

ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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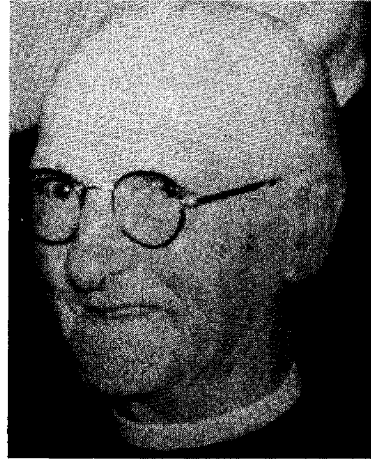
No. 2



LIVERPOOL

1980

**THIS ISSUE OF THE
MAGAZINE IS DEDICATED TO THE
MEMORY OF
REV. BROTHER WALL.
R.I.P.**



REV. BRO. M. C. WALL, A.R.C.S.I.

The Old C.I. and St. Edward's College have had many dedicated teachers. Among the best may be listed Br. M. C. Wall.

Br. Wall was born near Clonmel, Co. Tipperary, Ireland, on 2nd March, 1887. His early education was received at the Christian Brothers' High School, St. Peter and Paul, Clonmel.

Michael, as he was then called, had as a close school companion, one Edward Clancy, who later became the Superior General of the Christian Brothers. Both were outstanding pupils of marked ability, and both friends, hearing the call of God, decided to join the Congregation of the Christian Brothers.

They were received into the Congregation in 1904.

Br. Wall was assigned to the Community directing St. Joseph's School, Marino, Dublin. Later he was transferred to the O'Connell School, North Richmond Street, Dublin. In 1918 he travelled to Liverpool to join the staff of the C.I. in Hope Street. He remained there till the school was transferred to St. Edward's College, Saint Domingo Road, Everton. He accompanied the boys and staff to the new location.

Br. Wall was a keen student himself. In 1915 he was awarded his diploma as an Associate of the Royal College of Science, Dublin, his subjects being Applied Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry.

As a teacher he set high standards for his pupils. He worked hard himself and he expected his boys to do likewise.

"Yet he was kind: or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault."

He prepared his lessons with meticulous care and presented them with the utmost lucidity. He took great pains to ensure that every boy clearly understood the matter presented. His Old Boys

may recall his rigidity and insistence on hard work and high standards, but they recognised his kindness and sense of justice and his genuine interest in their welfare.

He was a man of the highest religious standards and in this sphere too only the best sufficed. Several of his boys entered the priesthood, and those who followed other callings proved themselves good Christian men who rendered excellent service in their parishes and in civic circles.

With Br. Wall the words of the School song had real meaning: "To field and class let's give our best, for each has joys and laurels proud."

He was a good athlete, proficient at swimming, tennis, football and handball. Some may recall the games at the old five courts at Saint Domingo Road. He was ever willing to put those skills at the disposal of any one interested. He organised the events for the Annual Sports and took no little share in weekly games at Walton Hall Avenue and in preparing teams for the Shield Matches and the Inter-College Athletic Competitions.

The loyal appreciation of his Old Boys bears testimony to the high regard in which he was held by them.

Among his Brothers in religion he enjoyed their confidence and respect. He was chosen as a member of the First Provincial Council of the newly-formed English Province and later he was elected by his Brothers as Provincial Superior.

In his own quiet and reserved manner he rejoiced in the success of his Old Boys and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to meet them and to learn of their success.

May he rest in peace.

E. B. DOYLE

EDITORIAL

With another school year well under way, it is time once again to present the school magazine. As the college is under the direction of a new headmaster, it is appropriate to begin by wishing him well on behalf of the whole school community. In welcoming Brother Gillespie, we also say farewell to Brother Chincotta. The prayers and best wishes of all of us are with him in his new appointment at Stoke. We appreciate all he has done for us during his six-year stay.

We also record with regret the departure of Brother Brickley. We hope that his health will improve, allowing him fully to enjoy life once more.

Mr. L. Old, Mr. S. Briscoe, Mr. P. Metcalf, Mr. A. Synnott, Mr. A. Derbyshire and Mr. W. Bowring also left, to take up new appointments. We thank them for their services and wish them success in their new spheres.

The following members of staff have joined us this year: Brother Hopkins, Brother McGovern, Brother Davies, Mr. E. Coupe, Mr. E. Smith and Mr. C. Cullen. To each we extend a cordial welcome.

Two members of our community have died. Brother Wall, who was a headmaster of the college, and Mr. W. Kelly, who taught in Runnymede. To their families and colleagues we express our sympathy and give the assurance of our prayers. Commemorative tributes appear elsewhere in this issue.

We are all deeply indebted to the academic staff, whose dedicated work is reflected in the excellent O and A level results. We also take pleasure in expressing the gratitude of the entire school community to the unsung heroines and heroes of St. Edward's: the tremendously competent and sympathetic secretaries, who so compassionately 'double' as medical orderlies; Mrs. O'Brien and her army of 'Legs & Co.'; the librarians for their unfailing support in our academic work; the caretakers, carpenters,

cleaners and groundsmen. Without them the school just could not function.

It is with special pleasure that we record twenty-five years' service to St. Edward's by Mr. Pat O'Brien, who was appointed by Brother Hooper in 1954; we send him greetings in this, his anniversary year.

Also, it is pleasant to note that George, of tuck-shop fame, has completed another year at St. Edward's.

The work of all who help to organise extra-curricular activities is gratefully acknowledged. We all benefit from theatre trips and cinema visits, expeditions abroad, camping holidays, and the serious and comic theatrical presentations inside the school.

In all, it has been an eventful year. We had a flying visit from a naval helicopter and its crew, and the school acted as host to a commercial radio quiz show (We won, of course!).

Our thanks to all who sent in contributions; it is a pity that not every one can be published, because of limits imposed by space and finance.

The Parents' Association has continued to perform its wonders, and the debt we owe to parents is literally incalculable.

We recognise and acknowledge on behalf of the whole community of St. Edward's the continuing devotion to the interests of the college of the Governing Body, under the chairmanship of Professor Whalley, and of the constant care for our welfare of Brother Coffey and his colleagues on the Provincial Governing Body.

Finally, but not least, we thank our advertisers, without whose support we could not produce a magazine.

Editorial committee: Mike Gibson, John Byrne, Anthony Hill, Dominic Kearney, Paul Letford, Mike Cunningham, James Rigby, Philip Grice.



Rev. Br. Chincotta

Br. CHINCOTTA: UOMO UNIVERSALE

Institutions have short memories; Br. Chincotta has only just gone but already to Form I he is only a name; but still something remains, something solid on the ground and something in the air. The solid achievement is very identifiable; it is the music and art block which he built—a fitting monument for a man who studied music in London and languages at Cambridge and for whom a life without art is a deprived life. He also laid the foundations of the new sports hall—mens sano in corpore sano.

So under Br. Chincotta St. Edward's developed materially—in bricks and mortar; it developed too in the way in which all schools should develop—academically. The O and A level passes crept relentlessly up and the records

are gathering dust somewhere in the office to prove it. The other more solid records of success are there too, the cups and trophies won in rugby, athletics and music. In these fields we achieved the seemingly impossible; the like of the seven-a-side victories have never been equalled by any school and the orchestra ranged far and wide in its attempts to find competition worthy of its quality.

We also achieved what seemed financially impossible; we sent the rugby team to Toulouse and the orchestra to Canada. Of course we could not afford it but St. Edward's plans had only to be hinted at for the help to be forthcoming—Michael Williams, Judi Dench, Robert Spencer put their great talents at the disposal of the school—free of

charge, of course; the funds were raised and the things were done.

But it was not so much what we did, it was the way that we did it which was different. There was a certain style, a certain panache about our accomplishments which was identifiable and marked us out wherever we were, whether it was the First Fifteen playing rugby, the Sixth Form playing "Andorra" in the Art Block or Form Four performing their Spanish play in London.

But when all the buildings are admired and all the achievements are counted up there still remains the most important thing of all: St. Edward's is a Christian Brothers' School and its first job is to teach and preach the Christian religion. So for the Headmaster the moment of truth is at nine o'clock on a Monday morning when we are all gathered together in the Hall and he speaks to us and tells us what St. Edward's is all about. Of course, Br. Chincotta was an excellent public speaker and sometimes brilliant. He was always a little dramatic but could he be otherwise with that appearance and style? So he presented the message dramatically and artistically and the message came over all the more vividly as a result. For me his most significant message was given on a Monday following an Ascension Thursday, when he said, more or less in these words, "Christ has ascended to Heaven: He has now no feet to walk about on here except my feet, no eyes with which to look out on the world with compassion except my eyes, no hands to hold out to help except my hands"—St. Teresa's message—so obvious when you come to think about it because the Word must be made flesh and walk about amongst us.

If this is your Christianity then you had better know people—rural retreats are rather irrelevant. It is better to be born in some crowded place like Liverpool, or like Gibraltar, where Br. Chincotta was born and grew up—in that melting-pot of the Mediterranean where half-a-dozen nationalities rub shoulders, where you speak to one of your friends in English and to another in Spanish, where your third friend is a Jew and the girl dusting the window-ledge is an Arab; a point of intersection of so many worlds where the Atlantic meets the Mediterranean, Europe meets Africa and Christian meets Moslem. If you see Christ in people, you will see him in Gibraltar, or Liverpool too—in Gibraltar He will be more of a Greco Christ.

If, to continue your education you go, as a young student to London, as Br. Chincotta did, live on your own, look after yourself and then serve in the army, by the time you reach manhood you will have seen enough of life to have shed most of your illusions, and your Christianity will not be a delicate flower, fit only for hot-houses, but a rugged plant able to weather the rough winds of the world. You will also, like Br. Chincotta, have plenty of time and sympathy for the loners and strays of this life. If then you continue your education at the university, in the monastery, in the classroom, in Europe and in Africa, if you keep an open mind and a sense of humour, then, like Br. Chincotta, you will be a man fit for this international, ecumenical high-speed age—a universal man in the Renaissance sense—an 'uomo universale'.

R.A.

GAS WORKS

Bunock and Wilcox boilers, coal-fired,
Chain stoker feed,
Cogs and wheels,
Drums and barrels,
Pipes: bending pipes, straight pipes, thin pipes,
Hissing pipes, steaming pipes, thick pipes.

Dust, grime, smell, smoke,
Stairs, iron, steel,
Rust corroding the pipes,
Stairs, boilers and machines,
Gear boxes, regulators, registers, thermometers.

D. McIVER, 1 Domingo

A PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES

Having been six times to France, but never once to Lourdes, you would have thought that I'd have jumped at the chance to go to that very place. But I was hesitant, for it meant my missing the first two Saturdays of the cricket season—and I'm a cricket fanatic. However, I gave the proposition serious thought, and realised that it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, and said, "Yes, I'll go." That was on Saturday, 13th January. The next day I went to Evesham House, the Youth Service headquarters for Liverpool, to find out more about the pilgrimage. I discovered that there were 13 other sixth-formers who were also going to go, that Fr. Harnett and Louise Crossey were organising the trip, and that we were to help with the handicapped pilgrimage.

Before we could go, however, we had to raise the money—a small matter of £1,500. The group soon sorted this out, and by means of discos, raffles, pontoon tickets and the like, the ball started rolling. The major event was a sponsored football tournament, and this raised £500.

With a week to go before the pilgrimage started, we had raised the money. In the next week, we raised a further £500, which just goes to show that hard work does pay off.

The great day arrived—Easter Saturday, 1979. We gathered at Gresham House at 2.45 p.m. I was given the job of packing the luggage, not only then, but throughout the trip—thanks, Louise! The fourteen sixthformers, Fr. Harnett, Louise and Charlie, the minibus driver, set off in high spirits, at 3.15 p.m. We spent the first night in East Ham, London, for we were to continue our pilgrimage with a group from there. The Easter Vigil over, I spent the night at the house of two of the London group—Caroline and Monica. We got up at 4.30 a.m. (Happy Easter!), set off at 5.00 a.m. and arrived at Ramsgate at 7.30 a.m., and crossed the Channel by hovercraft. On arriving in France, both minibuses broke down, and we had to spend three hours in Calais. However, we set off once more, and spent the night in a Youth Hostel in Tours. At 7.30 a.m. on Easter Monday we finished the last leg of the trip, and

arrived in Lourdes exactly twelve hours later. It was a hundred years to the day that St. Bernadette had died. We had a meal, and then walked down to the town centre.

We entered the grounds of the Basilica for the torchlight procession: thousands of pilgrims walk the grounds of the Basilica carrying candles, and the effect is incredible. The dark night is lit up in a mysterious glow. Prayers are recited, hymns are sung, and the procession comes to a halt outside of the Basilica, in the Rosary Square. The group then slowly made its way up to the Youth Hostel, where we had Mass, and retired to bed. The following day, Tuesday, was a day for visiting all the places of renown, before our work began on the Wednesday, for we were to help with the thousands of handicapped people who also made the journey to Lourdes, with the H.C.P.T.

First we visited Bartres, the village where St. Bernadette lived when she was ill, during her childhood. It was there that she started work as a shepherdess, in exchange for a frugal meal. We also visited the fold of the flock of sheep cared for by St. Bernadette. Later on in the day we visited the house where St. Bernadette was born, the house where she lived, and the 'cachot', the old jail in which the family was forced to live for financial reasons. Everything in the house looks as though it were made for midgets, for her father and mother were both small, and St. Bernadette was only 4' 2". In the afternoon we joined in the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, once again around the grounds of the Basilica, and after that had ended, we visited the Grotto. It was there that a lady appeared to Bernadette Soubirous, who had gone to collect wood for the fire. Although she was with her sister and a friend, Bernadette was the only one who could see the lady. In all, there would be eighteen apparitions.

At the time of the second apparition, Bernadette asked the lady to come nearer. She did so. The third time she appeared, the lady asked Bernadette to come again for the next fifteen

days. Bernadette was unable to answer, for she was under pressure from her parents and the town's mayor. The parents wished to keep out of trouble, and feared that Bernadette would bring them into ill-repute. When the mayor found out about the apparition Bernadette told the mayor that the lady had said, "I am the Immaculate Conception." This was proof indeed, for Bernadette had never been taught such words. At the eighteenth apparition the lady told Bernadette to dig in the ground, where a fountain would appear. Although no source of pure water was nearby, a fountain did indeed appear. After that, the lady did not appear again. Shortly after that Bernadette left to become a nun in Nevers, and stayed there until her death in 1879. She was canonized in 1933. Shortly after her departure for Nevers, people took to bathing in the waters of the fountain, and some were miraculously cured of illness. Since then, millions of people have bathed in the fountain, now led by pipes to special baths, so great is the demand. A huge basilica has been constructed in memory of St. Bernadette, as well as an underground basilica. On the Tuesday afternoon, most of the group took the opportunity to bathe in the waters, a most fascinating experience.

On the Wednesday morning we got up early, in time for 8.00 a.m. Mass. At ten o'clock we made our way to the Stations of the Cross, where we were to help the handicapped to negotiate the Calvary. The route is very rough, rocky and steep. On the way up the hill there are larger-than-life figures, commemorating Christ's journey to death. We followed the way of the Cross every morning and afternoon for the rest of the week until the Friday, helping all types of handicapped people, foreign as well as English. Each evening we joined in the torchlight procession. Friday afternoon, after the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, was free.

On Saturday, the boys of the group were requested to aid in the bathing of pilgrims in the holy water. That was probably the most upsetting job any of the boys had ever done. The physical

deformities we saw that day brought home to us just how lucky we are to be perfectly healthy. In spite of all our moans and groans. In the evening, after the torchlight procession, we went to pray at the Grotto for the last time at night. Charlie, our mini-bus driver and by now great friend, gave a very moving 'sermon', by which more than one of us was brought to tears, and the thought that soon we would be going home, possibly never to return. After that, we managed to get to the local café just before it shut, and a very enjoyable sing-song ensued, with drink flowing. Even the barman joined in, despite it's being well after closing time!

On the Sunday morning we went to 8 o'clock Mass in the Grotto, in pouring rain, which had been a feature of early morning Lourdes throughout. We then packed the minibus, and set off on the long trek home, stopping overnight at Poitiers and Paris. We said our sad farewells to the London group at Ramsgate, and a slightly despondent group made its way back to Liverpool. At a quarter to one in the morning on Wednesday, 25th April, we arrived home at Evesham House, where parents and friends had gathered to meet us.

It was a tremendously enjoyable pilgrimage and everyone concerned benefited from it, both in terms of faith in God, and by appreciating our good health.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who helped to make my pilgrimage possible: Mum and Dad, who found out about it for me; the boys in 1 Hope who bought about a hundred pontoon tickets; all involved in the sponsored football, and to the members of staff who all sponsored me.

To finish off, I would recommend that if ever you get the opportunity to go to Lourdes, take it—you'll never regret it!

N. WALKER, VI A Mods 2.

THE REAL LONE RANGER

Montagu Adolphus Steinberg, known to friends and enemies alike at Twoguns Montagu, was the real person after whom the 'Lone Ranger' legend was created. It must be drawn to the reader's attention that this man, the last of the Texas Rangers, was called Twoguns Montagu because he carried two guns and was not related to Arthur Twosheds Jackson.

Twoguns Montagu was riding the trail to Dodge City on his trusty horse, Leyland, when it stumbled, throwing him to the ground and damaging his boot. Montagu got up and gritted his teeth; he counted to ten and tried very hard not to cry and slowly remounted his horse and went in search of cobblers. Approaching Dodge City, Montagu sang to keep his spirits up, 'Give me a home where the buffalo roam and I'll show you a house with a dirty carpet.' It was as he was nearing the end of the fifty-third verse for the second time that he reached Dodge City.

Yes, Dodge City was the same as ever, except that the church was on fire, the air was filled with gunfire and the eight-hour dry cleaning shop had shut down. Montagu was in a hurry; he had somewhere important to go; he didn't have time to rescue Dodge City from the clutches of the evil Paul James gang led by the brother of the famous outlaw Ronnie James. Montagu just wanted his goot fixed. Montagu walked into the saloon; he walked up to the bar of the 'Polecat and Bottle', looked straight at the barman and said, 'Two fingers of red eye.' The barman slowly lifted his hands from behind the bar and, with his two index fingers, he poked Montagu firmly in the eyes.

'Thanks, I needed that,' gasped Montagu, pulling himself up from the floor. He then turned to a man standing at the end of the bar and asked politely, 'Cobbler's?'

Unfortunately, the man took Montagu's question the wrong way and promptly pulled a gun and proceeded to shoot off Montagu's hat, gunbelt, his other gunbelt and his sideburns. Now before you could say 'Nuclear reactor core meltdown', Montagu leaped forward, knocked the gun

from the man's hand, slapped him firmly on the wrist and gave him a five-minute lecture on the dangers of firearms. After this display of self-assertion and intelligence, the barman was only too glad to direct Montagu to the cobblers. So Montagu left the happy saloon and, pushing his way through a crowd of men who seemed to be having a wonderful time betting on how many times the sherriff got up again if you kept knocking him down, he made his way to the cobbler's.

Montagu entered the cobbler's shop and was greeted by an old and doddering assistant.

'Can I - I h - help y - you, s - s - sonny?' asked the old man.

'Have you a spare spur?' came Montagu's reply.

'Look h - here,' said the old man, 'if y - you're just g - going t - to m - m - make fun of me you can g - get out!'

So Montagu left, followed somewhat indiscreetly by about eight ounces of buckshot that tended to disperse the crowd outside the saloon. The sherriff seemed content to lie on the floor and make soft moaning sounds to himself. Montagu moved closer to try and catch what he was saying but the crowd of men soon reappeared, each carrying a gun pointing at Montagu. Montagu gave all the men a very hard stare and told them that grown-up men should be ashamed of playing children's games, like tying people up and kicking them. The sherriff began to thank Montagu as the crowd dispersed with heads hung in shame, but Montagu scolded him into silence, telling him he was the law around there and should have better things to do than to lie on the floor all day and draw obstruction-causing crowds with his Houdini-type antics.

So Twoguns Montagu, having cleaned up Dodge City but fallen out of friends with the cobbler, mounted his horse, Leyland, and headed towards the setting sun.

However, only one spur being functional, Leyland spun sharply round to the left and Montagu was flung into the path of a stampeding

mob of reformed gunhands, all rushing to throw their guns into the river and then settle down on a farm and have a family.

Sitting in his hospital bed, Montagu looked at his two broken legs and dented Texas Ranger badge, and, wishing he had gone east for his summer vacation, he counted to ten and tried very hard not to cry.

AUSTIN BRADY, 6ASc4

THE HISTORY OF POSTAGE STAMPS

The first postage stamps to be made were the Penny Black and Twopenny Blue. These stamps were issued on the 6th May, 1840. In those days it was very expensive to send letters over long distances because it was either carried by postboy or taken on horseback and it sometimes took several days before letters from London arrived in the north.

During this period in history, many new mechanical inventions were being discovered and it was soon known that a new postal system had to be thought of. Therefore, in 1839, the British Government organised a competition asking for ideas to be sent from the public for a new way of paying for letters. Over 2,500 entries were received, but none of them were satisfactory. It was then that Sir Rowland Hill, Postmaster General, with a printer's help, produced the Penny Black and Twopenny Blue.

Perforating machines had not yet been discovered, and, although the stamps were printed in sheets of 240, they had to be cut by scissors. The Penny Black was changed to red in 1841 because the postmark could not be seen. The first perforated stamps did not appear until 12 years later.

Soon many countries followed Britain's idea, Brazil being the first. Within about 10 years stamps were being used all over the world.

JOHN KRAUSA, 3M

CANADIAN INDIANS

During the war, my father's cousin met a Canadian soldier who was a full blooded Red Indian and they married. After serving in France, they returned to Canada to live on the reservation. Their life for the next few years was so hard that it is difficult to imagine. They were extremely poor and didn't know where their next meal was coming from. The winters were very cold and long. They had to break the ice on pools for water and go out and collect wood for the fire. As well as collecting firewood they made baskets, and sold them to buy food. The whole family had to live in a wooden hut and four of their children were brought up in that hut.

Charlie Paul, as he is called, acted as a guide and took tourists on fishing trips in canoes and on hunting trips in the vast forests. He was made chief of the Maliseet Tribe on the reservation which is situated at Andover, New Brunswick, at the junction of the Tobique and St. John rivers. It is a self-contained community with a church and a school. The children are taught by nuns. Under his chieftainship, the reservation was developed and modern houses were built. However, these are not made of brick but of Canadian redwood.

Chief Charlie Paul stayed in that post for several years, organizing the reservation. He then obtained a position with the Union of New Brunswick Indians and now he travels all over Canada organizing and, in general, looking after the welfare of the tribes.

He has since moved to Fredericton, capital city of New Brunswick, and has intergrated with the white population of that city. His son, Stewart Paul, is now a B.A., and works for the Department of Education in New Brunswick.

During the Commonwealth Games in Canada, Charlie Paul was introduced to the Queen and we have since heard that he was presented to the Queen in July, 1979, at Buckingham Palace.

PAUL DUFFY, 2 Mersey

THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE

The Royal Court Theatre in the centre of Liverpool has been closed since June, 1979, as that was when the owners' funds finally ran out.

This has been a cause for worry for those people in Liverpool, who support live entertainment. At one stage it was suggested that the theatre might be turned into a Bingo Hall.

It has now been disclosed that an Isle of Man-based company is buying the theatre, and will continue to use it as a centre for live entertainment.

Sir Harry Livermore, chairman of the trust that administers the Royal Court, said that he would be giving full details of the plans for the theatre on 14th November, 1979, to friends and supporters of the theatre at the Bluecoat Chambers.

Sir Harry said that after he had had the offer from a large bingo company, he was determined to try and save the theatre. He also said he felt the theatre has a good future.

One of the first people to show support in the theatre is Paul McCartney and 'Wings'. They commenced their recent tour there on 26th November, 1979.

PATRICK DUFFY, 1 Mersey

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE LOUD AND HEAVY KIND

(A Rock Concert by 'Status Quo')

At last the day of our pilgrimage has arrived and we march down 'en masse' to Rainhill Station to catch the 5.30 train to Manchester. We catch the said train by the skin of our teeth, after refusing to be persuaded that we ought to board a train for Carlisle, and we begin to play numerous boring, dull and extremely pointless games of 'I Spy' as the journey drags on. We are on our way to witness the disciples of 'Status Quo' perform a rock service (concert) in their own inimitable style

of mind-bending heavy metal rock music. This is a day for which we apostles of 'Status Quo' have long waited.

On our arrival at Manchester's Victoria Station, we proceed to the temple where the service will take place, the Apollo Theatre, and there we queue outside, meditating in the June drizzle. On entering the temple, I collect my thoughts, for what I am about to receive, the group would make me freak out, man, and gradually, as the time draws near, one senses the growing atmosphere of excitement. I turn around to witness the spectacle and I detect the time-honoured calls of the rock fan: 'Wally!' and 'Bicycle repair man!' Somewhere in that seething mass there must be a brain! Suddenly, my meditations are interrupted as the house lights go down, dry ice fills the stage and the crowd cheers ecstatically, chanting their prayers to the four priests of rock music who have at last approached the altar (stage). The service begins as they stride out of the haze of 'Players Number Ten' and dandruff and commence with the rock prayer 'Caroline'. Instantly, my brains are shot out of my head as the music reaches the parts other music cannot reach, and they plaster a nearby wall.

As the service continues with 'Roll Over, Lay Down' and the atmospheric '45 Hundred Times', various offerings are sent to the priests in the form of broken seats and other pieces of theatre. Then the high priest (Francis Rossi) bade us to get up on our toes and 'Do the jig'; we do his bidding and succeed in moving the temple several yards further down the road, and the balcony begins to lurch up and down in a somewhat disturbing manner. Yet we apostles boogie on, regardless, flailing our bodies to the strains of 'Roadhouse Blues', 'Oh, What a Night', and 'Rain'.

In all, we were treated to a full 2¾ hour service, including the encore of 'Down, Down', 'Bye Bye Johnny' and more. As we leave the temple, spiritually complete, we reflect on the fact that the band has a further three nights to perform at the temple-cum-theatre (now even further down the road from where we managed to

move it!) and we realise that nowhere throughout the whole rock music religion is there a band which gives its followers such a good time, for everything goes into the performance; contact is made, sometimes physically, with the audience and the band works hard. At the end of the service, we pay homage to the priests, Alan Lancaster, John Coghlan, Francis Rossi and Rick Parfitt, and guest on keyboards and melodic offerings, Andy Brown, in the time-honoured way; we bow our heads and cheer ecstatically.

Thus our pilgrimage is ended and the long journey back in the taxi, ten of us in all, begins. Now we can face life with a new and deeper understanding, for we are spiritually complete and slightly deaf, thanks to 'Status Quo'.

D. J. GALVIN, 6A Mods 2

VIEWS OF DEATH

I

A cold afternoon in late October finds the raven perched precariously on an outer branch of a large chestnut tree. He crows loudly and gives fright to a small flock of doves, feeding busily in the graveyard below. The flock takes flight and wheels out of sight behind the small chapel that forms the focus of the surrounding graveyard. They are off to warn others that Satan has a sentinel posted. Storm clouds pursue each other across a sky that is heavily laden with misery.

The raven surveys the graveyard indifferently and vaguely remembers names he has seen on the tombstones. 'Names commemorating bones—how ridiculous!' He notices a hole that he has not seen before and nearby, a pile of fresh, moist earth upon which a black bird is hopping nervously around looking for a meal. At one end of the hole stands a new, white marble tombstone, beautifully carved and bearing another meaningless name, carved in bold letters.

Car engines, doors banging, sobbing relatives and the sound of several pairs of feet upon

the gravel path announce the arrival of the funeral party. Slowly, the individual members of the party come into view from around the far side of the chapel. At the front is an old priest, dressed in a white surplice and carrying a large black missal. He is chanting, 'In paradisum . . .' Behind the priest, the coffin is borne by four men. They are all dressed in heavy, black overcoats. They walk slowly and precisely in step with one another and their faces betray the fact that they are suffering under the weight they are bearing. 'So much fuss for a corpse,' thinks the raven; he has seen this performance so many times and never ceases to be amazed by all this pointless armoury. Following the coffin is a small group of people—probably relatives—dressed in black, expensive clothes. Some of them, mostly the women, are sobbing pathetically. 'Fools! They look rich enough; they'll do well out of the will.' The mind of a cynic is at work.

The ceremony lasts about ten minutes. The raven becomes bored. He flies from the tree, glides low over the group beneath and settles himself on a window-ledge of the chapel, sheltered from the chill breeze. The priest sees the movement and watches the raven go to its resting place. He stares grimly and determinedly at the accursed bird whilst reading solemn prayers for the deceased. The small black, beady eyes of the raven turn away from the glare of the priest. The raven thinks: 'Why the hatred? After all, I haven't distracted him from anything important. He's only disposing of another corpse.'

II

December. Flurries of snow drift down and cover the ground with icy touch. Father J walks along the narrow path that leads through the graveyard up to the porch of his small chapel. His feet fall silently on the snowy ground. His breath hangs thickly in the air, swirling around his balding head and leaving behind him a wraith-like veil that betrays his route. He claps his numbed hands together, trying to restore circulation to his arthritic fingers. The noise he makes

falls heavily around the graveyard and is quickly drowned by the all-pervading silence which the snow instils into this place. 'Even the raven is silent,' thinks Father J. 'Odd?'

Passing the old chestnut tree, he sees something lying on the ground adjacent to the tree. It is shiny and black and conspicuous because of the contrast it makes with the pure white snow that surrounds it. It is the body of the raven. He nudges it with his foot and it rolls over onto its back. Even in death, its eyes stare malevolently at the old priest.

Father J. smiles to himself as a thought occurs to him—how fitting that one so evil should die forever in a place where men begin eternal life!

S. SPEED 6A Scil

FIND THE TEACHERS

24 are hidden in the square.
Solution at back of Magazine.

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X A Y P Z L M S H M A C A R T H Y
R O B I N S O N E H V I B W C N E
E B C D J I L A I Y D E E H S A Y
M A R S I D M P H U W B I J T R X
M C K T S R R E C R E M W C E C B
I L B X G Q O B X J Y A N B V D R
R E S A R F P G G M N X M Y E A O
J D O D E A L N X I L A I K N D W
B C A F S C U H Z L B D H Z S C N
S I G I T O N E G K S B J K O B E
E D P C Y R C B N A D R O J N J B
L B F N E C M F U N P C O N D T F
I D C V B S C M O C S D S K S H R
M Q O L G T R A Y N O R D A E O B
J G R E B E C T S C L D R R C M E
M c D I V G W U E P W S G A G D P F
J S B T L A A C L D E R N K A S E
D L E V E R B G D J N Q D J C O D
L D F I S T V A H C R F E D E N J
  
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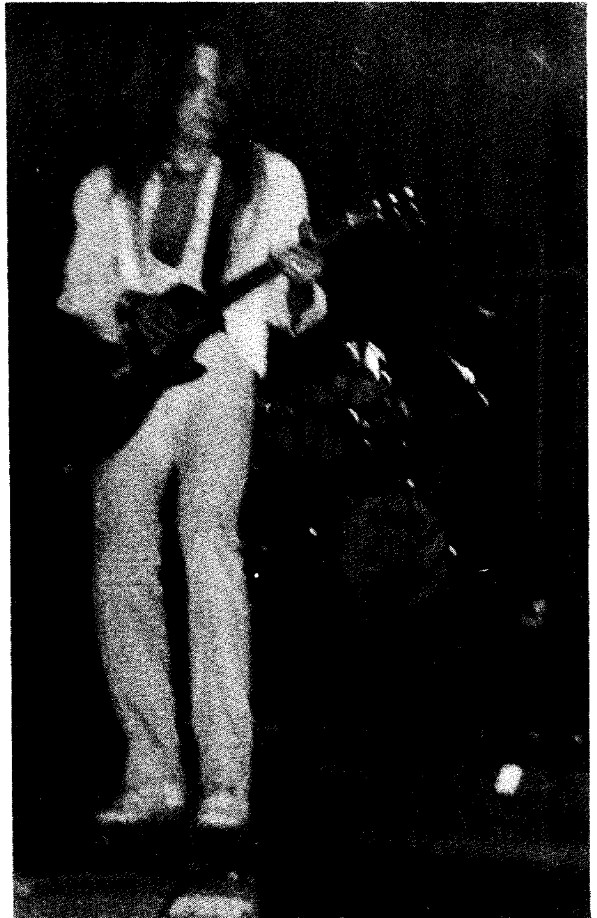
PORTRAIT — TRUE TO TYPE



B. MURPHY, 4S



Philip Lynott



Scott Gorham

**'THIN LIZZY' AT THE LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
3rd MAY, 1979**

On 3rd May, 1979, while some people were counting votes for this year's General Election, a group of denim-clad people queued patiently (?) for the doors to open at the Liverpool Empire. 'Thin Lizzy' were here and their fans were waiting.

Yes, the boys were back in town and, as far as their fans were concerned, they could do anything they wanted to do. The support group, an Irish punk band called the 'Vipers', were not very entertaining for the majority of the audience. Four

new-comers, however, seemed to think they were good but disappeared after the end of the Vipers' performance. What those four new-wavers were doing there I do not know and neither do I know what happened to them; their bodies were never found. 'Thin Lizzy' appeared in the midst of explosions and immediately Phil Lynott's charm began to work on the crowd. His humour in introducing songs was generally applauded except when he mentioned Manchester United. Their performance of 'Jailbreak' was fantastic. Police

lights were flashing; explosions were going off; searchlights were sweeping the overawed crowd and a police siren was wailing in the background of the music. They left the stage to deafening applause but returned after less than a minute to perform another two well-loved songs. Again they left to deafening applause and again they returned to do another two songs including that great rock song, 'Rosalie'. Unbelievably they returned to do yet another pair of old favourites.

These were 'Whiskey in the Jar' and the 'Rocker'. Phil Lynott purposefully confused these into 'Whiskey Rocker in the Jar'.

At the end, I left the Empire with music ringing in my ears and I knew that 'Thin Lizzy' were just a bunch of cowboys, 'lonesome on the trail'.

JOHN CARVILLE, 4 Hope

Photographs published by kind permission of Morrison/O'Donnell, 'Thin Lizzy' management

THE TALE OF THE SUSPICIOUS SAUSAGE LOADERS, BY DETECTIVE IVOR SUSPECT

It was a chill morning as I strolled along the beach viewing the breath-taking scenery. The deep blue waters crept up the sandy banks and then slid quickly down again. The sea was calm and quiet. The sand was gold and crisp, and here and there a seagull lay stretched out in a puddle of crude oil or sewage.

I pondered on this beauty for a moment, and watched a small boat in the distance. These thoughts did not last long, however, as a woman came screaming out of the guest house I was to be staying at.

'Inspector!' she yelled, 'I've been robbed! My jewels! They're gone!'

'Well, where did you leave them?' I asked, as she dragged me through the door of the house and introduced me to her mother.

'I left the jewels in the tea-caddy, where I usually keep the sausages!' she beamed. 'Do you play golf, Inspector?'

'What's that got to do with the jewels?' I asked.

'Oh! I'm just curious, that's all!' she smiled.

'Now, you say you left the jewels in the tea-caddy, where you usually keep the sausages?' I

said. 'Why weren't the sausages in there this time?'

'Oh, they've been stolen as well!' she exclaimed. 'Stealing sausages used to be a craze around here before the skateboard took over!'

I looked down to find the woman's father measuring my inside leg with a tape measure.

'Is your father a tailor?' I asked her.

'No, he's an undertaker!' came the reply.

It was at this point that I realized they were all mad. I made my escape through an open window, and ran down the beach. The small boat had pulled in and was being loaded with crates of sausages!!!!

I jumped into my car and drove home. My holiday was ruined before it had started, what with jewels, sausages and the lunatics from the guest house. I arrived home to find my house-keeper drunk on the sofa. 'What's for dinner then, Maisie?' I asked her.

'I didn't know you'd be back so soon!' she answered back. 'I suppose I could fix up a few sausages!!'

MARTIN THOMPSON, 3M

CANTEEN CANTATA

We have no photo here to show
 The ladies who each day do go
 And leave their homes to cook and bake
 The food of which you all partake.

They know the lads will not complain
 If they get food that's 'same again',
 As that they ate the day before,
 Some pleading they could eat some more.

But spare a thought for this brave team
 Who slave away in heat and steam
 To make sure food is ready when
 The 'hungry hordes' descend on them.

LEGS AND CO.

GO OUT

Go out, go out
 When the wind's about;
 Let him blow you
 Inside out.

Go out, go out
 In a rainy drizzle;
 Never sit by the fire
 For you are bound to sizzle.

Go out, go out
 When the snow is here;
 Throw it about;
 See the flakes pile up
 Layer after layer.

Go out, go out
 And stay till night;
 When the sun is shedding
 By its golden light.

JOHN GLOVER, 3 Mersey

OUR WORLD

Our leader is the one God,
 He knows our every action.
 He is not kind or merciful,
 He has no heart.

Our police are corrupt,
 They murder at will;
 We have no courts of law,
 No-one cares any more.

There's no way out,
 Once you are in.
 It is better to die
 Than to have this world to live in.

The army serves our leader.
 They read your mind.
 They persecute honest men.
 Only the bad survive.

If someone could free us,
 We'd make him our king;
 But why fantasize?
 We're all doomed to die!

Some men came teaching,
 In one God called Christ:
 Our leader had them killed,
 As he did I.

JOHN DORAN, 3 Mersey

HASPIRATIONS

I dwells in the Herth, and I breathes in the
 Hair;
 If you searches the Hocean, you'll find that I'm
 there.
 The first of all Hangels, in Holympus am Hi,
 Yet I'm banished from 'Eaven, expelled from on
 'Igh.
 But though on this Horb I am destined to grovel,
 I'm ne'er seen in an 'Ouse, in an 'Ut, nor an 'Ovel;
 Not an 'Oss nor an 'Unter e'er bears me, alas!

But often I'm found on the top of a Hass.
 I resides in a Hattic, and loves not to roam,
 And yet I'm invariably absent from 'Ome.
 Though 'ushed in the 'Urricane, of the Hatmos-
 phere part,
 I enters no 'Ed, I creeps into no 'Art.
 Only look, and you'll see in the Heye I appear.
 Only 'ark, and you'll 'ear me just breathe in the
 Hear;
 Though in sex not an 'E, I am (strange paradox)
 Not a bit of an 'Effer, but partly a Hox.
 Of Heternity Hi'm the beginning! And mark,
 Though I goes not with Noar, I am first in the
 Hark.
 I'm never in 'Ealth—have with Fysic no power;
 I dies in a month, but comes back in a Hour!

GEORGE O'NEILL

ODE TO CREATION

O, for that quick cerulean eye!
 That depth of light that cannot lie
 To me, whose purpose is in thee,
 In thee and thine eternity.

For thee I oft have shed a tear,
 And weary sent up sighs sincere;
 For thy pure glory have I yearned,
 And thy sure beauty I have learned.

For Glorious is the sun in mid career,
 Glorious thine assembled fires appear;
 In thee I find such soothing balm
 That is from God's out-stretched arm.

DESMOND O'KEEFFE, 5D

THE CHURCH-DOORE

Mark you the doore? that old and splinter'd mass
 Which looks like nowt on earth—
 Yes, that's it;
 And the knocker, black and grave, made all of brass
 But black because it is
 Unpolished;
 The squeaky hinges, though they scream aloud
 Don't bug the woodworm, who don't
 Mind a bit;
 And the vandals' paint, which fails to shroud
 The poor doore which looks half
 Demolished.
 Hither often dry-rot seales, and staines
 The wood with nasty, smelly veins:
 But all will be cleansed when we get dough;
 Often draughts, puffing 'neath the doore,
 Blow all the dust about the floore,
 But this too will be remedied e'en so.
 Curs'd be the CARPENTER, whose art
 All too easily falls apart.

L. ROBINSON, 6AM II
 (with apologies to George Herbert)

DEPRESSION?

Depression is . . .

. . . no family being there
 and having no friends for whom to care,
 so never needing to wash your hair.

. . . always looking such a mess,
 as you never bother to change your dress,
 because there's no-one left for you to impress.

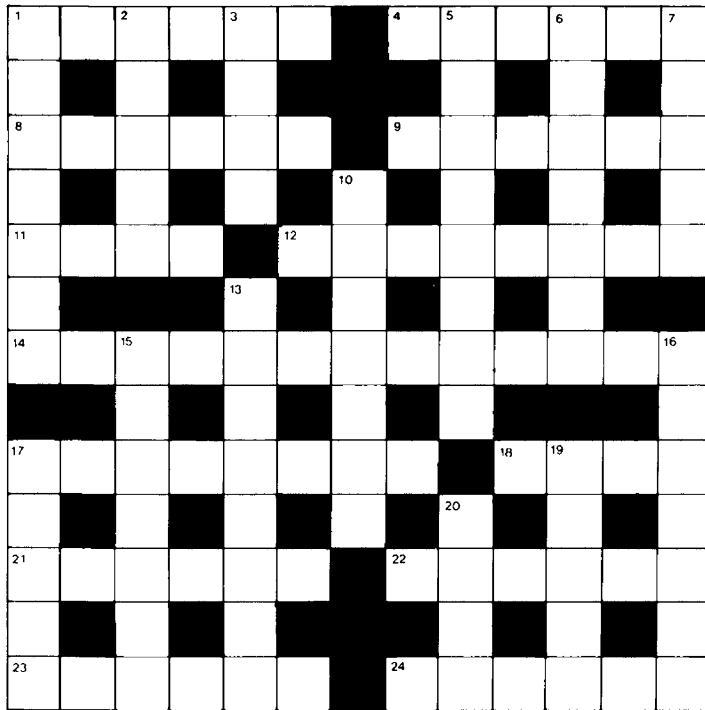
. . . having no-one to go and meet
 and not being bothered to get something to
 eat.

. . . an adolescent's view,
 when standing at the back of a queue,
 just as long's he doesn't bother you.

. . . like having a head-cold and a bad cough,
 first it's there and then it's not,
 like a relationship that's broken off.

. . . trying to commit suicide,
 not really wanting to be alive
 and instead deciding to take a dive.

S. FITZGERALD, VI B Mods 1

**Across:**

1. The roof of the mouth (6).
4. It may be Capricorn or Cancer (6).
8. Consent or yield (6).
9. Large Spanish seaport on the Mediterranean coast (6).
11. A place where domestic animals are reared for foodstuffs (4).
12. Traditional weapon of the American Red Indian (8).
14. Expressed pleasure at good fortune or accomplishment (13).
17. It may contain a canary or some similar animal (4, 4).
18. Oak and Ash are two well-known examples (4).
21. A monkey of Northern India with medical connections (6).
22. Aviation (6).
23. They play an important part in fashion (6).
24. An object which senses something (6).

Down:

1. A calm ocean, also the world's largest (7).
2. A monkey-like nocturnal animal (5).
3. Money paid for use of a bridge, for example (4).
5. This describes a good book (8).
6. This person was severely over-taxed at the time of the French Revolution (7).
7. A fissure (5).
10. The type of stamp you would put on a letter (7).
13. A break, in a limb perhaps (8).
15. A place where young children are cared for (7).
16. A vessel which removes silt from estuaries (7).
17. Anagram of sibor, a Russian name (5).
19. Most castles built in the time of Edward I are now these (5).
20. Great delight (4).

MARK DONNELLY, 4 Hope

Answers at the back of the Magazine

THE WHITEWASHER

There is, in the house where I grew up, the print of an oil painting which depicts the little square of a fishing village in southern France. Nobody is doing much: a mother takes a small child past a shop window; two men follow an old woman up a little street into the background; an old man is going down to the sea; a young man stands watching a girl and her small brother crossing the square.

It is late summer, August perhaps, and in the centre of the picture two men are sitting outside a little cafe called 'Au Coin du Port'. At the table next to them, a waiter is clearing away glasses while he eavesdrops on their conversation.

The houses are three, or sometimes four, storeys high, and the streets are fairly narrow. What strikes you about the houses, however, is that they are all whitewashed, and that the white-wash is a mixture of all colours, white, red, yellow, green, blue, orange—patches of paint dabbed on here and there whose colour has been changed with the harshness of the elements. The sun, today, is very bright, and the blue of the sky is razor-sharp.

The windows are bordered with rickety shutters, which in some cases have half-fallen from their hinges. Each house has a balcony, and each balcony has a wide trough of flowers, red, yellow and green.

The roofs, too, are red, yellow or green. Even the people comply with this colour scheme, with bright shirts and skirts of red, yellow and green; perhaps they have bought them from the shop called 'Modes'. The waiter, however, is wearing all black. And it is he who tells the story.

I was not paying much attention to the two fishermen who were seated at the table next to me. One I knew for a braggart, a man who loved to talk, the other was a rather credulous type, and neither was the sort to be of much interest to a fellow such as myself. I could not help overhearing part of their conversation, however, and I confess I found myself becoming rather engrossed.

'Who would you say,' said the first, 'is the

most insanely jealous husband in the whole of the town?'

The other paused a moment. 'Louis Toulet.'

'I would agree. And yet do you know that yesterday I arranged to meet Marie Toulet in this very same cafe?'

'No!'

'Why yes. What is life, I say, without a little excitement? Oh, I'm all for living dangerously, and so I thought that yesterday it might be quite amusing to have a few drinks with the wife of the most jealous man in the town.'

'Good lord!'

At this stage I was pretending to wipe a few plates while remaining well within earshot. Marie Toulet, although not the most regular, was certainly the prettiest of our customers, and the tale promised to be quite interesting. Besides, I might as well admit it, I was rather fascinated by the man's audacity. But hush! for here he was continuing.

'At half past twelve yesterday I was sitting here, where I am sitting now, waiting for Mme. Toulet to arrive. Needless to say, I was rather apprehensive about the whole thing—Louis, as you know, is not a man to cross. Still, when a thing is done, I say, it is done, and there is no turning back. So it was with a smile more confident than I felt that I greeted Marie as she hurried across the square towards me.

'She assured me that Louis was whitewashing the house, and that he would be busy all afternoon. However, it quickly became apparent that she was as worried as I about what would happen if he caught us. To tell you the truth, the afternoon was rather uncomfortable for the pair of us, as I think at every moment we each expected to see Louis come strolling down the street like the wrath of God. In fact, looking back on it, I believe that we were even edging our chairs a few inches from the table, as if the distance between us would make us less guilty in the eyes of a jealous husband.

'Thus the afternoon passed, and we were both too uneasy to enjoy it. Which is a pity, really . . . No matter; at four o'clock, it was time for her to go, and it was with something approaching relief that we bid our fond farewells.'

'So Louis didn't come then?'

'No, we saw neither sight nor sign of him.'

All of which was something of an anticlimax to what had promised to be a rather racy little tale. Disappointed with the braggart, and cursing myself for being so foolish as to listen to such an unenterprising story, I was about to go back inside when I heard him say to his companion:

'But there is more to come.'

I thought better of my retreat and began to straighten the knives and forks on the next table. Having gone to the trouble of overhearing the main part of this unexciting tale, I thought I might as well hear it out.

'This morning, as usual,' this piscatorial playboy was saying, 'I was walking past Toulet's house on my way down to the harbour. No sooner had I reached the house, however, than Louis appeared at the door and asked me to come in. Naturally I didn't want to speak to him for fear of giving anything away, but on the other hand I had to be careful not to offend him, either, and so I had no choice but to give a pleasant smile and follow him.'

'He took me into the kitchen and offered me a cup of steaming coffee. I took it, but I could see there was something bothering the poor fellow. It was rather disconcerting to watch him fumbling clumsily with a spoon as he tried to find words to express what was clearly a rather delicate matter. In fact I became convinced that he had somehow found out about yesterday's meeting, and I tried to think of my best line of defence. I was greatly relieved, however, when he looked up at me at last and said: "I was whitewashing the house yesterday."

' "Oh?" said I I had to be careful; I had almost said, "I know".'

' "You are slightly taller than I am."

' "Yes," I said. I failed to see where his remarks were leading. He didn't seem to be

challenging me to pistols at dawn, but on the other hand, I was quite bewildered as to what he actually did mean. Finally, however, he looked at me with that odd stare of his, and said:

' "I'm afraid I can't reach that patch at the very top of the wall. I thought perhaps you might be willing to help me."

'I almost laughed with relief. "So that's what it is! I could see there was something bothering you. Of course I will help you—whatever you want."

'He gave a brief smile and grunted. "It's out here," he said, indicating the door.

'The ladder was already leaning against the wall, and the newly dried paint had been spread smoothly over the side of the house. Right at the top, however, where the wall meets the ridge of the roof, I could see a small patch of dirty yellow where Louis had not been able to reach with his brush.

' "That's what you mean?" I said. "No sooner said than done. Get me the whitewash."

'Louis held the ladder for me while I climbed up to paint over this final patch. I was feeling rather pleased with myself; it did my conscience good to do the poor fellow a good turn after what happened yesterday.

'After a few minutes (for I gave it three coats for good measure; no sense skimping) I called down that I had finished.

'His bull-like head leered up at me. "Yes," he said, "but don't you get a marvellous view of the town from up there?"'

'I looked around obligingly, and to my horror I saw what he was driving at. There, between the rooftops, I had a clear view of "Au Coin du Port". There, in every detail, was the little table where we had been sitting yesterday. Louis must have been able to see the whole thing!

'Good heavens!' The other's startled gasp left his bread roll hovering some inches from his open mouth. 'What did you do?' he said, and it was a question that I would have asked, myself.

'Well,' rejoined the other, 'I had to think quickly. Maintaining my poise, I said, "Good Lord! You can see 'Au Coin du Port' from here.

Speaking of which, do you know I happened to meet your wife there yesterday? Quite by chance, of course . . ."

'All this was said while steadily climbing down the ladder, for my position was fairly precarious where I was.'

'And what did Louis say to that?'

'Well, when I reached the bottom, he snatched the paintbrush from me and brandished it in my face.'

'"Monsieur," he said, "whether I believe you or not has little consequence. If you have a dirty patch on your wall, you cover it up with white-wash. When the paint is dry, you might fool passers-by into thinking that there is no dirty patch there at all, and—yes, you might even believe it yourself. But Him—" and here he jerked his brush in the direction of the heavens—"He knows, my friend, He knows!"'

A thoughtful pause descended upon the little table.

'That's what he said?' asked the other. The storyteller nodded. 'And what did he mean by that?'

'Beats me,' said the storyteller, but one thing I do know is that it's the last time that I go out with Marie Toulet.'

The two men sat looking meditatively at the bottle in the centre of the table. 'Well,' said one, 'It's time we were going.'

They got up and brushed the crumbs from their clothes. After they had left and paid the bill, I cleared the plates up after them, and looked out across the square. There, gleaming white above the rooftops, was the freshly painted wall of the house of Louis Toulet, perhaps the most jealous husband in the whole of the town.

And that is the tale of the whitewasher, more or less exactly as it is depicted in the little print I have at home. Apart from that, nothing much is happening.

Except that, you know, there is that old man on the right of the picture. I often wonder about him, and about what he can be thinking as he wanders slowly downwards in the direction of the sea . . .

T. G. ALLEN, 6AM1

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THE TAKE-OFF

(Aeronautical Society Outing to London, Heathrow, Airport)

Many people, myself among them, had certain misgivings as to wending their ways to Lime Street Station to be there by 0645, **especially me**, as I waited at a deserted bus stop on that cold, dark, damp morning that was 1st November, though I cheered myself at the prospect of things to come.

Just before 0700, tickets in hand, our party made our way to the train and our specially reserved carriage, not bad at all! We set off for Euston just before 0705 and arrived, after an excellent and enjoyable journey, at 0940. Next, we had to traverse London's (in)famous underground system—a journey to Green Park before continuing onward and westward toward our destination, Heathrow. Again, our twenty-one party members came through the ordeal with flying colours.

Our arrival at Heathrow came at 1135 after a surprisingly rapid tube journey, and then we moved onward to our first resting place—Terminal 3 car park, on the advice of Mr. Fraser, with its somewhat restricted view across the sprawling western apron that is the Inter-continental apron. It was then onward, via Terminal 2, to the Public 'Observation Gallery' atop the Queens Building, also however, with a somewhat restricted view.

As the runway in use for landings happened to be 28 Left, we decided at about 1245, to make our way to the village of Hatton by tube. Hatton is more famous in aviation circles as being just at the end of runway 28 Left. It is only here that one can experience the sheer excitement of the sight of a Kuwait Air Lines Boeing 747 passing a mere 60 or so feet above your head—marvellous!

However, at 1:45, we had to move on, reluctantly, towards our next venue—the British Airways European Division Maintenance Base, around which I had arranged a tour. After splitting into two groups, we each toured the engine maintenance area, airframe maintenance and flight sheds, in which we were allowed to view the

interiors of a BAC 1-11, a Trident 3 being prepared for a Paris flight, a Tristar 1 and lo and behold a beautiful new two month old Tristar 500 just back from Jeddah on BA130.

Much to our surprise and delight, one group was then escorted to a grass verge directly overlooking the holding point of Runway 28 Left, where we were able to observe the passing cavalcade of 747's, 727's, Tridents, DC8's, and a whole host of other machines—a very rare opportunity.

Unfortunately though, all good things must come to an end and at just after 4:00, we all said our farewells to Heathrow and boarded the tube for Euston.

On our return journey from Euston, the carriage buzzed to talk of the outing and of aircraft. Might I offer in closing, therefore, my thanks to British Rail, London Transport and especially British Airways and everyone in the party for making it such a memorable occasion of which, it is hoped, there will be many more.

NICHOLAS J. L. WESTHEAD, President,
NIGEL J. HORNBY, Vice-President.

THE INTERVIEWS

The thin, pale gentleman walked nervously through the door, smiling at the secretary who beckoned him into the comfortable-looking chair. He then fixed his smile on the small, greying man with the pipe, sitting behind the desk.

'Name, please?'

'Carter, James Carter. Call me Jimmy,' beamed the man, relaxing.

'Now, what makes you think you'd make a good insurance salesman, Mr. Carter?' the interviewer asked.

'Well,' Carter began, 'I'm looking for a new challenge. You see, none of my past jobs seemed to work out, but I feel that in selling insurance I'd find my true vocation.'

'Yes, good. Now, in today's world of insurance, the salesman must have a knowledge of

current international and home affairs in order to create a good impression with clients.' The man then asked, 'Do you, Mr. Carter, feel that you fit this description?'

Carter looked hesitant; his smile faltered; tears welled up in his eyes. 'To be perfectly frank, and honest, and totally truthful, no. I suppose that means I won't get the job. They said that the last time.' His lip trembled. 'Thank you, goodbye.'

He left the room, fumbling in his pocket for his handkerchief. As soon as he left, the secretary came back in with another candidate. He was tall and confident and sat down without being asked to do so.

'Now, your name is Kennedy, isn't it?' the interviewer said. He was running short of questions and was slightly put off by this candidate's confidence. Although his weasel-features barely betrayed his feeling, he was seriously considering leaving the job and concentrating on his other job. That thought made him feel even worse.

'Edward Kennedy is my name, of which I am truly proud.'

The weasel fell back on his old questions: 'What makes you think you are suitable for this job?'

'Well,' Teddy began, 'I would like to answer this question in two parts. Firstly, I have not yet decided to declare my intention to try for the job. Secondly, in case you are wondering why I have come to this interview, I was in the area visiting some great friends of mine, who happen to work in the building, and it was suggested that I pop in and have a word.'

The interviewer suddenly felt a blinding flash of inspiration. Being quite unused to this, he sprayed the air with fly-killer. Ignoring his inspiration, he decided to liven the proceedings and ask if the candidate had any hobbies.

'Yes, I jog and play baseball with the family, and I'm very fond of growing roses,' he went on. 'I am also a competent swimmer and sub-aquarist.'

The flash of inspiration must have had a strange effect on the weasel, because he suddenly became very honest and forthright, and he asked,

'Do you have a criminal record?'

'I do have Andy Williams's latest album,' Teddy joked, 'But seriously, and I would like to be frank, honest and truthful, no. No, I have never committed any crime whatsoever.'

The interviewer, still struggling with the Andy Williams joke, asked how the candidate thought he would react if ever faced with a crisis while selling insurance. Teddy didn't seem to hear that question, so the interviewer continued, 'In this business, if you want to gain promotion, it always impresses your superiors if you have a wife who can entertain and hold dinner parties and help you in that way.'

At this, the candidate turned an ugly shade of greed and, as he mopped his sweating brow, he replied, 'As I earlier stated, I am only here to visit friends and, well, my, look at the time; I must be off now. Goodbye.'

With that, Ted jumped up and left the office. The secretary came in and looked, puzzled, at her boss.

'Well, Marcia,' he said, 'that's the last of them, isn't it? Well, pack your things and we'll go. Leave a message giving the job to Mike Yarwood or one of the Beatles. Now, where shall we go—that place near Liverpool, what's the name, Higton, Huygate, Ruyton . . .?'

D. KEARNEY, 6BM2

SMITHERS AND THE BITTERMEN

While **John Smith**, the outlaw, was playing his **Harp**, the **Tetley Bittermen** walked into the saloon armed with **Colt 45's**. They asked him what plan he was going to put into action next, but **John Smith** never answered. The **Tetley Bittermen**, seeing that they got no answer, started throwing **Stones** and firing cannon-balls from **Great Guns**. When they had finished with **John Smith** they left in their **Coach and Horses** for **Newcastle**. On the way it was **bitter** cold. A bit further along the way it was only **light 'aling**.

Now one of the **Tetley Bittermen** was called **Higson** and he was a bit mad. He was so mad that he tried to bribe the weather with **Diamonds**, but he got so serious talking to the weather that by the time he had finished talking the place was flooded out and the **Tetley Bittermen** were never seen again.

MARK NUGENT, 2 Hope

JACK AND THE BEANS

Once upon a time, upon a hill, there lived a young girl called Jacqueline, who liked to be called Jack, with her mother and her decrepit grandfather. One day Mother shouted out of the window:

'Jacqueline, oh, Jacqueline! Come here a moment!'

'What d'you want, you silly moo?' came the reply. 'I told you to call me Jack.'

'Alright!' said Mother, 'I want you to do a little job for me.'

'What is it, Mum?' she said.

'Well, we've got no food or money, so you'll have to go to market,' said Mother.

'But we've got nothing left to sell, Mum,' said Jack.

'We 'ave,' said Mum.

'You don't mean!' said Jack.

'Yeh, Grandad will have to go!'

So Jack set off to market with her grandad in the wheelbarrow.

On the way to the market she met a man wearing a raincoat and dark glasses, who said, 'Oi, you!'

'Who, me?' said Jack.

'Yeh, you,' said the man. 'Di'you want a tin of beans for your grand-dad?'

'Alright!' said Jack, and they did the swop and the man disappeared into the bushes with grand-dad. So Jack trekked off home, feeling quite chuffed with herself.

When she arrived home, she showed her

mum the tin of beans she had got and she opened them.

'Eeee!' Mum said, throwing them out of the window, 'they're all green mouldy, you silly moo, Jack! Go and get your grand-dad back!'

So Jack set out on her impossible search, to which she only had one clue: she saw some smoke coming from a bush but it was four lads having a smoke. She returned disheartened and walked in the house, expecting to get a right telling off but mother was nowhere to be seen and when she looked out of the kitchen window, there was an enormous beanstalk reaching to the sky. Jack started climbing in a search for her mother. She soon reached the top to find herself in a kingdom in the clouds. In the distance she saw a giant castle and decided to set out for it. She reached the castle and climbed through a crack in the hundred-foot door. There, on an enormous table, sat her mother.

Jack climbed up and said, 'Come on, Mum, I'll save you.'

They both climbed down from the table and started on the long walk to the castle door when the master of the house walked in, a ninety-foot giant with open-toe sandals. Jack saw her only chance. She picked up a giant feather from the floor and started tickling the giant's foot. The giant burst out laughing and tripped over a box, knocking himself out as he hit the floor. Jack and her mother ran as fast as they could for the door but then Jack's mum remembered the giant's gold and Jack ran back to get it. Off they went with a million pounds worth of gold feeling rather pleased. However, the giant soon gave chase and he had reached the top of the beanstalk just as Jack and her mum had reached the bottom. Jack saw him and started to axe the beanstalk down. The giant fell but was not killed. Jack and her mum were in grave danger. Just at that moment, along came P.C. Plod who took all three down to the station to make a statement and eventually the giant got compensation, Jack got ten years for breaking and entering, robbery and grievous bodily harm. Jack's mum got three years for robbery and selling grand-dad.

MICHAEL EGAN, 3M

A LONELY SUICIDE

What a shame when ya've got no mates and
no-one loves ya!
What a shame when you're the pet-hate and
no-one loves ya!
How d'ya go on? What can ya say?
You've no loved one. Go away!

What a shame when ya've got no mates and
no-one loves ya!
What a shame when you're the pet-hate and
no-one loves ya!
Do ya despair? Do ya create?
You ain't no good when you're everyone's hate?

What a shame when ya've got no mates and
no-one loves ya!
What a shame when you're their pet-hate and
no-one loves ya!
Ya thought ya had mates, at least in a sense,
But that wasn't true; they were all pretence!

What a shame when you've got no mates and
no-one loves ya!
What a shame when you're their pet-hate and
no-one loves ya!
Should ya keep goin' through the hell and the
thunder?
Or should ya try lyin' six feet under?

S. FITZGERALD, VI B Mods 1

LAKE DISTRICT CAMP, 1979



'And gentlemen in England, now abed, shall
think themselves accursed they were not here.'

Our camp site was on a farm in Torver, near
Coniston. Our arrival was uneventful apart from
knocking down a dry stone wall. We passed the
first afternoon by Lake Coniston. Whilst we were
there some of us enjoyed our lessons in how not to
row a rowing-boat.

As we were settling down for the night Mr.
Thompson rudely awakened us. He ordered us to
go to a forest and get some wood.

'What for?' we asked.

'To make me some—toast!' he replied.

There we were making toast at 12.30 a.m. for
Mr. Thompson! Our next rude awakening was by
Patrick Boyce at 7.00 a.m. He was singing, 'Oh,
The Bear Went Over the Mountain.' This, sur-
prisingly, upset three not-so-young campers.

By 9.00 a.m. we had breakfasted and the
'Butty Brigade' was hard at work. Our very kind
leader, Mr. Mellor, had organised a work rota:
one group to wash up, one to make the dinner and
the other to make the sandwiches. Meanwhile,
our merry 'uncles' were planning the day's
activity.

The day's activity was simply a picnic in the middle of a fifteen-mile walk around two tarns (small lakes) and to be back before opening time. When we arrived back at camp, we collected our friend's wood at a slightly more convenient time. We were then able to devote the rest of the evening to other activities which were very educational.

Mr. Brown arrived at our camp site the next day and spent the day with us in Ambleside. Our trip was dampened by the rain. The intrepid Norwegian explorer, Mr. Olsen, and his aid, Paul Cook (leprechaun-killer extraordinaire), decided to attempt to climb Scafell, the highest mountain in England. They arrived back at camp an hour later than the rest of us, having succeeded.

The highlight of the camp (No, Dillon, not

your 6-foot-long knife!) was our trip to the local 'hill' (that's what they told us it was): the Old Man of Conistone, a mere 804 metres high. The top was covered by a thick mist. It was the first time I had ever eaten cheese at 804 metres.

The following day was our last day, a time for saying goodbye to our new-found friends. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and we would like to thank Mr. Mellor, Mr. Olsen and Mr. Thompson (three very good 'uncles') and also Mr. Gibbons for lending us the tents and, finally, Mr. Brown.

We have one more message: Mr. Thompson, we know where your slate is!

P. SKINNER

DRAMA REPORT



'They Who Got Slapped'?

The insignificant notice on the common-room notice board read: 'Members of the 6Bs interested in taking part in a play for the end of term—see Mr. Sheedy in the Ley Hall at 4.00.'

At 4.00 a dozen star-struck sixth-formers were sitting in the hall awaiting the entrance of the great director himself. Through their heads passed visions of great futures—playing 'Hamlet' in a Royal Shakespeare Company production, or even getting to be the nether parts of the cow in next year's school pantomime. Two months later those same sixth-formers walked out of the Ley Hall triumphant, after a highly acclaimed first night of Max Frisch's 'Andorra'.

Not, of course, that we actually spent all of those two months actually in the Ley Hall. It just seemed like that sometimes. At first, with the excitement of casting and our first attempts at acting, the whole affair was something of a novelty (the acting itself was at first very 'novel'). It was only as the short rehearsals began to knit together and drama-like things such as doors and walls (courtesy of Granada T.V.) began to arrive, that everyone began to realise how large a part 'Andorra' was to play in our lives.

Rehearsals—half-term, evenings, week-

ends—became longer and more frequent, but not a lot more successful. The task of acting looked all too difficult. 'Andorra,' Max Frisch, Mr. Sheedy, all became something of a nuisance.

Gradually, we mastered our lines and movements, but there was little life in the performances. Mr. Sheedy likened our most energetic performances to 'dead rats', 'funeral parlours' and 'stale beer' (particularly stale beer). The audience might clap us politely, he told us, but they would never enjoy themselves.

All too soon the dress rehearsal was upon us. Badly dressed in costumes ranging from the ridiculous to the sublimely ridiculous we looked like actors. But we certainly didn't act like actors! We started badly and got worse. By the end of the performance we were all quite depressed. Mr. and Mrs. Sheedy made one or two essential comments on each actor's performance before we all went home.

The nervous tension of the next day was incredible. We missed some lessons for a rehearsal, but there was no full rehearsal. Maths lessons, English lessons, Physics lessons, all were spent fidgeting and worrying. We extended our rehearsals unofficially by going to watch the rehearsals for the pantomime. Mr. Mercer's Widow Twankey humour and his anti 'Andorra' jokes came as a relief.

4.00—went home. Tea—couldn't face it.
6.45—time to go.

In the changing rooms nervous chatter. Arrival of the audience. Lights down—action.

Immediately it was different. In the closeness of the 'experimental theatre' setting there was an electric relationship with the audience. The whole play took life and meaning. It was a unique experience and as the applause echoed we could look forward to the next two days with relish. As for a balanced critique of the production and performance, I really can't give one, I was enjoy-

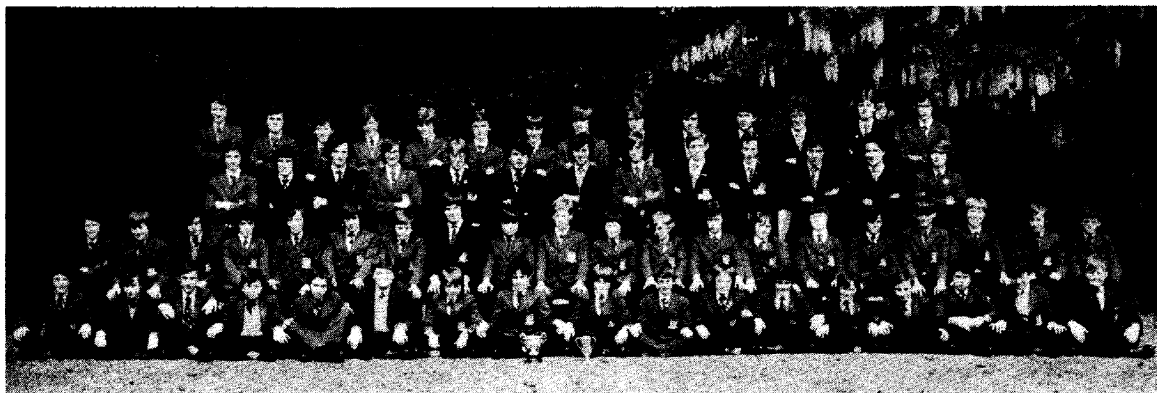
ing acting as we all were—that was what mattered to us!

The second play of the year was 'He Who Gets Slapped', by Leonid Andreyev. This was a more difficult and ambitious performance than 'Andorra'. It was set in a marquee in the middle of the school quadrangle. This time rehearsals were out of doors and were therefore occasionally interrupted by bicycle races around the quadrangle (I crashed!). The drawbacks of outdoor rehearsals also included the interruptions of Mr. Gibbons' voice over the public address systems during athletics meetings. The dress rehearsal was bad again, but not quite so bad. The first night, complete with Brass Group playing circusish music, was good again, but not quite so good. 'Andorra' was pretty equal in standard over the three nights. 'He' improved much over the three performances. The last night of 'He' was probably the best of all the six performances we had put on that year. We felt we deserved the party that followed closing night. Eventual reaction was fairly evenly split between the two extremes of thinking 'He' the best play and thinking it the least successful of the last two years. This controversy, however, centred not on the acting or production, but on the play itself which tells a very strange story about the effect of a disillusioned professor-turned-clown, on a decadent travelling circus, and his attempts to make the performers play out his dreams.

After the last night, Brothers Gillespie and Chincotta had one more nasty surprise in store. They wanted us to put on the play for an audience of the lower sixths of St. Edward's and Broughton Hall. That lot could see humour where none had been seen before, but they enjoyed themselves and so did we. However, I still don't know why they laughed when I said: 'Even at school I used to dream of being a clown'!

JOHN McGRATH, 6AM1

CHORAL SOCIETY



This year marks the seventh year of the Choral Society's existence and in many ways it has been our most successful year yet. Last Christmas we took part in the annual Carol Concert at the Philharmonic Hall for the second year in succession with the Merseyside Youth Orchestra and the Choir of Sacred Heart High School, Crosby. The concert was a great success and enjoyed by all.

In March we entered for the Harrogate Music Festival, a festival which we had won in the two preceding years. However, this year we withdrew because of lack of competition—a problem we frequently face at festivals.

As usual, the Choral Society took part in the Speech Day Concert at the Philharmonic Hall. This year, the Society performed 'Worthy is the Lamb' from Handel's 'Messiah', the Kyrie Eleison from Dvorak's 'Mass in D' and an arrangement of the Negro spiritual 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot'.

In the Summer Term, the Choral Society entered the Ilkley Music Festival for the first time. We entered the Mixed Voice Choirs Class which meant that we were competing with adult choirs. Not only did we win the cup for the class, but we also carried off the trophy for the best choir in the festival, an achievement of which we are all very proud.

Shortly after this, we decided to enter London Weekend Television's Schools' Choirs Competition on the 'South Bank Show'. We recorded two

of our pieces which we performed on Speech Day and sent the tape to the adjudicators. We are still waiting to hear from them. (At the time of writing—November!)

In June, the Society combined with the Cathedral Choir and the Cathedral Cantata Choir in a performance of Dvorak's 'Mass in D' with full orchestra. This is the second time that we have taken part in this concert and the Choral Society is to sing next June with the same choirs and the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus in a performance of Berlioz's 'Requiem'.

This term, the Society led the singing at the School Academic Mass with the Cathedral Choir. We have also been auditioned for the B.B.C. Radio programme 'Let the People Sing', and we are still waiting for the result of this. In November the Society gave a recital for the staff and patients of the Royal Liverpool Hospital which was greatly appreciated by our audience.

The Choral Society is a society whose ranks keep renewing and I would appeal to fifth- and sixth-formers to join the Choral Society. As well as being very enjoyable it is also a very useful asset to put on your U.C.C.A. forms.

This year we have lost seven members. We would like to thank them for their sustained work for the society and assure them of our good wishes for their future careers.

This year the following members were awarded colours and half-colours for their contribution to the musical life of the school:

Full Colours: Hope D., Miles D., Roberts J.,
Russell B., Winn P.

Half-Colours: Causey J., Kenny J.P., McElroy M.,
Nolan D., Walker N.

The Society's Officers this year are:

Honorary Secretary: J. P. KENNY

Librarian:

Registrars:

S. WRIGHT

J. KRAUSA

S. MCGINN

S. WRIGHT

JONATHAN P. KENNY, 6AM2

MUSIC REPORT, 1979-1980

The School Orchestra's first engagement in the last academic year was to provide a programme of light music to entertain the guests at the Agents' Dinner, in November. The next public appearance was at Prize Day, in March, at which Calif of Baghdad, Bruder-Martin and an arrangement called Latin-Americana were performed, covering various styles of music. The principal guest, Mr. David Nolan, was very appreciative of the standard achieved. In May the orchestra took part in the Ilkley Festival. Though we were not placed in the first three, this exercise provided

valuable experience for all members, and a merit certificate was achieved. This year's School Orchestra has not been as badly affected by senior members leaving school as have many in the past, and we have therefore had a good basis upon which to build a competent standard of musicianship. This year's orchestra has members drawn from almost every school year, and in this respect, musical activities are unique in that they combine pupils of all ages in a joint effort. With the ever-continuing dedication of the music staff, and the vitally important application of the

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players themselves, the School Orchestra can, I believe, achieve the results which justify the efforts of all involved.

The Training Orchestra is an important body of musicians in that it provides young pupils who are just learning an instrument with vital early orchestral experience before they join the full orchestra. New members are still required, and rehearsals take place on Tuesdays. Last year's Training Orchestra were able to perform a concert for parents in June.

There are two smaller groups of musicians in the College: the Brass Group, and the Wind Ensemble. The Brass Group, which has now been in existence for a number of years, participated in the three Cathedral Carol Services for Schools, and the Academic Mass. The Group also entertained visitors to the Christmas Fayre, and the residents of the West Derby Old People's Home. It also played a part in the production of 'He Who Gets Slapped', in July.

The Wind Ensemble was formed at the start of this academic year and took part in the Academic Mass in October. These two musical groups are of great importance because not only do they broaden the school's musical outlook, but they provide valuable experience of participation

in a small group of musicians for those involved, and provision of experience in one of the main functions of music in the College.

Participation in the school's musical activities requires punctual attendance at all rehearsals and regular practice if worthwhile results are to be achieved. The following boys made such a contribution to school musical life, and were awarded Full Colours: M. Forde, D. Higham, D. Hope, P. Jackson, M. Kearney, D. Miles, J. Roberts, B. Russell, S. Williams and P. Winn.

Half-colours were awarded to: S. Alderman, J. Causey, A. Forde, A. Higham, J. Ireland, J. Kenny, M. McElroy, J. McGrath, P. Managhan, D. Nolan, J. O'Donnell, M. Salib, S. Speed and N. Walker.

DOMINIC NOLAN
Manager of the Orchestra

Representative Honours:

Knowsley Youth Orchestra: J. Ireland.

Sefton Youth Orchestra: D. Nolan.

Liverpool Schools Symphony Orchestra:

N. Walker, T. Soulsby.

Liverpool Schools Training Orchestra:

M. Donnelly.

CATHEDRAL CHOIR REPORT, 1978-79

In recent years, in line with present Church thought and Doctrine, the Cathedral Choir and Clergy have become increasingly involved in ecumenical occasions. The first of these was the taking part in sung Eucharist at Liverpool Parish Church to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of the rebuilding of the church after the war. In January we took part in the main service for the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity in the Anglican Cathedral.

The summer term was a short one this year because Easter was so late, so that it was more busy than usual, particularly with the ordination as Bishops of Monsignor Kevin O'Connor and Father Anthony Hitchen, a major event in the

year and an experience as joyful and exciting as the installation of Archbishop Worlock nearly three years earlier.

Apart from normal (and some abnormal) liturgical services in this period, June and July saw two outstanding musical events, the first being the annual summer concert, the largest and most ambitious undertaking of the year. In this, the Cathedral Choir was joined by the School Choral Society in a performance of Dvorak's Mass in D and Bernstein's Chichester Psalms, which, with a full orchestra and a huge percussion section, proved the highlight of the evening. The second of these concerts, in July, was a performance of the music of Orlando Gibbons, for which

we were joined by the world-famous Jaye Consort of Viols. Despite the fact that this event fell on a Sunday, the Choir was able to perform to a standard worthy of such distinguished company. During the year, we also performed two deanery concerts in the outer regions of the diocese, bringing to the people of Ormskirk and Ditton the music that they are unable to hear every Sunday in what is their Cathedral.

Six boys of the choir attended the Royal School of Church Music Easter course this year. It was through this course that Robert Mann reached the finals of the Rediffusion 'Chorister of the Year' competition, described in the school magazine of 1977-78. Through his efforts, the choir was able to commission a new Head Chorister's medal of solid silver.

A major disappointment came in summer when we learned that we would not be able to go ahead with our proposed tour of the Cathedrals and Abbeys of the South of England. We hope, however, to be able to do the same tour in 1980,

and, in the future, to tour abroad. Indeed, we have already received invitations from Cologne in West Germany and Liège in Belgium which we hope to fulfil in the next few years.

In October, the Choir broke new ground when it made its first major recording for publication. This will appear in the form of a full-size LP record by Abbey Records, which should have appeared by Christmas. It will contain a wide range of music, from Anton Bruckner all the way DOWN to P...E...D... Later in the month, the choir again performed the Chichester Psalms at a concert in Southport for the Southport Council of Christians and Jews. We had an attentive audience in the latter, for it was sung in Hebrew! We look forward to a similar situation in May and June of next year, when we shall be involved in the National Pastoral Congress and the Hope Street Festival.

DESMOND O'KEEFFE, 5 Domingo

AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY REPORT

Way back in the summer of 1978, the idea of a society (within the College) with an aviation bias was first put forward; however, plans in detail were not finalised until some twelve months later. The plan envisaged a launch date of September 1979, under the guidance of our Staff Patron, Mr. J. P. Fraser; Nicholas J. L. Westhead, 6A, as President, Nigel J. Hornby, 6B, as Vice President and Mark R. Wynn of the 5th form as Secretary.

The St. Edward's College Aeronautical Society or S.E.C.A.S. as we have since entitled ourselves, was founded good and proper on September 7th, 1979, and has since attracted some thirty members. Our main aim is to stimulate interest in all aspects of Aviation (Civil, Military, Aerospace etc.) through the presentation of slides and films and also the holding of discussions, lectures and outings. In the not too distant future, it is hoped to produce a regular

news sheet for members and also a small library, stocked with books, magazines and other aeronautical literature, to which all members will have access.

Our major triumph in 1979 was our second outing, our first to London (Heathrow) Airport (our first outing being to RAF Abingdon), which took place on November 1st, and included a guided tour of the Engineering Facilities, a full account of which occurs elsewhere in this magazine.

In closing, it only remains for me to thank my colleagues, the Headmaster, various teachers, parents and old boys for their ideas and encouragement, the culmination of which is this new Society which, I hope will flourish for many years to come.

NICHOLAS J. L. WESTHEAD, President

PUBLIC-SPEAKING REPORT

The school has had two notable successes in the last year. Wilkinson and Kavanagh of last year's 6A won the local round of the 'Observer Mace' competition, and travelled to York University to be narrowly defeated by Ampleforth. To be placed second in the north of England was most pleasing when we remember the limited opportunity the school provides for debating.

This year's 6A have, at the time of writing,

progressed to the regional round of the English-speaking Union competition, an honour the school has not won for ten years. We hope that Martin Hewitt, John McGrath and Joseph Causey will do well in further rounds of the competition, and that their success will provide an impetus for aspiring speakers from the present 6Bs and 5s.

D.L.S.

RUGBY REPORT, 1978-79



FIRST XV RUGBY

Back row: B. O'Connor, M. Swanick, G. Scott, J. McNerney, I. Buckle, M. Coleman, J. Thorpe.

Front row: G. Short, G. Kearns, I. Parker, M. Johnson, G. Goodman (Capt.), C. Nelson, J. Cunningham, J. McMullen, M. Mannion.

The 1978-79 season was a very successful one for the rugby club culminating in a series of victories in Sevens competitions, the most notable being the double for the 1st Seven.

Due to the bad weather after Christmas only a handful of XV a side games were played, but during the Autumn term most teams enjoyed a

fair share of good results. The 1st XV lost a couple of games in September by the narrowest of margins but then went unbeaten until the last game of the season against Llanelli. During this run of 10 games, over 300 points were scored and only 28 conceded. Furthermore, in 5 of these games a clean sheet was maintained. A notable

feature of the season was the strong running of the backs in particular both wingers scoring 32 tries between them, Short with 18 and Parker close behind with 14. Very sound defensive work by the team as a whole meant that only 9 tries were scored against them during the season.

The 2nd XV enjoyed a very successful season also, losing only 1 game—against Rydal, 4—10, on a very wet and muddy pitch. A feature of many games was the good running by the backs with B. Reilly being top points scorer with 11 tries, closely followed by A. Walsh, 36 points, and J. Farrell, 33 points. Some very effective tackling by A. O'Dea, P. Gibson and S. Young meant that only 63 points were conceded during the season.

The 3rd XV maintained their unbeaten record winning 1 and drawing 1.

The U16 only played 4 matches and began in good style, scoring over 70 points in their first two games, but then lost the next two by the narrowest of margins.

The U15 lost only 4 of their 13 games and owed much of their success to the hard training and many hours of practice each week. They were not the most talented of sides yet through their determination conquered many sides, who on paper should have beaten them. It would be unfair to single out any player for praise as the success of the team was based on team work.

The U14 enjoyed a moderately successful season without ever really distinguishing themselves, losing 5 of their 11 games. Neither backs nor forwards ever realised their full potential except in the 7-a-side tournaments. The outstanding players were Short, Martin and Jacobs, and it became increasingly obvious that the team relied too much on these individuals. A greater all-round team effort will no doubt bring greater success in the future.

The U13 had a most successful season, losing only 1 of their 14 games and amply fulfilled the promise shown in the first year. Their best win was against Cowley when they scored over 50 points, and overall their success was based on having a large squad of keen, competent players with no obvious weakness or outstanding

strengths. The forwards were at their best in loose play with Johnstone, Doyle, Moore, Kelly and Bond outstanding. The pick of the backs were Rudkin, a fine captain, Kerr, Hyde-Price, Boyd and Clayton.

The B team were undefeated in all their matches and players worthy of a mention are Higham, O'Leary, De Asha, Farrell, Heyes, Lawler and Williams.

The U12 A and B teams had a good season, losing only 4 of their 17 games, and these losses were by very narrow margins. Their success was largely due to outstanding team performances but mention should be made of two individuals—Daren Moore, as top scorer with 48 points, and David Birchall as a fine captain.

1978-79 SEVENS COMPETITIONS

The Sevens season opened on the first week-end of March at Birkenhead School and provided the 1st Sevens squad with valuable practice. They won the tournament by beating King's Macclesfield in the final, despite losing two players with injury. The next event was due to take place at Orrell RUFC the following week-end but due to circumstances beyond our control, this competition was scrapped. So too was the following competition at Nuneaton because of heavy falls of snow. And so, the Annual National Sevens at Oxford arrived. After a very close encounter against Plymouth College, St. Edward's won 22—18 in extra time. They then beat St. Benedict's 18—0 and Woolverstone Hall 18—4 to reach the final in which they beat Christ's College, Brecon, 18—6. This success meant that St. Edward's achieved a national record by winning the senior or junior titles five times in succession.

Then came the Ressler Park Sevens, and after another very close match in the early stages when St. Edward's beat London Oratory 9—6, after two periods of extra time, they progressed quietly but surely to the final in which they met Plymouth College again. In atrocious conditions the 'mudlarks' as they became known came from



RUGBY SEVENS SQUAD

P. Cunningham, I. Parker, J. McNerney, M. Johnson, G. Scott, Referee.
G. Goodman, M. Mannion, J. McMullen
(after Rosslyn Park victory)

behind to win 9—4 in an exciting final. This result meant that St. Edward's had achieved a remarkable double, and is in fact the only school to have achieved this not once, but twice, the previous occasion being in 1975.

Other teams were also preparing for Sevens tournaments and good results were obtained. The 2nd Seven entered the Collegiate Sevens and won it for the first time. The U16 lost only 1 game in 5 in the Southport Sevens, and after a magnificent game in the quarter final lost narrowly to Cowley

in the semi-finals of the Oxford tournament.

The U15 won the Nuneaton Sevens for the first time and were losing finalists in the Christian Brothers Sevens held at St. Edward's. In this same competition the U14 A team beat the B team in the final and victories were also recorded by the U13 and U12 teams, the latter in extra time after a magnificent match.

An excellent series of results for all concerned.



U13 sevens squad

Back row: R. Doyle, M. Bond, D. Rudkin, S. Johnstone, J. Short.

Front row: M. Kerr, G. Hyde-Price, G. Boyd.

RUGBY TEAS RESULTS 1978-79

Team	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
1st XV	15	11	1	3	384	68
2nd XV	11	10	0	1	323	63
3rd XV	2	1	1	0	24	14
U16	4	2	0	2	87	22
U15	13	7	2	4	297	105
U14(A)	11	6	0	5	216	121
U14(B)	1	1	0	0	22	18
U13(A)	14	13	0	1	465	97
U13(B)	7	7	0	0	252	26
U12(A)	11	6	1	4	108	46
U12(B)	6	5	1	0	112	15

In December 1978 1st XV and 2nd XV went on tour to France for a week—Beziers and Narbonne in the South of France and Macon in Central France. Played 5, Won 3, Lost 2, Points for:71, against 52.

Representative Honours:

U19 Level:

Parker, I.—North of England trialist, represented Lancashire and South West Lancashire.

Coleman, M.—Represented Lancashire and South West Lancashire.

Mannion, M., Cunningham J., Thorpe J.—Represented South West Lancashire.

U16 Level:

Coleman D., Young S.—Represented North of England, Lancashire and South West Lanes.

Sweeney T., Jordan K., O'Leary M.—Represented South West Lancashire.

U15 Level:

Mannion G.—Represented Merseyside.

School Honours:

Special awards were presented to the following boys for their achievement in the Sevens competitions at Rosslyn Park, Oxford and

Birkenhead: Mannion M., McMullen J., Johnson M., Parker I., Cunningham J., Goodman G., McNerney J., Nelson C., Scott G., O'Connor B. All of these also received Full Colours, as did Coleman M.

Half Colours were awarded to Kearns G., Short G., Buckle I., Thorpe J., Walsh A., Gibson P.

The Captain's Cup for the 1st XV, donated by the School, was presented to Goodman G.

The Captain's Cup for the 2nd XV, donated by the Old Boys, was presented to Walsh A.

SWIMMING REPORT, 1978-79

This swimming report deals, as in previous years, with the full range of swimming activities that takes place in the school under the general heading of the swimming club.

As in previous years also, the weekly swimming gala is the main activity, catering as it does for the majority of school swimmers. However, unlike most previous years, we lost two swimming galas out of the 15 swum in 1978-79—our usual defeat by Bluecoat School was accompanied by a surprise defeat by the Everton-Swimming-Club dominated school, West Derby Comprehensive.

As in previous years also, the 6th form swimmers organised the teaching of the awards for personal survival, and to date, 28 Bronze awards have been gained, 6 Silver and 10 Gold.

These awards always appear to have a great appeal to many boys in the school, and many inquiries are made concerning times of practice. Unfortunately, the number of inquiries is never matched by the number of boys who turn-up for training, which seems a great pity. Details concerning these, and all other swimming activities, are always printed in the fixture card.

I was very pleased to report last year on our first major success in the Liverpool Schools Swimming Championships, when we had our first Liverpool Champion and came second in the Champion Schools Trophy.

This year we held our second place in the overall Championships, but won two individual championships when Grant Cullen won the U15 Breast Stroke Championship and the Mylie Cup; and John Nugent, the U15 Butterfly Championship and the Shimmin Cup.

By way of summing up this swimming report, can I just make one comment that has relevance for all the reports that you might read in this magazine?

It has taken the swimming club 16 years of very hard work to reach the dizzy heights of coming 2nd in Liverpool, having two Individual Champions and having a team like our 4th year team who were unbeaten in all their matches this season, beating even the mighty Bluecoat. And yet, you will read of some of our teams and boys being not only 1st in Liverpool and 1st in the County, but first in England.

Don't look down on clubs like the swimming club which hasn't yet achieved these high awards—rather, try to appreciate the work that must have gone into these other clubs over the years and the dedication put in by both boys and staff to reach these pinnacles—and then sit back and be pleased and proud that you are privileged to be part of this set-up.

As a result of this year's swimming activities, the following awards were made on Colours Day:

Half Colours: Andrew Higham, David Galvin,
David Fisher, Andrew Hill, Colin Scriven.

Swimmer of the Year Award: Grant Cullen.

Mylie Cup: Grant Cullen.

Shimmin Cup: John Nugent.

Full Colours: Anthony Quayle, David Hill.

Captain's Cup: Anthony Quayle.

Swimming Club results, 1978-79

	Swam	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st Year	15	9	0	6
2nd Year	15	9	0	6
3rd Year	12	5	0	7
4th Year	12	12	0	0
Open Year	11	8	1	2

Overall result: 15 Galas; Won 13; Lost 2.

Liverpool Schools Swimming Championships, 1979, Results.

Individual:

U15 Back Stroke: J. Nugent 3rd.

U13 Breast Stroke: A. Earl 2nd.

U15 Breast Stroke: G. Cullen 1st, Winner of Mylie Cup.

U15 Butterfly: J. Nugent 1st, Winner of Shimmin Cup.

Open Butterfly: A. Hill 3rd.

U15 Crawl: J. Nugent 3rd.

Open Crawl: M. Salib 5th.

Team Events:

U13 Medley Relay: 3rd.

U14 Medley Relay: 3rd.

U15 Medley Relay: 2nd.

Open Medley Relay: 3rd.

U12 Crawl Relay: 3rd.

U13 Crawl Relay: 3rd.

U14 Crawl Relay: 4th.

U15 Crawl Relay: 2nd.

Open Crawl Relay: 4th.

Ball Trophy (8 × 1 Breast Stroke Relay): 3rd.

Champion Schools Trophy:

1st — Bluecoat School.

2nd — St. Edward's College.

3rd — West Derby Comprehensive.

A.S.A. Personal Survival Awards

Bronze Award:

J. Mallon, S. Robinson, G. Connor, F. Fishwick, M. Tudisco, T. Grace, D. Nolan, D. Williams, P. O'Brien, P. Roberts, A. Taylor, T. Naik, B. Curd, G. McIver, L. Pringle, G. Bond, C. Smith, M. Feerick, A. McGovern, K. Moore, M. O'Rourke, M. Bond, A. Roberts, P. Murphy, K. Bygroves, S. Whitfield, J. Jones, D. Connolly.

Silver Award:

G. Connor, S. Robinson, F. Fishwick, M. Tudisco, T. Grace, D. Williams.

Gold Award:

R. Lacy, A. Kemp, J. Carroll, M. Forde, P. Anwyl, C. Johnson, P. Duffy, M. Gleave, P. Fitzsimons, D. Banks.

INTER-CLASS SPORTS RESULTS, 1978-79

Cross Country: Hope.

Rugby: Mersey.

Swimming: Hope.

Athletics: Mersey.

Cricket: Domingo.

Art Connolly, 6A, is to be congratulated on plunging into the sea off the coast of Cork in Ireland, during the summer holidays, and saving the life of a young boy who was drifting out to sea.

A.G.

BADMINTON REPORT, 1978-80 SEASONS**BADMINTON**

M. Salib, M. Staunton, P. Monaghan, N. Geeleher,
G. Ormesher, N. Moore, P. Edge.

Last year's team had a good season but unfortunately did not win the Merseyside League. They won 8 out of 10 of their matches in League A but narrowly lost to teams from Alsop and Deyes High. Nevertheless, the other matches were won comfortably and special mention must be made of the record of the first pair, Nick Moore (Captain) and Neil Geeleher who, despite the very high standard of opposition, lost only 1 event in the 30 matches they played. The team's success was also due to consistently good play from the other team members, Paul Monaghan and Mark Staunton and Greg Ormesher and Andy Sian.

Particular thanks are due to Peter Edge and Mark Salib who stepped in at a moment's notice to replace absent team members. Despite the loss of Mr. Metcalf, this year's team has a good chance of winning League A and going on to become the 'Merseyside Overall Champions'. Thanks are also due to Brother Dee for arranging this year's fixtures and to the new team manager, Mr. Smith, who has shown such interest in badminton in the school.

The prospects for badminton becoming a school sport open to all years are very good with

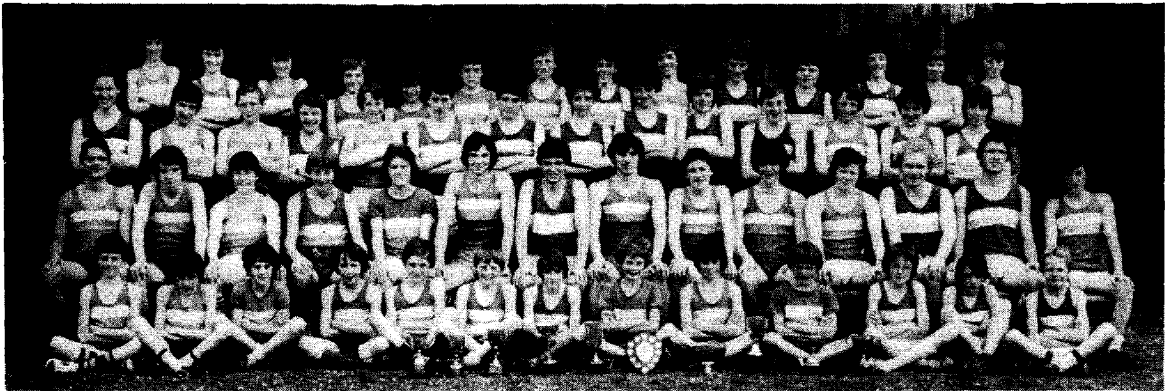
the building of a five-court sports hall which should be completed by summer. This will enable all years to participate and will therefore offer tremendous scope for the overall standard of badminton in the school to greatly improve. It is most probable that on completion of the new gym regular inter-class badminton matches will also

be arranged.

In recognition of their achievements in badminton for the school the following players were awarded full colours: Nick Moor (Captain), Neil Geeleher, Andrew Sian.

MARK STAUNTON (Team Captain)

ATHLETICS REPORT, 1979



In normal years, it is easy for me to report on the state of athletics in the school and to reel off the numerous successes achieved. This year it is not so easy. There are many reasons—from bus strikes to bad weather—why our season was so rather ordinary when compared with previous years. However, in the major championships of which we were able to enter the junior, intermediate and senior teams all won their trophies at the Christian Brothers Schools Championships, while the first four years athletics teams won the Central District Championships for the 15th consecutive year.

It might have been because the trials for the county championships had to be cancelled that there appeared to be a little less interest in it this year than previously. However, out of the 26 boys from the College selected for these County Championships, 6 championships were won.

Daren Kelly, Tim Larcombe, Bryan Homan, Michael Cimelli and John Lawler all won their events with a county standard, while Robbie Rule and Paul Brownbill won their events with an All-

England Standard.

It is a pleasure to congratulate D. Kelly, F. Short, D. Galvin, Paul Sanderson and Paul Brownbill on being selected for the All-England Championships in Nottingham early in July. Also to be congratulated are Robbie Rule and Benedict Walsh on being selected to represent Great Britain Catholic Schools in the European Championships in Spain in mid-July.

Individually, athletes in other teams have also been very successful. In the first year, Paul Duffy, Simon Derryhouse and Brian Smitton have shown themselves to be outstanding prospects for the future. Tim Larcombe in the second year has continued to make excellent progress, breaking two school records this season. Francis Short has also managed to put his name on more school records in the triple jump in the third year, while in the 4th year, although many individual athletes have stood out, the most promising feature is the way in which the majority of the team have continued to train hard, even when there appeared to be little likelihood of a fixture.

Because the senior athletics was so curtailed this year, there are less individuals than usual to report on. However, it must be remembered that some of the 6th form athletes who left in July took with them the success of seven years of athletic achievement. Athletes like David Galvin, Mike Coleman and John McNerney have been in competitions from inter-school right up to All-England Championships, while others like Mike Mannion, Nick Melville, John Stitt and Simon Foran, while never achieving these heights, competed for the school for seven years with dedication and enthusiasm. I will be more than pleased if the boys they leave behind, come anywhere near to filling their vacant places.

Before concluding, can I just mention one more point?

Colours are awarded for excellence, not only in the senior teams but also for outstanding contribution to the sport over many years. In a few cases, we might find, maybe, a player who hasn't just made an award in one sport, and similarly, has just missed out on another. In cases like this, the combined contribution is put together and the boy awarded colours in just one sport. This has happened, in fact, in some cases this year.

Half Colours: Ian Parker, Gary Kearns, Dominic Bartley, Simon Foran, Mark McCourt, Paul Brownbill, Paul Sanderson, David Higgins.

Full Colours: David Galvin, Nick Melville, Mike Mannion, Greg Scott, John McNerney, Mike Coleman.

200 M Cup: Ian Parker, 22.8.

Gt. Britain Badges: R. Rule, B. Walsh.

Middle School Best Performance Cup: R. Rule.

Captain's Cup: David Galvin.

Christian Brothers Schools Championships:

Seniors: Winners of Bro. Gibbons Shield.

Inters: Winners of Bro. Casey Cup.

Juniors: Winners of Bro. Robinson Cup.

2nd Year: Winners of Bro. Coffey Shield.

1st Year: Winners of Hackett Shield.

Central District Championships:

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

Champion School of Liverpool Championships:

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

Representative Honours:

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

Juniors: M. Kerr, 200m 4th; S. Best, 400m 3rd; M. Gleeson, 400m 6th; D. Kelly, 1500m 1st*; T. Larcombe, 1500m 2nd*; B. Murphy, 1500m 4th; B. Homan, High 3rd*; M. Cimelli, P.V. 1st*; I. Blunsum, P.V.; E. Devlin, P.V.; J. Lawler, Shot 1st*; R. Riley, Shot 2nd; J. McGowan, Discus 4th; M. O'Hare, Javelin 1st; M. Appleton, Hammer 2nd.

Inters: J. Doyle, 100m 5th; P. Anderson, 400m 5th; B. Walsh, 400m 6th; G. Mannion, 800m 3rd; R. Rule, 1500m 1st*†, S. Gibbons, Javelin 2nd.

Seniors: D. Higgins, Triple 2nd; P. Brownbill, P.V. 1st*†.

*County Standard.

†All England Standard.

All England Athletics Championships:

The following were selected to represent Merseyside in the above Championships: Daren Kelly, 1500m; Paul Sanderson, P.V.; Francis Short, Triple Jump; Paul Brownbill, P.V.; David Galvin, 400m.

A.G.

THE FIRST XI CRICKET TOUR TO DEVON

1979

After an inconsistent season, the First XI set off to do battle in the wilds of the South West of England.

The tour organiser, Mr. P. Thompson, set off with his shades in the mini-bus, while the team manager and coach, Mr. Olsen, went forth with much rapture in his mini.

One stop at a very seedy out-of-the-way motorway café saw the side safely down to Devon. On our arrival, the news that the team was to be quartered in two hostels provoked Tom Burke, who was decidedly unimpressed with the whole

situation, into a frenzy of organisation. Tuesday was a free day and such innovating activities as golf and watching the Test Match were pursued by the party!

Our first match was on Wednesday. It was against Plympton High School and it was all excitement as Ireland was dropped for the game. The actual playing pitch resembled something like a rice pudding but this in no way hindered an excellent batting performance by the side. Edge 'slogged' expertly for 54 and was well supported by Gibson, Manley, Matthews and Walker. St. Edward's declared at 167 for 8 and were unlucky not to win, only being thwarted by sturdy tail-end batting from Plympton. The team, bitter and dejected, returned to their pastimes of Tuesday night, bitter and . . .

Thursday saw us come up against Plympton High School. Plymouth Grammar School must have got wind of Pete Edge! This time, the tourists spared no mercy, scoring 203 for 8 in 40 overs. Walker, on a bright sunny day, literally dazzled the opposition with his bright orange hair in scoring 75. Celebrations were in order that evening and David Furlong noted that it was a vintage year for roadsigns! It was beyond him to refuse this offer.

Friday was another free day and the manager thought it a splendid idea to relieve the side from the pressures of top-level cricket. A visit to Newquay was arranged, but not without its problems. Martin McElroy, the Vice Captain of the side, had digestive problems in the mini, to the delight of Mr. Olsen and the amusement of the rest of the party.

The lack of changing accommodation on Newquay's Central Beach led to the setting up of the St. Edward's College Naturist Society by Kevin Matthews and Nick Manley. A bad tempered game of football followed with the 6A's easily defeating an inexperienced junior side. Mike O'Leary refused to take 'unmitigated stick' about his inept goalkeeping. However, Tom ('my cup is overflowing') Burke revived our drooping spirits and took us on an educational trip that evening.

Saturday, our final full day, saw us playing the top local side, Plymstock High School. It was a very windy morning but St. Edward's accelerated to 160 for 8 after 30 overs. Nick Manley, in outstanding form, scored 71 and McMullen, Edge, Ireland and Burke 'yahooed' elegantly to reach this commanding score. The opposition was dismissed cheaply, with Mike O'Leary taking his first senior wicket. (About time!)

The now well-established tradition of having a meal on the final Saturday night was adhered to. Conformists had soup-of-the-day but the immature, rebel-without-cause, O'Leary (again) insisted on melon. The news was broken to us by Mr. Thomson that M.F.P. was H.B. and we celebrated.

We arrived home safely on Sunday afternoon and special thanks are due to Mr. Thompson, Organisation, Shades; Mr. Olsen, Manager, Mini; P. Gibson, Leadership; T. Burke, Wit.

J. IRELAND } VIA Mods.
M. McELROY }

CHESS REPORT

The school's chess teams again had a very mixed year. The U13s playing in the Liverpool Schools' League, acquitted themselves admirably and came very close to being overall winners. The U15s, also playing in the Liverpool Schools' League, had a fairly indifferent season. The Seniors, playing for the first time in the Liverpool Schools' U18 League, met with little success. The Senior team also competed in the Wright Shield

and Sunday Times Tournament.

The relatively inexperienced U13 team was as successful as any St. Edward's chess team has been for a considerable time. The loss of former team members who moved up into the U15 team was more than adequately compensated for by the form of three promising first year boys, Paul Taylor, Martin Bates and Patrick Quill, all of whom were selected to represent Liverpool in

their age group. Under the captaincy of John Kelly, the team won its preliminary section, beating Liverpool College A, Manor High, Gonzaga, and Prescott School. In the final section, they did well to tie for first place with Bluecoat, and then draw with them in the play-off for first place. Unfortunately, the tie-breaking rule meant that the Championship was awarded to Bluecoat. Nevertheless, the U13s are to be congratulated on a fine season.

The U15s had a disappointing season. Despite having a strong captain in Carl Anderson, and other promising players such as Nicholas Baily and Carl Rumble (all of whom represented Liverpool), the U15s seemed unable to put it together on the night, and this meant that although they beat Ruffwood, Manor High and Gonzaga to win their preliminary section, they then failed to win a game in the championship section, to end the season on a disappointing note.

The Senior team fared worst of all. Denied the services of Tim Allen and Graham Bramwell for many fixtures, because of other commitments, and already considerably weakened by the loss of Peter Hughes and Mark Webster (both of whom left school in 1978) the team was always struggling. Although captain, Martin Hewitt, and Matthew Murphy were picked regularly for Liverpool, the team lacked depth. The consequence of this was two 0—7 defeats, at the hands of Bluecoat and Calday Grange, in the Wright Shield. Although the team salvaged some pride by beating Oldershaw 5½—1½, and also scored a 3—2 win over Prescott School, the team members found success very much at a premium. With the match against Calday also counting for the 'Sunday Times', the school was also eliminated from this tournament in the opening round.

M. HEWITT

THE SCHOOL TRIP TO MADRID, SUMMER 1979

30th July: Aboard the London to Liverpool Express. Four masters and nineteen pupils are champing away at hastily concocted sandwiches and gulping down British Rail tea. Suddenly there is complete silence and one of the sixth-formers approaches Mr. Mars with a bottle of whisky in his (the sixth-former's) hand. The presentation is made and after a brief round of applause Mr. Mars thanks the group for the whisky and for their good behaviour during the previous ten days. Everyone agreed that the trip had been an enjoyable success.

20th July: Thanks to British Rail's 'Express' train we arrived at Euston approximately one hour late. We dashed to Victoria via the underground but found that our train had left for Dover. A two hour wait ensued. We finally got to Paris in the evening and after another dash in the Metro we caught the Spanish train immediately. Unfortunately we had lost our reservations and had to spend the night in the corridors as the train hurtled towards Irun. Before crossing the border

we had to change trains because the gauge of the track is different in Spain, and when we eventually did cross the border there was an audible sigh of relief.

The Basque countryside is almost indescribable; the train rolled through grassy mountains dotted with picturesque houses with well-kept kitchen gardens; the occasional mountain goat or babbling brook caught the eye. In short, this journey through supposedly hostile territory was exhilarating.

We reached our hotel on the wide Avenida de Jose Antonio at 11 o'clock on Saturday night after the smoothest of journeys on the luxurious Talgo Express. The hotel decor was old-fashioned and the bedroom doors comprised antique coloured glass which wobbled precariously when they were opened or closed. The lounges were decorated with old paintings and brass ornaments which reflected the characters of the two owners: they were elderly sisters, fast talkers and a bit wary of foreigners.

The first morning was relaxed. We visited a nearby café for breakfast and later went to Mass in a Gothic church which Brother Murphy had found. We walked through Madrid after and visited the Plaza Mayor. After dinner we walked on to the Parque del Retiro. This is a massive park situated about half a mile from the Prado. It contains a boating lake, side-shows, stalls and numerous leafy walkways. Most of the group spent the afternoon rowing on the lake, and, because of the incredible heat, drinking ice-cold coca-cola.

The group did not dine together. We received 300 pesetas each morning and what we bought to eat was solely our choice. This was advantageous in two ways: we could practice our Spanish on unwary waiters, and, if we did not feel hungry because of the heat, then we could wait until the evening and buy a slap-up meal.

On Monday we visited the Casa de Campo. The group split in two there with some going to the Zoo and others to the swimming pool. The cold water in the latter offered a welcome chance to cool down.

Tuesday was very busy. In the morning we spent a couple of hours in the Prado, furtively attempting to photograph some of the masterpieces. On display were millions of pounds worth of paintings. Whole rooms were devoted to individual artists: Velázquez, Goya, El Greco, Ribera, Murillo, Zurbarán etc. There were tourists from all parts of the world. In the afternoon we travelled by coach to El Escorial, the magnificent palace built in the reign of Philip II. Inside, a multitude of pictures, statues, tombs and illuminated books came under our gaze. The most interesting part of all was the room containing the marble coffins of the Spanish Royal Families of the past two centuries. We later visited El valle de los Caídos where we were greeted with the sight of a huge 250 ft. stone cross protruding from the top of a mountain. Inside the hollowed mountain is a cathedral and the whole place is a monument to all the men killed in the Civil War (1936-39).

Wednesday was designated as a shopping day and in the evening most of the group went to a bullfight in Madrid's main arena. We were

amazed to discover a woman bullfighter and more so when she proved better than the other matadors with her.

Thursday morning was comparatively quiet. Some of us visited the huge fountains in the Plaza de Colón and amused ourselves by pulling funny faces and adopting silly postures in front of the twisted full-length mirrors there. Later we split up again, some going to the Parque de Atracciones and others to the Casa de Campo for a swim.

Toledo was the next place to be besieged by us British tourists, and unfortunately for the local inhabitants we were there all day. Whether they had prior warning of our visit is debatable, but the streets were somewhat empty. The teachers (Mr. Mars, Mr. Bowring, Mr. Miles, Mr. Darbyshire—notice two have since left—and Bro. Murphy from St. Anselm's) all disappeared saying they were going to visit El Greco's house, while the rest of the group scattered. The cathedral was magnificent though unfortunately too dark for us to get a proper look at some of its treasures. The temperature that day was 100°.

The group dined together for the first time on Saturday evening in a small restaurant. The table was full of wine, noise, champings and the inimitable voice of Mr. Darbyshire retelling stories of his university life. The boys were treated to free drinks after the meal in another bar, but everyone remained sober after, running round the fountains in Plaza de España partaking in 'dying-fly' impressions.

The following day we went to Mass early, packed and then began the long journey home. All went smoothly. We were surprised and relieved in Paris when we picked up a 'Guardian' however, and found that a bomb had exploded in Madrid's main station only minutes before our departure the previous day. A few hours later we had crossed the Channel, passed through London and arrived on time at Lime Street.

The trip had been an enormous success. Everyone seemed to have really enjoyed the visit and a return visit is planned for 1980 or 1981.

KEVIN NACEY and CHRIS GREENE
6A Moderns

RUNNYMEDE

Mr. WILLIAM KELLY

It is with deep regret that we record the death this year of Mr. William Kelly, our esteemed colleague and dear friend. He was known to many simply as 'Bill'.

Educated by the Jesuits in Preston, Bill began his teaching career in Runnymede in the mid-1940's after completing his National Service in the RAF. After wide and varied teaching experience (including some years spent at St. Mary's College, Crosby) he returned to Runnymede to what were to be his final years in the profession.

During this time, we witnessed the unmatched energy, dedication and commitment to the task of teaching, of a true Christian gentleman. His hard work and concern for the poor and less fortunate showed in his work for the S.V.P. Much of his spare time was spent finding clothes and lodgings for the needy. He had planned to

spend the years of his retirement working full-time for the S.V.P. He was President of the Liverpool Central Council.

Bill died on Saturday, 3rd March, 1979, at home. On Monday, the College flag flew at half mast—a reminder of our tragic loss. Requiem Mass was said at his own parish church, St. Helen's, Crosby, on 7th March, attended by Bill's wife and family and a large congregation—a testimony to the high regard in which Bill was held. The staff and boys of Runnymede together with several main school classes and members of staff and Brothers also attended on this moving occasion.

On behalf of the staff and boys of St. Edward's College, we the Runnymede staff would like to offer our sincerest sympathy to Bill's wife, Winefride, and to his family.

May he rest in peace.

RUNNYMEDE SPORTS REPORT

This sporting year could hardly be described as successful in terms of results though all the boys must be congratulated for the efforts they have made.

The football season was curtailed by the severe winter. The Junior Four team performed reasonably well in their league and at the time it was abandoned were in second place though, in all honesty, this was rather a false position. Paul Marsh deservedly won the 'Player of the Year' award after a season of steady improvement and consistent effort. The Junior Three team did not play many games and will probably find life rather difficult in the league next season though they certainly do not lack enthusiasm.

The cross-country team had a most successful season coming second in the L.C.S. Cross-country Primary League. Damian Chambers was outstanding and was ranked second fastest runner

in the city. Mention should also be made of Richard Neuling (J3), who shows great potential. Damian Chambers was selected to run for the Liverpool Primary Schools Cross-country Team.

The Summer term saw the boys training with enthusiasm for the athletics and swimming teams. On the track creditable results were achieved by the team. Damian Chambers (J4), Stephen Routledge (J2) and Peter Cottam (J1) all produced excellent performances but pride of place must go to Richard Neuling (J3), City Champion in the 135 metres and the second best long jumper in the Under 10 group. Richard was selected to run for the Liverpool Primary School Athletics Team.

In swimming the success Runnymede has enjoyed over the past three years continued. The team achieved a clean sweep in all competitions they entered. They ended the year as North

District Champions, Intermediate Champions and City Champions. The high spot of the season was Tony McGill's magnificent performance in winning the cup for the fastest back-stroker in Liverpool.

The cricket season proved to be a non-event due to an industrial dispute which meant that no wickets were cut in the city for junior games. John Armstrong (J3) looks to be a useful player and great things are expected of him next year when we hope that cricket will feature as a Runnymede activity again.

Thanks are due to parents who helped to transport boys to their sporting events. Without their help many activities would not have been possible.

P.S.

Runnymede Cup—The boy who contributed most to the life of the School: ROBERT LACY.

Sports Awards:

Football—Paul Marsh.

Athletics—Richard Neuling.

Cricket—Patrick Allen.

Swimming—Damian Chambers.

Cross Country—Damian Chambers.

For displaying Sportsmanship throughout the year: Philip Collins and Anthony McGill.

Sports Results:

Football: Junior Four, 2nd in their league, Played 8, Won 5, Lost 3, Drawn 0.

Cross Country: 2nd in L.C.S.A. CC League; 3rd in Intermediate Championships; 2nd in U10 City Championships; 3rd in Liverpool Super Championships.

Swimming: 1st in North District Championships; 1st in the Intermediate Championships.

Athletics: 4th in Intermediate Championships; Nine boys qualified for the City Championships.

Cricket: League abandoned, Lost 1, Drew 1.

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MY DOG, KIM

My dog, Kim, is very nice,
She is quite big,
But she will not bite.

She can run very fast
When I run with her,
I am sometimes last.

She can bark very loud,
She's a faithful hound
Is my dog, Kim.

INDRANIL CHAKRABARTI, Junior I

THE WINTER DAYS

The leaves are red,
And the flowers are dead,
And the clouds are drifting swiftly.

The snow is white,
When it's nearly night,
And the days are getting shorter.

Why is it dark so soon
When it is only afternoon?

DANIEL BECHKA, Junior I

There was a little boy,
With a little toy.
He got it in May,
On the twenty-fourth day.

I am that little boy,
With that little toy,
Because it was my birthday
On the twenty-fourth of May.

DAMIAN HUGHES, Junior I

BOOKS

Red books, black books, green books, blue books,
Many are the books I read.
Long books, short books, new books, old books,
I read them with great speed.
Books about cars and books of planes,
I like to read them all.
Books about cats and books of dogs, and mice
that are so small.

MATTHEW BIRCHALL, Junior I

GERTCHA!

I know a dog named Kim,
Who's often in our bin.
He's such a big fat dog.
He looks just like a frog.
With bits of bin he's torn,
He rolls around our lawn,
Till my Dad sees the mess,
And shouts out in distress:
Gertcha!
(or excuse me, little doggie, please go away.)

MICHAEL DONAFEE, Junior I

MY FOUR FISHES

Eeny, Meeny, Miney and Mo,
Are my four fishes,
See them go.
In and out of the weeds they dart,
Always together, never apart.
They splash and they splish,
As they swim in a row,
Eeny, Meeny, Miney and Mo.

MARK BUCKELS, Junior I

A CAKE

When I am young I have a small birthday cake,
 It goes in the oven, it takes an hour to bake.
 When it comes out of the oven it should look
 brown;
 I would like to eat it now but it has to cool down.

MARK CAMPBELL, Junior I

RIDING IN A CAR

I like riding in a car,
 It takes me very far,
 It takes me to the country,
 Where there's lots of things to see.
 It takes me to the sea-side,
 And that's where I like to be.

ADAM YOUNIS, Junior I

THE FROG

I live beside the river banks;
 Among the reeds I play my pranks.
 I jump and skip through the rushes,
 And when I slip, I hide my blushes.

But what I like best of all
 Are the starry nights of the fall,
 When I can sit on a lily-pad ring
 And make my croaking attempts to sing.

These are the things I write in my log,
 Because, you see, I am a frog.

CHRISTOPHER McIVER, J2

THE BOY WITH THE GOLF CLUBS

One day a boy called David went to a field to play golf. As he was doing so, some boys, five of them, came into the field and crept behind David and pinched his golf bag and some golf clubs. David turned round and saw that his things were pinched and went to look for them. He was walking to one side of the field and the five boys jumped out from behind the bushes. They took David by the neck and pulled him to the bushes. David tried to escape but he could not. David was only eight and the boys were about twice as old as David. Luckily some more boys were walking past the field and heard David yell and went to see what was happening. They saw some people fighting in the bushes. They ran to the police station. They went inside and explained to the police what was happening and the police then ran out to the field and went to the bushes and caught the five boys. When doing this, they saw the golf clubs next to them. The police took the boys and the clubs and David to the police station. David explained to the police what had happened and he took his golf clubs back home. Tired but happy, he thought to himself, 'Take care of your golf clubs.'

MARTIN FRASER, J2

Q: What does a leg do when it is scared?

A: Legs it!

JULIAN CARROLL, J2

MY TORTOISE

I have a tortoise, he crawls very slow.
 He does not like to be in the snow.
 He is very small and eats a lot.
 And he likes it to be quite hot.

SEAN BYRNE, J2

Q: Why did the mushroom cross the road?

A: Because it was the chicken's day off!

Jack: Is this a good place for fish?

Jill: It must be—I can't get any to leave it!

CHRISTOPHER CUMMINGS, J2

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION REPORT

This academic year will contain the 20th anniversary of the formation of the Parents' Association. Its growth from strength to strength is a tribute, first to the farsighted pioneers who laid down such strong foundations, then to the continued support of succeeding 'generations' of parents.

A span of two decades is bound to produce changes in personnel, but the main aims of the Association are as relevant as ever.

A notable change this year was the departure for Stoke of Br. Chincotta, after six years as Headmaster. We thank Brother for his many kindnesses, his caring and his hard work during his headship at St. Edward's, and wish him every happiness and success in his new duties. Goodison Park can surely ill afford to lose such an enthusiastic supporter!

Another departure was that of Br. Brickley, who was Superior of the Community at St. Edward's, as well as a staunch supporter of the Parents' Association. Br. Brickley is now at Bath, and we extend to him our hopes and prayers for good health and happiness.

In place of Br. Chincotta as Headmaster, and Br. Brickley as Superior, we are pleased to welcome Br. Gillespie, an Old Boy of Runnymede and the main school, and recently Deputy Head. We look forward to a happy and fruitful association with Br. Gillespie.

Our Committee also underwent changes, and

although we had to say goodbye to Tom Begg, Molly Colquitt, Pat McMahon and Reg Pritchard, we were able to recruit capable replacements in Ann Moran, Angela O'Grady, John Potter and Pam Thornton.

The Socials continue to be highly successful, thanks to the hard-working Bar and Social Sub-Committees. The Finishing Touch Pool, our main fund-raising medium, has had another good year, and together with the 200 Club will help greatly the completion of our newest projects, the Sports Hall.

These notes are written in December, and so cannot cover the whole Association year, but we have recently enjoyed our most successful-ever Christmas Fayre, and our grateful thanks are extended to our multitude of helpers (parents and boys), and also of course to our friends who turned up 'on the day' to support us.

Any Parents' Association relies very much on voluntary help, and our gratitude goes to Br. Gillespie and the Brothers in the Community, the College secretaries, the Staff and the boys of the College, who have helped us so willingly on so many occasions.

The present Committee is listed overleaf. Please contact us if you have any query or suggestion.

D. E. NOLAN, Vice-Chairman

COMMITTEE 1979-80**President:**

Rev. Br. W. Gillespie

Chairman:

Mr. G. M. Hickman, 53 Larkhill Lane, L13 226 3488

Vice-Chairman:

Mr. D. E. Nolan, 19 Orrell Road, L21 928 2856

Secretary:

Mrs. E. Melville, 23 Walney Road, L12 226 8410

Treasurer:

Mr. B. Roberts, 292 Woolton Road, L16 722 1502

Members:

Mr. N. Ashton, 7a Elmswood Road, L17

Mr. T. J. Baker, 10 Larch Road, Huyton, L36 489 5930

Mr. D. Bannon, 102 Broadgreen Road, L13 228 1887

Mr. K. Curd, 52 Broadgreen Road, L13 228 9913

Mr. F. Colquitt, 54 Birchfield Road, Widnes 424 2162

Mr. M. A. Fitzsimmons, 4 Ladyfields, Central Drive,
Sandfield Park 220 6544

Mr. M. Gallagher, 128 Leyfield Road, L12 228 0670

Mr. J. Glover, 24 Regents Road, St. Helens 74 25842

Mr. P. Green, 74 Acacia Avenue, Huyton 489 1980

Mrs. D. Hill, 36 Fairfield Avenue, L36 489 0964

Mrs. P. Jenkins, 28 Fairfield Avenue, L36 489 9963

Mr. G. Keenan, 1 Sandforth Road, L12 228 4581

Mr. P. Lacy, Broomfield South Dr., Sandfield Pk, L12 259 3121

Mr. P. McGill, 120 Beversbrook Road, L11 226 9476

Mrs. A. Marrs, 91 Swanside Road, L14 228 3971

Mr. C. Melia, 54 Swanside Road, L14 228 7870

Mrs. A. Moran, 26 Menlove Gardens North, L18 722 6022

Mr. M. Naylor, 640 Queens Drive, L13 220 2791

Mrs. A. O'Grady, 57 Malvern Avenue, L14 480 9336

Mr. J. O'Hara, 17 Mossley Hill Road, L18 724 2822

Mrs. T. O'Hara, 17 Mossley Hill Road, L18 724 2822

Mr. J. Potter, 40 Upton Bridle Path, Widnes 423 1059

Mr. J. Preston, 102 Leyfield Road, L12 228 9026

Mr. K. Stephenson, 'The Ranch', Sandfield Park, L12 220 9973

Mrs. P. Thornton, 5 Palmerston Road, L18 724 1687

Mr. R. F. Wynn, 78 Mossville Road, L18 724 1708

College Representative:

Rev. Br. G. K. O'Grady, St. Edward's College 228 3376

BEER and WINE CIRCLE meets second Monday each month, 8 p.m. at the College.

PARENTS' CRICKET TEAM practices every Tuesday and Thursday evening, 7.45 p.m. at the College commencing early May. Matches played Sunday afternoons.

PARENTS' QUIZ TEAM. A series of friendly fixtures is arranged throughout the year.

SWIMMING CLUB: Parents only: Mondays, 8 to 9.30 p.m. Families: Sundays, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Discussions on careers and other topics of interest will be held on evenings throughout the year on dates to be arranged.

With any enquiries, please telephone:

SOCIALS

Mike Naylor, 220 2791

POOLS

Jim Glover, 74 25842

FAIRS & FETES

Frank Colquitt, 424 2162

200 CLUB

Mrs. Phil Jenkins, 489 9963

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD

Across: 1. Palate; 4. Tropic; 8. Comply; 9. Malaga; 11. Farm; 12. Tomahawk; 14. Congratulated; 17. Bird cage; 18. Tree; 21. Rhesus; 22. Flying; 23. Styles; 24. Sensor.

Down: 1. Pacific; 2. Lemur; 3. Toll; 5. Readable; 6. Peasant; 7. Crack; 10. Postage; 13. Fracture; 15. Nursery; 16. Dredger; 17. Boris; 19. Ruins; 20. Glee.

Solution to "Find the Teachers"

Brown, Robinson, Miles, Jordan, Macarthy, McGovern, Young, Stewart, Sheedy, Traynor, Thompson, Edwards, Gresty, Gibbons, Stevenson, Snape, Lever, Mars, Fraser, Rimmer, Bamber, Olsen, Mercer, Dee.