff—the ladies who 'man' (if they will pardon the expression) the office and at the same time manage to offer a nursing service to injured youth; the librarians who also miraculously seem to cope with overflowing numbers in times of particular difficulty; the caretakers and groundsmen and carpenters, under whose efforts doors seem to have cropped out like crystals in a 'chemie lab'; the canteen staff who nobly resist what must at times be a great temptation to use their ladles in self-defence; and George, who has become so much a part of the St. Edward's scene—and of the magazine—that it is impossible to imagine the place without him: to all we express our thanks.

A special 'thank you' is due to the Parents' Association whose members do so much for the College, and to Fr. Ryan, our chaplain, who seems to have got used to us by now.

Extra-curricular activities have gone forward as usual, despite the lack of reporting in this issue. 'Hamlet', 'Dr. Faustus' and 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' have been shown and guests from other schools were invited. A Brechtian drama was presented in the Ley Hall. There have been various recitals, also, the most notable being a very popular concert by Peter O'Hagan, an old boy of whom the College is proud. Michael Williams, another distinguished old boy, entertained a packed Ley Hall and also provided some serious insights into drama. There was another successful outing to Stratford for a splendidly funny performance of 'As You Like It' — Mr. Allen and his wife were prime movers, and we are appreciative of their interest and effort. Orchestra and choir have entertained at various functions and added to the success of the Mass of St. Edward.

Finally, we thank all who sent in contributions to the magazine. The task of selection is not an easy one and we hope that what we have picked pleases you. As we said before, the real credit for any magazine goes to the contributors, not to its editors.

BRYAN McVEY	STEPHEN JOLLY
PETER EDGE	GREGORY SCOTT
ANDREW WILKINSON	ANTHONY CROWLEY
FRANCIS POTTER	

who acknowledge the help of:

JAMES DURKIN	and	DAVID McDOWELL
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WHY THE WAR ?

Why the war ?

Why the blood and gore ?

Why the fighting ?

Why the war ?

Who starts wars ?

The enemy. Who else !

Why the fighting ?

Why the killing ?

Why, oh why the war ?

People dying every day,

Thousands of them. How I pray,

I pray to God, and I say,

"Please ! Stop all wars."

P. CASEY, 1 Sefton

U.F.O.'s : FACT OR FICTION ?

One out of ten people have seen them. They supposedly slip in and out of the world's radar detection beams. I'm talking, of course, about U.F.O.'s or to give them their full name, Unidentified Flying Objects.

Ever since he could think, man knew there was something extraordinary, something exciting about the stars. Perhaps he even communicated with inhabitants of other planets. For example, Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain is a perfect astronomical tracking station. Have we any solid proof that beings from another world didn't build it ? Scientists agree on one fact; man was too primitive at that time to be able to build Stonehenge. What does this mean ? It means that someone, or rather something, built it; someone from a far more civilised world than ours.

The image of a little green man landing on Earth and saying, "Take me to your leader", has changed a great deal. People who have seen 'space men' describe them as very tall wearing silver suits and having egg-shaped heads. Also, flying saucers have changed. They are now cigar-shaped and are enveloped in a bright white light. These descriptions mostly come from the south of England and Europe.

One case describes how a woman driving home with her friend, saw walking along the side of the road a tall man in a silver suit.

Another tells how a space-ship hovered above a car and from out of the ship came a man in a silver suit.

Perhaps the strangest incident was one in America where a man was actually taken aboard a space-ship. His account says that he was taken aboard and put into a brightly lit room. A sample of his blood was taken and the space men performed different experiments on him. A few days later, he was found, no worse for his adventure. These are just a few accounts but there are many more.

Another strange phenomenon which I think is connected with beings from another planet is the infamous Bermuda Triangle. Since the war, over 200 aircraft and ships have disappeared without trace. If we consider that the U.S.A.F. lost a squadron of fighters and that the ship assigned to look for the planes disappeared as well, we can understand the strangeness of this area. A fact which strengthens this theory is that on stormy nights every now and then uncanny lights can be seen hovering above the waves.

When I examine this evidence about sightings, the Bermuda Triangle and common descriptions, I have to say that something is out there and that man isn't alone in the universe. U.F.O.'s are fact !

MICHAEL BACON, 1 Domingo

PARENTS ASSOCIATION REPORT

An article on the Association, written in December, can cover only seven months of the Association year, with a brief look at the future.

The results announced at the AGM in May, showed a small increase in the amount transferred to the Building Fund during 1976, despite the inflation of that year. A total of £6,600.

The Chairman Mr. J. Haines announced his retirement from the Committee, and the retirement of Mrs. J. Handley, Mr. T. Redmond, Mr. B. Hickey, Mr. D. Maher, and Mr. J. Mulcahy. Mr. K. Glynn had retired earlier in the year. The thanks of the Association were expressed for their hard work over many years of devoted service.

The new members joining the Committee were Mr. T. Baker, Mr. K. Curd, Mr. J. Glover, Mr. P. Lacey, Mr. M. Naylor (previously co-opted) Mr. B. Roberts and Mr. R. Wynn.

The activities of the Association continue to flourish; the Beer and Wine Circle, Swimming Club, Whist Drives, Cricket Team and the Quiz Teams have proved very popular during the year; if any of them interest you, please come and enjoy them. The Social Dances have again been fully attended; they show the hard work of both the Social and Bar Sub-Committees. We regret that lack of space limits the tickets available at these functions.

The Parents and friends who came to the Summer Fair and Christmas Fete, gave generously both of time and money; the results of the Christmas Fair are not available in full but would appear to be a record for both income and profit. Thank you for this result.

Publicity, in spite of its name, is a rarely mentioned aspect of our activities; among other activities organised, was a very successful evening at Liverpool University attended by 130 parents. The '200' Club has been fully subscribed and now has its own '200 Club' Dance in the Calendar.

The 'Finishing Touch' Pool continues as the main fund raiser. It has been a tribute to the Parents who volunteer for this weekly work. The Agents' Dinner brings together a range of parents, from the parents of boys in their first year to parents whose sons have left the College.

The members are an impressive sight when seen together, and we are sure they enjoyed the Dinner and the dancing afterwards. We would be delighted to welcome new members.

A strength of the Association is the interest and co-operation between the School and Community, and the Association itself. Our thanks go to Bro. Chincotta, Bro. Brickley and the Community, the ladies in the School Office, the Staff, and to the boys of the College, especially the Sixth Forms, who have volunteered their help and muscles on many occasions.

The present Committee is listed below, please contact us if you have a query or suggestion.

G. M. HICKMAN

COMMITTEE 1977-1978

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Mr. G.M.Hickman, 53 Larkhill Lane, L13		226 3488
VICE-CHAIRMAN		
Mr. D.E.Nolan, 19 Orrell Road, L21		928 2856
SECRETARY		
Mrs. P.McMahon, 1 Wyndham Avenue, L14		489 6183
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Mr. R.Pritchard, 16 Teasville Road, L18		428 3345
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Mr. N.Ashton, 7a Elmswood Road, L17		
Mr. T.J.Baker, 10 Larch Road, Huyton, L36		489 5930
Mr. T.Begg, 195 Muirhead Avenue East, L11		226 3856
Mr. J.Carney, 135 Glovers Lane, L10		525 2015
Mr. K.Curd, 52 Broadgreen Road, L13		228 9913
Mr. F.Colquitt, 54 Birchfield Road, Widnes		424 2162
Mrs. M. Colquitt, 54 Birchfield Road, Widnes		424 2162
Mr. M.A.Fitzsimmons, 14 Teynham Ave., L34		546 3408
Mr. M.Gallagher, 128 Leyfield Road, L12		228 0670

Mr. J.Glover, 24 Regents Road, St. Helens	74 25842	Mrs. E.Melville, 23 Walney Road L12	226 8410
Mr. T.Holian, 28 Clarence Avenue, Widnes	424 5119	Mr. M.Naylor, 640 Queens Drive, L13	220 2791
Mrs. P.Jenkins, 28 Fairfield Avenue L36	489 9963	Mr. J. O'Hara, 17 Mossley Hill Road L18	724 2822
Mr. G.Keenan, 1 Sandforth Road, L12	228 4581	Mrs. T.O'Hara, 17 Mossley Hill Road L18	724 2822
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Mr. D.McDowell, 27 Beech Park, L12	220 6430	Mr. J.Preston, 102 Leyfield Road L12	228 9026
Mr. P.McGill, 120 Beversbrook Road, L11	226 9476	Mr. B.Roberts, 292 Woolton Road, L16	722 1502
Mr. C.Melia, 54 Swanside Avenue, L14	228 7870	Mr. R.F.Wynn, 78 Mossville Road, L18	724 1708

College Representative:

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



AT LAST OUR JOURNEY HAS REALLY BEGUN !

or

THE VICTORIOUS 'TUGGERS O' WAR' REJOICE AT THE LEAVERS' SOCIAL

Back row: P. McMahon, A. McIntyre, N. Wall, H. Riding, E. Riley, S. Rawcliffe, J. Ridge,
C. Noble, S. White.

Front row: C. Falconer, R. Marsden, S. Warriner, T. Rophy, G. O'Toole, P. McCann.

CHOIRING TO THE YOUNG-EYED CHERUBIM

(CONFESSIONS OF A CATHEDRAL CHORISTER)

We are not really as angelic as we look! Come to think of it we are not really angelic at all. Who has ever seen an angel playing table tennis or snooker? There are quite a few budding table tennis and snooker players. There is always a great rush to the games room at every spare moment that can be found during a long Sunday at the Metropolitan Cathedral. The games played between the members of the choir are very competitive and every point, gained or lost, vital. The games are taken seriously, perhaps too seriously at times. Some people in the choir seem to be addicted to table tennis. New members of the choir do not seem to take long in settling in and soon become able competitors—the new organ scholar has already proved to be the 'Hurricane Higgins' of the Cathedral and its snooker world.

All, however, is not play and there is a great deal of hard work involved in being in a cathedral choir. Most of the hard work is done during the practice—correcting music by contemporary composers not a million miles from the cathedral. Entertainment is often found during choir practices. Some people just do not realise how funny they can be. The choir is frequently told: "Don't use your voices" — What are we supposed to use? Perhaps we should use our feet!

Many pieces of music are rehearsed during the practices and mistakes are inevitably made. A funny incident occurred recently when one of these mistakes was made:

"Who made that mistake?" asked Mr. P. E. Duffy.
"Me sir", came the reply.
"You weren't singing" — very subtle and true!

A lot of running around is involved before the services as the relevant pieces of music have to be taken up to the choir stalls. Five minutes before each service, the procession is formed but more often than not the acolytes arrive several minutes after the procession should have left the sacristy.

When the choir is singing at a Mass they like to know who is saying it and who is giving the sermon

for the simple reason that the cathedral is very cold and the length of the Mass could mean the difference between freezing and not. After the Mass has finished the choir again moves into the world of table tennis and snooker. I think this proves we are not really all that angelic!

PHILIP WARD, VI B Mods.

A DAY IN A LIFETIME

It had arrived, the day I had waited six months for. It was to be the most exciting day of my life: the day of the Rediffusion Chorister of the Year Awards.

We awoke early because we had to get to 8 o'clock Mass at the Cathedral. After Mass, Mr. Duffy, my mum, dad, sister and myself walked to Lime Street Station, to catch the 9.04 a.m. train. It was a lovely, sunny morning. Finally, we settled in our seats, preparing for the journey ahead.

Two hours and forty minutes later we were at Euston. The first famous London sight I saw was Wembley Stadium. As soon as we alighted from the train, we were swept away by the hustle and bustle of London town. A short bus journey to Charing Cross brought us to lunch.

After lunch we took a tube to Oxford Circus. I enjoyed the journey very much mainly because it was a new experience for me. Mr. Duffy and I then walked to St. George's Church for my practice. My practice in the church went very well. We left the church and walked to our hotel. The hotel was very comfortable, and it was a suitable place for me to relax before the big event.

At last the time came for Mr. Duffy and myself to leave for the competition. We walked along Oxford Street, passing Selfridges. The windows were all ready for Christmas. As soon as we came round the corner to the church, my stomach leapt. The butterflies by now had turned to eagles. I did not want to let anybody down. Mr. Duffy had spent a lot of time on practices and I knew that a lot of people at the Cathedral, and my family were wishing me luck.

When I arrived at the church, I could see that there was a power cut. So, the competition was held by candlelight. I rather liked this because I could not see the audience. The pianist began to play. I took a deep breath and started to sing 'Hear My Prayer' by Mendelssohn. As soon as I sang the first note, my nervousness disappeared. I then sang 'Pie Jesu' by Fauré. It finished all too soon. I then went round the back of the church to listen to the last person sing.

All that was left of this unforgettable day was to hear the results of the competition and to have supper. At the reception, the results were announced. I was not placed in the first three, but as a finalist I was presented with a scroll, fifty pounds for the Cathedral Choir, and a radio/cassette recorder for myself. We ate a delicious supper, and then walked happily back to our hotel.

Although I might not be Chorister of the Year it was still the greatest day of my life.

R. MANN, 2 Mersey

FEAR

Bill Neal walked down a murky London street. He was sure that he was being followed. He began to run. As he turned the corner he crashed straight into a dark, middle-aged man who was walking the other way. The road had no lighting, and the fog gave that eerie green feeling as it floated in between the trees that lined the road. He slowed down to an unsteady walking pace. As he reached his doorway he jumbled in his pocket and felt around for his key. He found it at last and opened the door. He slammed the door behind him and walked into his living room. He felt very tired, and when he looked at the clock he saw that it was half-past eleven. He made some hot milk, and as he climbed the stairs he still felt that he was being followed. Suddenly, across the landing, he saw that thing that had followed him. He collapsed at the foot of a mirror! He had been killed by the sight of his own reflection.

ALAN DE ASHA, 1 Sefton

VIC

One big, watery eye stared at me, begging and willing somebody to lift him free, out of the tangle of fat, steamy little bodies all tumbling and scratching their brothers and sisters.

Why I sought out that weak little mess of a puppy when I had my choice of other pedigree pups nobody will ever know, but choose him I did and never regretted my decision.

How was it that Vic knew when it was time for me to arrive home from school? He would stand up at the window and whimper like a baby even before I had rounded the corner. Before I touched the doorbell he would be scratching frantically at the door and let out a most ridiculous yelp.

School time was the only time Vic and I were parted, and then he was very reluctant to let me go. Although my mother did not approve, Vic would follow me up to bed and drop soundly asleep at my side, contented.

Most times, after school, Vic and I would run down to the park and he would run madly around me yapping and wagging his tail frantically.

It was on one of these nights that the beginning of the end started for Vic. I slipped his thick, leather collar round his neck and led him off towards home. I was thinking of how quiet it was that night when I heard the sounds of boys' voices in front of me. I thought nothing of it but stepped up my pace just in case they were looking for someone to pick a fight with! As I walked past, one scruffy lad, who was taking a draw from a cigarette, thought it highly funny to put his foot out in front of me and trip me up. I fell with a thud onto my chest. Then immediately Vic pounced onto the lout with the agility of a leopard and knocked him over the fence on which he was sitting. Vic repeatedly tried to bite the screaming lad. His friends jumped up and began to kick the never-ceasing Vic. The victim's frantic hands came upon a large stone and Vic received several vicious blows upon his head. Suddenly, his vice-like grip upon the lad's arm was loosed and his limp, little body fell aside as the lads scrambled away. I stood up dazed

and then realised what had happened.

I picked up his bruised little bleeding head and rested it in my lap. As I stroked his soft fur, his thin little tail gave a weak, last tremor and he died, a hero, with a lasting place in my heart and memory.

PETER QUINN, 3 Hope

THE LAMP POST

As the twilight flickers over the shady lane, a tall dark figure springs to life. He splutters and coughs and then lights the lane with his artificial moonlight. Like a guardian he guides drivers safely down the lane, but the drivers do not give a thought to the lamp post. They would if they considered driving without it: dark, hazardous test of skill that no one could pass every time. His one eye searches for objects and puts them in the spotlight. The lamp post is a public place where every dog does his duty. He gleams in his full splendour until morning, when he is cut off in his prime.

D. MANNION, 1 Hope

THE THING IN THE CAVE

The torrential downpour silenced what little animal life there usually was in the bleak, overgrown valley and the only sound was that of the monotonous patter of the heavy raindrops.

For the merest instant, a figure detached itself from the tangled undergrowth before reemerging with the dense foliage. Several instants passed before the figure appeared again and when it did it sprinted across to the face of the cliff towards a small cave mouth. Once inside, the figure removed its cape to reveal the uniform and equipment of a British paratrooper. Warily, he sat down on a convenient rock and removed boots, helmet, haversack, ammunition-belt and jumping smock. He was proceeding to remove some rations from his haversack, when he noticed the

peculiar amount of sawn wood scattered about the floor. Within a few minutes, the trooper had a welcome fire raging and a hot meal going, the first in eighteen hours.

He bitterly cursed his luck, the Dakota pilot and the Germans for his misfortune, for some twelve hours earlier, he had been a member of a paratroop platoon on board an American Dakota. He still remembered the jump sergeant's last words:

"Hurry up, lad. Don't you want to say 'Hello' to sunny Italy? You're holding the queue up."

'Sunny Italy!' Ever since he landed it was raining. Worse still, the fierce winds had tugged him several miles from the drop zone and placed him down in one of those valleys where it was never bright and always muddy. His reminiscing on the jump took him back to the day, six months ago, when his transfer from the Royal Artillery was granted. From then on, he underwent the most gruelling physical and mental training possible. He had to be tough; he was a member of the elite and was too precious to be wasted on his first assignment: and his first assignment was to be from North Africa, which only meant that they were jumping on Italy or France, almost certainly the former. So, after the debriefing, they collected their equipment and waited eagerly to be ushered to the Dakotas.

That was how he had got himself into this seemingly god-forsaken place. "Well, there is no use moaning so I might as well settle down for the night," he thought to himself.

Just as he was drifting away into the realms of drowsiness, he was snapped awake by a scuffling at the back of the cave. In an instant the sten gun was in his hand, whilst his other hand searched for his flashlight. A few seconds later, he was advancing warily into the darkness, the torch's beam searching into the darkness. By now he was sweating profusely and his legs were quivering violently. His heart sounded like a bass drum to his ears. There it was again, a movement in the torch's glare. His heart leapt to his mouth and the sten gun dropped to the floor. A rabbit! The paratrooper burst into a riotous fit of laughter, but cut himself short when the erratic flash of the torch's beam discovered a more macabre find. There, sitting

in the far corner of the cave, was a skeleton. It seemed fantastically old, perhaps even hundreds of years. It was clothed in the remnants of what seemed to be a monk's habit. However, the most interesting fact was that of a huge diary which was clasped between the skeleton's bony fingers.

After retrieving the diary, the paratrooper returned to his seat and began to flick through the diary's pages. The first fifty or sixty pages were in what appeared to be Latin, but then there was a blank page and then Ancient Greek scriptures and this continued in Italian, French, Spanish, German and finally English. All were in the same ancient writing, spelling and word order. After several hours of reading, the paratrooper had pieced together that it was written in 1812 by the monk who was now sharing the cave with him. He also decided that the monk was dabbling in the arcane powers of black magic and had accidentally summoned from the pit, a demon which destroyed many people. Eventually, the monk had managed to trap it in this cave, but in doing so, had himself become trapped. He also remembered reading that only fire could keep 'It' at bay.

"That, at least, explains the firewood strewn across the floor," thought the paratrooper. However, it was getting late. The moon had already risen and although he was almost exhausted he had no wish to sleep at that particular moment. He chuckled; after all it must be a story. The fellow who wrote it might have been an eccentric with an imagination. It might even be a practical joke. Even so, he still had shivers up his spine when he settled down.

Suddenly, as the fire was dying out, his senses seemed at their peak; his hair stood on end and the very air seemed charged with static, and a peculiar odour filled the cave, that of sulphur. Almost in a state of panic he reached out for his flashlight. It was gone! The fire was dying out and he heard a murmuring from the rear of the cave. "Am I going mad? Am I hallucinating?" the paratrooper thought. "No, I did hear *something*." Then, he saw something which numbed every nerve in his body: in the inky blackness of the cave, two jet black, yet glistening, orbs stood out, and slowly, hungrily, even cautiously, they advanced to a mere foot from his face. Perspiration ran down his quivering body in rivulets; his mind clouded; the mere task of thinking became difficult. "Who am

I? What am I doing here?" He felt as if his very soul were being drained, perhaps devoured by whatever foul monstrosity it was.

Something metallic struck his foot. His sten sub-machine gun! The sten! The sten! Concentrate on the sten! Slowly, he bent down, his hand searching for his only hope. 'It' sensed what he was trying to do and the paratrooper felt as if his brain were on fire, but even that did not stop him. As his fingers clenched on the butt of the weapon, the strength flowed back to his weary limbs. He was on the verge of hysteria. He muttered an incessant flow of prayers and curses. Once again his glance was caught by the nerve stealing bottomless stare of those twin spheres of evil.

"No, not now, not now!" he screeched, and snatching up the fire-arm he aimed it full between those demonic eyes. He pulled the trigger and the sten spat red flame and 9mm death. Not pressing his luck, the paratrooper retreated, firing until the magazine was exhausted, then dropping the gun, fled. He was free. Yet his freedom was short-lived, for squatting at the mouth of the cave was a huge simian-like creature. Not another one; or the same? It was impossible. He vomited violently and fell flat on his face. He turned his blank face to see a brown and green tentacle descend towards him. He screamed. It recoiled. At last a weapon. He laughed and laughed and laughed before coming to a gargled halt, his face to the heavens, the froth-smearred lips brought back to a defiant snarl, the glazed eyes staring vacantly at the stars.

The trooper was busily examining a corpse. An officer and two more soldiers arrived. All four wore the same brown/green camouflage smocks and squared helmets. All carried Schmeiser machine pistols. They were Waffen SS Storm Troopers on patrol. Within a few minutes, they had examined the cave and departed, only taking the paratrooper's dog-tag and equipment. The only discovery was that of an old skeleton which clutched an open diary; its pages had long since crumbled to dust and were totally illegible and try as they might they were unable to prize the bony fingers from the metal bindings. So the Germans left the skeleton as they had found it, with a grotesque grin on its yellowed image.

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF ALBERT DENISOVITCH

Shukov awoke at zero oh four hours, sometimes known as seven o'clock. He got up and rubbed his eyes, which were kept for that purpose in a glass of luke-warm water by his bed.

"Wowzer, that's better!" he exclaimed, slipping his eyes into their sockets. "I can see!"

But he was lying. It was pitch black and he could see nothing. He switched on an imitation light by his bed.

"Is that the time?" he asked. "Wowzer! It's time I was on my way!"

Seconds later he was showered, dressed and breakfasted. Unfortunately he had done them in the wrong order.

"Wowzer! I'm dripping wet!"

It was true. But such is the spirit of all good Russian boys that he continued regardless and went to school, arriving there under a minute later. He walked into his classroom.

"Hi, chums," he said

"Morning, comrade!" they said, and he believed them.

"Denisovitch!" shouted the form master quietly. "Why are you late?"

"Wowzer, not late, am I sir?" exclaimed Shukov under his breath.

"Of course!" screamed the teacher slowly. "Us Soviet teachers never lie! Go and explain yourself to the headmaster."

"Wowzer! The headmaster?" said Shukov, and made his way to the office, crying a little because he would miss the first lesson on Soviet Dominance of the World. Outside the office were two other boys sitting on a bench. One was his old friend Kruschov.

"Wowzer!" said Shukov. "What are you here for, Kruschov?"

"They caught me reading Karl Marx during English. But I'll show them. I'll show them. I'll become President, that's what I'll do, and then I'll have a purge and I'll kill them all, especially that

soppy old English teacher. I'll kill him twice."

"Wowzer! Sounds like you mean business! Here, have a strawberry flavoured bust of Lenin."

"No thanks, I'm trying to give them up."

At that moment, in walked a huge hairy guard who pointed an accusing finger at the third boy.

"Room 101," said the accusing finger.

"Room 101? You can't send me there! You can't! You mustn't!"

"Oh can't I?" sneered the accusing finger. "Just ask this huge hairy guard."

"Oh! huge hairy guard! Anything but that! Not Room 101! Do what you want with me, anything at all except that! Take my wife and children and slaughter them in front of my eyes but don't take me there!"

"Don't be silly," said the huge hairy guard. "You haven't got a wife and children."

"I can get some! I know where you can get hold of them cheap! I'll get you some too if you like!"

But the huge hairy guard and the accusing finger carried the screaming boy away on a pogo stick.

"Wowzer!" said Shukov. "What is this Room 101?"

"The dinner canteen," replied Kruschov, sucking a sherbert and cream pencil sharpener. Suddenly, a plastic telescreen appeared on the wall.

"Comrade X05J Denisovitch. Report immediately to the headmaster's office at once."

"But this *is* the headmaster's office!" Shukov protested.

"Comrade 4321 Denisovitch! Don't contradict! Go through that patriotic red door behind your left ear."

With a sickly feeling, Shukov remembered that he had left his left ear on the mantelpiece at home.

"I'm afraid I left it at home," he apologised. "But if you'd only let me go and get it . . ."

"No. Bring it in tomorrow with a note from your mother. And your right ear is a disgrace! In future, Comrade B11J Denisovitch, I want to see all your ears signed. That will be all."

Shukov went through the door on his left. He found himself in a small room with real furniture (but the curtains were only drawn).

"Wowzer!" he thought. "You don't fool me with that old gag!"

The headmaster was sitting behind his desk reading yesterday's *PRAVDA*. He threw it in disgust into the electric fire drill.

"Darn these darned newspapers," he said. "Why can't they use *real* letters instead of these darned upside down ones?" Presently he caught sight of Shukov.

"Ah, good day, Comrade," he said. "What'll you have?"

"Er, gin and tonic, please," said Shukov, jump at the chance.

"A gin and tonic, eh?" said the headmaster, instantly recognising the slang words for 'a banana flavoured milkshake.' "An excellent choice! Waiter!"

In came a waiter with two banana flavoured milk-shakes and a menu. Shukov and the headmaster pondered over the menu for a moment, and then the headmaster suggested they try some vintage 1936, 3rd year Maths books. Just as the waiter was leaving, he added, "Oh, by the way, what had you come to see me about?"

"Well actually, sir," said Shukov. "I was late. I came here to be punished."

"What? Give me that gin and tonic!" yelled the headmaster. "Waiter! Stop that order! Send in the torturer! Guards!"

Moments later, Shukov found himself tied down to a huge table in a dark room with a single light shining on his face. A torturer was tickling his feet with a banana skin.

"Now," said the headmaster. "Exactly why were you late?"

"I don't know, I don't know!"

"Hmm. And is it true, Comrade Denisovitch, that you belong to an underground movement of capitalist moles?"

"Wowzer! Certainly not sir!"

"Yes. You realise, of course, that I can have you sent to Room 101?"

"I don't care," said Shukov bravely. "I take a packed lunch."

"Wowzer!" said the headmaster. "The ultimate defence!"

(To be continued)

(That was an excerpt from a column in Pravda entitled: "How the English Capitalists think we Soviets think that the English Capitalists think we Soviets live!")

T. G. ALLEN, V I B Mods 1

THE ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE VERY TOP 30

1. Wondrous Stories *Mr. Traynor*
2. BANNED !
3. Sound of Silence *Mrs. Mercer*
4. I am a Rock *Mr. Olsen*
5. Daddy Cool *Mr. Metcalfe*
6. Love Me, Love My Dog .. *Mr. D.A.I. Edwards*
7. Long Tall Glasses *Mr. Bamber*
8. Life on Mars ? *Mr. Mars*
9. You Are My Sunshine *Mr. Mellor*
10. John, I'm only Dancing *Mrs. Gresty*
11. Art For Art's Sake *Mr. Kelly*
12. Pinball Wizard *Mr. Lyons*
13. Laughing Gnome *Mr. A. Edwards*
14. Three Steps to Heaven *Fr. Ryan*
15. Fool to Cry *Mr. Briscoe*
16. Lost in France *Mr. Snape*
17. Name of the Game *Mr. Gibbons*
18. Oxygene *Mr. Bate*
19. Singing in the Rain *Mr. 'Slash' Young*
20. Power to All Our Friends *St. Edward's
College Parents' Association*
21. Whiter Shade of Pale *Mr. Ellison*
22. Two Little Boys .. *Mr. Briscoe & Mr. Sheedy*
23. Mr. Soft *Mr. Snape*
24. Maybe It's Because I'm a Londoner *Mr. Synott*
25. Rockin' All Over the World *Mr. Duffy &
The Choir*
26. All Right Now *Mr. Mercer & Mr. Snape*
27. One and One is One *Mr. Miles &
The Maths Dept.*
28. Silver Lady *Mme. Rimmer*
29. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine *Mr. Doyle*
30. Make a Daft Noise for Christmas *The School
Orchestra*

L. ROBINSON,
M. McELROY, Five Hope

THE RIGHT WORD FOR THE RIGHT OCCASION

In these days of high redundancy, how does a man feel when he is sacked ?

For instance, would an electrician be delighted ?

A magician disillusioned ?

A secret agent despised ?

An England cricketer detested ?

or even decreased !

An M.P. devoted ?

A kilt-maker depleted ?

A dry-cleaner depressed ?

A cowboy deranged ?

Beethoven decomposed ?

Surveyor devalued ?

Venus-de-Milo disarmed ?

New-born baby delivered ?

Balloon man deflated ?

and finally, would a power worker be degenerated ?

A. TOWNSEND, 2 Domingo

BATTY BOOKS

Chinese Torture	by Major Arm-burn
Gone Shopping	by Carrie Erbag
Do You Like Me ?	by Frank Lee No
The Open Gate	by Wanda Off
The Brainy Child	by Master Mind
Attracting Attention	by Major Look
Good Weather	by Sonny Day
Dancing	by Grace Fully
Medicine	by Dr. Ivor Payne
Opticians	by I. C. Yeu
Worn Out	by Mustapha Rest
Comedians	by U. B. Silly
Fairy Tales	by Jack N. Nory
Just Going	by Lee Ving
Home Fires	by Cole Orrlogs
Commemorate Weddings	by Annie Versary
Fager Girl	by May I. Fall
Hi There Folks	by L. O. Overthere
Indigestion	by Art Burn

Toffees	by U. Chewem
Wind in the Willows	by Theresa Blowing
Scary Sights and Sounds	by I. Heardit & A. Fright
Wood Chopping	by Al Ackit
Darts	by Mister Gain
Sweets	by G. and I. Likem
Murder	by Issy Dead
Climbing	by Willy Fall

JOHN DEVLIN, 1 Hope

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN . . .

The six determined security officers eased themselves over startled-looking commentators, their automatic weapons menacing. Three more edged down the other side of our aisle.

Kojak pulled his headphones firmly over his ears. 'When do we get started ?' he asked.

'Not just yet,' I replied as the Canadian military and police arrived to lend their support.

'Has that man got accreditation?' snarled a security officer, pointing towards Kojak—alias actor Telly Savalas.

'If he HASN'T then get him to hell outa-here before we drag him away.'




It was Montreal and the Olympic boxing finals were in progress. I'd invited Telly to join us at the commentary-point to chat between rounds on the air—and he'd agreed gladly.



But such was the security at the 1976 Olympics that no-one—and I mean NO-ONE—was allowed to commentary-points, dressing rooms, to the Olympic Village, or virtually anywhere of major interest in the city of Montreal without a special pass—and Telly Savalas simply didn't have one !

Our protests that, apart from Muhammed Ali and perhaps Pope Paul, he had the most famous face in the world went unheeded. The Canadians were adamant. If Kojak hadn't moved quietly and willingly then he'd have been dragged out and pitched outside!

Thus it was that the famed 'New York Cop' admitted ruefully afterwards that it was the first time

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Officer Entry Section (25 FK), Old Admiralty Building, Spring Gardens, London SW1A 2BE.



**ROYAL NAVY
OFFICER**

HE'D been the wrong side of the law—and there was nothing he could do about it. But we got our interview—recorded for later transmission.

I relate the story to show that almost anything can happen when you venture into the world of broadcasting, from sitting quietly in a studio, playing a gentle record for an elderly grandmother to finding yourself in the most dramatic and exciting situations with only your native wit—and a microphone—to help you.

As recently as last summer I was involved in a similar situation in Liverpool itself. The Queen visited the city as part of her Silver Jubilee Tour. I was standing at a point in Hope Street, outside the College of Art, when the Royal land-rover arrived a few feet away.

Just as I started describing the scene for listeners I was surrounded by a group of Special Branch officers. Despite my actually broadcasting live at the time they seized my microphone and ordered me to move, saying I would be arrested if I didn't go at once.

It seemed that although I had permission to be in my place, the Special Branch had no knowledge of my presence—so I handed swiftly to the next commentator and moved away. In fairness, I later received a letter of apology from one of the officers concerned but of course, it was too late.

But it's not all drama and arrests by any means, not even as a news reporter. There are long hours spent writing copy for programmes, editing tapes, making countless phone calls—frequently repetitiously to the same people and frequently without result. And from covering a European Cup Final in Rome the next football reporting job may be a raw Friday night in November watching Southport against Hartlepool.

But, for me at any rate, there's always the personal excitement when the adrenalin flows and the broadcast starts. I feel it every time, whether I'm doing commentary from Wembley or simply reading out a weather forecast—as long as it's live. So many programmes are pre-recorded and this is inevitable in the interests of polish and efficiency. These never have the same urgency about them: if you make a slip, or if you feel you're not quite up to the mark,

then you MUST re-take. If it's live, you somehow lift yourself so that you rarely fluff—and if you do, you have to extricate yourself.

It was almost an accident that I started broadcasting. Ten years ago I worked for newspapers and at the time was news editor of the 'Catholic Pictorial'. A friend of mine saw an advert in the 'Liverpool Echo' for staff for the new 'BBC Radio Merseyside'—and I applied. There were something like 200 applicants for the half-dozen places available and I was fortunate enough to get one of them.

In those days few people had broadcasting experience, since there was no local radio and only limited opportunities with the BBC at national level. Today with almost 40 local stations, BBC and commercial, there are obviously many more people with broadcasting experience—and more still with freelance experience from one or more stations. This means that, though there are more places to be filled, a higher standard is required since in broadcasting as elsewhere there's a constant turn-over of staff and people are forever seeking to progress.

For me, certainly, it has been a most wonderful experience. It's almost the only job I'd have been able to do because of the immense variety, especially at local level, and particularly coming in as I did at the very birth of local radio in this country.

November 22nd, 1967—the day BBC Radio Merseyside first went on the air—will always be memorable for me. It was, quite simply, a nightmare!

In the run-up to the start, we'd been working up to 20 hours a day and I certainly was exhausted when the actual broadcasting started—quite apart from being almost totally incompetent regarding the technical operations.

Fortunately, there was a sound nucleus of experienced people to help and gradually over the years even I have acquired enough expertise to cope with virtually any situation. And in local radio, one is expected to be a disc-jockey and a news-reader; a football commentator and a religious producer; a straight interviewer and a tape editor.

Actually, this generalising is on the decrease. As more and more people listen and more and more

stations open, a greater degree of specialisation is required.

And so I'm delighted to have been in at the birth. To have been able to do everything and go everywhere and meet everyone. Radio work has taken me to three continents, down mines and in search of treasure-ships, to the Arctic Circle and to meet Miss World. It's given me a wonderful life, though not one with much free time nor in any way desirable for a home-loving domesticated type—which I'm not.

But I wouldn't swap it. I consider it a privilege to work with the most interesting people in the world, which I do all the time. I consider it a privilege to be able to ask the questions on behalf of the listener I wouldn't be in a position to ask for myself. And it's a privilege to be paid to attend games and events I would pay to attend for fun.

And what about requirements for broadcasting? Well, a degree isn't essential, nor is the ability to speak with a "BBC accent". No one has ever told me how to talk or given me elocution lessons—and no one has wanted to know what exams I've passed. At least not for a long time!

The main requirements are lively intelligence, a deep and abiding curiosity which makes you ask 'Where? When? Why? What? and Who?' without ever simply accepting facts as presented—and an eternal interest in PEOPLE.

Add to this humility—yes, even I accept that the audience and their interests are infinitely more important than me and mine—and the capacity for sustained extremely hard work . . . and you could be on your way.

I'm fortunate in having found a career and role I enjoy. It doesn't fall to all that many. But it's drug-like and gets through to you. I'm hooked so that my job is my hobby.

But it's worthwhile too, I believe, if you feel you can help people enjoy what you're enjoying and interpret for them the events they're unable to attend or understand for themselves.

If you feel about life being there to be lived and enjoyed and shared too, the way I feel, then broadcasting could be for you. Try it—and really, the world

CAN be your oyster.

BOB AZURDIA : BBC Radio Merseyside
20th November, 1977.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SILENCE

There once was a boy in the early 1900's. He wanted to study to get a good job. But he lived in a troubled poverty-stricken home. He had no place where he could put all his mind onto studying. In the house his mother and father were always arguing, his brothers and sisters were always arguing and fighting, and he never really had true friends. He could not study in another house for they were the only relatives he had ever had within hundreds of miles. Most of their relatives lived in London.

His parents were born in London but moved to Liverpool. The thing that was wrong was that his parents made him go out and steal his pencils, pens and books. There were no pets in the house except for *rats* and *mice*. The boy's name was John. John could not study to the best of his ability with the rats, mice and arguments. So he decided to run away, for he knew that he would then get the full advantage of silence to study.

John could not go to school because his parents could not afford it. So he would have the whole next day to prepare to leave home at night time. He soon went to bed and dreamt that he would become a smart lawyer like some he had been told of. He dreamt of owning his own firm and having a smart office in his own building in America's New York or San Francisco.

The next morning he awoke and straight away started packing his clothes and belongings. He was glad that he lived in Liverpool, by the docks, it was so convenient. He just went aboard a ship and asked its destination. It was Japan. He went aboard another ship and asked its destination. It was New York. So that night he came back and sneaked aboard the ship, and away it went. He was there for a couple of days, hiding, when he came to New York.

He sneaked off as soon as the ship was docked. He looked around and he remembered the money he

had when he got off the ship. It was enough to pay for a flat for one week. He found a job and became successful in his studying.

He now knew the advantages and disadvantages of silence.

M. MELIA, 1 Mersey

SMALL CARE

There are words on a plaque on an old school wall,
Brief, yet fulsome, in its import withal,
Of moulding the young in body and mind,
Chiding and guiding in ways straight and kind.

If I were out on a morning walk,
With nought to bother, fret or baulk;
If I be in the mood to talk,
'Twould be to a child of tender age.
I'd rather prattle with young lad or lass
Whose mind was fresh as dew on grass,
Than list or query in high-brow class
Of learned college sage.

To look on a face fresh, untanned,
As yet unlined, without stamp or brand;
To feel the touch of a silken hand
That firmly, softly clings;
Short prancing step, with arms outflung,
Chattering lisp of tiny tongue,
The stainless joy of being young
In a world of fairy rings.

The picking of wayside flowers wild;
Gravity of age; simplicity of child;
Chance meeting of two hearts beguiled;
Four trusting eyes.
The questing urge to learn "How?", the "Why?"
The puckering brow as I reply;
Mental grasp of words, with puzzling, sigh;
Clouded look of surprise.

Disappointments are bound to come, no doubt,
In rearing, in caring, in turning out.
Yet hundreds I've seen, as I look back,
Fulfilled those hopes on an old school plaque.

GEORGE O'NEILL

MURDER IN THE CITY

A police car's siren begins to scream;
People shout and run away,
The lights on top begin to gleam.
The dead man's face looks stiff and grey.

The police are here! Clear the space!
He fell from a building very tall.
The snow falls on the dead man's face,
The ambulance is there in no time at all.

Above his eye there is a bump;
In his back there is a knife.
In our throats there is a lump.
A murderer had taken his life.

"He came from far-off France,"
Reports the dead man's friend.
The people crowd and push for a glance.
"He only had ten bucks to spend."

ANDREW ROSE, 1 Sefton

INSPIRATION

I thought I'd write like Shakespeare
Like Shelly, Keats or Shaw.
I thought I'd write a poem
About eight lines or more.

Now this sounds a simple task,
But as I lift my pen
Ideas that came to me last night
Have disappeared again.

M. McILROY, 1 H.

ALONE

He walks alone, across the shore,
Searching, looking, who knows what for?
He scans the ground, ignoring all,
And listens to the seagull's call.

The seagull cries for a mate long lost.
The lonely old man looks tempest-tossed.
The wild wind blows, the trees all groan,
And the sand all over the beach is blown.

The man retreats to a sheltered place,
And he tries to warm his hands and face,
With a small gas stove, just a little light,
As he tries to make it through the night.

He can but think of the days gone by,
When he was young, and his spirit high;
But now he can but shuffle along,
And despair for the things that have come and gone.

As he tries to get a little sleep,
No-one for this old man will weep.
And there he lies on the rough terrain,
Never to rise from that place again.

M. GIBSON, 4 Hope

VERDICT ON VERBOSITY

A man renowned for his excessive verbosity
Conversing in terms of mussitation, gulosity,
Dicacity, sabulosity,
Parvanimity, protervity,
Doubtless epitomizes utter absurdity.
His use of such words (to cause a sensation)
May often result in massoscitation
Or, generally, stifle all conversation
Whether post-prandial, pre-prandial or not.

Overwhelming his guests with his deiphosphism
Interspersing his talk with the odd witticism.
With subtle persiflage or cool cynicism,
He may give a most inspiring oration
Upon something as wondrous as caprine gestation
Or prate in tones frenetic and frantic
Upon the manifold virtues of being pedantic
Or, in derogatory terms, decry the romantic
While his mesmerized guests dispose of the port.

Some may attribute his prolixity to ego-centrism
An obsessive self-love or narcissicism,
While others maintain " 'tis mere quixotism".

Yet whatever the cause of his circumlocation
There is no known panacea for such elocution,
Presumed a result of superfluous erudition.
A prognosis of his insalubrious condition
Indicates that on account of his verbal indisposition,
He may cause gross imperspicuity wherever he goes.

STEPHEN JOLLY, VI B Mods 1

THE MINER

They dig for coal in a deep smelly hole.
They slave all day for not enough pay.
They don't see sunshine,
Only coal, wet and grime.
They get a lift from the shaft,
And feel a cool draught.
A sigh of relief,
They see daylight in disbelief.

MICHAEL KERR, 1 Domingo

THE FOOTBALL HOOLIGANS

I wandered lonely as a cloud,
That floats on high o'er vales and lands,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A bunch of football hooligans;
Inside the pubs and terrorising all,
They write graffiti on the wall.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky-Way.
They stand in an everlasting line
In the Magistrates court the following day.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Their football scarves tied to their pants.

The bobbies beside them stood straight;
But they just lounged about and endlessly talked.
But they would let out a sigh of dismay
When the sentence was given,
And to the cells they walked.
I gazed and gazed, but little thought,
Of how hooliganism to this country was brought.

Apologies to Wordsworth from
NICHOLAS JACOBS, 2 Domingo

THE SADDLE TRAMP

In 1867, a lone and dusty trail driver
Rides into a dirty little town.
Called Abilene. His jacket is torn, his face of hardened
and grim features,
Gives a portrait of a 'man of the West'
He's tough, dirty:
He's a saddle tramp.

He enters a greasy saloon bar,
Which smells of smoke and stale beer,
While watching the cowboys with a suspicious eye.
After spending his last measly penny,
He spends the night in a livery stable.
He's no gentleman; he's no railway tycoon,
He's no gun-slinger:
He's a saddle tramp.

At sunrise noticed by nobody, he again
hits the open road.
He's bothered no-one.
He's no Jesse James or Billy the Kid.
He's not helped anyone.
Who is this 'man of the West'?
Nobody knows his name or his past:
They only know he's
A Saddle Tramp.

JOHN KRAUSA, 1 Mersey

"IF I WERE A . . . "

If I were a motor-bike,
I would speed all the day
And frighten my owner
Till he ran away.

If I were a volcano,
I would erupt all the time
And cover all the cities
With rubble and grime.

If I were a curtain,
I would open, not shut
And then by my owners
In the bin I'd be put.

If I were a person,
Then who would I be?
A man on the moon?
Or a man on T.V.?
A man serving tea?
No. I think I'll be me.

GREGORY HUGHES, 1 Mersey

PLIGHT

The whole wide world is terrible;
The litter is unbearable;
The bottles aren't returnable;
The sonic boom's incredible;
The tuna isn't edible;
The off-shore rigs are leakable;
The billboards are unspeakable;
The slum-lords are incurable;
The smog is unendurable;
The phosphates aren't dissolvable;
The problems don't seem solvable;
The *mess* is unforgivable;
Let's face it — Life's unlivable.

YANOS KELLY, VI A Biology

FOUR LITTLE TIGERS

Four little tigers
Sitting in a tree:
One became a lady's coat;
Now there's only three.

Three little tigers
'Neath a sky of blue:
One became a rich man's rug;
Now there's only two.

Two little tigers
Lying in the sun:
One a hunter's trophy made;
Now there's only one.

One little tiger,
 Waiting to be had,
 Oops—he got the hunter first,
 Aren't you kind of glad?

YANOS KELLY, VI A Biology

Monument to all my ideas,
 Daughter of a need now unfulfilled,
 All of your hopes lie in your creator,
 But you know, in your pain, that I had
 you killed.

JOHN McGRATH, 5 Domingo

THE FARM IN THE MORNING

I woke up in the morning
 As sleepy as a log.
 I heard the cows-a-mooing
 And heard the cat and dog.

I heard the morning chorus
 As loud as it could be.
 I heard the birds flap-flapping
 Their wings, from tree to tree.

I heard the wide-eyed cockerel
 Down by the old, small hut.
 I heard the dairy churning
 And still my eyes were shut.

I heard the pigs-a-grunting
 And felt the bright sunshine.
 My eyes then flickered open
 To complete my final line.

M. THORNBERRY, 2 Hope

LAMP-POST

Concrete tree in the concrete jungle,
 Man-made light in a man-made world,
 Daubed with paint, your light bulb broken,
 Sign of the despair my hopes have unfurled.

Looking around through your blind eye,
 Looking about at your maker's work,
 What do you think of me, your creator,
 Your destroyer, who behind a mask you
 see lurk?

THE TRAMP

Having nothing to call his own,
 Always untidy with nothing to eat,
 Always moving and ready to roam,
 Always scruffy and never neat.

No place to live or sleep at night,
 He's not the only tramp today,
 With no friends or a heart that's bright,
 Muttering and whispering in his own way.

People never stop to help him on;
 They always skit and mock him;
 They have no heart for such a one;
 They have a place to live in.

R. RILEY, 2 Mersey

WHAT IS THAT HOWLING ?

What is that howling, from the direction of the castle?
 It is the howling of wolves, my lady.
 They come often to these Transylvanian parts
 When the moon is full.

Who is it owns the castle, so dark and foreboding?
 It belongs to the Count.
 He is good to us, the Count,
 And often used to call on us
 Before my wife was killed.

Oh, I'm sorry, and how did that happen?
 Oh, I never think of it now,
 It was so long ago.
 She left the house on a night such as this,
 To collect firewood, and never returned.
 Her body was found in the morning.

What had happened to her?

The doctors couldn't say.
She died of loss of blood,
But her slender body was unmarked.
Except for two punctures, just above the
jugular vein.

What could have made them?

I cannot say. Perhaps a dog,
Or some wild animal. I don't know.
The people talk of vampires.

What is a vampire?

Oh, just some native superstition.
Some sort of monster,
Who sucks the blood of the living,
To remain undead

Surely you don't believe it?

Why, no, my lady, of course not,
And yet sometimes, when the moon is full,
On a night such as this,
It seems to me as if —
Ah, good day to you, sir!

Who was that man?

He is a professor from Berlin,
An expert on the occult arts of black magic.

Is he here alone?

Why, no, he has with him
A nephew, a young and handsome gentleman
Who seems rather sceptical about his uncle's work.

Really? Well, do you know where I could get a bed
for the night?

I'm afraid, my lady, that we are all booked up
At the moment. But if you would care to try
The Castle, I am sure the Count
Would love to put you up for the night.
I will drive you there myself.

Oh, thank you very much!

It is no trouble at all, I assure you . . .

T. G. ALLEN, VI B Mods 1.

MY GRANDAD

My grandad is a big old man;
He's friends with one and all,
He's very fond of children,
And he likes it when I call.

He walks now with a gnarled old stick;
His legs are giving way;
But he's always bright and cheerful
As he limps along his way.

His face is cleanly shaven
And he hasn't got much hair;
But he wears a trilby on his head,
So it doesn't look too bare.

I'm very fond of grandad,
And he thinks a lot of me,
So I visit him on Sunday,
Just to share a cup of tea.

P. COUGHLIN, 2 Hope

THE VAGABOND

The dirty tramp: he looks so old,
Searching endlessly in the cold.
His face is like a shrivelled leaf,
Hiding thoughts in time of grief.

And yet that tramp — he never complains
About his life of endless pains.
His overcoat is dull and brown
Like the roof-tops in the town.

He spends his night upon a bench;
Around him is an evil stench,
For, like the mediaeval knave,
He has no chance to wash or shave.

S. CONROY, 2 Mersey

ACTIVITIES

Colours awarded

RUGBY

Half Colours — Barrow, P., Hackett, M., Leonard, D., McCarron, J., Naylor, M.,
Oultram, J., Ridge, J.

Full Colours — Ashcroft, S., Blunsum, M., O'Brien, D., Whittaker, T.

ATHLETICS

Half Colours — Evans, D., Ridge, J., O'Brien, D., Culloty, D., Naylor, M.,
Whittaker, T., Walsh, S., Munro, E., Tipping, J., Blunsum, M., Dodd, G.

Full Colours — Fennell, C., Carrington, P., Polson, G., McAllister, M., Martin, T.,
Holian, J.

Middle School Best Performance Cup — McNeerney, J.

CRICKET

Half Colours — Gloyne, M., O'Hara, S., McElroy, P., Tracey, K., Ashton, A.

SWIMMING

Half Colours — Cunningham, P., Moloney, P., Murphy, P., Sweeney, M.

Full Colours — Moscardini, P., Tyrer, G.

ORCHESTRA

Full Colours — Walsh, S., Haines, T., Pope, M., Daly, M., Baxter, S., Bamber, P.,
Bradley, T., Connor, J.

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CHESS

Half Colours — Watkins, D., D'Arcy, A., Leonard, A., Fitzsimons, T., Walsh, S.

CROSS COUNTRY

Half Colours — McAllister, M., Maher, D., Munro, E.

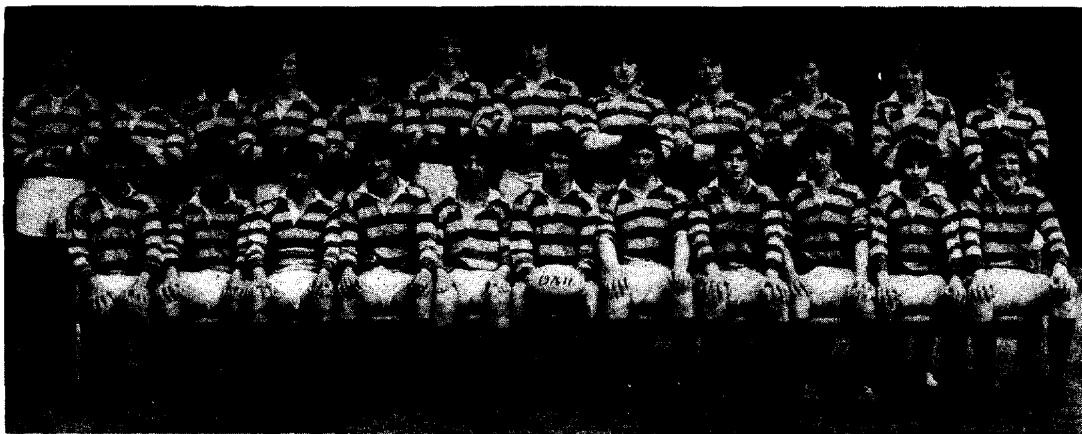
Full Colours — Redmond, P., Walsh, S., McAllister, M., Fennell, C.

RUGBY FOOTBALL — 1975-76 Sevens Honours:

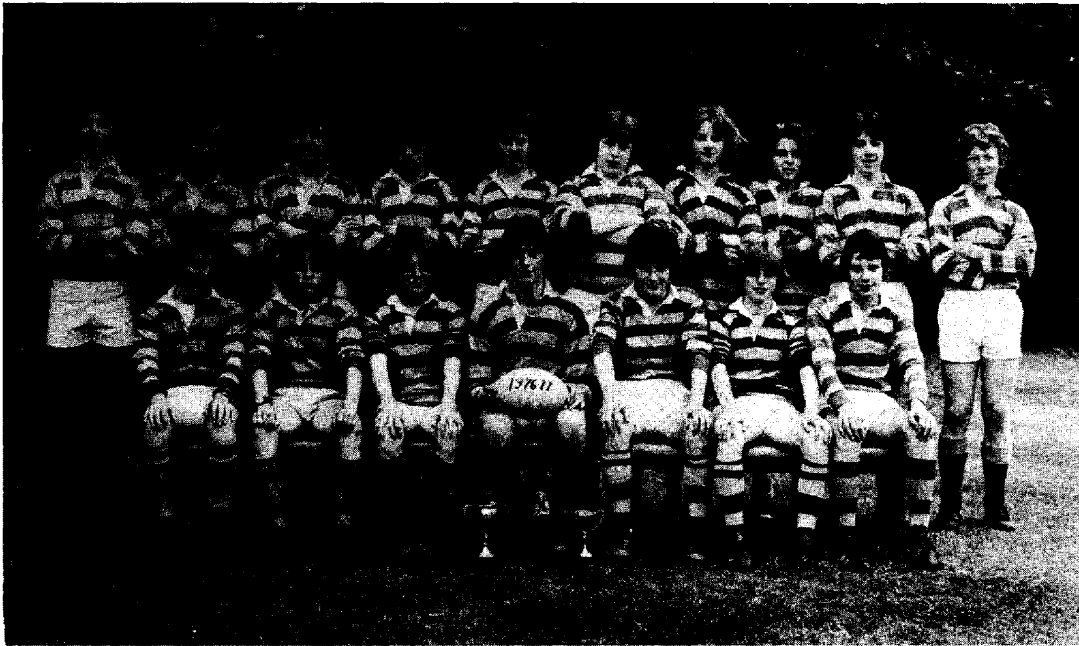
St. Edward's 1st Sevens Team won the Birkenhead School Sevens, the Merseyside Sevens, the Welsh and English Schools Sevens Championship at Oxford and the Belmont Abbey Jubilee Sevens at Hereford. Their win at Oxford meant that they had won the competition for the second year in succession.

Evans, D., Whittaker, T., O'Brien, D., Flanagan, M. played for Lancashire. Flanagan, M., County Captain.

Liverpool R.F.C.: Evans, D., Byrne, N.

**FIRST FIFTEEN SQUAD**

Back row: J. Cunningham, M. Blunsum, C. Falconer, P. Falconer, C. Nelson, M. Hackett, J. Heath, M. Naylor, M. Coleman, C. Noble, G. Scott, J. O'Brien.
 Front row: G. Goodman, E. O'Brien, I. Parker, J. McCarron, M. Quinn, J. Oultram (capt.), J. Ridge, A. Boney, M. Johnson, M. Mannion, N. Wall.



U14 RUGBY SQUAD

Back row: D. Griffiths, S. Dumbell, S. Young, K. Jordan, S. Gibbons, R. Dehill, G. Heeney,
C. Thistlewood, M. O'Leary, J. Hogen.

Front row: E. Doyle, J. Roche, D. Furlong, D. Coleman (capt.), T. Sweeney, P. Lochney,
J. Bell.

RUGBY TEAMS 1976-77:

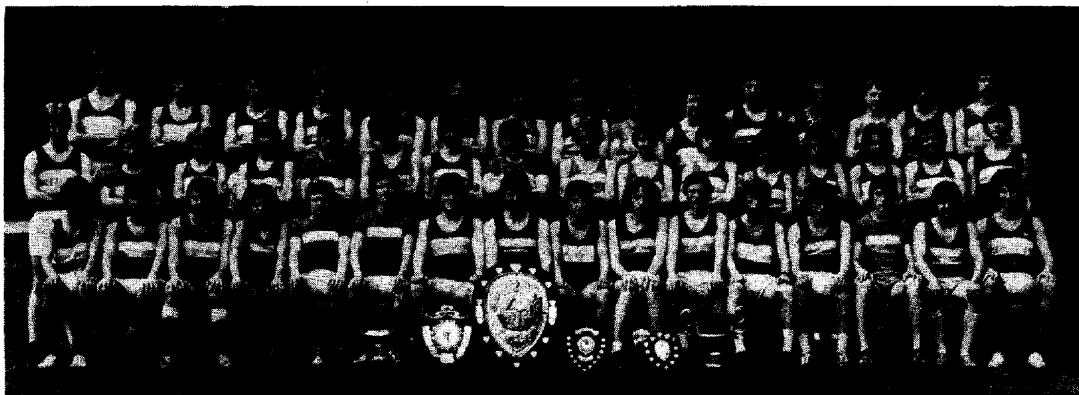
Team	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Points	
					For	Against
1st XV	16	7	2	7	178	180
2nd XV	12	8	1	3	228	80
3rd XV	4	1	0	3	25	32
U-16's	5	5	0	0	132	30
U-15's	12	9	0	3	238	90
U-14's	14	14	0	0	503	27
U-13's	13	5	1	7	141	116
U-12's (A)	12	8	2	2	192	45
U-12's (B)	4	3	0	1	60	16

Hackett, M. represented Merseyside and South West Lancashire at U-19 level.
Lancashire trialist.

Ridge, J. represented Merseyside at U-19 level. South West Lancashire
trialist.

Parker, I. U-16 Merseyside, S.W. Lancashire, Lancashire, N.W. Counties,
(Capt.) North of England, Final England trialist.

Coleman, M. U-16 Merseyside, S.W. Lancashire, Lancashire, N.W. Counties,
North of England.



ATHLETIC'S TEAM

J. McNerney, D. Galvin, I. Parker, G. Scott, M. Coleman, D. Higgins, N. Melville, M. Smith, E. Brasnill, P. Sanderson, M. Swanick, P. Cunningham, P. Skinner, G. Coyne, P. Nixon, N. Flewitt, G. Short, R. Rule, S. Dumbell, K. Jordan, T. Crowley, D. Coleman, R. Dehill, P. Anderson, G. Ball, P. Walsh, G. O'Shea, C. Barry, C. Thistlewood, M. McCourt, D. Maher, E. O'Brien, M. Blunsum, T. McIntyre, C. Butler, S. Bailey, J. Oultram, M. Naylor, J. Ridge (capt.), M. Heywood, C. Wright, P. Falconer, E. Munro, P. McKeever, M. McAllister, K. Kennedy, M. Hackett.

ATHLETICS

Merseyside Senior Schools Athletics Championships

Seniors: Winners of Senior Shield.

Intermediates: Winners of Shield.

Juniors: Winners of Shield.

Combined Team: Winners of Radio Merseyside Trophy.

Christian Brothers Athletics Championships

Seniors: Winners of Br. Gibbons Shield.

Intermediates: Winners of Br. Casey Cup.

Juniors: Winners of Br. Robinson Cup.

Central District Athletics Championships

1st—4th year teams: Winners of Shield.

Championship School of Liverpool Championships

1st—4th year teams: Winners of McLaughlin Cup.

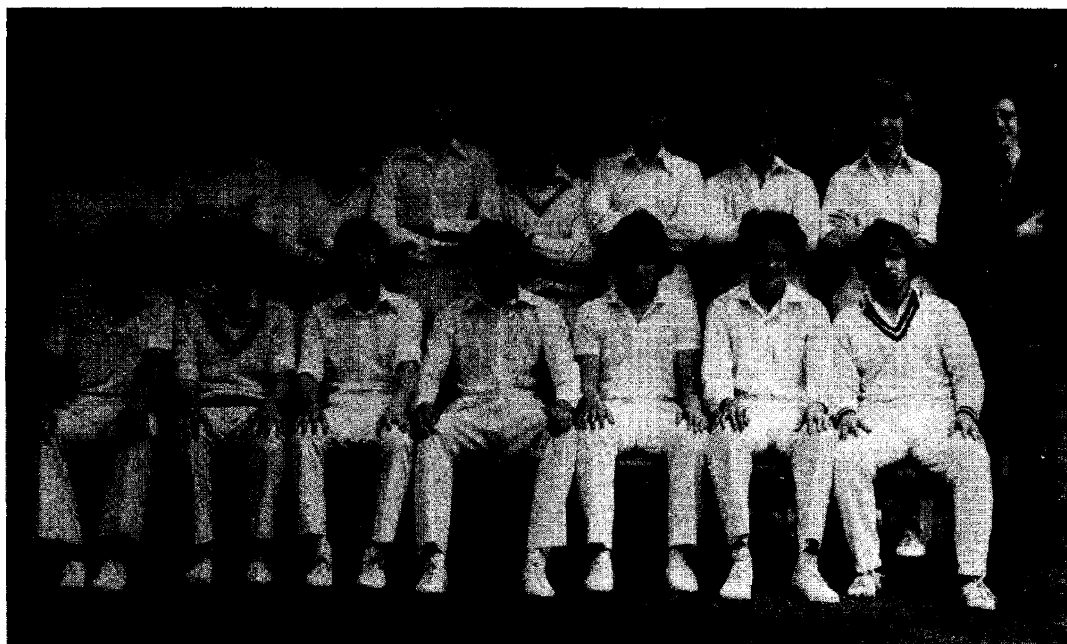
Representative Honours:

Out of 80 boys selected to represent the Outer Liverpool Team in the County Championships, 59 were St. Edward's boys.

European Catholic Schools Athletics Championships

Results:	Galvin, D.	Gold Medal — 1st, 400m.
		Silver Medal — 2nd, Relay
	Mannion, M.	Silver Medal — 2nd, Long Jump
	Dodd, G.	Bronze Medal — 3rd, Hurdles
	Munro, E.	4th, Long Jump
	McNerney, J.	6th, High Jump

Parker, I. in the Hurdles and Galvin, D. in the 800m. have both been rated in the top 20 athletes table in the country in their events.



1ST ELEVEN: CRICKET

Back row: M. McGoldrick, N. Manley, P. McElroy, P. Nixon, B. Hunter, B. Cunningham,
P. Edge, P. Gibson, J. Edgar (scorer).

Front row: E. O'Brien, N. Moore, M. Douglas, A. Ashton (capt.), C. Nelson, D. Ludden,
T. Burke.

CRICKET

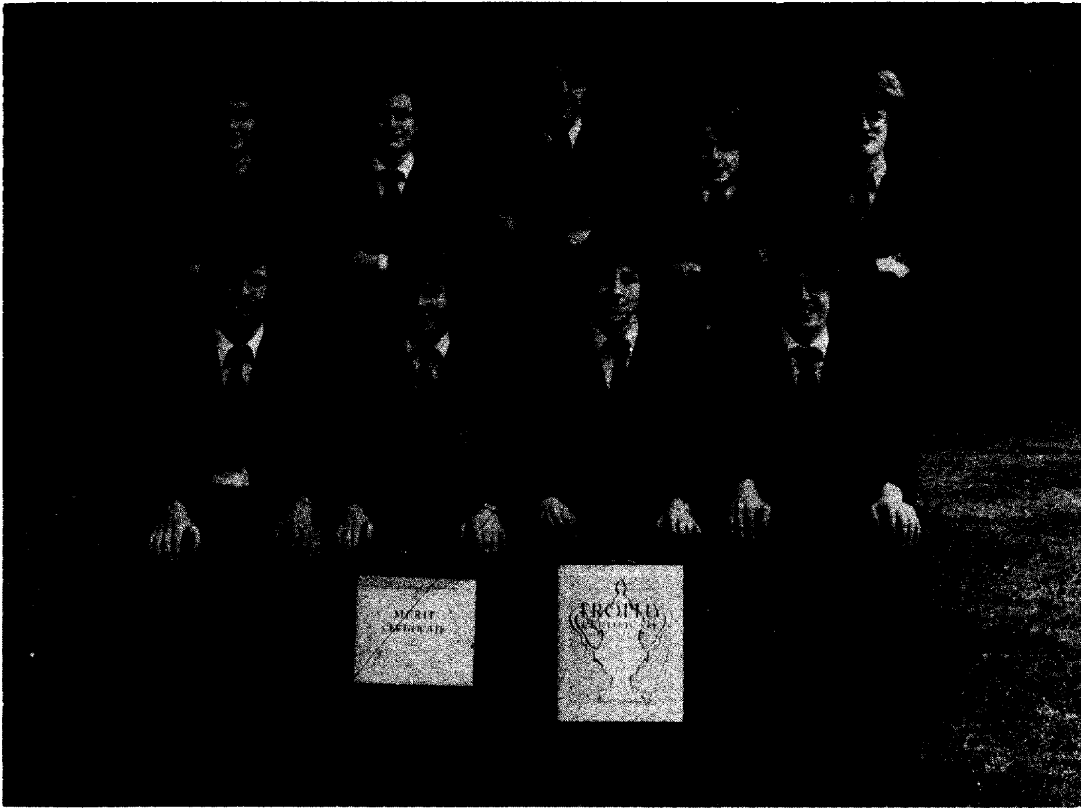
Team	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st XI	18	5	6	7
2nd XI	6	2	0	4
U-15 s	11	8	2	1
U-14's	7	1	3	3
U-13's	7	4	1	2
U-12's	9	3	4	2

St. Edward's were losing finalists in the Merseyside K.O. Competition.

SWIMMING

	Swam	Won	Drawn	For
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 result: Swam 11, Won 10, Lost 1.



SENIOR SWIMMING TEAM

Back row: D. Hill, P. Moloney, M. Sweeney, M. Wilson, J. Kearney.
 Front row: J. Conroy, P. Tyrer, P. Moscardini (capt.), A. Quayle.

Swimming results 1976/77 (to date)

The College swimming teams have taken part in 17 swimming galas winning 15 and losing 2.

A.S.A. Tests in Survival Swimming:

Bronze: Jacobs, N., West, C., Shea, A., Fraser, M., Evans, J., Marsh, A., Fitzsimmons, D., Mulrooney, M., Lavery, C., Cartlidge, A.

Silver: Johnson, P., Gibson, T., Whitfield, N., Fletcher, S., Melia, P., Anwyl, P., Evans, J., Marsh, P., Fitzsimmons, D., Brown, R.

Gold: Connolly, A., McGrath, J., Monaghan, P., Fisher, D., Bentzen, S., Taylor, P., Short, D., Willett, A., Johnson, P., West, C., Edmondson, R.; Chambers, D., Bailey, N.

Liverpool Schools Swimming Championships**Open Age Competitions**

Individual Medley 4 × 50	—	Conroy, J.	3rd
Back Stroke 100 yards	—	Moscardini, P.	2nd
Breast Stroke 100 yards	—	Sweeney, M.	2nd
Medley Team Relay 4 × 50	—	St. Edward's	2nd
Squadron Relay 4 × 50	—	St. Edward's	2nd
U-13 Back Stroke — 100 yards	—	Hill, A.	
Ball Trophy 8 × 25 Breast Stroke		St. Edward's	2nd

Moscardini, P., this year's swimming captain, has been selected for the Gt. Britain (U-20) Water Polo Team.

English Schools' Cycling Association**Awards gained 1976/77**

Preliminary Award	Nolan, P. Gibbons, S.
Bronze Award	Molloy, F. Gibbons, S.
Silver Award	Chadwick, P. Nolan, C.

CHESS

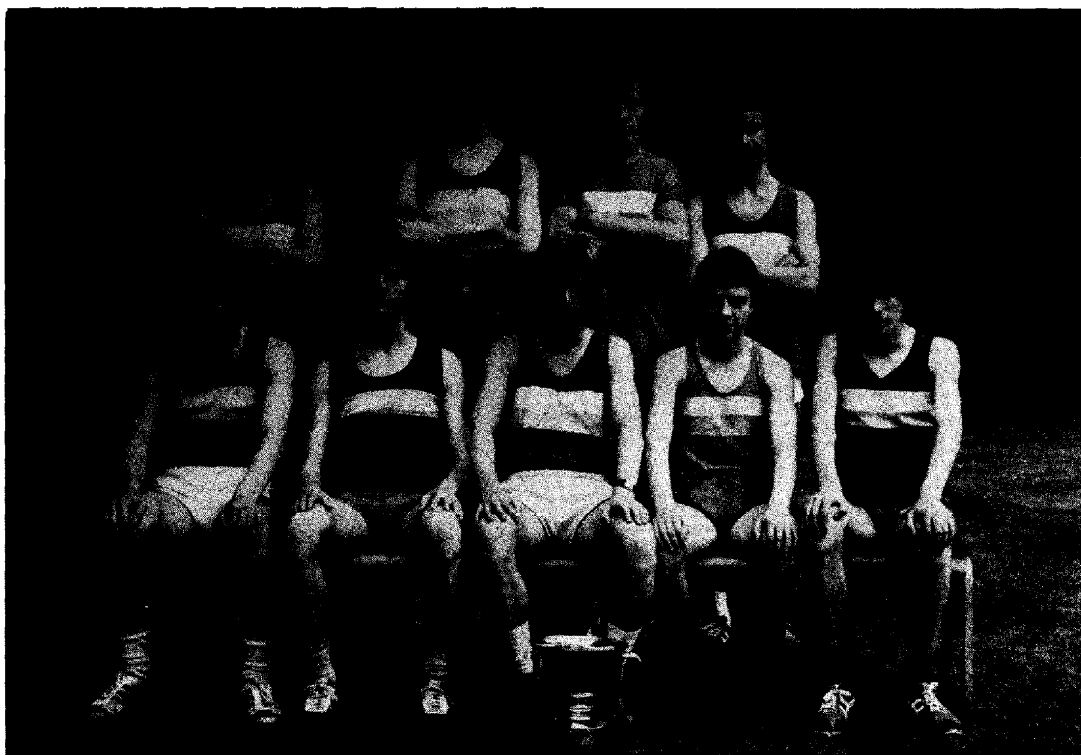
Team	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
Senior	10	5	—	5
U-15	10	5	—	5
U-13	11	7	—	4

Representative Honours:

Bramwell, G., Allen, T., Allen, M., Walsh, M., and Anderson, C. have represented Liverpool Schools.

CROSS COUNTRY**Results****Overall:**

Winners of the Newcastle H.S. Relays.
2nd in the National Catholic Schools Championships.



SENIOR CROSS COUNTRY

Back row: M. Heywood, L. Fogharty, M. McAllister, D. Donahue.
 Front row: R. McKeever, D. Maher, E. Munro (capt.), P. Skinner, G. Coyne.

Senior Team:

6th in the Newcastle H.S. Relay.
 Winners of the Nicholson Memorial Trophy.
 Winners of the Cumella Cup.
 14th in the Sutton Coldfield Road Relay.
 15th in the King Henry VIII School Relay.
 3rd in the Merseyside Colleges League.
 Winners of the Merseyside Schools League.
 4th in the National Catholic Schools Championships.
 Inter School Fixtures: Ran 10 Won 8 Lost 2.

Under 16 and Under 15 Team:

5th in the Newcastle H.S. Relay.
 3rd in the Weston Trophy Race (U-15 — U-14).
 3rd in the Memorial Cup Race.
 10th in the National Catholic Schools Championships.
 3rd in the Merseyside Schools League.
 Inter School Fixtures: Ran 13 Won 10 Lost 3.

Under 14 Team:

6th in the Newcastle H.S. Relay (U-14 — U-13).
2nd in the Sefton Harriers Race (U-14 — U-13).
5th in the Merseyside Schools League.
10th in the National Catholic Schools Championships (U-14 — U-13).
Inter School Fixtures: Ran 13 Won 5 Lost 8.

Under 13 Team:

3rd in the Bushell Trophy Race (U-13 — U-12).
5th in the Merseyside Schools League.
Inter School Fixtures: Ran 16 Won 10 Lost 6.

Under 12 Team:

2nd in the Newcastle H.S. Relay.
2nd in the Sefton Harriers Race.
2nd in the Merseyside Schools League.
Inter School Fixtures: Ran 16 Won 12 Lost 4.

Representative Honours:

Senior: Merseyside League Team: M. McAllister, M. Heywood.
Outer Liverpool Team: M. McAllister, M. Heywood, E. Munro,
R. McKeever, P. Skinner, D. Donohue.
Merseyside County Team for English Schools Championships:
M. McAllister.
Under 16: Outer Liverpool Team: D. Galvin, S. Foran, N. Melville,
J. Stitt, G. Ormesher.
Under 14: Outer Liverpool Team: C. Barry, G. O'Shea, P. Barry.
Under 13: Outer Liverpool Team: R. Rule, P. Fitzsimons.
Under 12: Merseyside League Team: D. Kelly, Q. Cullen.

ORCHESTRA

Knowsley Youth Orchestra: Ireland, J.
Merseyside Youth Orchestra: Lea, G., Kerrigan, M.
Liverpool Schools' Senior Orchestra: Donohue, D.
Liverpool Schools' Training Orchestra: Forde, M., Walker, N.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Liverpool Junior Chamber of Commerce Competition: Brown, G.
6B Team and 5th Form Team came second in the Provincial Final of
the Knights of St. Columba Public Speaking Competition.

BLACK BEARD

Black Beard was a pirate.
King of the China Sea.
And when he saw a merchant man
His face would fill with glee.

He was running short of provisions,
Morale was getting low.
The watchman spied a cargo ship,
And the crew laughed. yo ho ho.

They loaded up the cannon,
And hid down on the deck,
The ship was turned for broadsides,
And after a final check,
They fired and then they boarded,
With Black Beard to the fore,
His bravery won the battle,
As he cut and thrust and swore.

The pirates took the cargo;
Made their pris'ners walk the plank.
They searched the holds for whisky
Then drank and drank and drank !

T. SWEENEY, 4 Mersey



**THE CHORAL SOCIETY AND
MUSIC SOCIETY REPORT**

The last school year was perhaps the best year the societies have yet had. The Choral Society, which this year consisted of about eighty members, competed for the first time at the Harrogate Music Festival and came back with two certificates, a cup and great praise from the adjudicator.

The St. Edward's day Mass, held at the Cathedral, was the first main event of the school year and the choir received much praise from those present. The school year which the St. Edward's day Mass heralded in was a year that provided us with a number of innovations. On the Music Society front, Mr. Duffy organised a number of recitals throughout the year, which proved to be both successful and popular. These included recitals on double bass, trombone and cello,

ANOTHER SUMMER DAY

I walked along the promenade;
Against the wind I battled hard.
Eventually I found my friends,
Along the cliff where the footpath ends.

We ate our lunches as we walked;
Between the bites we talked and talked
Of things to do, and games to play,
And how we'd spend another day.

C. LAVERY, 2 Mersey

as well as a visit from the University Choir. The cello recital was perhaps of greatest interest being given by Miss Bunting, not only a teacher at school but also a cellist with the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. The society would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Duffy for his hard work and all the performers who gave their time to come along to the school.

The Choral Society also trod new ground by entering two classes at the Harrogate Music Festival. In the first class, Church Music, the choir had been reduced in numbers to meet the regulations. It was narrowly beaten into second place but still received a Merit certificate. In the second class, for Mixed Voice Youth Choirs, the choir was at full strength and more determined than ever. After an extremely good performance of pieces the choir had received but weeks before, the audience broke into thunderous applause and there was little doubt of the result. The adjudicator

cator awarded us ninety points, an Honours Certificate and first prize. This occasion was to prove the climax of a highly successful year.

The next event on our programme was our annual Speech Day. Another highly competent performance was given by the choir. We presented a varied programme, beginning with Mendelssohn's "Be Not Afraid." The second piece was the test piece from Harrogate and the finale was a selection from "Tannhauser". Throughout the year the choir took part in a number of school services, all of which were highly successful, perhaps the most notable of which was the Christmas Carol Service.

We ended our school year on a slightly different note, a musical quiz. Both Mr. Duffy's had been (well let's be honest) blackmailed, into leading two teams of musical "experts". After hard battling, Mr. Philip Duffy's team emerged the victor by the narrowest of margins. We hope that another quiz will be arranged in the not too distant future when Mr. Terry Duffy will have a chance for revenge.

Finally, we would like to thank everyone who has been associated with either society during the past year. Our special thanks are extended to the small, but gallant band who helped at the recitals and to Steve Leigh and Derek Donahue, last year's treasurer and secretary.

D. HOPE (Treasurer), 6B Mods 1

ORCHESTRA REPORT

The orchestra got off to a rather shaky start last season, many of its most experienced members having left the college. Improvement was steady, however, and by the time the Harrogate festival came around, the orchestra was of a sufficiently high standard to achieve a very creditable second place, only one point behind the winners. Apart from playing its accustomed part in the college's Speech Day, the orchestra recently performed Viennese music at the annual

social of the 'Finishing Touch' pools agents, thus setting, it is to be hoped, a precedent for future years. The college's woodwind ensemble, comprising members of the orchestra, also performed at this social.

The College's brass ensemble was also active this year, giving performances at several events, notably the College Christmas Fair and the Archdiocesan carol services, which took place on three consecutive days at the Metropolitan Cathedral of Christ the King, in Liverpool.

M. KERRIGAN, Manager

CHOIR AND MUSIC SOCIETY

The success of the choir has continued this year. It took part, at the request of the Merseyside Youth Orchestra, in two joint concerts. These were Christmas concerts during December and we received much praise, and a good write-up in the "Echo". Being charity concerts they raised money at the same time and we have since received thanks from the charities concerned. The Music Society has also been active with a recital from Peter O'Hagan, an old boy of the school, and a French horn recital. Our forthcoming programme is very full, and looks as if we are in for another very successful year.

C.I. EDWARDIAN ASSOCIATION

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BISHOP'S COURT

Three years ago, Bishop's Court was in a very bad state of disrepair, and had no plans been formulated, the building would eventually have collapsed. To save the building, it was necessary to eradicate all the dry rot and expand the facilities so as to create a

source of much needed income. With the help of a substantial bank loan and a further loan from one of the major breweries, the structure of the building was made sound and work began on a new lounge and dancing area on the ground floor.

This re-development was carried out largely by a volunteer work-force, and although it delayed the completion, it saved the Association a considerable amount of money. As a result of these improvements, membership of the Association has increased, bringing much needed revenue to repay the loans. Various social functions have already taken place and with the increased trading profit, it is hoped that in the very near future the exterior of the premises will be completely renovated.

And so what might have been the end of Bishop's Court has, due to the help of many both in terms of financial assistance and much physical work, brought a fresh impetus to the Association which, it is sincerely hoped, will continue with a regular influx of St. Edward's Old Boys.

ESPAÑA . . . POR FAVOR

1977's trip to Spain proved to be the proverbial "best yet". This was despite a late start and an apprehensive wait in a Birmingham lay-by while a coach raced down to relieve our initial, stricken vehicle. Our driver made a commendable and, luckily, successful race with time to enable us to catch the plane at Heathrow. Iberian airways conveyed us flawlessly through the 1000 or so miles of sky to land us on a sun-baked, 89 degree runway at Barcelona. The contrast after the grey of London was truly staggering and shirt-sleeves were rapidly rolled up.

Within the next coach, greenhouse conditions quickly gave way to breeze, while outside, buildings were replaced by views of blue Mediterranean on one side and typical, shuttered buildings and fertile plantations on the other.

The tired, hot Liverpudlians bundled themselves out two hours later amidst the concrete hotels and bright posters of Lloret de Mar and from there it was a hundred yards up a dusty road to a welcome hotel:

the "San Marti Park". Rooms having been allotted, we thankfully indulged in the pleasures of sleep, showers and reviewing what we could of the population (not entirely male).

The food on the whole was not the best in the world and we discovered that Manuel was not an entirely fictional representation of a Spanish waiter. However, there were plenty of supplementary food sources and bars were open until the small hours for the more adventurous. Night-life was exceptional. Discotheques proliferated and that of the hotel "Don Juan" was notable. There were those who preferred other pursuits, and games such as bridge, T.R. and pool were popular. As we got more used to the conditions we noticed the declining rate of the peseta and most of us became expert at quick, mental currency conversions.

The burning midday was usually spent in or beside the pool into which chairs and fully-clothed people also found their way rather frequently. Another glamour spot was the tideless beach where paddle boats could be rented. The sun really was dangerous if you were not prepared for it and this made sun-tan lotion a necessity. Some of us forgot to put it on our feet and were reduced to shuffling.

Tans were also gained on the beach of Tossa de Mar, after a picturesque coach journey from Lloret. An imposing castle overlooked this town from which an exhilarating boat-trip along the coast brought us back.

Sunday night was marked by a barbecue accompanied by traditional Spanish music and community singing, which only the teachers and senior boys present attended. A notable fact about this occasion was that there were only British parties present whereas elsewhere there were large numbers of Germans, French and the occasional Italian. On the whole, however, our acquaintances were restricted to English people, although one of the Spanish bar stewards willingly provided a chance for practising our Spanish.

A Monday on which we had played a not-so-gentle game of football ended with a gloriously billowing, red sunset that I will never forget.

We spent the last day of our stay in Barcelona. On reaching the top of a hill overlooking the city from the south, we received a spectacular bird's-eye view of it and the surrounding countryside. We took advantage of the relative cheapness of many of the goods in the stores to buy souvenirs and presents and returned for a confusing last night in Lloret.

From the window of the plane, I could see the peaks of the Pyrenees glistening silver and blue as we passed over them returning all too speedily to our native Inglaterra.

It leaves me now only to thank those members of the staff who willingly gave up their time to accompany us to Spain, and especially Mr. Olsen without whose organisation we would never have gone. For my part, I would not hesitate to recommend the next trip abroad that the school undertakes to any boy.

M. BIRCHALL, VIB Sc4

"THE RESISTIBLE RISE OF ARTURO UI . . . "

Or; "How a lazy shower of 6B's was turned into an acting, lazy shower of 6B's." Who, you may ask, "came up with the daft suggestion of a play in the first place?" If you think back to your last English exam and of who came up with the daft questions then you will probably (unless you have Mr. Young, Mr. Thomas or Mr. Stewart) be on the right track. Yes, it was Mr. Sheedy.

It had all started at the end of the fifth form when a small group had been trapped by Mr. Sheedy and threatened with dire horrors unless it took part in his forthcoming production. Under such auspicious circumstances and with our arms twisted firmly behind our backs, we eagerly consented. It merely remained to pick a play so completely vague that however badly we performed it, no one would notice. Here Mr. Sheedy excelled himself. He came up with a German play translated into English whose commu-

nist author had fled the Nazis. Well, you can't argue with that, can you?

At this point we organised a meeting for the end of the holiday. The response was incredible and took all three of us who turned up completely by surprise. Even though Mr. Sheedy was one of the three, we bravely slogged through the play, each one of us playing a wider range of parts and not infrequently holding some very interesting conversations with ourselves. Despite this initial lack of enthusiasm, those of us who did go were told to wander round the school, beaming widely, whilst spreading subversive stories about cancelled homeworks and missed lessons. Surprisingly enough the required effect was produced and such famous actors as Michael Forde and Michael McGoldrick turned up for casting. Due to Mr. Sheedy's wonderfully democratic spirit in allowing everyone to choose his part, we had the novel situation of four characters being played by twelve people. After sitting down, logically looking at our numbers and the number of parts, taking into account suitability and physical similarity, we all got up and returned to fighting, blackmail and underhand dealing as much more interesting. At last, however, we were cast and the early practices went well.

The next landmark in our production was the receiving of costumes, most of which fitted quite well, although some seemed a little strange and others appeared downright indecent. Again, however, level-headedness won through—you made sure you pinched the costume that fitted you. After this, came Mr. Sheedy's announcement that everyone was to have his hair cut. This was greeted with almost universal groaning, with the exception of Pete Jackson whose hair was to remain undefiled, until someone came up with the suggestion that if we had to have our hair cut, why shouldn't Mr. Sheedy? With this, conversation stopped. We went home confident of keeping our lengthy locks. However, and to everyone's dismay, a shorn Mr. Sheedy was soon seen wandering the corridors. This was welcomed with more groans, tearing of hair (well, it's cheaper than the barber's) and a hunt for the idiot who had come up with the suggestion in the first place. In the case of Damian Miles the haircut was a great improvement. His last encounter

with the barber, it was rumoured, was to celebrate England winning the World Cup.

At this point we still lacked the female parts. A number of suggestions were made, but after due consideration it was agreed Chris Nolan would look ridiculous in a dress and Vicky and Ruth Jenkins kindly consented to play the parts. These later practices usually took place on a Sunday in the arts block, sadistically left unheated by the Brothers. This meant that the stage usually had a number of mummified figures wandering about it, shouting lines through layers of clothing and sounding suspiciously like maltreated bagpipes. Two equally cold figures sat at the back: Mr. Sheedy, shouting inaudible comments and his wife who was supplying him with the few good suggestions he got round to making. Ad-libs here provided a number of the best moments of the play and were often included. Michael Coleman, talking his way 'Kojak' style through the ever popular song produced one hilarious ad-lib. At this stage, Paddy Naylor and Michael Coleman also came up with the lighter that did not work. One change, however, certainly was not ad-libbed. Damian Miles version of the Death March was not appreciated and after a while he managed to associate peltings with soft objects and physical pain with the tune and changed it to "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" variations—much funnier.

It was just weeks from the performance and the news came that Pete Edge would be in hospital, a bitter blow to the cast who appreciated his sparkling sense of humour. Sean Walsh gallantly took over and excelled himself in a very good performance. The play was preceded by publicity of certain kinds, including an invasion of the canteen and a kidnapping of Mr. Briscoe which was much appreciated. Unfortunately, the invasion party, John Stitt, Paddy Naylor, Nicky Melville, Pete Kavanagh and yours truly, looked about as cruel and gangster-like as wet flannels. Rumours that Mr. Briscoe had been picked on by the cauliflower trust to prove that if you don't eat your greens you won't grow big and strong are vigorously denied. All three performances of the play went extremely well but our best performance was on the final night. Mr. Sheedy's encouragement which generally consisted of, "You've got nothing to be proud of", worked

no end of wonders. Paul Shillito and Tim Allen managed more than most, really to get under the skin of their characters. Everybody, luckily, enjoyed it and it was even said that Mr. Brown had called it "Good".

Ending on such an ecstatic note of praise, it merely remains for me to thank everyone, teachers, parents and helpers, who contributed to the play. There are too many to name but our special thanks must go to Mr. Sheedy for perseverance and his wife for helping with so many suggestions. After the performance it was suggested another play be made — with a different cast !

D. HOPE, 6B Mods 1

RUNNYMEDE NOTES

At a time when family life is being assailed on all sides, it is pleasing to report that the youngest group of our Edwardian family—namely Runnymede Preparatory Department—continues to flourish. Here it is that the solid foundations of future (academic) success are well and truly laid.

Perhaps the greatest achievement lies in the preparation for Christian living and this can be seen in the full participation by the boys in the many religious activities undertaken by the school. Their charity and concern for people in need in every part of the world is renowned and this year proved no exception, particularly in the excellent Good Shepherd Collection and a liberal donation to the Liberian Missions.

We thank Fr. Peter Ryan our School Chaplain for the interest he shows in our spiritual welfare. He has quickly made his influence felt in many ways with special Masses for Young People and for his help in the introduction of face-to-face confessions.

We also greeted our new entrants to Junior I with a special "getting-to-know you" assembly and they have now quickly fitted into our family.

On the academic side, Junior 4 Class achieved the laudable goal of 100% success in Secondary Selection and the Governors Examination. These results reflect the work and co-operation of the teaching staff and parents throughout the boys' time at Runnymede. These friendly links between school and home are clearly shown in the splendid support given by the parents of our Junior Boys to the activities of the College Parents' Association.

Music has again enlivened our daily work and plays an important part in the school curriculum. We much appreciate the work of Miss Hogg with our budding violinists and of Mr. P. Duffy for acting as our musical "recording" angel. It is pleasing to note the continued liaison between the School and the Metropolitan Cathedral Choir.

We are happy to discount the rumour that the closure of Belle Vue Zoo was a consequence of our visit there during our Summer Outing. Ringway Airport, to which we also dropped in, is happily still functioning normally.

During the year we welcomed Miss J. Sheehan (complete with "skeleton" staff) who is responsible for the teaching of Science. We appreciate the work of Miss H. Burrows in the Physical Education classes.

Many other people, in various ways, have helped in the smooth functioning of our school and we much appreciate the work of the School Secretaries, Catering Staff, Caretaker and Cleaners, not forgetting George of Tuck Shop fame.

Fr. T. Naughton returned to us from his parish of St. Cuthbert's, Pemberton, Wigan, to present the prizes at our Annual Concert. We were later treated to a wide variety of entertainment ranging from violin groups, recorder groups, trumpet solos, piano solos, drama groups, speech groups to a solo harmonica. The full versatility was shown in a rendering of French songs and an enjoyable send up of the effects of T.V. on our younger viewers. A Christmas play by Junior 4 "A Shepherd's Story" - was enjoyed by parents and friends in Ley Hall.

All of us in Runnymede appreciate the fine

work of Mr. T. Soens and Mr. W. Whiteside and their colleagues, who have completed a difficult task of redecoration throughout the School with such skill and efficiency.

At Christmas we said a sad farewell to Rev. Br. G. K. O'Grady who for the last six years has been responsible for the administration of Runnymede. His influence will be greatly missed, but the close family feeling which exists at Runnymede which he did so much to foster is a tribute to his zeal for souls.

In his place we welcome Rev. Br. J. K. Horkan and look forward to a long and happy association.

Sporting activities play a large part in our school life as is shown by the Sports Report prepared by Mr. P. Sweeney. We owe him a great debt for his continued interest on the sports field. Mr. P. Moorhead has also played his part in the encouragement of potential champions.

RUNNYMEDE SPORTS NOTES

FOOTBALL

	P	W	L	D	F	A
Under 11	27	15	9	3	66	42
Under 10	16	11	4	1	52	20
	43	26	13	4	118	62

Captain: U.11 Gary Hyde-Price & Gregory Hughes
U.10 Simon Dwerryhouse

For the first time the Prep. School entered Liverpool Schools Football Association League and managed a very creditable second place. During the year Gary Hyde-Price became the first Runnymede boy to be selected for the Liverpool Primary Schools Squad. The under 10 team have shown great potential and promise to be a most skilful team. Gregory Hughes was the 'Footballer of the Year', having won the most 'Man of the Match' awards.

Highest goal scorers: U.11 Daniel Connolly, 17 goals (despite missing one-third of the season with a fractured knee); U.10 Simon Dwerryhouse, 18 goals.



ST. EDWARD'S PREP. SCHOOL (RUNNYMEDE)

Liverpool Catholic Schools City and Intermediate Swimming Champions 1977.

SWIMMING

1977 proved to be a magnificent year for the Prep. School swimming team (capt. Matthew Higham). Not only did they win four out of five individual Gala's but also the Liverpool Catholic Schools Intermediate Championships. This qualified the team to take part in the City Championship, resulting in a splendid victory against the best teams in Liverpool. This is the first time that Runnymede boys have been City Champions. Well done!

CROSS COUNTRY

Runnymede took part in two major cross-country championships – the Liverpool Schools and the Liverpool Catholic Schools Championships. In the L.S. Championships twenty schools took part. The U.11's came 5th and the U.10 managed an impressive 3rd place. The highest individual places went to Gregory Hughes (6th) and Simon Dwerryhouse (9th). In the L.C.S.C.C. (one age group) the overall team place was 5th, with Gregory Hughes taking the individual 4th place.

ATHLETICS

Still the weak point in the Prep. School sporting activities but some improvement this year. The team

was ably captained by John Glover and in the Central Dist. Championships managed a good third place. In the L.C.S. Intermediate Championships, we could only manage a seventh place. The highlight of the year for the athletics team was the selection of Simon Dwerryhouse for the Liverpool Primary Schools Team. Anthony Reilly was also selected as 1st reserve. Simon later went on to set a Liverpool Schools 75 metre sprint record.

CRICKET

This was the first year in League Cricket for Runnymede and it is pleasing to note how well the team performed. We were quickly dismissed from the 2nd round of the K.O. Cup, but the league title race continued right into the last week of term. The final match was a play-off between ourselves and Walton R.C. for first place. The game was won with only three balls left, John Glover hitting a fine four to the furthestmost point of the ground. The scenes which followed were reminiscent of Old Trafford. The last act of the season was a Dads v. Lads game which, I am ashamed to say, the mean old Dads won.

GYMNASTICS

This was another sport attempted for the first

time this year. The boys took part in British Amateur Gymnastics Association Tests, and we are pleased to report that one boy, Anthony McNamara (J3), progressed right through the course and attained Grade 1 standard. Two boys, Edward Westby (J3) and Alan Williams (J2), reached Grade 2 standard.

The Runnymede Sports Awards this year were presented to Gregory Hughes and John Glover for

displaying spirit, enthusiasm and endeavour. These two boys gave perfect examples of sportsmanship throughout the year in all sports.

Finally, a word of thanks to parents, without whose co-operation and support many of our activities could not have taken place.

P. SWEENEY



MY DOG

I know a little dog, a silly little dog. She plays all round the house and always follows mum. She never moves when cat is called. She never likes a bath. She always shakes her head.

She runs about as fast as can be whenever at the park. She always eats human food because she thinks it nice. Dog food she never eats, but for chocolate, she goes mad.

TIMOTHY NAIK, Junior 1

THE GUINEA-PIG

The forest is so deep and wide,
You can hardly see the other side.
In this forest with a riddle
Lives a Guinea-Pig rather fat round the middle.

He is black and white and bold
And in his life he's grown quite old.
If you have ever seen this creature
You will be even more surprised at its teacher.

For don't you think it quite a howl,
That the Guinea-Pig is taught by an owl?
At school he isn't very good,
And in the corner many a time he's stood.

I'm not surprised at all,
For when the teacher's out,
Look what he does to the wall.

Now never be the same as he,
And that way you will always earn your tea.

RICHARD NEWLING, Junior 2

THE THING THAT WENT BOO

Every night at midnight the thing that went boo struck. It lived in a cave in North Wales and it jumped out of the cave and went boo when someone walked past. Then he killed the person who had just walked past his cave. One night a plan was made to capture the thing that went boo. The plan was to get a fearless man to walk past its cave then when it jumped out to throw a net over it. So that night a man named Joe Brown walked past its cave and sure enough it jumped out of the cave and said boo with its two mouths and some men on top of the cave threw a net over it. Years ago it died in captivity in the local zoo. But even though it was a terrible monster no one on this earth will ever forget the thing that went boo.

PHILIP WEBSTER, Junior 2

TELEVISION

I've finished all my homework,
 "What's on the tele?" I say
 It's Tom O'Connor; I like him;
 I'll surely watch him today.

What's on next? The Muppet Show,
 Then Match of the Day.
 Good Heavens is that the time?
 I've watched T.V. all day.

Tomorrow we've got Swap Shop,
 And Grandstand, World of Sport.
 There's Belamy's Europe, that's about
 Plants, and things of that sort.

And now we've got a power cut;
 All I can say is, "Drat!"
 I'll have to play with my friends instead,
 Now where's my cricket bat?

PETER HEDGES, J4

A DAY AT THE FARM

One day I visited a farm. I saw the Farmer and his wife. They gave me a drink of fresh milk from the cows. The Farmer took me round to see all the animals. The first animal I saw was the mother pig with her babies, which are called piglets. Then we went to the stable and I saw the horses with their foals, and also the cows in the fields. After we had our dinner, I helped the Farmer stacking the hay in the barn. The Farmer also gave me a ride on his tractor. When we got back to the farmyard the Farmer's wife was feeding the hens and she let me help her. Then I had tea with the Farmer and his wife in the farmhouse, and thanked them for a lovely day on the farm.

ANDREW EDWARDS, Junior 1

FIGHT IN THE BISCUIT TIN

Once there was a band of BANDITS who were going to ambush a PENGUIN. They had decided to ambush him when he had finished playing GOLF, so sure enough no sooner had the PENGUIN finished playing and was just about to have a nice cup of RICH TEA when the BANDITS attacked. After a few minutes of fighting (which didn't do the PENGUIN'S DIGESTIVE system much good) the BANDITS eventually hit the PENGUIN over the head with his GOLF CLUB and made their BREAKAWAY in a TAXI. The PENGUIN made his way home in a DOUBLE DECKER bus on which he played with his YOYO. Afterwards the PENGUIN was awarded a BLUE RIBBAND for bravery.

PETER HEDGES, J4

JOKES

- Q. Why is tennis such a noisy game?
 A. *Each player raises a racket.*
- Q. What would happen if you were to cross a strawberry with a motor car?
 A. *You would get a traffic jam.*

There was an old lady from Booter,
 Who went down the road on a scooter.
 She bumped into the king
 And said, "Sorry, old thing,
 I should have sounded my hooter."

C. ENGLAND, Junior 2

THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN

The Six Million Dollar Man is big and strong,
 He can pick you up and throw you along.
 He runs like the wind and can jump in the air,
 And if you're in the way you'd better take care.

STEPHEN CONNOR, Junior 1

RIDDLES

Why didn't the skeleton go to the dance?
Because he had No Body to go with.

Why did the cow have horns?
Because she has lost her bell.

What travels all over the world but does not move?
A Stamp.

STEPHEN ROUTLEDGE, Junior 1

A JUBILEE BABY

Last Tuesday my Auntie had her very first baby a little girl. She was born on the same day as Princess Ann's baby and her name is Victoria. We are all very pleased because she is our very own Jubilee baby.

COLIN HALL, Junior 1



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