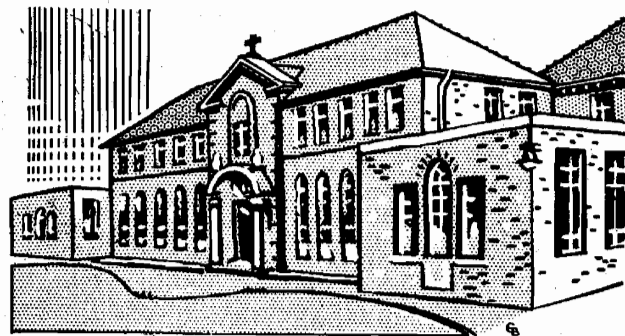


St. Edward's College Magazine



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ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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**THIS ISSUE OF
ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE
IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
Mr. JAMES GLOVER
REQUISCAT IN PACE**



**IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF
JAMES GLOVER**

'Every man's death diminishes me.' How much are we diminished by the death of an esteemed colleague and friend?

As we left the College on a cold February morning, as we saw the flag of St. Edward's hanging in silent tribute to one of the school's senior masters, sad though we were, we remembered the remark made by one of his many past pupils now studying at Oxford: 'He was such a kind man, and so cheerful.' How percipient youth can be in delineating the essence of their elders!

Many of his colleagues will acknowledge with gratitude the numerous occasions when, unasked, he would offer to help with some difficulty—to revitalise a troublesome engine, to repair a damaged part, to improvise and produce a solution to what seemed insoluble—the best way to bring a superlative sheen to dull wood—such tasks Jim accomplished with an expertise given to few.

To the boys he taught—whether it was biology, metal-work, or golf—he left the true legacy of humanity—that we are here to help one another.

Few of them realised that in his youth he had been a prominent cyclist and had played rugby for the Army.

Those of us who knew him well saw another side of the man—his deep sincerity and faith—a faith untrammelled by any theological theorising, a simple faith such as the tortured soul of Pascal yearned to have.

Jim spent the last years of his career at St. Edward's, and we at St. Edward's were fortunate to have a man who effortlessly put into practice its great school motto, which underlines all that the College tries to instil into every pupil—'Viriliter Age'—Act in manly fashion. A gentle man and gentleman was James Glover. No man can deserve a better epitaph. We saw but some of his talents and virtues. Many more belong to that domain which is the best portion of a good man's life, his little unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

On behalf of the Staff and the boys of St. Edward's College, we who were privileged to know him and work with him offer to Roma and his daughter, Angela, our heartfelt expressions of sympathy and sorrow.

We laid him to rest in the peace of a country churchyard. May he enjoy his eternal summer in the peace of Christ.

Requiescat in pace.

EDITORIAL

The College magazine has a twofold function. It is, together with the Prize Day booklet, the official record of the activities of the school, and it also represents a cross-section of the literary talents—serious and not so serious—of the boys. The reader will judge us for the selection we have made, but we can only select from what it submitted: each edition of the magazine is what each generation of Edwardians makes it, rather than what any particular group of editors makes it.

With sadness we record the death of Mr. Glover and offer to Mrs. Glover and the family our sympathy and our prayers. The whole community of the school will endorse the tribute to Mr. Glover which appears earlier.

Mr. Kelly of Runnymede staff is seriously ill at the moment of writing, and has been absent from us for many weeks. We pray for him, that his recovery may be speedy.

Brs. O'Keeffe and McNamara left the college last July, as did Mr. Ellison, head of the Art Department. We thank them for their services to us and wish them well.

Br. Gillespie joined us as Deputy Headmaster and we hope that his stay will be long and fruitful. We welcome, also, Mr. Critchley to the Art Department, and Mr. Derbyshire, an old boy of the school, to the History Department. The Music Department has seen an increase in its staff: we welcome the new members and hope that all will quickly feel 'at home'.

It is a laudible tradition in the editorial to acknowledge the debt which the whole college community owes to those who contribute their skills to its efficient and successful running, and we are pleased to maintain that tradition.

The secretaries and the bursar bring professionalism and patience to a variety of tasks that would daunt less efficient and less dedicated people. The librarians bring order to an ever-expanding library service in the school, and ensure that it is easy for us to find what we need

to supplement text books. The groundsmen and caretakers do wonders in keeping the whole place tidy in view of the numbers in the school. For the first time, the magazine carries a photograph of the canteen staff, who day by day cater for 'the inner man'. The Parents' Association has, as usual, organised many activities and performed wonders of fund-raising. Mr. Allen has arranged visits to Stratford and enthusiastic groups of staff and boys have seen 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and 'The Taming of the Shrew'. Mr. Stewart organised visits for the sixth form to 'The Changeling' and 'King Lear' and Mr. Sheedy was active in producing 'The Tempest'. To those parents who give their time generously to cater each week for home and visiting teams, we are grateful. We thank all our advertisers for their support and hope that wherever possible, parents will patronise them.

We thank all those who sent in contributions for this issue of the magazine, and hope that if your piece is not included you will not be discouraged from trying again in future.

We congratulate all those who did so well in the public examinations during the last academic year and sincerely wish success to those whose ordeal by examination occurs this year.

As we prepare for publication, some activities are in the planning stages. Mr. Mercer is producing the pantomime, 'Cinderella', and a special word of thanks is due to Joseph Causey who has provided the music, and to Mr. Collis, who has designed the sets. Mr. Sheedy is preparing a new production, with an enthusiastic group of thespians, of 'Andorra'. The brass group is making ready to participate in a schools carol concert at the Cathedral, and the choral society is planning to take part in a carol concert at the Phil.

It is always pleasant to meet old friends again, and that happened when the choral society and the brass group went to St. Cuthbert's church in Pemberton, where our former chaplain, Fr.

Naughton, is now parish priest, and joined with him and his parishioners in a special mass for bereaved families of the parish.

It is always easy to leave someone out of a list of acknowledgements, and if we have inadvertently done so, we regret it, and trust that 'the will

may be taken for the deed'—and with that plea for indulgence, we leave you to read on.

M. McELROY

J. McGRATH

P. DILLON

N. WESTHEAD

L. ROBINSON

M. MOSQUERA

IAN LICHFIELD—THE TRUE STORY

He sat up in bed, listening hard. He was sure he could hear a scratching noise.

The rain fell with a soothing patter on the window panes and all was dark and silent—except for that strange scratching. Not that he was afraid. No, not Ian Lichfield, he tried to convince himself, not him.

But he knew that was not true.

There was one thing he feared, a thing that made his hair stand on end. Cats! He hated them. And out of his fear and hate had come his sadistic personality. He went out of his way to be cruel to cats. He had killed a cat once, a long time ago now. He remembered it well: the adrenalin racing through his veins, the blind fury that blocked out his reason as his fingers tightened round the cat's neck.

Then he realised something. The scratching had stopped. Ian looked towards the white frame of the door. Black against it stood a black figure. Glowing eyes caught his gaze, mesmerising him momentarily. Then through his dull, tired brain came one word. Cat!

Ian roared as he got out of bed and grabbed the small kitten. 'Die!' he roared as he smashed the kitten's fragile skull against the bedroom wall.

Then the cat's body went limp.

Ian flung the corpse to the floor. He went out onto the landing, then stopped dead as shivers of terror ran up his spine. A heaving purring mass of feline bodies confronted him. If he had run into his parents' bedroom Ian Lichfield would have been alive today. Instead, slowly, very slowly, he edged his way towards the stairs. The cats rubbed against him, making him cringe, but he was too afraid, too filled with terror to cry out.

At last he reached the stairs. He began to climb down, dodging, as best he could, the cats sitting on the staircase. Then one cat—a tabby—smelt the blood on Ian's hands. The blood of a fellow cat. Without a sound or sign, the purring stopped. Ian, surprised by the silence, turned round. Dozens of glowing, orb-like eyes caught his gaze. Then in one organised body, the cats advanced, their eyes saying to him, 'We have come for revenge. You are going to die.'

Ian tore his gaze away from the cats and fled down the stairs. He opened the front door and stepped out, shutting it behind him. He fell against the door in relief. He had always had terrible nightmares about the cats seeking revenge, and now it was coming true.

He suddenly felt cold. Then he realised it was raining. He shivered and then went into the covered entry. Then, on an impulse he shouted, 'I've beaten you! I've escaped from you! I've beaten you! I've beaten you!'

He laughed out loud. Then the smile on his face faded. Was he day-dreaming or were there cats at both ends of the entry? Firey, orb-like eyes gazed at him. Ian knew there was no escape. Not this time. He edged away from one group of cats only to get closer to the other. Then he stumbled, falling heavily to the floor. The cats were upon him now, burrowing into his defenceless body lapping up his warm blood like milk out of a dish.

'No! No! No!'

The screams and cries drifted down the street, but no one took any notice.

No one cared.

MICHAEL BACON, 2D

WORKING FOR 'THE MEDIA'

Working for the Catholic Pictorial newspaper over the last six months has been very enjoyable but also hard work. The deadlines have to be met every week if Sunday's issue is to be available at the back of your parish church! It was only when I sat down to write this article that I realised I had the time to think about my job and what I am doing here.

I spent three years at Trinity and All Saints College, Leeds, studying for my degree in Communication, Arts and Media—a time spent discussing newspapers, the media, and their place in the 'outside world'. When you finally get out into that world it's almost as if you are swept along by its pace. So, I'm thankful for the opportunity to slow down a little and compare my 'lecture notes' with my experience so far.

The Pictorial is doing quite well considering these turbulent times both for the religious and secular press. Its new tabloid size style with 32 pages seems to have hit it off well with the Catholics of the Archdiocese (if you forgive the 'ad'—it's got to be Sunday's best buy for 10p, folks!). Things have changed since the media was looked upon by churchmen as an uncontrollable and impersonal machine set up to upset the smooth running of Church life. We've only got to look at the appointment of Catholic news media officers who now liaise between the church and the press. The Catholic Pic lets people know what is going on in their archdiocese, what Catholics are doing, how the schools are getting on. It provides a mirror for the reflection of a variety of changing Catholic attitudes.

It is, of course, a newspaper, and newspapers seem to have become an important part of our lives. They are certainly the oldest of the mass media.

We've come a long way from the days of the *Acta Diurna*, said to have been started by Julius Caesar in Imperial Rome. It was posted in the forum to give accounts of senate activities, battles and military appointments. Newspapers, radio and TV have now become so much a part of our

modern lives that in the last decade or so many sociologists have turned their attention to the powerful world of the press and broadcasting.

For example, they are asking why people working on a newspaper behave the way they do and what effect their behaviour has on other people? My three years at college were spent asking similar questions.

The reasons why the press, radio and TV have attracted such close scrutiny are clear enough. They have obvious faults. On their bad days the newspapers can seem preoccupied with disaster and violence. They can be trivial and partisan. I think the main question that should be considered is, 'Do these characteristics operate according to a discoverable system?' Media sociologists hypothesise a consistent pattern that becomes clear because of statistical analysis. Presumably, once it is clear they can put everything right.

I don't believe the newspaper industry works as such. The Catholic Pic, or any newspaper, is put together in a hurry by separate groups of people, each with its own opinions, ideas and characteristics. The circumstances are never the same for any two weeks. So how can you analyse how, for instance, a journalist chooses his news? You only have to see a journalist searching through a rival paper and having second thoughts about his ideas of 'newsworthiness'. James Halloran of the Centre of Mass Communication Research in Leicester tells the story of how, on one evening, all the London papers carried a picture of a policeman being kicked by someone in the crowd at a Vietnam War demonstration—all the papers that was, except 'The Guardian'.

Could this have been because of their distaste for violence? In fact, it was an agency photo which was delivered by a messenger boy to the various newspapers. He got lost in the Guardian buildings and the photo was never delivered.

Journalists spend an enormous amount of time looking over their shoulders at their competitors. That is why the front page of most papers' last editions will often be the same; not because

they share the same idea of news but because each editor has seen all the other papers' editions.

If there is one thing that I have learned over the last six months it is to be wary of taking things at face value. 'Always check the spelling of names,' the editor keeps telling me! (Do you know how many ways there are to spell Smith—or is it Smyth?)

I believe there is a fine balance between the 'lecture notes'—the theory of the sociology of the mass media, in this case—and the reality of the working life of a newspaper, be it 'The Guardian', 'Telegraph', 'Sun' or Catholic Pictorial. Both

aspects are important and should compliment each other. We should be aware of this all of the time and let neither get the upper hand.

DAVE ROBERTS (Old boy of St. Edward's)

Addendum: It was Dave Roberts who recorded in the 'Pic' the unique event of two old boys, Steve Walsh and Pete McAllister, awarded Blues at Oxford and Cambridge respectively, competing against each other on the same field in the same event!

SVP REPORT, 1977-8

It is a pity that so few people outside the sixth form have any idea what the St. Vincent de Paul Society actually does. It is, in this respect, still very much of a secret society. The S.V.P. is a worldwide organisation whose aim is, basically, to help the needy. In the St. Edward's 'Conference' we do this by visiting old people living in the Old Swan and West Derby area. They are visited twice a week when the boys, whom they soon grow to like, talk to them, keep them company and carry out any odd job that they want doing. To use an American expression that I heartily dislike, the St. Edward's College S.V.P. Society is an 'ongoing' organisation—the 6A take out the new members from 6B on visits, who next year in their turn keep the society going.

It is heartening to see how many Old Boys keep in touch with their 'old ladies' after they have left the school. No one pretends that the duties attached to the society are easy—on the contrary, they often become a bind, but most members agree that their two years in the S.V.P. are a worthwhile experience.

This year we have had a record number of new members from 6B—28 to be precise. This means that we have been able to relieve St. Paul's Conference of some of its burdens—a good example of the fraternity of the society—two conferences working side by side. Most members faithfully visit their old ladies every week and all of them are by now 'well-in' with them. It is, however, a little disappointing to report that only two out of a total membership of 48 attended the Mass for Deceased Brothers at St. Paul's Church.

I would like to take this opportunity to publicly thank Mr. W. Kelly for all his help during the year—and for being the motivating force behind the conference in its early days. The entire membership of the conference would, I am sure, like to join me in wishing him a speedy recovery from his illness.

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

PETER KAVANAGH
SEAN WALSH
PETER BARRETT
PAUL SHILLITO

'THE TEMPEST'

'The Tempest' is among the most difficult of Shakespeare's plays to stage successfully, as readers of the review of R.S.C.'s production will know. The culmination of Shakespeare's dramatic output, its poetry demands a clarity and control in the speaking which is not so necessary in the earlier comedies, in which vigour and rapidity of stage business can at times cover inadequacies of vocal delivery. Two of the play's important characters present every company, no matter how experienced, with major problems: how DO you convincingly present a being who is neither human nor animal, about whose nature not even the characters in the play can be sure, and how DO you credibly present a spirit who moves with the speed of thought? Further, the play contains two lovers, of whom it has been said, as of Romeo and Juliet, that players of sufficient experience to deliver the dialogue convincingly are usually too old to look convincing in the parts. What, too, of the actual staging of the piece? In the masque scene, celebrating the betrothal of the lovers, the most elaborate machinery seems necessary. The entrances and exits need careful timing if the audience is to accept the fact that various groups of people can be on the same small island and yet not meet until the appropriate dramatic moment.

A formidable task, then, for any company to offer, 'The Tempest', and it was with misgivings that I learned that St. Edward's players were to attempt it.

Misgivings were misplaced.

It is a measure of the success of the venture that, at the end of its run, there were at once calls for further performances, all of which were well attended. Indeed, on the last night, extra chairs had to be brought out to accommodate all who wished to see the play.

It would be invidious to single out individual performances for special mention. All worked together to present a lively, clearly-spoken and coherent presentation, into which musical effects were nicely blended. The production opted for simplicity on an uncluttered acting area, facilitating a smooth flow of action. Costume and make-

up did not strive for the opulent, but were keenly judged to reinforce verse and action in delineating character.

I do not intend to give the impression that this was a perfect production of 'The Tempest'. There were one or two moments of inaudibility, even for those sitting near the players; a group of inexperienced students, no matter how enthusiastic, is not going to turn into a group of Geilguds and Oliviers, Denches and Jacksons in a few weeks and act with the modulation of voice and feature of those experts. However, it is true that I have seen far inferior productions of this play on far more exalted stages than St. Edward's can boast, with professional actors whose command over their lines was far less sure than that achieved by the members of this group.

The production was the result of teamwork; all are equally commendable. However, some particular expressions of gratitude are appropriate—but the order in which they are made is by no means to be taken as an order of priorities.

To the Headmistress of Broughton Hall and her Staff we are indebted for allowing some of their students to join the cast, and to the young ladies themselves we offer our thanks. Mrs. Melville and her assistants made the punch which warmed the inner man and woman in the interval. Mrs. Sheedy gave generously of time and effort at all stages of the production; to her—thank you. To those members of Staff, and to the boys, who helped in setting up and dismantling the seating and lighting, thank you.

The 'Prospero behind the scenes' was Mr. Sheedy.

ESPANA—ENCORE UNE FOIS

Well, I never was much good at Spanish! Actually, the 1978 Spanish trip, this time to Leon, was very popular and greatly enjoyed by all who went. This does not mean to say that 5 a.m. start was appreciated by anyone! We hung around Lime Street looking exactly as we felt, half dead.

Our train left Lime Street at 7.04 and the next day and a half (until 3 p.m. the next day) was spent travelling across England and the rest of Europe by train. We travelled via Euston and Dover to Boulogne and on to Paris where we had a chance to look round before perhaps one of the oddest, and funniest, incidents of the trip. We found our allotted compartments on the train only to find they had been taken by Mexicans—we think. All Mr. Moss' efforts to remove them failed completely and as he ran off trying to find a French official one of our party took it into his head to talk to them. None of us knew quite what he said to the Mexicans but all agree we have never seen anyone move so fast! Which left Mr. Moss trying to explain a double group of Edwardians to an irate French official who had probably had to be woken to come.

The hotel we stayed at was the 'Hostel don Luerc', very nicely set out and very clean. Once it became clear that a maid service made your beds everybody wallowed in the luxury of not having to make them themselves. Only one slight problem faced our gallant band in Spain. As soon as someone realised that the British were buying their prices began to creep up—we had heard of inflation but this was ridiculous! The trick was to keep the proprietor in ignorance of your nationality as long as possible. However, the meals were absolutely cheap, and edible, a combination not often found, in fact, overall we ate well and found prices very reasonable. Perhaps the first thought that struck you, however, was the HEAT, all week the temperature was up in the 80's and you began to realise why the Spanish took siestas. Noel Coward's song also took on a new meaning, only 'mad dogs and Englishmen' did go out in the mid-day sun, except for us the streets of Leon were deserted between twelve and two!

During our ten day trip we had the chance to see some beautiful sights, including the Cathedral in Leon (on Saturday) and a new church built to 'La Virgine del Cairns' the patroness of Leon (Sunday). It was on Sunday that we visited a local Fiesta and finally had a chance to 'come to grips' with the native population. Another very interesting sight was the shrine of Don Isidoro, dating

back many hundreds of years. One of our most gruelling trips was that to La Vecilla, reached by train, third class (which in Spain consists of park benches, literally, in a very cold carriage), and a long walk that ensured that some of us would notice the next few days. However, it did prove all worthwhile when we reached a magnificent waterfall. Wednesday gave us a chance to recover and do much as we wanted, spent by myself and some friends at the swimming baths (whose entrance fee was the usual extortionate one set by the Spaniards).

Thursday proved to be the peak of our holiday with a visit to one of the most impressive sights I have ever seen. These were the Caves of Volporquero, whose grandeur and length really does have to be seen to be believed. We spent a good few hours being shown around by a guide and this proved to be the one time that we had to button up our coats on the whole trip, the temperature difference was startling. The next day we were off again on the trip home, the holiday had been all too short for many. The Mass we celebrated at the local parish church of Don Morcos was a fitting end to our holiday.

The trip home was to prove just as eventful as the trip to Spain, however. The first interesting event was when I, James Roberts and Duncan Miles met a little Spanish boy, Enryne, who obviously had a mind of his own and an eye for the women, at thirteen! His small knowledge of English, and my pitiful command of Spanish meant that we conversed in French as best we could, he was very clever and, for a thirteen-year-old, incredibly good at foreign languages. The fact that his father was a University Professor probably also had something to do with it.

The most amusing event on the way home, although it wasn't at the time, was when we reached the Spanish border. A yellow line marked the border and as people posed for the usual 'one-foot-in-Spain-and-one-in-France' photo the Spanish border police looked as bored as ever. Mr. Moss settled us on the train, only to realise that we were on the wrong one! We were about to go to Madrid, our train was on the other side of the fence. What the police must have thought as a

group of frantic English dashed past them into Spain again, round the corner and back out the other side we never were lucky enough to find out.

The trip continued, breakfast in Paris and by evening we were back in Liverpool with the usual mixed feelings of depression and pleasure, and a great satisfaction with what had been a very enjoyable holiday. It merely remains for me, on behalf of the whole party to thank the staff, Mr. Miles, Br. MacNamara and, especially, Mr. Moss for his patience and coolness during our trip.

DAVID J. HOPE, 6A Mods 1

THE JETKIDS

This is the story from our future. The actual date of the story is somewhere around 2075 A.D.

Superflightdeck, the father of this family, is planning a holiday.

Powerpack, the 9.527-year-old boy, asks, 'Where do you think we're going, Dad?'

'Oh,' Superflightdeck replies, 'I was thinking of visiting the ruins of Brasilia. The buildings in that era of time were only built out of re-inforced chrome-plated plastic, not like the good old sandstone brick they use today.'

'Goody-goody, hydro-electric space stations,' replied Thinktank, the three-year-old genius of the family. 'I like exploring old ruins.'

'When do we go?' asked Dishwasher-upper, the mother.

'Why not go right now?' replied Superflightdeck. 'Just put your own personal super-hydraulic back-packs on and away we go.'

'It's not as easy as that,' said Dishwasher-upper, 'because I sent them to the Super-hydraulic back-pack firm for their annual check-up.'

'Ah, well we'll just have to take our usual visit to the moon. Come on, Thinktank and Powerpack, or we'll miss the 5.10 sky-bus.'

J. CUMMINGS, 2D

SPACE EXPLORATION

Mankind has discovered many legends of aliens from other worlds having come to Earth in the days when man was still very primitive and undeveloped. We have found drawings on cave walls of men in space suits resembling those our astronauts use today. There is also a mention of possible aliens in the Bible. The reference is in the Book of Ezekiel, Chapter One, verses five and six: 'Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man. And every one had four faces and every one had four wings.'

Although this does not provide complete proof of other civilisations, I believe that for a legend to be created, it must be based upon fact. It is also possible that amongst these legends is the proof we are searching for, that is, either there was once another advanced civilisation on our planet, or visitors from one came to Earth.

It is possible that through the exploration of space we could once again make contact with a more advanced civilisation. If the beings of an alien civilisation were advanced enough to travel the great distances of space then, it is impossible to imagine how they might have progressed since, or they might have wiped themselves out, but even so, could we not learn from their mistakes and preserve our own civilisation? If man does not kill himself with bombs and radiation, he will, if he continues at his present rate, make his planet unfit to live on.

We are polluting our planet to such a degree that we are killing the plants and animals which we feed upon. We could find a way of creating artificial food but we would, if no plants existed, also have to recycle our own food, and if we could not do these things sufficiently we would die. If this continues, we might soon need to find another place to live. By exploring space, we may eventually find a planet capable of supporting human life. If we cannot find a suitable planet, we may be able to build an artificial world in which a small colony may survive until they find a world where they can live.

Man has used so much of the earth's natural resources that if he had continued using them at the rate which he was doing so eighteen years ago, in two years from now they would have started to run out. Mercury would be first, and the last to run out, iron, would run out in one hundred and forty-seven years. We might find these minerals on other planets and develop ways of mining them, and so make it possible to remain on earth. Soon earth may not be able to support our growing population and so, once again, an answer to our problem would be to find planets to colonise.

We do not know when we may be able to leave this planet. If strict controls are introduced we may never have to, but if we do ever have to, we will need as much knowledge of space as we can obtain. We must start now to spend as much time and money on the exploration of space as we possibly can.

PETER HOULTON, 3 Hope

HOLLY HOUSE

Many years ago when Huyton was just a small village, there was built a large, detached house. In it lived a wealthy merchant by the name of Andrew Jackson, and his wife, Mary. They were both advanced in years. They had one child, a son aged twenty who was in his final year at Liverpool University. One day when he was home on holiday many strange things happened.

These things all started on Saturday, 15th July, 1897. The family were all preparing to go to the theatre for the performance of Handel's Messiah. Accompanying them were their next door neighbours, the Bradys. They were due to leave at half-past-seven, the performance starting at eight o'clock. At seven o'clock Mary answered the phone. The caller gave no name but said that he had been in her life once before and he would get revenge soon.

As the son came down the stairs, there was a crash. A large statue made of bronze, adorned with jewels and silk, fell from its pedestal above the stairs. It hit their son, Peter, in the middle of

the back. It killed him instantaneously. His father rushed out of the room. He was horrified at the sight he saw. There in front of him lay the corpse with the statue standing in the middle of the hall.

Andrew was about to go upstairs to break the news to his wife, when he heard a knock on the door. When he answered the door, nobody was to be seen. He walked down the path as far as the gate and looked up and down the road, Nobody was in sight. Meanwhile, the anonymous phone caller had slipped into the house. As he was going in, Andrew saw him. Immediately, Andrew dashed into the house after him. The intruder grabbed one of the sabres from the wall and stabbed Andrew many times. He left the sword in Andrew's hand.

The intruder was a man named Frank Peterson. About twenty years earlier, he had lost three fingers from his left hand and been blinded and scarred for life. This was caused by a laboratory accident during an experiment which was carried out by Mary Jackson. He was clad in a black cloak and wore a black patch over his left eye. He had now come to seek revenge.

Frank Peterson proceeded upstairs and then he suddenly entered Mary's bedroom. He said that he had come to get revenge. Mary jumped up quickly and backed away towards the window which she had opened earlier. Frank suddenly jumped at her. In her panic to escape, she stumbled backwards and Frank then shoved her and she fell through the window, landing on a large holly bush. She suffered a broken leg and many cuts and bruises in the fall. As she slipped off the bush she fell down the coal-hole. Many years later her rat-bitten bones were found.

E. DEVLIN, 3D

'CYRIL' AND THE ENGLISH CRITICAL HERITAGE

The discovery of this ancient poem has stimulated great interest in the literary world. The work seems to be the first of a totally new genre of poetry—one of the most stirring tales of mis-

adventure and anti-ethicism in the English language. Critics have been puzzled by the highly original style ever since its discovery around October, 1978, by Professor M. McElroy and Sir Leon Robinson, two distinguished ancient poem finders.

But what is the style of the poem? There seems little doubt that poets such as Tennyson later adapted the 'in media res' opening of the poem from the anonymous author of this work.

No time is wasted in the characterisation of Cyril as a villain. Indeed, he is the very personification of evil, never having a kind word or deed for any person or thing in the entire work. Heavy symbolism is employed by the poet, notably in Cyril's cowardly attack upon the 'Gallic type'; the words, 'carped', 'splice' and 'spade', are all very subtly employed, mixing the obvious murder of the dwarf with highly sinister undertones: 'carping' was a religiously-orientated form of Druidic fishing; 'splice' was a very select method of frying fish in preparation of sacrifice, and 'spade' was the secret word the Druids used to represent the ceremonial dagger of sacrifice. This, along with the reference to the 'hernn' and 'necke', all points to the macabre heathen rite Cyril is thought to have practised. This was not merely a murder, but a premeditated cult offering.

The speech of the chimera is probably the most perfect sermon in the history of English literature. It is short, concise yet remarkably succinct. His argument is clear and logical and his final statement in line 24 leaves no room for answer: 'You know not what is and what ain't!'

The Gallic type is an enigma—perhaps one of the most important figures in literary discussion nowadays. Some critics suggest that the Gaul may have been a teacher in his spare time, using as evidence the references to Economics and Geography. However, it seems very unlikely that such a person could ever teach anybody anything.

The dying speech of the Gaul contains much varying literary style. It has been suggested that 'DAI' refers to the same of the Gaul; whether or not this is so is again a matter of some debate.

The style and tone of the speech is emotional, showing the distress of the moribund Gaul, especially with the lack of metre in line 64 and rhymes of lines 66 and 70.

Critics have condemned the author for introducing the landlord and Hooded Spenge and then not using them again. However, who is to say that they do not appear in the lost portion following line 91?

Research has shown that the 'Bull'n'Boar' inn existed, but the point of mentioning it was satire; it is thought that Cyril would have sought a clergyman upon whom he would practise his black arts. Against whom the satire is directed, however, has been lost on the mists of time.

Unfortunately, the end of this poem seems to have been lost for ever—a shame that material of such high quality is available in such short supply. What we are left with is a great example of poetic style—a pity that we do not know the identity of the author.

PROFESSOR GUSTAVUS PRANNGG
(Department of Codological Studies,
University of Witlessburg)

LINES

Emerald—blue sparkling jewel,
Protected in clear mantle-cloak,
Each swift-soaring circle seeks renewal,
From unleafed children, selfless oak,
Reyielding life, gratitude unspoke.
To weeping separated cloud,
Whose lustres shine on source refund,
Patches of swirling green on changing ground.
Amongst flagging willows and tears of streams.
Drifts a portrait of earthly copy
With sunstreams of hair like untangled dreams,
She whispers, pleading sorrows in stirring air,
A tear springs for the folly of man—
The clouds flee from this landscape fair.

PETER LECKIE, 6B Scii

UP ON A MOUNTAIN

Up on a peak here in the sky,
Here where the birds rarely fly,
Up with my head among the clouds,
Away from all the struggling crowds—

I sit here on my favourite place,
On the boundary of eternal space.
I sit away from all my tenseness,
With the air in its densest.

I sit up here with my dog.
Braving out the thickest fog.
But now from this place I must go,
Reluctantly to the world below.

ANDREW ROSE, 2S

MATHS AGAIN

That was French and Maths is next,
Copying diagrams from the text.
Oh what a bore and every day,
Come on, week, fade away.

French is bad but Maths is worse;
It's as if someone made an eternal curse.
I could have a bet I'll get the cane,
But tomorrow it is maths again.

ANDREW ROSE, 2S

FRAGMENT

. . . And after this he told about
The many things which made him shout,
For choleric was he of old,
And oft his temper did not hold;
5 And on his travels did he proceed
Perpetrating many a wicked deed,
His anger manifested to innocent lad.
O think ye not that Cyril* was bad?
Came he across a chimera* bold
10 Long after was this storie told—
This creature was both wilde and fierce
And flames gushed forth from all its earce.*
Cyril avauced tout de suite*
And reverenced the beaste, kneeling at its feet.
15 'Accursed coward!' the monster cried,
'Twas better you at birth had died!

You eke your spleen* on fellow man,
But worship the creature your thought began,
For so am I, but in your mind
20 Fictitious creature of mankind.
Man doth seek me far and near.
For what his quest, I know not clear.
Of all your race there is one taint:
You know not what is and what ain't!
25 His sermone done, the creature left
Mad Cyril there, of sense bereft.
The traveller, his strength all gone,
His ruddy face now pale and wan,
Waited for some goode man to aid
30 His weak condition; But his price he'd paid!
In all the worlde shal any man
Help this foul creature whose tale I've began*?
But over the hills from far away
Came a Gallic type whose name I cannot say.
35 His fame was great tho' his height was small*
And Economics knew he none at all.
And, 'Time, lads!' did he often bawl.
He spake to Cyril in a Gallic drawl:
'O traveller,' quod he, 'why lie you there
40 Afeard to speak but merely stare?
Rise ye, man, and follow me
I'll teach you a little Geography.'
And Cyril followed, his reason thus
That he could profit without great fuss.
45 O men of reason, protest ye not
That such a vileyne this worlde begot?
I tell thee, as I'm a man of God,
This Cyril was a pernicious BOD!
The travellers two went on their course.
50 The Gaul carped on in his discourse,
But Cyril had his fate set out,
And struck the Gaul with mighty clout
[I fain would have this tale withheld
Lest was I by goode God compell's].
55 Yea, Cyril took his vorpal blayde,
Forsaking now both hoe and spade*
To stayth* ambitious mortal Vrek*
And splice it's hernn* and, then its necke.
The dwarf fell down and thus did say:
60 'Alack, oh dear, I dai this day!
Thou scurvy knave—thou saucy fellow—
The way you'll die will make you belloe!
I curse you bad—your life will end
You will go mad—yes, almat certainly
round the bend!

- 65 And torments suffer plentiful
 May scores of demons your hair pull;
 May fires burn down all of your houses;
 May ferrets nest inside your trousers;
 I curse you twice, nay, three times thrice
 70 As retribution for not being nice.
 My time is done; my span was brief
 Begone now, varlet, scurrilous thief!
 Mad Cyril heeded not the sage
 But looked he th'immoral wage,
 75 And thence continued on his path.
 He thought: 'Methinks I need a bath!'
 For stank he great with smell of battle
 And blood and sweat and dung of cattle;
 And soon arrived at the 'Bull'n'Boar'
 80 And stopped there to bathe his sore
 Head which had been the butt of blows
 Therewithal, and bleeding nose.
 The landlord had black, greasy hair—
 A devil, though bespoken fair.
 85 He rested there for evenings four
 Then set off on his way once more;
 And soon he came near olde Stonehenge—
 The dwelling place of the Hooded Spenge
 But passed that place without a care
 90 For the Spenge or owt else dwelling there
 And continued on his way . . .

Footnotes:

- 8 Cyril—the name of our anti-hero.
 9 a mythical creature much sought after in legend.
 12 ears (misprint?)
 13 immediately—possibly an attempt to curry favour with his more intellectual readers?
 17 'spleen' refers to Cyril's inherent bad temper (see lines 3, 4).
 32 incorrect grammar or else misspelt(?)
 56 Forsaking . . . spade—Obscure reference, possibly to Cyril's previous vegetative thought train.
 57 A Gallic insult, meaning 'putrid flesh'.
 58 Gallic term, now defunct, meaning 'kneecap'.
 64 Note how rhythm is forgotten in heat of action. The Gaul is obviously in some considerable distress.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME

Every morning I walked to the bus-stop which is in the town, to get the bus to school and on my way down I walked along Oxford Road. Built on one side of the road were new, modern houses, and on the other side were pre-war houses. Most of these pre-war houses had been bricked up or corrugated pieces of iron had been placed over the windows and doors.

This area had been commissioned to be demolished and a new supermarket was to take its place. Eventually, all but one of the owners of these houses had been re-housed. This exception was an old man who had lived in this house all his life, and his family before him, so he was determined to stay.

Each morning I came along Oxford Road there was a bulldozer at work, and by the end of each day, one of the houses had been demolished, revealing a little more of the River Mersey which was situated behind them.

Each morning, as I arrived in Oxford Road, I would see the old man come out of his house. He was wearing an old jacket and trousers, and big black boots, which he dragged along the ground as he walked. He wore a flat cap tipped down at the peak and a white scarf and gloves which had the fingers cut off. He walked along the opposite side of the street, looking down at the pavement and occasionally coughing or wiping his nose. He put his hands into his pocket to keep them hidden from the frosty air, and, as he passed me by, he cast a glance in my direction.

The weeks passed by and all the houses had been knocked down except the old man's house, which stood alone. When the old man passed this area where the houses once stood he did not look to see what had happened to them all, but just continued on his daily routine.

As there were no other houses on that side of the road to look at as I walked past, I began to notice little details about the old man's house. His door was painted bright red and it had a brass knocker and numbers, the number 14. It had three windows at the front which all had red curtains. The downstairs curtains were open and I could see

into his house, which was poorly furnished.

One morning the old man did not come out of his house, but I did not worry because his pint of milk was gone by the evening when I returned from school. The next morning I saw the old man peering from his window. His face was heavily creased as if he withheld many untold secrets and stories. His skin had a dark tan and his eyes were sunken far back into his skull and he had an unshaven face, and thick snow white hair.

He glanced over in my direction as I passed and our glances met and it was as though I could see through his dark mysterious eyes and into his mind. I could imagine him working since he was a little boy, toiling in the factories. Now, in his old age, he wanted to live out the rest of his life in peace in his own home where he had found peace from work in the past. However, this was not to be because the council continually pestered him to move. My gaze broke as if from a trance and I sensed the old man watching me walk down the street until I was out of sight.

The next evening, his milk bottle was still there from that morning, so I went over to his door and knocked but there was no answer. I was worried so I rang for an ambulance. When it arrived, the ambulance men forced open the door. I waited outside and they returned with the old man on a stretcher. He looked very weak as all the blood was drained from his face. He asked the ambulance men to stop for a moment and he leaned forward and grabbed hold of the knocker and pulled the door shut, as his eyes filled with tears. Then he lay down again, his eyes streaming, and as the ambulance doors were closing, his eyes once again met mine and I knew that he was leaving his house for ever. Then the doors closed.

Several weeks later, when I arrived on Oxford Road. I stared at the pile of rubble which remained from the old man's house. His bright red door was just being thrown on a fire.

D. McDERMOTT, 5 Mersey

ONCE AGAIN

What is all this writing about?

Must be a new daily paper come out.
Try to be interesting, clever or gay.
I don't think I could do this every day.
Think of a story, a poem or joke,
Or a topical newsy anecdote.
This is a problem we have every year:
It's time for the school magazine to appear.

MICHAEL McILROY, 2H

P. WILLIAMS, 2 Hope

INSPIRATION 1

None.

POEM 1

Good. The rain has stopped;
The sun has come out;
The lawn is green—
I am content.

THE INTERVIEW

Two men—both nervous:
One a journalist, one a writer—
Straighten their ties and practice their lines in
separate homes.
They meet.
They went to the same school together ten
years ago—
Stupid things, pen-names, aren't they?

POEM 2

Once, whilst thinking about names,
I forgot my own.

Anonymous

INSPIRATION 2

Where is my pen?

MARTIN ALLEN, 6BM1

IT IS WINTER AGAIN

I strain my eyes to see,
My hands to free myself from this

Imprisonment of my faculties.
 There are bars across my window
 Impairing my senses,
 No defences against myself.
 It is dark and cold in here:
 Take hold of fear. I think that the
 Room is as afraid as I.
 It is raining and the clouds are thick and black,
 Hanging slack across the sky—
 Like my identity.
 I push my hands into the walls:
 My saviour calls.
 Sometimes a lady comes to see me,
 Cheer me. She says that
 She is my mother.
 I do not have one.
 There is no-one who need
 Feel for me.
 I push my hands into the walls:
 Destiny falls.
 I strain my eyes to see,
 My heart to be amongst
 Those stones in the faraway ground.
 I will go there someday
 To play with the others
 Who rest there.
 They tell me that it is a graveyard.
 They tell me you have got to be dead
 To go there. I want to go there.
 They tell me I am not dead yet.
 The citizens outside point and stare,
 Grunt and slur their words
 Through the bars on my window.
 I am safe from them; their air
 Out there is poisoned,
 Their breath rotting as their ideals.
 They tell me that I am mad,
 That they are safe from me
 They think I don't understand.
 How can they know?
 I am not mad. I am not dangerous.
 Something in the atmosphere tells me it is winter
 again.

J. SKELLON, 6ASc3

ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW . . .

There is something inside you.
 It lies.
 Behind the blue in your eyes,
 A hollow.
 There is something inside. You.
 A stranger. Me. A stone.
 Where your heart should be.
 There is something. Inside you.
 Absence.
 When you're with me, it shows.
 When you're gone, it grows.

J. SKELLON, 6ASc.3

UNDER THE WAVE

[i] Poison

I've been with her now for twenty-five years;
 Nothing can change that.
 No emotions exchange, occasional tears;
 Conversation starts shallow, falls flat.
 Our love is just a corpse, a skeleton in the
 cupboard:
 The key has been thrown away.
 I'm lying face down, not daring to look upward;
 The air is poisoned with decay.
 And it's killing me, pushing me under the wave
 I'm gasping for air.
 Somebody must save me from this fluid grave—
 But there's no-one there.

[ii] Survival

I run from the past; plead 'God help me!'
 Stand upright, naked—bravery?
 I search around me (Lord hear my prayer)
 I reach, stretch out but there's no-one there.
 And yet here I am, barely alive,
 In an ancient land—the fittest survive.
 Sanctuary in the temple—sacrifice.
 Bound to remain—on ice.
 Frozen motion flows in the sea,
 Forms towers, contracts, refugees.
 I'm under the wave, gasping for air;
 I reach, stretch out but there's no-one there.

J. SKELLON, 6ASc3

THE PRISONER

With head in his hands, he sat alone,
 Paying for one impulsive moment.
 A life-long sentence for what he had done,
 For his one second of evil intent.
 In some moments of panic he rushed at the door.
 He banged and shouted, again and again.
 He leapt for the window and crashed to the floor,
 Like a bird in a cage, in terror and pain.
 With moods of resentment, or anger, despair,
 Of sorrow, of torment, he knew himself well.
 As day followed day, and year followed year,
 He kept his own company, alone in his cell.

MARK SHIELDS, 3 Hope

FISHER-FOLK

The men, they answer the call of the free
 And go out in their ships to live with the sea.
 The women are chained to a life on the shore,
 In continual dread lest their men come no more.
 The men they combat the moods of the deep,
 Risking their lives for the harvest they reap.
 The women eternal vigil maintain.
 Over sky and sea, till their men come again.

MARK SHIELDS, 3 Hope

MEA CULPA

I had a little spot of ground,
 Where blade nor blossom grew,
 Though the bright sunshine all around
 Life-giving radiance threw.
 I mourned to see a spot so bare
 Of leaves of healthful green,
 And thought of bowers, and blossoms fair,
 I frequently had seen.
 Some seeds of various kinds lay by—
 I knew not what they were—
 But, rudely turning o'er the soil,
 I strewed them careless there;
 And day by day I watched them spring
 From out the fertile earth,
 And hoped for many a lovely thing
 Of beauty and of worth.

But as I marked their leaves unfold
 As weeds before my view,
 And saw how stubbornly and bold
 The thorns and nettles grew—
 I sighed to think that I had done,
 Unwittingly, a thing
 That, where a beauteous bower should thrive,
 But worthless weeds did bring.
 Thus I mused: the things we say and do,
 With little heed or ken,
 May prove of worthless growth, and strew
 With thorns the paths of men:
 For careless deeds, like careless seeds,
 May flowers prove, or noxious weeds!

GEORGE O'NEILL

SIR FRED THE BOLD

In times of old, when knights were bold,
 And maidens sat in towers,
 And dragons roared at Barons bored,
 Who sat among the flowers,
 There lived a knight, whose name was Fred;
 Who always, always, stayed in bed;
 Until his brother, Artiped,
 Would climb the stairs and shake his head
 At his lazy brother whose toes would glow
 Whenever the north wind did blow
 Across the wastes of ice and snow.
 One day there happened to pass by
 A flea, whose name was Hidi Hi;
 His occupation was to itch, those lazy knights,
 Who never wished to rise from sleep and go
and fight,
 With giants fierce; who crumble trees,
 Between their fingers and bony knees;
 But who of course, don't care to speak,
 To the elves and goblins, who tunnel deep
 Beneath the surface of the earth,
 In their gladness, gaiety and mirth.
 Now back to the story, with a knight called Fred
 And his healthy brother Artiped.
 Hidi Hi, he talked to Fred; who told him things
about his bed.
 Hidi then produced a box
 In which were tablets, he called 'flocs'.
 In half an hour, he burst the doors,
 And rode away to the 'York-a-shire' wars.

JOHN HENNESSY, 2 Hope

In three years time he was known for his fame;
All over the world, from here to 'Bahrain'.
But of the flea that had brought him this fame,
He was never, never, heard of again.

JOHN HENNESSY, 2 Hope

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY?

Do you know which teachers say these expressions? Fit the right expressions to the right teachers.

1. Got it, chum!
2. Prefect, make a note of that man's name!
3. Negative play!
4. Stop babbling!
5. Go in please, Gentlemen!
6. Come here, laddie!
7. Pathetic! Beep! Pathetic!
8. Unus, duo, tres!
9. You barmpot!
10. Will you be quiet?

- A Br. Dee
- B Mr. Brown
- C Mr. Olsen
- D Mr. Bamber
- E Mrs. Mercer
- F Mr. Kelly
- G Mr. Briscoe
- H Mr. A. Edwards
- I Mr. D. A. I. Edwards
- J Madame Rimmer

Answers

- A — 8
- B — 1
- C — 5
- D — 2
- E — 10
- F — 4
- G — 7
- H — 6
- I — 3
- J — 9

G. O'LEARY, 2 Domingo

THE TEMPEST'

or

'IS THIS A PLAY I SEE BEFORE ME?'

or

'IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS'

(Well, the title is nearly Shakespeare and nearly from the right play)

After the performance of 'The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui' and, amongst repeated suggestions that another play should be put on, the Dramatic Society received hundreds of request, but, despite them all, we did embark on another play. The instigator was the same teacher, but this time I must refer to him as 'Mr. X' (he objected strongly to my plentiful references to him in the last play review and said that if I mentioned him again I would find it difficult to walk, so this time I promised I would not. 'Mr. Sheedy,' I said, 'your wish is my command.')

Mr. X again had difficulty in whipping up support for the Shakespeare play he suggested. Our first difficulty had thus arisen before we began: the play was not vague enough; people would know of its existence and . . . Good heavens! . . . we were going to have to ACT!! With this incredible revelation we vacillated weakly and almost gave in with a ruthless wave of apathy. However, Mr. Shee . . . I mean Mr. X, finally decided he would have to give us incentive and four girls from Broughton Hall were invited to save the day. The result was predictable: a number of eager supporters turned up for casting and, again, Mr. X let his democratic ideas show through. We were each to decide which part suited us. Mr. X had already (so we found out later) drawn up a cast list and as one after another, Pete Kavanagh, Sean Walsh and Nicky Melville informed him of the part they wanted to play he exclaimed, 'This is amazing!' and 'I don't believe it!' which made them, and everyone else, fidget and worry about what he knew that we did not. Later, and to everyone's relief, he gave a quite uncompromising reason for his delight. His own provisional cast list (à la Madame Zodia) turned out to be much the same as ours. His smugness

was with us for weeks!

The next surprise for us was the fact we were to act behind the Brothers' House, near the sixth form block. That meant open air and that meant cold but Mr. X was adamant. Early rehearsals went predictably, the only notable difference being that the Brothers, although as sadistically content as before, did not need to make the effort of turning off the art block's heating. Someone upstairs was obviously answering fervent prayers and looking after that department himself. Mr. X sitting in a warm room with his flask of coffee, blithely waved us to act on despite the drifts of snow etc. However, I must thank the Brothers for inviting us all in for 'tea and bikkies' during our Sunday rehearsals—much appreciated.

The next stage of the play was deciding on the costumes. One afternoon during our mid-term holiday, we sat down and discussed a number of ideas, finally deciding upon 'white tie and tails'. Distant rumblings from Stratford-on-Avon, we are reliably informed, had nothing to do with a well-known poet turning in his grave. Actually, the costumes turned out to be quite good, although Paul Shillito's make-up, a shocking green that managed to get everywhere (well, almost everywhere), was not particularly appreciated. Our later rehearsals seemed to go quite well and, as the big day approached, nerves did not get quite so bad as last time. I should hate to bore you ('We already are,' I hear you say) with the details of these rehearsals. Suffice it to say that Pete Edge provided us with a few good laughs. All of our performances went very well and Pete Jackson received much critical acclaim (or so he reliably informs me). Of course, I am not saying everything was perfect; things did go wrong. Miranda and I, sitting on a wet log, provided amusement for one and all when we got up, and one night the Gods were against us and it poured (I refute suggestions that they obviously had good taste). We were also provided with such enjoyable interludes as a passing ice-cream van and a supersonic plane overhead, to neither of which we could find a reference in Shakespeare's original. It is again rumoured that Mr. Brown, between gritted teeth, called it 'good'.

After the final performance we gave the girls from Broughton Hall a large box of chocolates (which we proceeded to eat, although we gave them one or two).

DAVID HOPE, 6A Mods 1

ERIC, THE PART-TIME TUBA PLAYER

(An epic tale of the olden days)

Eric played a tuba bold,
A tuba bold played he;
He played each night to his heart's delight
When he could have watched the telly.
And Eric he grew older
And Eric he grew greyer
And oh! cried he, what joy to be
A part-time tuba player.

For Eric lived in the Land of the Free
In a small apartment flat
And the land was known as Malky Stone—
What a merrie land was that!
And Eric he was wild and fey
And Eric he grew feyer
And oh! cried he, what joy to be
A part-time tuba player.

But one day, oh, one fateful day
The King spoke from his throne:
'Throughout the land is the TUBA banned
In the land of Malky Stone.'
Thus spoke the King, the silly thing,
Advised by his soothsayer.
'O sire!' said he. 'Your bane shall be
A part-time tuba player.'

This broke little Eric's heart
(But he glued it back again).
No, he said, hope's not yet dead,
To 'The Times' I will complain.
And he told this to the mayor's wife
And he told it to the mayor.
'Oh!' said he, 'how sad to be
A part-time tuba player.'

The King he heard of Eric's woe
And said, 'I'll hear his case.'
So Eric strode up the palace road

For to meet him face to face.
 And the King had promised treatment good
 But the King was his betrayer
 Fo 'Ha!' he said, 'I'll see him dead
 That part-time tuba player.'
 So Eric knocked at the palace door
 And he soon was taken in
 And banged on the head; he was not quite dead
 But his head was in a spin.
 He awoke to see the mighty King
 And the infamous soothsayer.
 'Oh what,' said he, 'd'you want with me—
 'A humble tuba player?'
 And the soothsayer soothed and the soothsayer said
 And he said more than he soothed:
 'An evil omen! Haemoglobin
 Shall very soon be oothed.'
 The King, who was not a bad king,
 Said: 'Say your final prayer,
 And at my behest—a last request
 For this part-time tuba player.'
 Said Eric: 'I'll give ye a tune—
 One more afore I leave.'
 And he felt quite glad, for he knew he had
 A trump card up his sleeve.
 And he picked up his tuba bold
 And he aimed it at the King
 And a poisoned dart pierced his heart
 And he died like anything.

And Eric said, 'The soothsayer
 'Was right, yes, to be sure!'
 For there was roamin' haemoglobin
 Roamin' across the floor.
 And the people shouted: 'Hip hooray!'
 And one shouted: 'Hoorayer!'
 And they all did sing, 'Long live the King,
 The part-time tuba player!'
 The word it spread through Malky Stone
 That Eric was their King,
 And he played all night to his heart's delight
 Upon his tuba thing.
 And Eric he grew older
 And Eric he grew greyer
 'And oh!' cried he, 'what joy to be
 'A part-time tuba player.'

Moral:

It's a moral which you all should know,
 The lowly and the great:
 For humble man, he never can
 Outplay the hand of fate.
 It's the same for serfs and barons
 And for incum taxum payers
 For men and Kings, and Gumbly Dings
 And for part-time tuba players.

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CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC KIND



Fetch the family album and flick through it . . . little Bobby on a donkey, ice cream dribbling down his chin, a deckchair bulging under Uncle George's weight . . . family records, snapshots, if you prefer; an excellent means of reliving a happy holiday. Ever thought of photography more seriously? It needn't cost hundreds for the latest Japanese super-camera. My first camera was a shop-soiled demonstration model from Boots—I spent weeks grovelling for the £2.50 it cost!

Don't be afraid of technical jargon—there are only three basic operations on a camera, whether it costs £2.50 or £250: focusing (easy with practice), setting the shutter speed (how long the light is let in), and setting the aperture (how large a hole is used, and to let light in). A combination of shutter-speed and aperture controls the 'exposure' (amount of light let onto the film). An exposure guide is given with each film, and so a light meter, though desirable, is not essential.

We've all seen American tourists with their expensive equipment, photographing our 'darling little cathedral for the folks back home'. It isn't the equipment that is important, it is you, the photographer; it isn't what one photographs so much as how one photographs it. Take Fig. 1, a simple holiday shot taken at dinner time. By carefully choosing the right moment, the atmosphere of the meal has been captured. The camera had been focused and the exposure set before the meal started, and then hidden close at hand to be produced at the right moment. The exposure was also preset for Fig. 2. The subject is the girl with the long hair; despite the events in the foreground the eye is drawn to her because of the 'lines' of the photograph (the baby is 'pointed' at her), the frame formed by the figures in the foreground, and her eyes are looking towards the camera. These sorts of photographs present themselves, the photographer needing only to be alert, to capture the moment.

In contrast to Figs. 1 and 2, Fig. 3 was carefully contrived, although the method used was very simple; two lots of food were used to entice the cats to either side of the fireplace, and a screaming little sister to attract their attention. A picture of little pussy-wussy or Bobby's dogsy-wogsy always draws oohs and aahs of delight; pets can be photographed in so many interesting ways, with just a little careful thought.

Earlier I said that it wasn't what one photographed so much as how one photographed it; a few paces to one side or a couple backwards can improve a shot immensely. Look at Fig. 4; I spent a few minutes walking round the tree, and the photograph was eventually taken when I was kneeling in mud! So, before you take a photograph, think (and mind the laundry bills!).

Whenever one carries a camera one should look out for even the most unusual photograph;

the fascinating curves in Fig. 5 were taken from a subway entrance; the title photograph was a freak combination of lights in a mist, the trees framing the photograph. Fig. 6 is the type of scene we all see, simply a street at night.

These examples show that photography isn't as complicated as one may be led to believe, nor is it a hobby for the rich élite; All the photographs shown could have been taken with a cheap camera. Don't be put off by early failures; your photographic eye will improve with practice. When you finish your first film, don't dash off to your local chemists; he'll demand perhaps £5 before he'll hand over your first thirty-six masterpieces (shorter films are available). If you can't process your own, invest a few coppers in a photo magazine full of ads. The labs. advertised provide a first-class service at less than half the price.

DAMIEN MILES, VIA Mods. 1

fig. 1



fig. 2

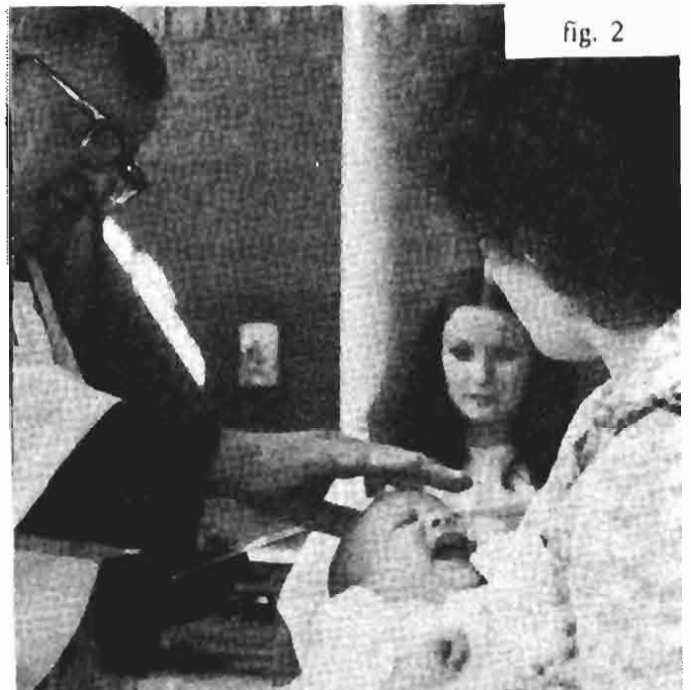




fig. 3

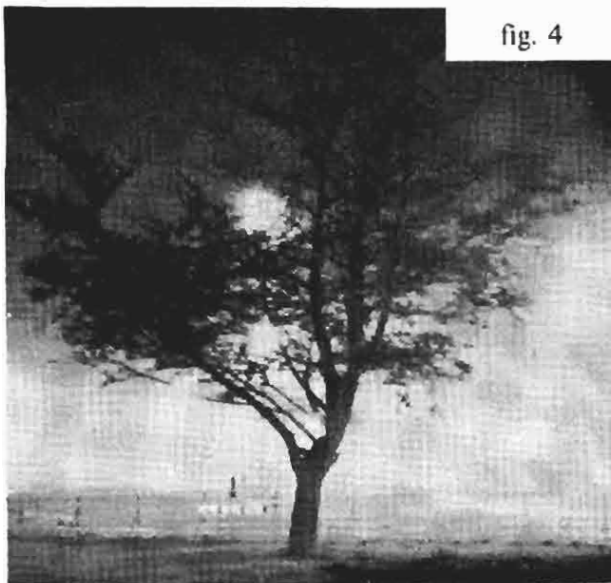


fig. 4

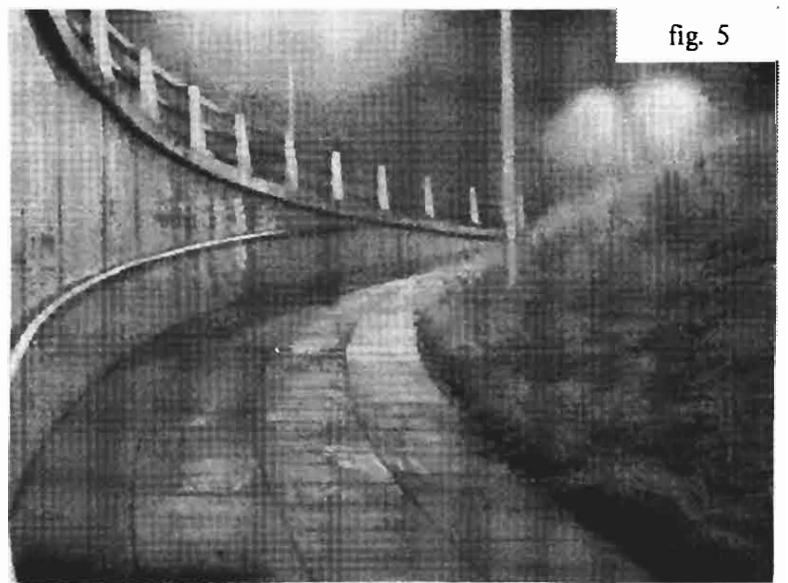


fig. 5



fig. 6



INTERMEDIATE SEVENS

John Farrell, Gregory Short, Ian Buckle, Patrick Gibson, Philip Flanagan, Gary Kearns, Vincent Muldoon

RUGBY FOOTBALL 1977-78

Team	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
1st XV	21	12	2	7	312	187
2nd XV	14	7	0	7	127	78
3rd XV	3	2	0	1	54	24
U16	9	5	1	3	144	73
U15	16	16	0	0	546	53
U14	13	5	0	8	195	199
U13	14	8	1	5	293	129
U12 (A)	13	11	1	1	335	63
U12 (B)	5	4	0	1	105	20

SEVENS HONOURS

1976-77:

—St. Edward's U16 team won the Welsh and English Schools Sevens Championship at Oxford for the first time since the competition began.

—The U16 team also won an U17 Sevens Competition at Southport, again for the first time since the competition began. J. Cunningham, G. Goodman, M. Johnson, M. Mannion, J. McMullen, J. Mc Nerney, B. O'Connor, I. Parker, G. Scott.

—The U15 team were the losing finalists in the Nuneaton Sevens, a competition which was entered for the first time.

1977-78:

—St. Edward's U16 team carried on the good work of the previous year's team, and despite injury to two key players won the Welsh and English Schools Sevens Championship at Oxford.

I. Buckle, J. Farrell, P. Flanagan, P. Gibson, J. Ireland, G. Kearns, V. Muldoon, B. Reilly, G. Short.

—The U15 team won the Christian Brothers Schools' Sevens Competition, and the following day went on to win the Merseyside Competition. P. Anderson, D. Coleman, S. Dumbell, K. Jordan, P. Loughney, M. O'Leary, J. Roche, T. Sweeney, S. Young.

—The U12 team also won the Christian Brothers

Schools' Competition. M. Bond, G. Boyd, S. Clayton, D. Haraghey, G. Hyde-Pryce, M. Kerr, G. Moore, D. Rudkin, J. Short.

Representative Honours

U19 group— P. Falconer and S. Bailey represented Merseyside and South-West Lancashire.

U16 group— P. Flanagan, G. Kearns and B. Reilly represented Merseyside and South-West Lancashire.

U15 group— D. Coleman, S. Dumbell, K. Jordan, M. O'Leary and S. Young represented Merseyside.

Colours Awards

Full— P. Falconer, C. Nelson.

Half— S. Bailey, A. Bonney, P. Buriilin, J. Cunningham, M. Douglas, G. Goodman, J. Heath, M. Johnson, M. Mannion, I. Parker, G. Scott.

CROSS COUNTRY CLUB REPORT, 1977-78

1977-78 proved a season of mixed fortune for the cross country club, with the junior teams generally more successful than their older colleagues. Competition on Merseyside grows more intense every year, and good results can only be achieved by hard work in training—a fact which all our runners need to appreciate and react to.

The Seniors produced some fine performances in mid-season, between November and January, when they won the Merseyside League Race at Rainford, St. Anselm's Invitation Race at Arrowse Park and the Christian Brothers Schools Championships at St. Edward's. However, they lacked the consistency to achieve their full potential—captain Mike Heywood had a good season and was usually first counter, but it was rare to find the rest of the team all hitting form at the same time. A notable feature was the size of the team—there were fifteen regular members, making it our largest Senior team for some years. No fewer than eleven of them will still be here next season, when the experience gained this year should prove of great value.

The Under 16's had a wretched season. Only the efforts of a handful of loyal and reliable members held the team together. Disappointing early season results led to a loss of morale and team spirit, and a combination of illness, injury, apathy and sheer bad luck meant that only **once** in the entire season was the Under 16 team at full strength. Since this team will form the nucleus of the Senior team in two years' time, a great deal of cooperation and hard work will be needed from all concerned if we are then to have a Senior team worthy of St. Edward's.

The Under 14's, by contrast, had an enjoyable season. There was a fine team spirit and enthusiasm for running and training was maintained throughout the season. It is a measure of the fierce standard of competition locally that the team had to be content with fourth place in the Merseyside League. Captain Robbie Rule had an outstanding season, culminating in his selection for the Merseyside team in the English Schools Championships, where he finished a notable 36th.



SENIOR CROSS COUNTRY

Back row: J. Stitt, A. Fitzgerald, P. Shillito, S. Foran, M. Redmond, M. Lovelady, P. Jackson.

Front row: G. Coyne, R. McKeever, P. Skinner, M. Heywood, N. Melville, K. Brown.

The Under 13's consolidated the fine start they made last year. They had the misfortune to lose their captain, Darren Kelly, through injury during the last six weeks of the season, which cost them second place in the Merseyside League and a probable sixth place in the Northern Schools Championships. They finished second to Northern Schools Champions St. Anselm's in four other major competitions.

The greatest successes fell to our Under 12 team, who had an outstanding season. Their strength in depth was illustrated in the Merseyside League—the 'A' team won every race, the 'B' team finished 4th, the 'C' team 13th and the 'D' team 21st among the 65 teams from 28 schools. The team also won the Cup Races held by Sefton Harriers and Liverpool Harriers, and the

Christian Brothers Schools Championships at St. Edward's. Their only major disappointment was in finishing third in the Northern Schools Championships—their target for next season is two places higher. They soon recovered from this disappointment by winning the Sefton Shield Relay just two days later—a race we had never previously won. There are so many fine runners in the team that it would be unfair to pick out individuals, but Bernard Murphy, who finished as first counter in most races and finished sixth in the Northern Schools Championships, deserves to be mentioned.

Encouraged by the success and enthusiasm of the junior teams and hopeful that the senior teams will pick up next season, we look forward optimistically to September.



JUNIOR CROSS COUNTRY

Back row: D. Fernyhough, K. O'Shea, G. Buckland, S. Parker, J. Galvin, E. Bullen, A. Chadwick, P. Snellham.

Middle row: M. Lomax, M. Nolan, K. Moore, J. Devlin, S. Stretch, P. Smith, J. Hancock, M. Rauwer, G. Hughes, A. McGovern.

Front row: M. Snape, K. Rooney, B. Murphy, T. Larcombe, J. Evans.

To conclude the cross country report, the following members of the Senior team are receiving Colours:

Full Colours: Gerard Coyne, Pete Skinner, Bob McKeever, Mike Heywood.

Captain's Cup: Mike Heywood.

ATHLETICS REPORT, 1978

Athletics is one of the major sports in the school, and as such, a large amount of money, staff time and boys' time, is put in, in order to see that its inclusion in the schools physical education programme, is justified.

It is hardly surprising then, when so much effort is put into the sport, to report on another very successful year.

Out of the nine Championship competitions entered, we have brought back eight winning trophies and once again dominated the Merseyside scene.

But athletics isn't only about winning teams but about individuals taking part and striving to do their best within their ability, and it is more about this aspect of the sport that I would like to



SENIOR ATHLETICS

Back row: E. O'Brien, P. Sanderson, J. Stitt, P. Brownbill, M. Heywood, M. McGowan.

Middle row: S. Bailey, G. Scott, D. Galvin, P. Nash, M. Coleman, R. McKeever, C. Butler, M. Mannion.

Front row: P. Falconer, J. McNerney, G. Goodman, P. Nickson, I. Parker, N. Melville.

comment on.

The usual effort and enthusiasm shown by the first year was, as always, present, with some fine sprinting by Michael Kerr and middle-distance running by Bernard Murphy.

The second year were again unbeaten in matches and have one of the schools outstanding athletes in Frances Short, the county triple jump winner.

The third year have also excelled themselves, producing outstanding wins in their championships with excellent sprinting from John Doyle, middle-distance running by Robbie Rule and shot-putting by Ged Mannion.

However, from here the picture is not as rosy. Not that we haven't got many fine athletes in the upper school—far from it. But the shine

seems to have dimmed a little, and the enthusiasm, so obviously present at one time, has gone.

The fourth year, with vast ability, relies too much on being made to do things and therefore, they make the task of both staff and team more difficult and so, less enjoyable.

The very senior years also, are not playing their parts fully. It is vital for the rest of the lower school to see example set and performances achieved by the senior boys, to inspire them to follow and achieve also. The senior teams must realise that they have this important duty then, not only to themselves but to our junior teams as well. They would, incidentally, make the task of the athletics staff just a little easier also.

However, these bleak spots are brightened by much individual success at senior level, and I



INTERMEDIATE AND JUNIOR ATHLETICS

Back row: B. Slattery, M. Smith, S. Young, T. Wilcox, R. Baird, D. Coleman, M. Swanick, M. O'Leary, P. Anderson, P. Roberts, G. Mannion, M. Doyle.

Middle row: B. Walsh, G. Short, B. Reilly, R. Rule, C. Barry, P. Mobbs, S. Cimmelli, J. Doyle, M. Hackett, F. Short, J. Singleton

Front row: P. Walsh, G. Kearns, P. Flanagan, M. McCourt, J. Farrell, G. Adderley, D. Bartley, M. Salib.

am very pleased to report on their success also.

In David Galvin, holder of 11 athletic records in the school, we have most probably the finest track athlete that the school has ever produced and it is a pleasure to congratulate him on his success.

Congratulations are also due to Peter Nickson, who broke the 10-year-old school P.V. record this year with a vault of nearly 12 feet, and to John McNerney, who increased his record in the high jump to 6' 6". Paul Falconer also deserves our congratulations for taking part in every hurdle race this year and winning every one.

Congratulations are due no less to many other athletes who left in the summer and who have taken part over the last 7 years without this outstanding success, but without athletes like

Mike Heywood, Pete Skinner and Bob McKeever, there would be no athletics teams.

As a result of representing the school for at least 6 years, therefore, the following awards were made at Colours Day:—

Half Colours:— D. Galvin, R. McKeever, N. Melville, J. Stitt, M. Mannion.

G. Scott, C. Wright, J. McNerney, C. Butler, M. Coleman.

Full Colours:—P. Falconer, M. Heywood, P. Nickson, E. O'Brien.

Middle-School Best Performance Cup:—Ged Mannion.

200 m Cup:—I. Parker—22.8.

Captain's Cup:—P. Nickson.

ATHLETICS, 1978 — RESULTS

Merseyside Senior Schools Championships:

Seniors: Winners of Shield.
 Inters: Second.
 Juniors: Winners of Shield.
 Combined Team: Winners of Radio Mersey-
 side Trophy.

Christian Brothers Championships

Seniors: Winners of Bro. Gibbons Shield.
 Inters: Third.
 Juniors: Winners of Bro. Robinson Cup.
 2nd Year: Winners of Bro. Coffey Shield.
 1st Year: Third.

Central District Championships

1st—4th Years: Winners of Shield.

Champion School of Liverpool Championships

1st—4th Years: Winners of McLaughlin Cup.

Representative Honours

The following boys were selected to represent Liverpool in the County Athletics Championships:

JUNIOR

100m—P. Backshell (Quarry Bank).
 200m—J. Doyle (St. Edward's).
 400m—B. Walsh (St. Edward's).
 800m—G. Mannion (St. Edward's).
 R. Bone (New Heys).
 1500m—R. Rule (St. Edward's).
 80m Hurdles—P. Roberts (St. Edward's).
 P. Harvey (Cardinal Allen).
 High Jump—A. Kruger (Fazakerley).
 M. Rowe (St. Margaret's).
 Long Jump—C. Ekoku (Quarry Bank).
 Triple Jump—F. Short (St. Edward's).
 Pole Vault—J. Singleton (St. Edward's).
 Discus—M. Hackett (St. Edward's).

INTERMEDIATE

100m—I. Murphy (Cardinal Allen).
 200m—G. Adderley (St. Edward's).

400m—P. Anderson (St. Edward's).
 P. Flanagan (St. Edward's).
 800m—P. Walsh (St. Edward's).
 C. Garrett (St. Margaret's).
 1500m—B. Parsons (St. Margaret's).
 C. Barry (St. Edward's).
 100m Hurdles—N. Peacey (St. Margaret's).
 M. Smith (St. Edward's).
 1500m S'Chase—D. Bartley (St. Edward's).
 High Jump—V. Hughes (De La Salle).
 Long Jump—J. Constance (Cardinal Allen).
 L. Iro (Quarry Bank).
 Triple Jump—D. Coleman (St. Edward's).
 Pole Vault—G. Kearns (St. Edward's).
 Discus—K. Appleton (Cardinal Allen).
 Javelin—M. McCourt (St. Edward's).
 Hammer—M. Swanick (St. Edward's).

SENIOR

100m—C. Hammersley (St. Margaret's).
 A. Myers (Cardinal Allen).
 200m—I. Parker (St. Margaret's).
 400m—D. Galvin (St. Edward's).
 P. Pieroni (St. Margaret's).
 800m—R. McKeever (St. Edward's).
 110m Hurdles—P. Falconer (St. Edward's).
 200m S'Chase—N. Melville (St. Edward's).
 High Jump—J. McNerney (St. Edward's).
 Long Jump—G. Murphy (De La Salle).
 M. Mannion (St. Edward's).
 Triple Jump—S. Noone (Cardinal Allen).
 M. Reddington (De La Salle).
 Pole Vault—P. Nicholson (St. Edward's).
 P. Brownbill (St. Edward's).
 P. Sanderson (St. Edward's).

ALL ENGLAND ATHLETICS CHAMPIONSHIPS

The following were selected to represent Merseyside in the above championships:

DAVID GALVIN
 PETER NICKSON
 JOHN McNERNEY



SWIMMING

Back row: M. Salib, A. Highham, C. Scriven, D. Hill.
Front row: P. Moloney, M. Sweeney, C. A. Quayle.

SWIMMING REPORT, 1977-78

The Swimming Club is a unique club within the school, catering as it does for boys from the age of 7 when they enter Runnymede, to the 19-year-olds who left in the summer.

As such, this report deals with a vast range of activities, from learning to swim, through all the basic examinations of personal survival and life saving, to coming first in the Liverpool Schools Swimming Championships.

The basic activity of the swimming club is, I suppose, the weekly swimming match against other schools on Merseyside. Here we have been as successful as in previous years, winning all

these galas except for the one against Bluecoat School, by far the strongest swimming school in the North of England.

Individually, and outside these team activities, boys have trained for the four awards in personal survival and life-saving, resulting in 13 bronze awards and 3 silver awards.

A new venture this year, started in the first year, was the Biathlon Award, sponsored by the British Pentathlon Association. This involves both distance running and swimming and to date 40 boys have gained the Grade 4 Award and 5 boys the Bronze.

Swimming is, of course, an all-year-round sport, and in the summer term the teams were concentrating on the Liverpool Swimming Championships.

It is pleasing to be able to report that we had our best results ever in these championships, gaining 9 places in the team events, and 8 boys winning city badges for being placed in the first three. The highlight of these championships was the winning of our first individual championship, when Michael Sweeney, last year's swimming captain, came first in the 100m Breast Stroke event. This is no mean event, when it is remembered that these championships are littered with swimmers with both national and international experience.

I have said that swimming is an all-year-round sport. It must be remembered also, that it is a sport that can be practised by every boy in the school and not just the team members. Times are set aside each week, throughout the year, for

learning to swim, to swim better, or for just a free swim. Details regarding these times can be found on the appropriate notice-boards.

Finally, although the members of the swimming teams present at the annual gala know, the Swimmer of the Year Award went this year to Paddy Moloney, who was presented with it at Colours Day, and who is to be congratulated on setting an example to the rest of the swimming club during his 7 years at this school, which will be difficult to follow.

As a result of this year's activities the following awards were made:

Half Colours:—Mark Salib, David Hill, Anthony Quayle.

Full Colours:—Michael Sweeney and Paddy Moloney.

Captain's Cup:—M. Sweeney.

Swimmer of the Year:—P. Moloney.

SWIMMING AWARDS, 1977-78 LIVERPOOL SCHOOLS SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1978

Champion School Trophy: St. Edward's—Second.

Individual Results:

M. Donnelly, 2nd Year—2nd Back Stroke.

M. Donnelly, 2nd Year—2nd Butterfly.

G. Cullen, 3rd Year—2nd Breast Stroke.

J. Nugent, 3rd Year—2nd Butterfly.

A. Hill, 4th Year—2nd Butterfly Stroke.

B. Soulsby, 4th Year—3rd Back Stroke.

J. Kearney, Open—2nd Breast Stroke.

M. Sweeney, Open—1st Breast Stroke.

Team Events

1st Year—Freestyle Relay—2nd.

2nd Year—Medley Relay—3rd.

3rd Year—Medley Relay—2nd.

3rd Year—Freestyle Relay—3rd.

4th Year—Freestyle Relay—3rd.

4th Year—Medley Relay—3rd.

Open—Medley Relay—3rd.

Open—Freestyle Relay—2nd.

Ball Trophy—2nd.

A.S.A. TESTS IN SURVIVAL SWIMMING

Bronze—J. Cornell, A. Earl, P. Edwards, M. Gibson, D. Smith, J. Tudor, D. Banks, T. Gibbons, A. Kemp, D. Maxwell, R. Lacey, J. Armstrong, S. Ryan.

Silver—P. Fletcher, B. Curd, S. Smith, J. Carroll, R. Lacey, A. Kemp, A. Earl, D. Banks.

Gold—B. Curd, S. Smith, A. Marsh.

Honours—C. West.

BIATHLON AWARDS

Grade 4 Award:

P. Edwards, 1D

M. Mullin, 1D

P. Snelham, 1D

S. Collins, 1D

C. Moller, 1D

C. West, 1D

S. Naylor, 1D

P. McHugh, 1S
 J. Shanaghan, 1D
 J. Jones, 1S
 A. Earl, 1D
 J. Short, 1M
 B. Davies, 1D
 P. Cunningham, 1H
 P. Smith, 1H
 M. McGuinness, 1D
 P. Coakley, 1S
 T. Blunsum, 1H
 J. Devlin, 1H
 M. Kerr, 1D
 P. Williams, 1H

T. Alderman, 1H
 M. Bacon, 1D
 D. Smith, 1D
 K. Rooney, 1S
 J. Evans, 1M
 E. Butler, 1S
 J. Tudor, 1S
 D. Fennyhough, 1M
 R. Doyle, 1H
 M. Bond, 1D
 M. Sharpe, 1M
 K. Moore, 1S
 C. Smith, 1S
 M. Thompson, 1M

F. Cunningham, 1M
 D. Polhill, 1M
 P. Coleman, 1S
 M. Melia, 1M
 C. Daly, 1M
 G. Breen, 1H
 G. Hyde-Pryce, 1H
 G. Buckland, 1M
Bronze Award:
 G. Hyde-Pryce, 1H
 P. Edwards, 1D
 C. West, 1D
 A. Earl, 1D
 P. Cunningham, 1H

CRICKET REPORT

Cricket continues to produce an enthusiastic response throughout the school. At all levels we have more players than places and it is regrettable that not everyone has the opportunity to play for the school. Enthusiasm is particularly evident among the junior sides, who, over all, have had the best season for a number of years. The U15 and U12 sides have won all their matches and the U13 and U14 sides lost only one game each.

This talented first year has produced a very strong squad, capable not only of glamorous scoring, but also of extremely competent fielding.

The U13 team has lived up to its promise of last year and remains a very strong batting side with the fortunate asset of a very fast bowler in Andrew Byrne who, incidentally, in one match devastated the opposition taking seven wickets for nine runs; the opposition happened to be Cardinal Allen.

Little more needs to be said about the U14 side than that they defeated Liverpool City U14 XI twice; it is only fair to add that on both occasions

the city were without four of their best players, all of whom were playing for St. Edward's. Congratulations to Jolliffe, O'Leary, Singleton and Mannion.

It will come as no surprise that the U15 squad has continued to provide the impressive cricket which has come to characterise this fine year. It is to be hoped that many of these players will carry their talent through to produce a strong 1st XI of the future.

For the first time in living memory, the 2nd XI beat the staff XI, who were under the captaincy of the 2nd XI coach, Mr. Robinson.

The 1st XI suffered defeat on four occasions this season. They lost 3 matches very narrowly to reasonably strong sides, partly because of a lack of concentration among the lower order batsmen. There has, however, been some fine and aggressive batting from Manley, Gibson, Moore and Douglas, while the opening bowling has been based upon Moore, McElroy and Johnson.



CRICKET 1st ELEVEN

Back row: S. Walker, A. Wilkinson, M. Johnson, N. Moore, G. Coyne, M. McElroy, P. Edge, M. Lovelady
K. Matthews.

Front row: J. McMullen, N. Geeleher, N. Manley, M. Douglas (Capt.), P. Gibson, S. Higgins.

CHESS REPORT

The Chess Club has reason to look back on last season with considerable satisfaction. The lunchtime sessions of the club were extremely well attended, particularly in the winter months when interest in chess is encouraged by the low temperature outside. Interest was also aided by the introduction of the Chess 'Ladder' to provide a measure of competition to games.

For the first time, this year the club played a simultaneous match against Mr. John Ripley, one of the top Merseyside players. St. Edward's were soundly beaten—Mr. Ripley lost only 2 of his 24 games! Despite this, we are very grateful to Mr. Ripley for giving us the benefit of his expertise in this most enjoyable event.

All our teams won certificates in the league competitions. The Seniors, playing in a new U-18 competition, tied with two other schools for first place. The U-15s were winners of section 2 in their competition, and the U-13s, under Mr. Lever's guidance, reached their final championship section. Thanks and congratulations are due to the members of these teams, and particularly to their captains: Mark Webster, Mathew Murphy and Carl Rumble, for their efforts through the season.

Individual successes were achieved by Martin Hewitt and Nicholas Bailey who were 1st and 2nd in their group in the Liverpool Chess Congress, and also by Mark Webster, Peter

Hughes, Peter Lally, Martin Hewitt, Mathew Murphy, Carl Anderson, Nicholas Bailey, Carl Rumble and Michael Wilkinson who were selected to represent Liverpool Schools.

Colours are being awarded to three players who have represented St. Edward's in Chess Matches for the past seven years.

Peter Hughes, who has been consistently

outstanding on board 1 and is one of the strongest players of his age in the city;

Mark Webster, who has captained the U-13s, U-15s and Senior Teams for St. Edward's;

Peter Lally, ever reliable as a strong board 3 player and secretary of the chess club for the past two years.



BADMINTON TEAM

Back row: N. Geeleher, C. Wright, F. Potter, G. Cullen.

Front row: N. Moore, B. McVey.

BADMINTON REPORT, 1977-78 SEASON

This year has seen the newly-formed badminton team increase considerably its standing on Merseyside. The two Merseyside leagues were formed in the summer of 1975 as a breakaway from the domination of Southport and the Wirral. In all the team had ten league fixtures and six 'friendly' games incorporating mixed doubles and matches from teams in the Liverpool Hospitals league.

The score card of the team is impeccable; not one league defeat, despite such strong opposition as the Bluecoat School and Cardinal Allen among others. Worthy of particular mention at this point are Nicholas Moore and Neil Geeleher who were undefeated as a pair in thirty-three games.

League A, of which the team are now champions, consists of some fifty-two schools, sorted into relative positions. To top this league in only two years is a fine achievement.

Particular thanks are due to Terence Mullin who, on three occasions, stepped in at a moment's

notice to take the place of a team member stricken by 'flu. I would also like to take the opportunity to thank the captain, Brian McVey for all the help and assistance he has given and to thank Francis Potter whose often unorthodox but very effective play was a source of amusement during moments of tension.

I hope that next year the team will not only win league A but also the play-off against the winners of league B (which they did not do this year) to obtain the title of 'Merseyside Overall Champions'.

In recognition of their achievements the following are to be presented with certificates bearing the inscription 'Liverpool League Winner 1978':

Brian McVey (Captain), Gerard Cullen, Francis Potter, Christopher Wright, Nicholas Moore, Neil Geeleher.

P. METCALF.

MUSIC REPORT

Choral Society

Membership has been between 70 and 80 boys during the year.

The Society sang as usual at the Academic Mass at the Cathedral and at Christmas time took part in two concerts with the Merseyside Youth Orchestra. In the Spring Term there was the Speech Day concert and the Harrogate Festival at which a first and second prize were awarded. During the Summer Term a concert was given at the Arts Centre in Southport with the Southport Philharmonic Orchestra and the most ambitious undertaking since 1973 was the performance of Fauré's Requiem at the Cathedral when, in partnership with the Cathedral Choir and Cantata Choir, we had an audience of 1,500 people.

The contribution of the tenor section this year has been notable, the bass section fewer in number, but maintaining its quality. Altos have

been especially strong and the trebles as good as ever. If the number of members from 6A was disappointing, this has been offset by the splendid support from 6B. Next year's Lower Sixth is encouraged to give us their support.

Training Orchestra

This exists to give boys who have not yet reached a high standard of playing, an opportunity to make music together and to gain orchestral experience. Once again, this year, some 50 boys were able to present a concert for parents with an extended programme and much higher standard of performance. We are still short of players in the lower section: violas, cellos, basses and trombones. Perhaps we shall have more players there next year.

The Brass Ensemble

This caters for some 20 to 30 boys who are in

or awaiting a place in the Senior Orchestra. They performed at the Academic Mass in October and at the Christmas Fayre. They are gradually building up an entertaining repertoire which we hope to hear next year.

Senior Orchestra

This year it consisted of 58 boys from Form II to Form VI. As there was no serious disruption in numbers from last year, standards have been gradually raised.

The first public appearance was at the Agents' Supper in November when the orchestra entertained the guests before the meal. In March the Orchestra regained the Helen Hogg trophy at the Harrogate Music Festival. The Speech Day Concert soon followed and in May the orchestra

competed in Ilkley Music Festival. Although placed third, the members found this an enjoyable and worthwhile experience in meeting such competent opposition. The final concert of the year was a Viennese evening in May, organised in conjunction with Parents' Association.

This year we are introducing half-colours as well as full colours for those boys who have made an outstanding contribution to the musical life of the school.

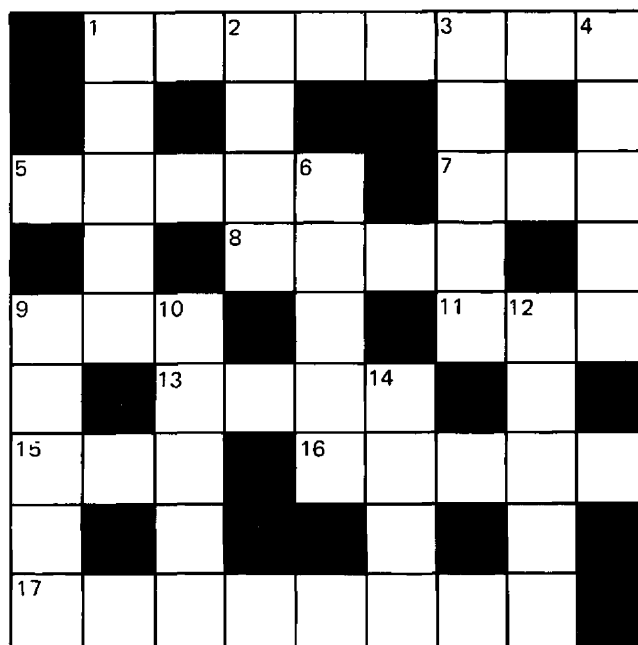
So full colours will be presented to M. Kerrigan, A. Quayle, P. Nickson, D. McDavell and P. Teebay and Half Colours to A. Wilkinson, P. Jackson, D. Miles, J. Roberts, D. Williams, D. Hope, M. Kearney, M. Coleman, D. Higham, P. Ward, P. Winn, P. Kavanagh.

Across:

1. Assembles or brings together (8).
5. Discovered (5).
7. Moisture which forms on the ground at night (3).
8. One who is cheated (4).
9. Not many (3).
11. A rocky height (3).
13. A play usually consists of three (4).
15. The organ of hearing (3).
16. Vision (5).
17. One who leaves the army without permission (8).

Down:

1. Near at hand (5).
2. To alight (4).
3. A young soldier before being commissioned (5).
4. A channel which collects house-drainage (5).
6. Performance for two people (5).
9. A devilishly cruel person (5).
10. Small growths on the skin (5).
12. Different or not the same (5).
14. The sediment in a channel (4).



ANSWERS AT THE BACK OF THE MAGAZINE

PAUL McKEOWN, 2 Domingo



**Mrs. Christine O'Brien, Mrs. Charlotte Gray, Mrs. Vera Osborne, Mrs. Kathleen McCoy,
Mrs. Helen Modern, Mrs. Elizabeth Armstrong, Mrs. Mary McArdle, Mrs. Agnes Ventre,
Mrs. Jane Robinson, Mrs. Andrea Deninson, Mrs. Mary Greer, Mrs. Joyce Farrell, Mrs. Maureen Murphy,
Mrs. Pauline Rourke, Mrs. Jean Pieroni.**

'THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT'

The photo that you see above
Depicts the girls who serve your grub.
They serve the food and clean the dishes,
And cook the meal to suit your wishes.
They have to stand and dish it out,
And sometimes even have to shout
At hungry lads, who, some might say,
Have seen no food for many a day.

WORD SEARCH

Contained within the frame are some familiar names. They read vertically, horizontally, diagonally or in reverse. Can you find them? There are twenty altogether.

Solution on page

IAN ADAIR, 4 Domingo

ANSWERS AT THE BACK OF THE MAGAZINE

**A DAY IN THE LIFE**

Harry Blogg, an apprentice porridge-stirrer at the Ritz cafe, woke up at 8.30 a.m. sharp, to the sound of screaming and breaking glass. 'Cat's got the postman again,' he said to himself as he turned over and went back to sleep.

At 9.00 a.m. sharp, there was much banging on the door; it was Fli Sundun, the Chinese assistant from the cafe, who was responsible for re-cycling the paper plates and cups.

Harry stumbled out of bed and staggered to his bedroom window. He pulled apart the moth-eaten curtains and surveyed the street outside (he was a surveyor in his spare time). It was a typical Monday morning scene: the same old Mrs. Jones across the street was hitting the same old Mr. Jones over the head with the same old poker. The same old milkman was pumping up the tyres of his same old van for the seventeenth time, thanks to those kids at number ten with the blowpipes their uncle had sent them from New Guinea. The same old pigeons were playing target practice at the same old Mr. MacDonald's bald head as he left late for work.

The semi-silence of the peaceful scene was shattered by Fli Sundun's frantic cries from the street: 'Mr. Brogg, you come plenny quick; in

cafe, the pollidge, it give plenny trouble to head pollidge stirer.' It was a mystery why Fli Sundun spoke with a Chinese accent; he was born in Bootle and his parents came from Manchester.

9.30 sharp: Harry reached the cafe ten minutes ahead of Fli Sundun, who had insisted on driving the company van (top speed 3 m.p.h., acceleration nil, fuel consumption of six pints of paraffin a day). He had bought the van third hand from the G.P.O.; they had bought it second hand from the Liverpool Fire Brigade who had used it as a practice model; they would set it alight every Tuesday and Thursday.

At the cafe, the head stirrer, Alfonse Murphy (he was a rare Irish-Italian), was having slight problems with the porridge. Porridge, that famous Scottish delicacy invented by Hadrian for use in building walls, was popular around these parts, but when made in large quantities it sometimes escaped. Two tubsful escaped only last week and are now thought to be breeding off the coast of the Isle of Man. They are having their first porridge cull next year.

Alfonse was using the new mixer on the porridge—a second hand helicopter from the Army and Navy Stores—and he was having rotor-

blade problems and he soon became entangled in the mess.

'Looks like we'll have to use the Rolls Royce RB211 engines on it, Harry,' said Alfonce, as the porridge sucked his arms in up to the shoulders.

10.00 a.m.:

'Hully! Pull Alfonce out of pollidge,' said Fli Sundun as Alfonce's head and shoulders disappeared.

'Blurp, blobble, oggle, oggle, yurp,' said Alfonce as he sank.

'What did he say?' asked Harry.

'He say, "Blurp, blobble, oggle, oggle, yurp",' replied Fli Sundun, wincing as Harry hit him over the head with a tennis racquet, the one that he used to serve the meals with in the cafe. That racquet had been responsible for many cases of tennis elbow.

As vital seconds ticked by, Alfonce slid further into the monstrosity. As his feet touched the sludge (he was going in head-first, remember) the porridge gave a violent cough which threw Alfonce across the room.

'Phew, saved by my twenty-five-year-old sweaty socks,' said Alfonce triumphantly, as he wiped porridge from his eyes.

Now, as Harry turned back to look at the porridge he quickly noticed (he had great powers of perception, had Harry) that the porridge had left the bowl and was oozing across the floor towards him. Harry dived to the telephone and dialed 999.

'Police, ambulance or fire-brigade?' said the voice.

'Get the police; I've got a terrible case of over-expanded oats,' said Harry urgently.

'Sounds more like you need the ambulance to me,' came the cynical response.

'Get the police and the army. This thing is growing!' cried Harry, as the cold clammy touch of the porridge spread around his ankles.

'I'll send them all just in case,' said the voice finally.

Harry slammed the 'phone down and quickly

escaped through the trapdoor in the seat of his long-johns, just before the porridge engulfed him. He stood outside the cafe with Fli Sundun and Alfonce. They watched helplessly as the porridge expanded and the cafe began to burst at the seams.

The army and police arrived, sealed off the area and sent back to H.Q. for a special detachment. Soon a row of lorries pulled up at the cafe. Each lorry was full of highly trained chimpanzees all armed with spoons. The Chief Constable gave the order and the monkeys moved in devouring rapidly; it was going to be a long fight.

11.30 a.m.: Harry was at home worrying. He was watching television, waiting for the news to come on. The news arrived and there was no mention of the porridge until the sports correspondent, Frank Wind, said, 'Now for a latest score: Porridge 73, Chimpanzees 0.'

Harry, Alfonce and Fli Sundun hurried back to the cafe. The scene was horrific; the whole street was nearly engulfed by the huge mountain of porridge, the lone figure of Mrs. Jones standing on top hitting it with the poker.

'Looks like we'll have to call in the R.A.F.,' said the chief of the chimps. (Everyone looked round in amazement: it was the first time ever that a chimp had spoken when not in a television commercial.) Everybody agreed to the chimp's idea and Liverpool was evacuated in thirty seconds (the chief of police had stood at the Pier Head and shouted: 'There's bread in the Isle of Man!' and the ferry left immediately with the whole population of Liverpool on board).

Soon, R.A.F. jets flew over and dropped all kinds of bombs and missiles onto the porridge but it just absorbed them. On the next bomb-run they dropped Des O'Connor and Max Bygraves records onto it and it promptly began to shrivel up. The final blow came when they sprayed it with St. Edward's College gravy from the school canteen. The porridge completely dissolved.

2.30 p.m.: It was announced by the B.B.C. that the 'amazing blob of misconstructured breakfast cereal had been dispatched by the good old R.A.F., haa, haa, what, what, tally-ho.'

4.30 p.m.: Harry Alfonce and Fli Sundun were going to a press conference attended by the world press and two hundred top scientists. After all the facts had been made clear, there remained the unanswered question that baffled everyone: how did the porridge grow so large in the first place?

Alfonce Murphy, the Irishman, promptly stood up and said, in his matter-of-fact Irish way: 'Well, I think that what the trouble was, was that I put a handful or two too much yeast in it.'

AUSTIN BRADY, 6BSc4

BECOMING A SPONSORED STUDENT

At the moment I am a sponsored student studying Food Technology at Reading University. This is an account of the procedure I followed in gaining a sponsorship and is intended to be of help to any prospective sponsored students.

I wrote letters to several major firms in the Merseyside area requesting information on sponsorships. One of the firms to reply was United Biscuits Ltd., who sent a leaflet and an application form. Basic information was supplied concerning the company and more detailed information concerning the following three courses which were available for sponsorship: Food Technology, Computer Sciences and Business Studies. In order to find out more about the Food Technology course, I completed the application form and returned it.

Within a week I had received a letter from the personnel department of United Biscuits inviting me to attend for an interview concerning sponsorship. I wrote back and accepted. At the interview, which lasted approximately three quarters of an hour, details of the sponsorship were given. In my case, they were as follows:

1. Gaining a place on a Food Technology degree course at Reading University. This is a four-year sandwich course and for the first three years two terms are spent in University and the final term and the summer vacation is spent on an industrial training period in the factory. Whilst in the factory I would receive a weekly wage.

2. At the beginning of each University year I receive a bursary of approximately £250 as well as my normal grant from the Education Authorities.
3. When qualified, the usual procedure is for the company to offer one a managerial post within the factory, although alternative employment outside the company may be sought.

The interview was as friendly and informal as possible. Personal questions were also asked about myself, family and school etc. I was also asked to outline my own personal qualities which, in my opinion, made me suitable for the sponsorship.

After the interview I was introduced to a young female trainee who took me on a tour of the factory. Even though she was only about my age, I was to find out later when employed by the firm that after the tour she was asked to give her own impressions of me to my interviewer. This was taken into account in assessing each applicant. After the tour I was taken to lunch in the restaurant.

At the time of interviewing I had not applied to Reading University but had already accepted offers from York and Warwick Universities through U.C.C.A. First, I wrote to Reading enquiring about a possible place. Later that week I received a phone call from Dr. Buss, the Administrator of Reading University. He enquired about the details of my sponsorship and asked me to contact him if I was successful in my application. Approximately twelve weeks later, I received a letter informing me that I had been awarded the sponsorship. I immediately phoned Dr. Buss at Reading who informed me that there was a vacant place. Later that week, I received a letter from Reading University containing a conditional offer.

From this point onwards, Dr. Buss handled the whole situation on my behalf in the dealings with U.C.C.A. which included gaining permission for my release from the commitments to York and Warwick Universities. This enabled me to continue with my 'A'-level studies as it was now very near examination time.

Eventually all these complications were sorted out. I was given a new U.C.C.A. serial number which I used to go through 'clearing' as a late applicant. On receiving my 'A'-level results, I completed and sent the clearing forms and the process of entry continued as normal.

As a bonus I was employed, earning a good wage of £40 take-home for a 36-hour week, throughout the whole of the summer vacation prior to first year entry. Whilst in the factory for this period I met many future colleagues and had a brief insight into the functioning of the factory.

PAUL W. MCGOWAN, Reading University.

THE REVOLT!

One misty morning the 'Starline' coaches pulled up, as usual, outside the school. The doors opened, which let fly a mass of shouts. The sound of bustling came from the coach. Out came a mixture of third, second and fourth-year enraged faces.

The purple and grey mass made for the gate and jumped four sixth-formers. They fought bravely but were soon overcome by the sheer numbers. They were taken away bound and gagged. The St. Edward's kids' revolt had started!

The purple mass split up and entered the school, shouting and making a riot. A majority joined the parade but some, not sure, stayed behind in class. The numbers grew, but when it came to the first year they were reluctant, afraid of what the teachers might do. But eventually, seeing others join, they joined.

By now the teachers had realised what had happened and they, with the fifth and sixth form, set up a resistance party. First they guarded the canteen. As the attack came they revealed the ultimate weapon—the school custard! On seeing this, the mass split up with cries of horror as the blobs of hardening custard rained down on them. They had five seconds to remove the custard, then it would set hard on their bodies. This battle was lost, and the resistance party had found a havoc-raiser, the school custard. The resistance group

focused on the new weapon and gained courage from it.

The main school was occupied by the revolutionaries and was a bustling mass of purple blazers. From the hall, the chairs had disappeared and it was being used for a training centre. In their eyes was a sparkle of hate. They were tired of the two-hour homework, and they were out to get their own back.

The resistance party had split up into two main groups and had managed to regain the music centre. The rebels had come to the conclusion that they would have to gain some custard or gravy.

They approached the dinner-hall quietly. The first year were given a bunk up onto the roof; they knew their part. The second year and third year closed in. The fourth form were in reserve. Then the second year ran forward dodging the custard which was now being thrown at them, some were hit but most got to their objective.

By this time the first year had dropped down onto the sixth and fifth forms and were silently trying to get the buckets of custard away.

This time the rebels captured the custard. The teachers were taken and sent away to be tortured by order of Charlie, the secret commander.

Charlie had seen how the pupils had toiled and sweated in their work and just as he saw it building up he stepped in and here he was chief commander of the revolt.

The battle was nearly won now and there remained the solitary task of rounding up the rest of the teachers and a few renegade sixth formers. This was soon done and they were stored away in the changing rooms.

The crowds made for the hall, cheering and shouting over their victory—or was it?

Charlie quietened the crowd down and began to talk of how they had won the revolt. 'Today St. Edward's, tomorrow Know . . . !' he was cut off in mid speech, as he looked to the back of the hall. There stood five Christian Brothers led by Brother O'Grady. The crowd followed his glance.

The horror-stricken pupils began to rush at them, but from underneath their habits they produced a bucket of custard each. They began to throw. Then they were joined by the teachers. The crowds were soon captured.

The revolt had ended in total disaster, all because they forgot to search the Christian Brothers' house. They had come so close and yet were still so far from victory!

(P.S. This is not an official warning to teachers but I'd watch out if I were you!)

P. HIGHAM, 2D

THE SIEGE

The fords of the river had fallen and the last natural defence of the city had gone. A great host of the enemy led by knights on white steeds swept across the water and raced towards the huge stone walls of the city. They came to the massive ditch and here the army stopped. From somewhere in the great mass of men and horses came a huge wooden machine pulled by a score of horses.

It drew up to the ditch and men came onto it and pushed a great wooden bridge across the ditch. A hail of red-tipped arrows issued from a little farmhouse across the ditch and many men were killed. Then the horsemen rode forward, holding torches, through the arrows, fending off the deadly shower with their shields. Many fell but some got through and set the wooden house on fire.

The archers fled from the house and a second wave of riders rushed across the bridge and slew them. The captain of the riders came across with the king of the besieging army and then the rest of the army with all the stores, weapons and contraptions used in a siege. A guard was posted on the bridge and the king made his headquarters on a small green knoll and around his tent the rest of the army was arranged. Everyone but the sentries went to sleep ready for the attack the next day.

Everything was ready and at 9.15 in the morning the attack began. The soldiers came up

to the walls and raised ladders but they were thrown down and boiling oil and arrows rained down on them. Then the attackers brought in huge catapults, and great stones were hurled at the mighty walls. A small gap appeared in the wall and soldiers surged through. However, the defenders pushed them back again but a few had got through and opened the battered gate. A huge host of attackers swept into the city but were all killed by the valiant defenders. Then a great sword battle began around the gate.

The siege carried on like this for many days and hundreds of defenders and attackers were slain. It was now the ninth day of the siege and the attackers were losing their hold on the gate. The king was almost beaten but he still had one trump card left to play. At noon the king's forces withdrew from the gate and a cheer came up from the defenders.

Suddenly they saw the riders and the cheers died down.

The riders came on, spears flashing in the sunlight, and their shields showing the emblem of the oak tree. They swept down upon the defenders and the tired, hungry soldiers were scattered. The riders turned about and raised their spears. The city had fallen.

J. PETERS, 2H

SATURDAY

The bacon's frying and I am lying
 In a warm and comfortable bed.
 No bus to catch, no work to do;
 Might play some football instead.
 No 'Very fair' or 'Quite well done',
 No comment whatsoever;
 Just 'Don't go away, son, be back soon'.
 Wish Saturday lasted forever!

P. WILLIAMS, 2 Hope

EUROPEAN HABITAT AWARD FOR WIDNES?

This little story is all about a very small part of Widnes called West Bank.

A long time ago, the first settlers were attracted by the beauty of this area. Yes, believe it or not, the Mersey was once very clean with lots of salmon living in it. The banks of the river had beautiful beaches along them and at that time this area was a well known holiday resort. The first settlers gave this area the name of Widnes because of its shape which is a wide nose jutting into the river. In 1846, a chemist named Hutchinson came along and decided that West Bank had all the amenities for the starting of a chemical industry, raw materials, coal and transport facilities etc.

A railway was built to bring in all the raw materials. This brought the beginnings of the chemical industry on Merseyside, and in West Bank a community was born. The industry grew bigger and bigger and it spread north and away from West Bank into the area now known as Widnes up to Farnworth.

A car and passenger transporter was built in 1882 to make the crossing from West Bank to

Runcorn and this was used up till 1961 to carry workers to and from work. In 1961, the Queen opened the famous Runcorn-Widnes bridge which bypassed West Bank, and West Bank became very neglected.

Then, in 1974, the local council had to make a big decision: they had to decide whether to knock down the old terraced buildings or try to preserve the original West Bank community. They decided to save it and a new scheme was brought forward which gave the area new houses but preserved the atmosphere. Since then, tremendous things have been done for West Bank redevelopment, and work is still under way. Most people living in the new homes are from original West Bank families.

The local council decided that what they had done for West Bank was worthy of submission for the European Habitat Award, an award for very good community redevelopment schemes in the E.E.C. The scheme was successful in getting to the finals to be held in Rotterdam at the end of 1978—Let's hope it wins.

SIMON MAHON, 2D

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RUNNYMEDE 1977-78

Runnymede once more opened its doors to our young intake, 7½—8½. They very soon settled down, under the experienced, kind, gentle but firm personality of their class teacher, Mrs. Brennan. We are indeed grateful to her for her great interest in, and the great care she takes of her young charges. We were delighted to welcome her back to Runnymede, after her long term of illness and subsequent convalescence.

The Prep. School continues to flourish. We were indeed pleased with the number of boys who passed into the Main School. The results of the Liverpool 11+ and Governors' Scholarship were very satisfying. We congratulate all concerned, and our grateful thanks go out to the teaching staff at Runnymede for the hard work, accomplished during the academic year.

The whole school and staff enjoyed a very pleasant day's outing at Colwyn Bay. We were blessed with fine weather and all had a wonderful time.

The highlight of the year was the performance of 'Joseph and his Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat'. Junior 4 delighted a packed audience in the Ley Hall, for three nights running. It really was a superb performance. The acting and singing was of the highest quality, and a very appreciative audience pronounced the staging of the play to be one of the finest it had yet attended. Our grateful thanks go to Mr. Philip Sweeney, Geoffrey Walker, and the accompanying guitar group, for hours of hard work put into this delightful and memorable performance. A member of the

guitar group described it as 'the greatest musical experience' of his life. We would like to tender our thanks to Mr. Connolly for his great help in supplying the amplifying system. We would like to thank our Chaplain, Fr. Peter Ryan, for his visits to Runnymede, and for coming to say Mass in each of our four classes.

Rev. Br. S. Lovelady presented the prizes on our Annual Prize Day. We offer him our grateful thanks for his sound advice, and a job very efficiently carried out. Many thanks, Brother. On this occasion our youngsters entertained a full hall with a wide variety of entertainment. The singing again was of a high standard, and very much appreciated.

Runnymede now has its own orchestra. Those parents present on Prize Day had a taste of what these youngsters can do, under the capable experienced and patient guidance of Miss H. Hogg. Our thanks to Miss Hogg and also to Mr. Philip Duffy, for all he has done and is doing for our choristers and musicians.

We tender our gratitude also to the School secretaries for their great help on so many occasions—to the caretaker, cleaners, not forgetting the ever popular George of Tuck Shop fame.

All at the Prep. School, Staff and Pupils, wish Mr. B. Kelly a speedy return to health, after his untimely and sudden illness. We do miss him a lot, and pray God will restore him soon again to his hail and hearty self. He has our best wishes, and our gratitude and admiration for his loyalty and hard work here at Runnymede.

RUNNEymeDE SPORTS REPORT 1977-78

The sporting side of the Junior School enjoyed what must surely have been its most successful year and as a result the compiling of this report is a double pleasure.

Runnymede were League Champions in the L.S.F.A. this season, dropping only one point on their way to the title. Mark Brennan was awarded the 'Football of the Year' trophy because of his outstanding performances throughout the season.

The entire squad deserves praise for their enthusiasm, dedication to training and for the sporting manner in which they conducted themselves throughout the season. The memory of their outstanding achievements will live on for many a year.

In swimming also 1977-78 proved to be an outstanding year. The school swimming team carried off the three major trophies open to them



Liverpool Catholic Schools City and Intermediate Champions 1978.
Central District Champions 1978.



Liverpool Schools Football Association League Champions 1978.

by retaining the L.C.S.A. Intermediate and City Championships and adding to them the Central District Champions. This hat-trick of trophies has never been achieved before.

There were many outstanding individual performances but as always enthusiasm plus dedicated training were the foundation of this very successful team. Paul Bett proved to be an excellent captain and thoroughly deserved his selection for the Liverpool Schools Team. To add to his very busy schedule he was also selected to swim for the Main School while still a junior.

Athletics proved yet again to be the weaker department in our sporting activities (could it be the coaching!!!). Undaunted, however, the boys displayed all their usual enthusiasm. This was rewarded with a second place in the Central District Championships and two fifth places in the L.C.S.A. and C.B. Championships. The highlight of the season was the selection of Simon Dwerryhouse, team captain, for the Liverpool Primary Schools Athletics Team. Simon was also the Liverpool Schools 135 metre champion.

The atrocious summer washed away the prospects of what appeared to be a very promising cricket team but mention must be made of Mark

Nugent who looks to be a fine cricketer of the future.

So 1977-78 will long remain in the memory as one of the finest years in Runneymede's sporting history. My sincere thanks to all the boys who represented St. Edward's with such distinction and who won not only championships but also respect from all who saw them for their sportsmanship and behaviour.

P. SWEENEY

SPORTS AWARDS 1978

Footballer of the year	MARK BRENNAN
Swimmer of the year	PAUL BETT
Athlete of the year	SIMON DWERRYHOUSE
Cricketer of the year	MARK NUGENT

Special awards for displaying Spirit, Enthusiasm and Endeavour: MARK FRASER and JOHN EVANS.

The trophy for the boy who was outstanding in all school activities was awarded to SIMON DWERRYHOUSE.

Our very sincere thanks go to all those parents who provided transport, refreshments, support and who helped in any other capacity.

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOUR DREAMCOAT

Last summer we, the boys of Junior Four, produced and presented the musical 'Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat'. We stretched our ambitions further than we thought possible. From that cold Spring morning when Mr. Sweeney brought the sheets with the words on to the actual performances there was raging excitement in Junior Four. We first learnt the tunes then all the words and finally we got down to the acting.

The whole venture would not have been possible without the help and encouragement of Geoffrey Walker—the hours of patient practises with us made the show a great success.

In early May we went to Chester to see the musical performed by professionals and after this

we decided to perform the entire show—not the easier abridged version. Things that seemed impossible came true—all the lines were known, all the dance routines rehearsed, the microphones arrived and the stage erected. On the Monday before the performance the pop group 'Elegy' arrived to join the rehearsals and this capped it all.

On the Tuesday performance we expected sixty people and one hundred turned up. On Wednesday eighty were hoped for and one hundred and ten arrived while on the last night the hall was packed out even after extra seats had been squeezed in. The Tuesday and Wednesday performances were a great success but Thursday was something special. Our encores went on for twenty-five minutes and at the end Mr.



Timothy Hornby, J4, 'a super star as Joseph'.



Potiphar's 'wife' (Peter Hedges)—after her man.

Sweeney received the biggest shock of his life when there was a presentation and shield from the boys. The people that most of us, I'm sure, will remember were Kevin Byrne as the Pharaoh (a caricature of Elvis Presley), Timothy Hornby, a really magnificent 'Joseph', and the narrators, David Birchall, Mark Fraser, Mark Nugent, Damian O'Keeffe and Anthony McNamara—they

were a pop group in their own right. Of course we must not forget 'Elegy' who added a real touch of class. Most of all our thanks to Mr. Sweeney—he was the only one mad enough to think we could do it—and do it we did!

MICHAEL PRENTON, Junior 4

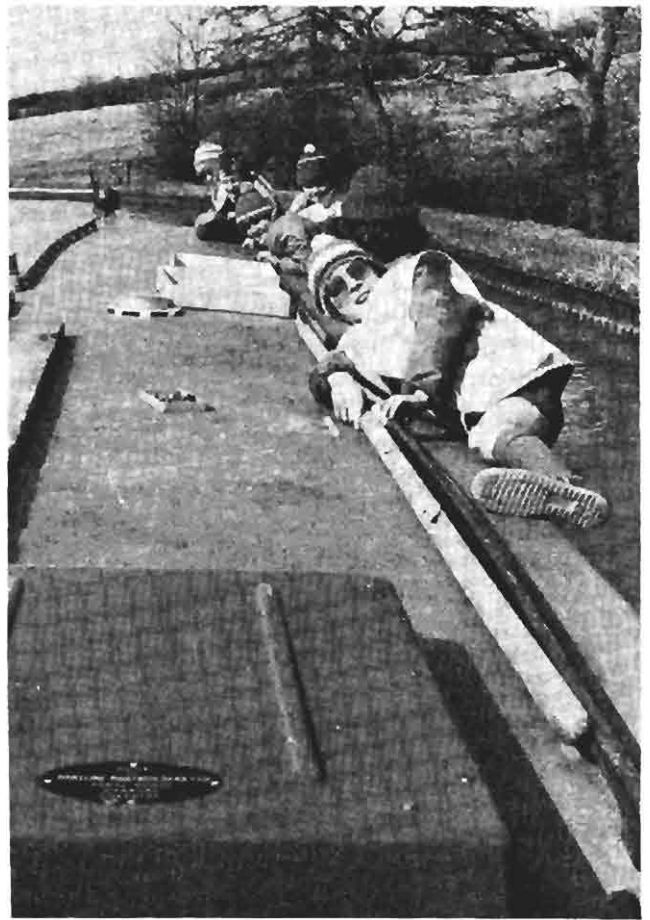
EXPEDITION UP THE LLANGOLLEN EASTER 1978

Runnymede broke new ground this year, or perhaps one should say new water, with a week-long holiday spent on the Shropshire Union Canal in April.

Preparations had started way back in September and when the day finally dawned spirits were very high. Twenty-four boys from Junior

Four made up the crews of four narrow boats together with a staff of seven.

The weather on the Saturday could not have been worse. Heavy rain and wind made conditions quite difficult but the boys soon settled down to their duties—if they did not work as a team the boats would not move.



Junior 4 Expedition up the Llangollen.

Each of the boats had a captain responsible for its smooth running. These boys, Paul Taylor, Mark Fraser, Paul Bett and Anthony McNamara, all did a tremendous job during the week.

The aim of the expedition was to travel from just outside Chester to Llangollen and back in one week—quite a task for 11-year-old crewmen.

Saturday night was spent moored by a country inn. One member of the staff who insisted on being called 'The First Sea Lord' claimed this was quite by accident!

Sunday morning saw an early start and a great improvement in the weather (in fact it did not rain again for the entire week). Steady progress was made and the boys soon mastered the skills of steering, mooring, draining and filling locks and lifting bridges. That night was spent in a village called Wrenbury and it was here that

one of the staff steered a boat straight into a swing-bridge. No names will be revealed save to say he does support Port Vale!

The third day saw us passing through the staircase locks at Grindley Brook and making exceptional time cruising all day and well into the evening. It was in the evenings that some of the boys went kayaking (we had brought two with us). It was generally agreed that Anthony McNamara was the champion in this department.

On the fourth day we reached our target after the breathtaking experience of crossing the Pontcysyllte Aqueduct. An afternoon was spent on dry land in Llangollen and in the evening a double birthday party was held for Simon Dwerryhouse and Michael Prenton. At seven the next morning, while most people were still asleep, we sailed slowly out of town and began our return

journey to Chester.

By Saturday everyone was very tired but well satisfied with the success of the trip. There were many memorable moments on this holiday but none more than Stephen Webster and Simon Rite and their walking on the water act and an impromptu 'Muppets Show' performed by Paul Taylor, Anthony McNamara and Michael Prenton —amazing what a little drop of shandy will do to some people!

So a great time was had by all and it would not be proper to close this article without a word of thanks to five members of staff who had direct link with St. Edward's but who gave up a week of their holiday to take part in the 'Expedition up the Llangollen'.

The Crews of Mercury, Venus, Pluto and Saturn.

LITTLE TOMMY

Little Tommy fished all day;
Fishes would not come his way.
'Had enough of this,' said he,
'I be going home to tea.'
When the fishes saw him go,
Up they came all in a row,
Jumped about and laughed with glee,
Shouting, 'Tommy's gone to tea.'

FRANCIS AHEARN, Junior 1

THE FAIRY

I know a little fairy,
As small as small can be,
Her name is Marigold;
She lives in a Hawthorn tree.
Her home is very cosy,
Up in the Hawthorn tree,
And she makes me very, very small,
So I can come to tea.

CHRISTOPHER CUMMINGS, Junior 1

CHEEKY TIM

I've got a little brother,
Whom I call Cheeky Tim.
When the teachers want him
They find him in the gym.

DANIEL CONNOR, Junior 1

1. Why is a sofa like a roast turkey?
Because they both have stuffing in.
2. Why does Father Christmas come down the chimney?
Because it soots him.

ANDREW DIXON, Junior 1

ONE DAY

One day I'll have a Lotus car,
Black and sleek to go so far.
I'll be World Champion, I think,
And later have champagne to drink.

Meanwhile, it's Scalextric for me,
Followed by a cup of tea.
In my mind it's the British Grand Prix,
Though really it's only my brother and me.

TIMOTHY MICHAEL GRACE, Junior 1

AN ESKIMO

An eskimo with a woolly hat,
Sat out one day on a bristled mat;
Watching and waiting to catch a seal,
To get its blubber to make a meal.

Back home the eskimo trudges fast,
Pulling behind him his fine catch.
When he gets home to his igloo warm,
He'll cut up the seal from midnight to
dawn.

MICHAEL GIBSON, Junior 3

THE DOG FIGHT

When the cat's outside the door,
The dog's just laying on the floor.
The cat comes in—Ker-rash, Ker-rump,
Now the dog has a rather large bump.

They both carry on,
The dog says ow!
Oh no! Watch out!
Woof, Woof, Meow.

The fight has ended,
Thank goodness for that!
The dog's attacked—
I pity the cat.

PHILIP WEBSTER, Junior 3

Answer to WORD SEARCH

Mr. Bamber
Mr. Briscoe
Mr. Bate
Mr. Doyle
Mr. Gresty
Mr. Gibbons
Mr. Kelly
Mr. Lyons
Mr. Mars
Mr. Mercer
Mr. Metcalfe
Mr. Mellor
Mr. Miles
Mr. Olsen
Mr. Ryan
Mme. Rimmer
Mr. Sheedy
Mr. Snape
Mr. Synott
School Orchestra

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD

Across: 1. Collects; 5. Found; 7. Dew; 8. Dupe;
9. Few; 11. Tor; 13. Acts; 15. Ear; 16. Sight;
17. Deserter.
Down: 1. Close; 2. Land; 3. Cadet; 4. Sewer;
6. Duets; 9. Fiend; 10. Warts; 12. Other; 14. Silt.