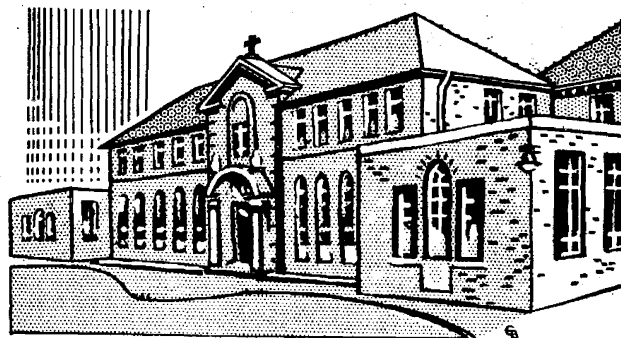


St. Edward's College Magazine



LIVERPOOL

1980/81

ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Vol. 3

No. 3



LIVERPOOL

1981

EDITORIAL

Looking through recent editions of the school magazine, one can realise the difficulty in finding something new and original to say in the editorial. This edition of the magazine contains the usual spectrum of articles, reports and sports results. It is fair to say that the 1980-1981 edition offers a good representation of the work of the whole school; entries have varied from a renewed "tongue-in-cheek" annual report of "The Apathy Society", right through to a parody of the writing of Dylan Thomas.

We were sorry to hear of the departure of Brother O'Sullivan, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Mellor, Mrs. Rimmer, Mr. Sheedy, Mr. Bradley, Mr. O'Neill, Mr. Spedding, Mr. Crossland and Mrs. Powell from the College's staff. Mrs. Brennan has also retired from full time teaching, but we are glad to know that she is still with the Runnymede staff on a part time basis. We offer our good wishes for her health and happiness after much illness.

We are pleased to welcome the following staff to fill the vacant places in the ranks: Brother Keegan, Mr. Mosely, Mrs. Stephenson, Miss Barnett, Mr. Fraine, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Walsh, Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Wallin and Mrs. Burgoyne.

The retirements of Mr. Lyons and Mr. O'Neill ("George") were sadly noted. We thank them both for many years of loyal service to the school and wish them well; they will be greatly missed.

Thanks should also be expressed to the teaching staff, who have steered our students through another set of G.C.E. examinations, with notable success.

Our gratitude must also go to the "backroom boys and girls" of the college community, namely those gallant personifications of efficiency, the

secretaries, our esteemed librarians, the delicious canteen staff, the maintenance staff and unsung heroes, without whom the college would grind to the proverbial halt.

The pupils and staff involved in extra curricular activities are to be congratulated on their usual dazzlingly successful year in sport, chess, entertainment, and charitable social services.

We must, of course, send our annual thanks to the Governing Body for their guidance under the benevolent chairmanship of Professor Whalley.

Our college's expansionist policies, reminiscent of Bismark, perhaps, have been pressed on successfully, with the exploration and development of the Runnymede territories and the construction of the Sports Hall—our sporting fraternity will be eternally grateful.

While making reference to recent developments, we express our sincere gratitude to the "Old Faithfuls", the S.E.C. Parents' Association. In this, their twenty-first year, especially, we should appreciate the work that they have done for us: without their freely given help we would probably not have many of the facilities we now take for granted—the chapel, the swimming pool and the canteen, to name but three.

Finally, we thank our advertisers, without whose kind support this magazine could not have been printed. Their kind help and encouragement have proved invaluable, and we ask that our readers patronise our advertisers when they can.

Editorial Committee: Mark Mulrooney, William Gleeson, Peter Mobbs, Mark Higgins, Patrick Nolan.

WHITHER ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE?

St. Edward's received an unusual amount of publicity when, in October 1979, it was announced that the school was withdrawing from the Catholic plan for the reorganisation of secondary education in Liverpool, according to the comprehensive

system which was, at the time, under consideration by the Department of Education and Science. Perhaps the time has come for a few words on the present situation.

The present is only understandable in the light of the past. St. Edward's has always been legally independent of the local Authority and local politics. When the Christian Brothers were asked to return to Liverpool in 1900 the Catholic Authorities asked them specifically to come to build up a Catholic Secondary School to provide for the growing number of Catholic parents who wanted more than elementary education for their sons. From 1902 to 1944 the school grew from a small to a large independent school relying almost completely on the fees of the pupils. In 1944 the Education Act opened a list for schools wishing to work under Direct Grant Regulations. St. Edward's was one of the Catholic schools which was accepted on the Direct Grant list and worked under Direct Grant Regulations—accepting scholars paid for by the Local Authority as well as fee-paying and receiving grant directly from the Central Government, but still retaining its historic independence.

In 1975 the Direct Grant Regulations began to be phased out by the Labour Government and Direct Grant schools had to choose between joining a comprehensive system or opting for fully independent status once again. At that time the Central Governing Body, in the light of the situation as presented to it and for the sake of Catholic education of boys, decided to take part in the comprehensive reorganisation of Catholic education in Liverpool. In 1979 a Conservative Government returned pledged to restore Direct Grant schools. In fact, Direct Grant Regulations were not restored but the Assisted Places scheme was worked out. Hence in the Autumn of 1979 St. Edward's had three options: to take part in the reorganisation of Catholic secondary education and become a boys' comprehensive school; to declare itself as a fully independent school and rely on fees paid by its pupils' parents; to apply for

Assisted Places according to the scheme proposed in 1980. The Central Government Body decided to make application for consideration of membership of the Assisted Places scheme, a decision that was reached after much consideration and after taking advice as to the prudence of this course of action and its effect on Catholic secondary education in the Merseyside region.

St. Edward's was accepted into the Assisted Places scheme and awarded 50 Assisted Places for each year. As far as I know, no other school in the country was awarded more places. The scheme will come into operation in September 1981.

As well as the Government Assisted Places scheme, a St. Edward's College Trust Fund is being started in 1981. The aim of the parents and friends launching this covenant scheme is to raise £1,000,000 to provide financial backing for the College in the future and especially to award bursaries that would enable pupils from less affluent homes to continue to come to St. Edward's even if there was no Government support for the school.

That St. Edward's College will continue is not in doubt but if it is to be virtually independent from Local and Central Government control, it must be so that the school can be even freer to be a powerful Catholic centre of intellectual life. The potential is undoubtedly present in the community of the school. It is part of the Pilgrim Church and must ever be on the move to try ever harder to meet the challenge it has faced, since its foundation, to provide the best in Catholic education for the Catholic youth of Merseyside. In this Catholic environment the College must promote the full spiritual, physical and intellectual growth of young men for Christ and his Church.

BROTHER GILLESPIE, Headmaster

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION: THE REASON WHY

*(From Father Bill Redmond's homily, given at the
Mass for the feast of St. Edward, in the cathedral)*

We can only measure the success or otherwise of our Catholic education by the number of us—that is, pupils, past and present—who have come by this route, the route of the Catholic school, to KNOW Christ.

So, boys, be warned: if you are going to come first in maths, physics and French, but you are not going to know Christ, you are wasting your time at this Christian school.

If you are all set to get a shoal of O levels, but are not all set to know Christ, you are wasting your time in this Christian school.

If you are going to walk off with four A levels and an open scholarship, but walk off not knowing Christ, you are wasting your time at this Christian school.

If you leave believing that it is childish to know Christ, you will have wasted your time at this Christian school.

Why, Because you have put the cart before the horse—the system before the person. All these things are good, but not half so good as the joy of

knowing Christ.

Let Him speak for Himself:

“You are my friends,” He tells us; “You are no longer my servants.”

And remember this: “You did not choose me; no, I chose you.”

Christ has chosen us, whether we be members of Runnymede or now numbered among the Grand Old Men of the VIth Form; whether we be priests, brothers, or mothers and fathers of these boys—in short, He has chosen all of us to bear fruit that will last in loving service of our brothers and sisters in Christ.

Looking around the Cathedral today, it would take a pessimist to say, “Our glass is half empty.” It would be equally pessimistic to argue that our glass is only half full.

We are, thank God, full to overflowing with the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ. Let us praise and thank Him in His eucharist for the glory and love He has shared with us all.

PUBLIC SPEAKING REPORT

During the last year, our public speaking teams have impressed the adjudicators in each competition in which we have taken part. In the English-speaking Union competition we were area winners last year, when we were represented by Hewitt, McGrath and Causey, who spoke well but were unplaced in the regional competition for the north-west. A similar fate befell our Fifth Form team in the Knights of St. Columba competition, in which Kirk, O'Keeffe, Wynn and MacIlroy won the Merseyside trophy, beating many older teams, but were placed second in the North of England final. Bray won both the local and regional finals of the Junior Chamber of Commerce competition for individual speakers and, despite his being two

years younger than his fellow competitors in the National Final, matched the standard of those whom the judges preferred for the prize.

During this term, school teams started well, winning both semi-finals of the 1981 E.S.U. competition, but on the Final night neither team repeated its success. Kirk, Bray and Wynn achieved second place in that final, while Kirk was awarded the prize for the best chairman of the evening. The school is building up a high standard of public speaking, and those down the school who have rhetorical aspirations should make them known: there is much for them to learn from the abilities of those who are at present our orators.



MR. LYONS WITH FAMILY AND FRIENDS

Mrs. Kelly, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Kelly, Miss M. Lyons, Mrs. Lyons, Miss C. Lyons
On the occasion of the first mass of St. Edward in the Cathedral

“HIS MUSIC” 1952—1958

What can one possibly say that will do justice to the work that Mr. Lyons did in and for St. Edward's? The Music Department as we know it is the product of his leadership, organisation and dedication. When one looks back over the past twenty years, one finds a record, not merely of variedly entertaining programmes for Speech Days, Summer Serenades, Christmas Concerts and the like, but of successful placings in Music Festivals and competitions up and down the country. Moreover, such variety and success were achieved when the Music Department consisted of Mr. Lyons, with Miss Hogg and Mr. Genin to assist him.

Such were the qualities of dedication and professionalism that he brought to all he did, that, even with so small a staff, orchestra and choir flourished, taking inspiration from the man at the top. Remember that for many years the home of music in St. Edward's was what is now the VI B

common room, and you will be struck by the difference between what facilities then existed and those which the College now boasts; but it was from that room and from such limited sources that splendid music emerged. I personally recall two “highlights”: the combining of choir and orchestra in Borodin's Polovstian Dances from “Prince Igor”, which brought the house down, as they say, at the Phil., and packed audiences in the College Hall for “Noyes Fludde”, by Benjamin Britten. In regard to the latter, I remember Mr. Lyons being very amused by the fact that the only non-Catholic boy in the school played God!

Certainly it is true that, however impressive may have been the musical journey to Canada, Mr. Lyons' greatest achievements were when he played on home ground.

The old stagers will have vivid memories of the massive “king of the instruments” that once concealed the entire wall at the back of the stage in

the hall, and of Mr. Lyons, gowned, making a near-majestic ascent of its steps to lead the school in songs of praise at the then daily school assemblies. It was his pride—but never his boast—and ours that the school knew and sang hymns appropriate to the liturgical seasons and feast days; that he could rely on volunteers to play and sing Christmas music for so many people in homes and hospitals. I am sure that those now in the Music Department will be the first ones to acknowledge the sureness of the foundations laid down by Mr. Lyons, upon which their feet stand today.

It would not be fitting to omit the fact that, in addition to his music, Mr. Lyons was also an active member of the French Department and an invaluable member of the College Liturgical Committee. As if all that were not enough, he found time and energy to fulfil the role of organist in his own parish church. Truly, many halls have been “alive with the sound of music” made by Con, as his friends and colleagues called him, or “Leo”, by which name he was known among the

boys.

Not only past generations of Edwardians have reason to be grateful to Mr. Lyons; it is not only those in the school now who are grateful to him; future Edwardians who will not even know of him will, in fact, owe to him a debt of which they will be unaware.

AD MULTOS ANNOS.

Miss Hogg, Mr. Lyons' good friend and colleague for many years, adds her personal message:

It was with regret that we said “goodbye” to Mr. Lyons, who retired as Head of the Music Department last summer. Mr. Lyons and I have worked together for more years than either of us will probably care to remember. He was always kind, considerate and helpful to all his staff and to the boys. We wish him and Mrs. Lyons many happy years of health and contentment in his retirement.

ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE PHILATELIC SOCIETY

The Stamp Club, as it is universally known, is alive and well. It would be an exaggeration to say that it is flourishing, but a steady trickle of boys continue to meet on Tuesdays and Thursdays in what used to be called the 6B Further Maths Room, but which is now more commonly referred to as the Stamp Club Room. Here they can browse through magazines and catalogues, buy, exchange and sell stamps, and chat about “the greatest hobby in the world”.

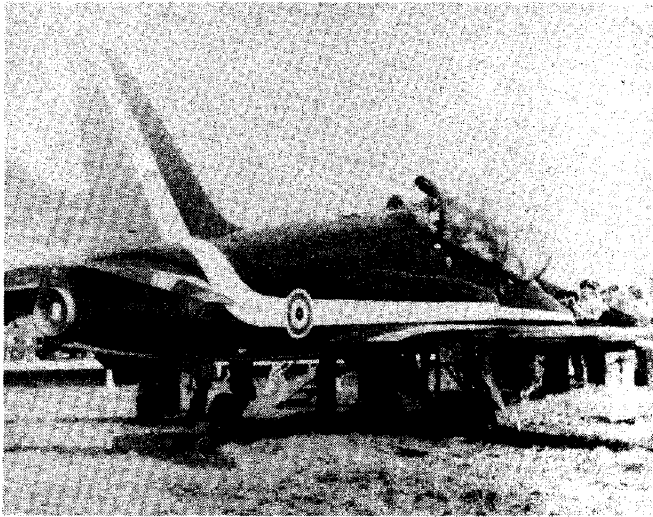
The fashion is to collect British stamps, and we cannot get enough of these to satisfy the discriminating customers. We have been able to build up a reasonable stock of foreign stamps over the eleven years since the society was formed, but the more elusive G.B. items are quickly snapped up.

A tangible outcome of these activities is the amount of money which has been sent to various charities. This term, over £49 has been sent to

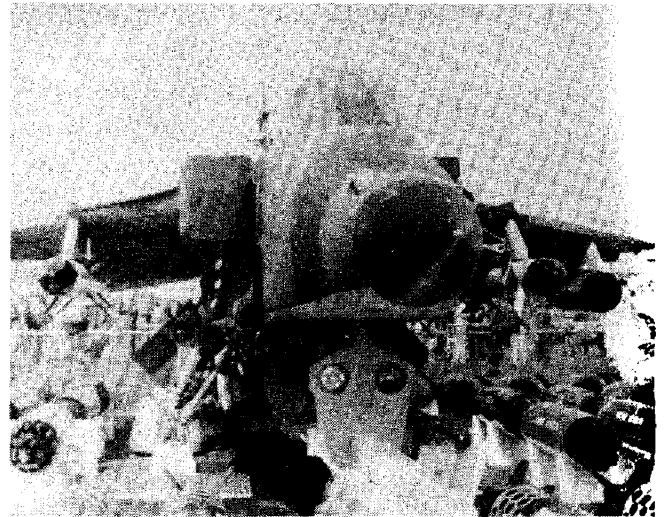
Oxfam. Much of this money has been raised through the sale of unwanted stamps sent in by supporters. We take this opportunity to thank them for this interest.

Parents and old boys can help to keep this ball rolling by salvaging all stamps, yes even the ordinary ones, and sending them into school to fill the collecting box. Interesting covers (envelopes) should be preserved intact, but other stamps may be torn or cut off with about half an inch of paper all round. Only soiled or torn stamps are not required, as their presence tends to devalue any lot in which they are included. Certainly the common 10p and 12p values are very acceptable. Apart from their interest to postmark collectors, one must remember that these are foreign stamps to everyone in the world except the natives of this country, and they find a ready market in the international world of philately.

G.V.R.



BRITISH AEROSPACE HAWK T MK 1
(Red Arrows)



BRITISH AEROSPACE
Jaguar International

AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY REPORT

The society was formed in September 1979 and has members from most forms. We have organised several trips, the first one being to Heathrow Airport on 1st November, which included a visit to British Airways' European Division Maintenance Base. The second trip was to Heathrow again but also included a visit to Gatwick Airport. This was in February this year and travel to London was, as on the previous occasions, by train. The third trip was one for military aircraft enthusiasts and was a two-day affair. We left in the school minibus on 30th May and travelled south, stopping at R.A.F. Brize Norton and R.A.F.(U.S.A.F.) Upper Heyford on the way. We spent the night at a youth hostel and the next day went to the air show at Greenham Common, returning home that night. We did two more trips before the summer holidays, one on 7th June to Manchester Airport, and the open day at British Aerospace, Broughton, and one on 28th June to the Woodford Air Show.

The highlight of the year came on 6th September with the trip to the S.B.A.C. Air Display at Farnborough. On the way down we stopped at Manchester Airport, and on the way back at Blackbushe, Heathrow and Birmingham airports. Our next trip was to the Battle of Britain Open Day at R.A.F Finningley on 20th September which was unfortunately spoiled by bad weather. On 1st November we again went to Heathrow Airport—a very popular place to visit.

We hold meetings every Friday and have given lectures on such diverse subjects as the Israeli Air Force, R-T procedure and the A-10 Thunderbolt II. Other activities include film and slide shows on various topics.

We welcome new members, especially from the first and sixth forms.

T. MURPHY (Vice-President)

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE S.V.P.

It is only fitting to emphasise that the St. Edward's "Conference" of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is run on a purely voluntary basis, and it is commendable that the "call" for new members this year met with such a generous and enthusiastic response, particularly from the Upper Sixth Form, who with 'A' level examinations in June have many other commitments. It is lamentable perhaps, that the response from the Lower Sixth Form was not as great as would have been wished.

The principal work of the Conference is visiting and helping various old or sick people in the area. No one pretends that the duties attached to the Society are easy, and in accordance with the spirit of the Society, namely "to work for the relief of the spiritual and corporal necessities of the destitute" the members of the Society visit these people to comfort them in their loneliness and help them with their difficulties. This year the Society flourishes with a total number of thirty-eight boys, visiting in all some twenty people. The boys devote their own time to the work and it is heartening to see the interest shown.

Participation in the Society offers a really unique, enriching and rewarding work, which is not only an entirely new experience and challenge but also an asset to the development of a caring Christian character. It is the duty of every Christian to help others, and we ask you, the individual, to assist in charitable work, which can often be more efficacious than co-operative assistance. We earnestly hope that those entering the Sixth Form in September will give serious thought to joining the Society and we ask especially that you will remember the old, the sick and the needy in your prayers.

MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM, *President*
CHRISTOPHER COLFORD, *Vice-President*
CIARAN KELLEHER, *Secretary*
DOMINIC KEARNEY, *Treasurer*

FISHING CLUB

On the 19th November Liam McKenna, Joseph Mullin and I asked Mr. Traynor if we could restart the Fishing Club.

A lot of preparation is going into this club and we are having our first meeting on the 15th December. It is open to the first and second forms of St. Edward's College.

It is in its early stages yet, but we are hoping to organise trips after Christmas.

We hope many boys who go fishing will show interest in this club.

KIERAN LOFTUS, 2M

CHESS CLUB

This season was one of the best on record for St. Edward's Chess Club. The Senior team fared reasonably well in the Wright Shield Competition and finished joint leaders in the U18 league, losing to Blue Coat in a play-off for the Championship.

Even more successful was the Sunday Times Team—Martin Hewitt, Dominic Jordan, Martin Allen, Carl Anderson, Carl Rumble and Martin Bates—who defeated Blue Coat to win the zonal stage of this premier chess competition, something St. Edward's have not achieved before. Regrettably, we lost on handicap in the national stage to Manchester Grammar School.

In the lower age groups, the U15's lost only two of their twelve league games, reached the Championship section and finished runners-up in the U15 Championship. The U13's fared less well, winning 6 of their 12 matches.

A number of individual players had outstanding seasons: Martin Hewitt was undefeated in the Sunday Times matches, Carl Rumble lost only one U15 game and Nicholas Baily was undefeated in his U15 matches and reached the semi-finals of the Liverpool Schools Individual Knock-out Competition. Martin Bates was undefeated at U13 level, played for the Senior Team, losing only one game, and won the U13 Championship at the Liverpool Chess Congress.

CROSS COUNTRY CLUB REPORT 1979-80

1979-80 proved even more successful than the previous season for the cross country club. The Under 14's enhanced their already formidable reputation and the other teams all enjoyed some degree of success. It was particularly pleasing to see the enthusiasm for running which was evident in almost every age-group.

The Under 14's had a truly remarkable season in which they carried all before them. They won every single race, major or minor, by the most emphatic of margins and also provided the individual winner in all of these races. Two of their most impressive victories came in competitions of national importance. 88 teams from all over the country entered the third-year race in the Northern Schools Championships at Lyme Park, which St. Edward's won with 31 points to 137 points by the second placed team. A month earlier, their total of 22 points in the National Catholic Schools Championships in London gave them a winning margin of 90 points. Bernie Murphy scored a notable double as the individual winner of both events. The team also scored resounding wins in the Merseyside League, the C.B.S. Championships and in three relay races, and also helped the Under 15's to win a further three trophies.

Tim Larcombe and Bernie Murphy were the most successful individuals, winning all of the Merseyside League races between them. Representing Merseyside in the English Schools Championships in Newcastle, they finished second and third—a remarkable achievement. They were both then selected for England in the Schools International in Dublin. John Evans and Kevin Rooney were never far behind them, and they also earned selection for Merseyside at Newcastle. There was excellent support provided by several other runners—strength in depth was one of the most notable features of the team, which had no fewer than eighteen regular members who trained and ran throughout the season. It is a real pleasure to be able to congratulate the whole team on their achievements throughout the season.

The Under 12's can also feel well satisfied with their achievements. They improved steadily during the season, and although they had to be content with fourth place in the Merseyside League, they actually finished second in each of the last two League races—a good omen for next season. Further evidence of their progress came in the Northern Schools Championships, where they finished a notable third out of the 100 schools entered. Damian McIver and Damian Chambers were usually vying to be first counter, while Steve Othick improved noticeably in the second half of the season.

The Under 13's also had a good season. They scored two useful early-season victories in Cup races, winning the Bushell and Liverpool Harriers Trophies, and showed consistency during the season to finish third in the Merseyside League. Fifth place in the Northern Schools Championships was the reward for another fine team performance. Pete Dixon emerged as the regular first counter, well supported by Brian Smitton and Mike Newton.

The Under 16's had a reasonable season but did not realise their full potential. They were unlucky to lose key runners through illness or injury in several important races—amongst other things, this cost them third place in the Merseyside League. Nevertheless, there were some good team performances, especially in the relays at Keele and Moston Brook, while an impressive win in a new record time was achieved in the Sandfield Park Road Relay with some assistance from the Under 14's. Robie Rule again proved an enthusiastic captain and had the satisfaction of winning the final League race. He was selected for Merseyside in the English Schools Championships, along with Darren Kelly, the individual winner of three Under 15 races, the Weston and Booth Cup races and the Liverpool City Championships. Nicky Mason, Bernie Walsh and Pete Mobbs provided useful support, but it was sad to see the decline in enthusiasm and performance of most of our fourth-year runners.

The Seniors enjoyed mixed fortunes. They were particularly unfortunate with illness and injuries, which meant that they were only at full strength for three races in November during the entire season. One of these races was a Merseyside League race and our Seniors showed their capabilities by finishing second. Generally they gave a good account of themselves in local fixtures—third place in the League was a creditable performance in the circumstances. Dominic Bartley was a popular captain, and he and Patrick Gaul were the most consistent runners, but there were also some fine performances by Andy Lomax. Dave Galvin, Marcus Wall and Chris Barry provided good support.

The overall strength of the cross country club continues to improve. After winning the Newcastle H.S. Relays at Keele in convincing fashion early in the season, we were a little unfortunate to finish only fourth overall in the National Catholic Schools Championships and fourth also in the Northern Schools Championships. The season ended on a high note when our relay team was second in the Moseley School mixed-age relay with two of our best runners absent in Dublin.

One further point must be emphasised. This

report has mentioned a number of the more obviously successful runners, but it is not only the "stars" who make a contribution. Cross country running is a more individual sport than many others, and success is a relative term with a different meaning for each competitor—one would judge it a success to finish inside the first hundred in a League race, another a disaster to finish outside the first ten. Each runner *can* be successful, however—by continually striving to improve his own performance and, perhaps to an even greater extent, by simply enjoying running. More than sixty boys have trained regularly and competed often for the cross country club this season—and for the majority it has been a successful season. We look forward with optimism to next September.

The following boys are awarded Colours after representing the cross country club for seven years: Dominic Bartley, Patrick Gaul, Greg Ormesher, Marcus Wall, Chris Greene.

Special awards are made to two boys who achieved International selection: Bernie Murphy and Tim Larcombe.

The Captain's Cup is awarded to Dominic Bartley.

RUGBY REPORT, 1979-80 SEASON

Despite the school's losing three-quarters of last year's team, the 1979-80 season was a very successful one for the 1st XV, losing only 4 of the 17 games. The month of October was a poor spell losing 3 games to St. Brendan's Bristol, Birkenhead and Cowley. The following 11 games, however, produced only one loss and during this successful period the team conceded only one try. The most notable feature of the team was their strong and determined tackling, particularly by the back-row forwards—I. Buckle, A. O'Dea and B. O'Connor—and in the backs by G. Adderley, D. Coleman and G. Kearns. Excellent defensive work by the team throughout the season limited

opposition tries to only eight. The attacking play was sometimes stifled because of limited possession but, nevertheless, superior technique and sheer determination often made up for lack of size in the pack and provided the backs with sufficient ball to beat the likes of Arnold, Rydal and Merchant Taylors who generally have much bigger forwards.

The "Sevens" tournaments began in March with St. Edward's winning the Birkenhead School's sevens in fine style beating Birkenhead School 9—7 in the final after being 7—0 down. On their way to the final they beat Rydal, Wirral G.S.,

Stonyhurst and Merchant Taylors. The following day, St. Edward's, for the first time, entered the Waterloo Cup, a 15-a-side competition based on twenty minutes per match. After a shaky start, the team progressed to the quarter-finals where they met West Park and in a magnificent match which needed two sessions of extra time, St. Edward's won. They then disposed of Cardinal Allen in the semi-final and met Rydal in the final, where they lost narrowly, 7—4, probably due to the fact that this was their second final appearance in two days and tiredness had set in.

The next sevens tournament was at Nuneaton, where St. Edward's reached the semi-finals, followed by the Oxford tournament in which mistakes were made and little progress achieved. Finally, at the end of March, the Rosslyn Park National Sevens were held in London—St. Edward's played very badly in the opening match but with a little bit of luck managed to win in extra time. After a great deal of "talking" things improved for the second match and by the end of the day the team looked impressive in beating Normanton G.S. Some resolute tackling and total commitment saw the team eventually reach the final where they were well beaten by a fast Millfield side. Despite our losing, reaching the final was a bonus at the end of a very satisfying season.

The 2nd XV started the season with very few of the previous year's squad, since many had been promoted to the 1st XV, and so had to call on members of the U16 side to fill vital positions. In the early days of the season much time was spent encouraging former "stars" to come out of premature retirement and take an active part in rugby. These were difficult times as many of the basics had been forgotten, and results went against the team. From November onwards, however, the side enjoyed seven consecutive victories, and this number might well have been increased had the weather not reduced the fixture list.

The 3rd XV enjoyed another very successful year winning all four games, scoring 79 points and conceding 33.

The U16s did not have a good season at 15-a-side, winning only one of their eight games. The

major reason for this was that the squad lost players to the 1st XV and 2nd XV and never had a full 15 for a training session. Injury also deprived them of players when they were most needed. Nevertheless, features which augur well for future seasons were Hall's tackling, Sadler's running, Hackett's reliability and Singleton's strategy. The team were well served in the pack by the solid scrummaging of Thornton, Lowe, Adair, Catahan and the good line-out work of Mannion and Kelleher.

At seven-a-side the U16 enjoyed a remarkable season appearing in the finals of the three competitions which they entered. In September, they won the Preston Grasshoppers tournament by beating King's Macclesfield 22—4; on their way to the final they played six games scoring over 100 points and conceding only 14.

In March, at the Southport U17 tournament they were narrowly beaten, 10—8, in the last minute, and at Oxford they suffered a similar fate. Having won their group without conceding a point they met and disposed of Dulwich in the quarter-final, Cavendish in the semi-final and came up against a very strong Cowley side in the final. The result of the match hinged on a kick from the touchline in the dying minutes which went over and St. Edward's lost 12—10. In spite of this, St. Edward's were able to register their sixth consecutive appearance in a final at the Oxford Sevens.

The U15s had a good season, by and large, losing 6 of their 17 matches. Notable victories were achieved against Arnold, Fisher More, St. Anselm's and Merchant Taylors. The outstanding player throughout the year was W. Martin, the captain, both because of his excellent play and sporting attitude. Other players of note were N. Jacobs, P. Boyce and F. Short, the last being selected for Merseyside's U15 squad. M. O'Hare showed the ability to succeed at the highest level but needs to show more determination. At seven-a-sides, most success was enjoyed at the Nuneaton competition where by great determination the team reached the semi-finals.

The U14s had a very good season losing only 4 of their 16 games, and these were by narrow margins.

Under the captaincy of D. Rudkin the team combined well to play excellent open rugby. The backs, particularly Kerr, ran with great pace and determination to score many fine tries. The forwards, although lacking in scrummaging technique showed a great deal of pace and their fitness gave them the advantage over many teams. Throughout the season all the boys who have played in both 'A' and 'B' teams have done great credit to themselves and the school.

Over 40 boys represented the school at rugby in the 2nd year—and are to be congratulated for enthusiastic training despite frequently cancelled matches. The 'A' team won the majority of their matches, with excellent victories over strong teams from West Park and St. Joseph's. Cardinal Allen proved a bogey team, beating both 'A' and 'B' teams. For the 'B' team it was their first defeat in two years. D. Birchall proved a dedicated and inspiring captain who led by example and spirited determination. D. Atherton, M. Gleave, T. McGennity and S. McGuire deserve special mention for their enthusiasm and skills, while D. Morris' goalkicking ability proved invaluable in several matches.

S. Pile, J. Blower, H. New, J. Bridson and M. Lunt are the 'B' team players who showed most promise and won regular places in the 'A' team.

The 1st years made a most promising start to their school rugby career with the 'A' team losing just one game. The basis of the team's success was general competence in all positions and strength in depth. The forwards, in particular, excelled in most phases of the game with Marsh, Doyle, Tristram, Duffy and Downey prominent, and Carrol the outstanding player in the side. The backs never fulfilled their promise and generally played a secondary role to the forwards. Haimes was a fine strum-half and captain, whilst Craven, Sheridan and McGrath were also notable.

The 'B' team had a fine side and were unbeaten in four matches. They had an outstanding captain in Beaumont, and other very consistent players worth mentioning were Dugdill, Senior, Hyland, Raftery and Von Bargaen.

Honours: D. Coleman and G. Kearns represented Lancashire at U19 level with the latter earning his county colours.

Full Colours: I. Buckle, G. Short, G. Kearns, G. Adderley, A. O'Dea.

Half Colours: D. Coleman, S. Young, T. Sweeney, A. Connolly, J. Farrell, P. Flanagan, T. Wilcox, J. Ireland, N. Morris, V. Muldoon.

Captain;s Cup: 1st XV B. O'Connor; 2nd XV V. Muldoon.

ATHLETICS NOTES, 1980

It is very difficult, when writing these notes for the magazine each year, to do justice to the standard of athletics and athletes in the school, particularly when we all tend to accept our very high standard as normal when it is far from this. This was obvious again this year when we had a very successful season, but because we won every competition we entered for as in some previous years, it appears to some as if it comes easy and without a great deal of effort.

The Merseyside Senior Schools Athletics Championships are a good guide to the success or failure of a season. This includes the three major

athletics teams in the school, the Junior, Intermediate and Senior.

The fact that these three teams, not only won their individual trophy but also the Radio Merseyside Shield for the overall competition for the 10th successive year, should confirm to all that our athletes dominate the Merseyside scene as they have done for many years.

In what I term the junior athletics, that is the 1st to 4th years, we won the District Championships for the 16th consecutive year by a record margin of points, 424 points to St. Edward's and 244 to the next placed school.

Equally so in inter-school matches, whether it be Arnold, Blackpool, Stoneyhurst College or any of the nearer comprehensive schools, team results have been excellent.

The very nature of athletics, although in fact a team event, is primarily individual, and individually we also enjoyed a very successful season.

The Liverpool City team, made up of 63 athletes, contained 31 from St. Edward's. These competed in the County Championships resulting in 12 boys becoming County Champions, four of them with All-England standards, while 14 achieved County standards. As a result, seven boys were selected to represent the County in the All-England Athletics Championships, which this year were held at Kirkby.

If it is true that athletics is a team sport then it is equally true that the second counters and the boys who do not always make the headlines, are important also. This is particularly so of the year teams which many boys achieve without ever getting into the city team.

The 1st year team had an excellent start to their athletics career with J. Carroll, P. Duffy and S. Downey showing themselves to be fine athletes and stars of the future, S. Downey having already achieved over 7ft. in the Pole Vault.

In the second year, Paul Duffy has continued the progress he made in the first year. S. Dwerryhouse has had a fine season and both P. Dixon in the middle-distance events and D. McGee in the high-jump, had impressive seasons.

In the 3rd year, a very strong year, it was difficult to pick out individual talent because there was so much of it. Sprinters R. Doyle and M. Kerr, middle-distance runners T. Larcombe, B. Murphy, J. Evans and B. Doyle; throwers like S. Johnston, G. Moore, S. Parker; pole-vaulters like T. Blunsum; these and many, many more, contributed much to the outstanding third-year team.

The 4th year, too, had a very fine season. The stars were F. Short, M. O'Hare, R. Riley and D. Kelly, but the team was made up of excellent second counters like M. Gleason, B. Holman and M. Cimelli.

The 5th year, in their short season before they started their 'O' Level Examinations, were not in the shadows either. M. O'Leary and P. Roberts showed impressive hurdling; J. Singleton and J. Kearney, pole-vaulting; while J. Doyle, R. Rule and G. Mannion continued their outstanding way on the track. However, despite all these pressures from examinations, it was very pleasant to see such enthusiasm from the 5th year as a whole this season and a special word of congratulations must go to M. Hackett, A. Saddler, M. Walsh, J. Adderley and S. Jones for their excellent supportive roles.

The senior teams have their outstanding individuals honoured by the awarding of Colours and Half-Colours. These are awarded for excellence shown in athletics over 6 or 7 years.

In June 1980, the following Colours were awarded:

Half-Colours: Greg Short, Paul Walsh, Gary Gornell, Robert Baird, Terry Wilcox, Stephen Young, Karl Jordan, Paul Anderson, Simon Gibbons, Dermot Coleman, Martin Nickson, David Lomax, Chris Barry.

Full Colours: Gary Adderley, Dom Bartley, Mark McCourt, Paul Sanderson, David Higgins.

Middle School Best Performance Cup: Francis Short.

Captain's Cup: Gary Adderley.

Special Award: David Galvin.

COLLEGE ATHLETES SELECTED FOR THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Juniors: R. Doyle, 100m; M. Kerr, 200m; B. Doyle, 800m; B. Murphy, 1500m; T. Larcombe, 1500m; J. Evans, 1500m; P. Duffy, 80m Hurdles; T. Blunsum, P.V.; S. Clayton, P.V.; S. Parker, Discus.

Inters: R. Riley, 100m; J. Doyle, 200m; M. Appleton, 200m; B. Walsh, 400m; G. Mannion, 800m; D. Kelly, 1500m; N. Mason, 3000m; M. O'Leary, 100m Hurdles; R. Rule, 1500m; F. Short, Triple; M. Hackett, Discus; B. Kinsella, Discus; M. O'Hare, Hammer.

Seniors: D. Galvin, 400m; M. Nickson, High Jump; T. Wilcox, High Jump; D. Bartley,

Steeplechase; D. Higgins, Triple Jump; P. Sanderson, Pole Vault; M. McCourt, Javelin; S. Gibbons, Javelin.

ALL-ENGLAND ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS

T. Larcombe, 1500m; B. Murphy, 1500m; J. Evans, 800m; R. Rule, Steeplechase; G. Mannion, 800m; D. Galvin, 400m; P. Sanderson, Pole Vault.

The following were selected to represent Merseyside against Dublin in Dublin: M. O'Hare, Javelin, F. Short, Triple Jump; J. Lawler, Shot; S. Gibbons, Javelin; R. Riley, 100m; G. Mannion, 800m.

The following were selected to represent Liverpool Harriers in Belgium: M. O'Hare, Javelin; F. Short, Triple Jump; S. Gibbons, Javelin.

SWIMMING REPORT, 1980

For the second year running, the school swimming programme in general and the activities of the swimming club in particular, were seriously disrupted by major repairs being carried out to the pool or to the boiler-room. However, it is a pleasure to be able to report that as from November everything is functioning correctly and an uninterrupted use of the pool should now be possible.

Despite all the alterations though, the swimming club was still able to function, swimming their home fixtures in the first term when the pool was still functioning, and their away fixtures in the second term when it wasn't.

In this way, we were able to compete in 18 swimming galas over the season, with the following results:

- The 1st Year swam 16 with 12 wins;
- The 2nd Year swam 17 with 11 wins;
- The 3rd Year swam 16 with 14 wins;
- The 4th Year swam 16 with 6 wins;
- The Open Year swam 16 with 15 wins.

Overall, 18 out of the 18 galas were won, the only defeat coming at the hands of Bluecoat.

Because of the work on the pool, many of the

extra swimming activities normally carried out in the swimming club were curtailed last year, but the life-saving classes and personal survival award classes have already commenced this year, as have the parents' sessions on a Monday evening and the family session on a Sunday morning.

As a result of their involvement in swimming over the past six or seven years, the following boys received awards last June at Colours Day:

Half-Colours: Grant Cullen, John Nugent, Andrew Norris.

Full Colours: Mark Salib, Andrew Higham, David Fisher, David Galvin.

The two awards that are normally presented at the Annual Swimming Gala, which for the first time in seventeen years couldn't take place this year, were also presented on Colours Day (I am grateful to Anfield Comprehensive for allowing us the use of their bath to swim off the competition for the Bro. Coffey Cup.)

Swimmer of the Year Award: David Fisher.

Bro. Coffey Cup for 100m Free Style: David Fisher.

Captain's Cup: Mark Salib.

CRICKET REPORT, 1980

The U12s have a fine squad of young cricketers, supported in depth by an enthusiastic B squad, coached by Mr. Olsen and Mr. Traynor. Unfortunately they have only played two games this season due to the vagaries of the weather, winning one of the games and losing the other. Walsh, Beck and Morris have produced good performances in matches and several other players have done well in practices and this promises to be a very good side in the future.

The U13 team have played enthusiastically, winning three and narrowly losing two matches. Individual credit goes to Terry McGennity, Mark Fraser and Phil Green for batting; Mark Nugent, Darren Moon and Andrew Walker for fielding; Andrew Ryan for all-round improvement and Boyce for vocal encouragement.

The U14 team continue to impress and are unbeaten so far this season. This is, without doubt, the most talented side in the school. Newell, Rudkin, Stretch, De Asha and Hyde-Price have produced good performances with both bat and ball this season and Gibb has had an outstanding season as wicket-keeper. Connolly has had the top score this season of 31 and the fielding has been good with Stretch, 6 catches, and O'Leary particularly impressive in this respect.

The U15s have had a good season so far despite playing only 5 games. They started the season with a good win against a much fancied Wirral G.S. side, then beat S.F.X. and West Park after some indifferent batting. The fourth game was a very close affair against St. Anselm's, losing in the last over after scoring 125 runs. The last game had to be abandoned with St. Edward's looking the likely winners. Ford, Kelly, Sweeney and Martin have

put in some good batting performances, while Roxborough, Kelly and Ford have bowled well.

The 2nd XI have a very strong squad this season with upwards of eighteen players competing for a place in the team. Their only defeat this season was against a Wirral Grammar side which contained three 1st XI players. Their victories have included one against the Staff (narrowly) and two against a very confident and much heralded Cardinal Allen side. The enthusiasm and very good team spirit of this side have been important factors in the success of this team.

The 1st XI have made a good start to the season, winning six games, drawing one and losing one when fielding a weakened team. This has been due mainly to good bowling and fielding performances and, although Singleton and Furlong have scored consistently well, the batting generally could be improved. McElroy, Burke, McCormick, O'Leary and Jolliffe have bowled well this season and Coleman and Buckle have impressed in the field. The side is now through to the semi-finals of the Knockout Cup to be played later this month at Liverpool Cricket Club. Finally, the tour of the South West proved very successful last year with Walker scoring 75 in one of the matches.

Half Colours: Ireland, Buckle, Furlong, Gibbons, Coleman.

Full Colours: Walker, McElroy, Burke.

Special Awards: U13 Darren Moon, 50 runs; U15 John Kelly, Hat-trick.

School cup awarded to John Singleton for outstanding batting performances for the 1st XI this season.

Captain's Cup: Stephen Walker.

MUSIC REPORT, 1979-80

As in previous years, the Music Department of the college has continued to expand to the extent that the purpose-built music centre is now beginning to be out-grown by the ten or so musical groups and societies and their 150 or so members who use the facilities throughout the year.

The orchestra began the year in November by following what now seems to have become a custom of entertaining parents and friends of the school before the Agents' Dinner. Our second public appearance was in March at Speech Day, when we performed the Adagio from

"Spartacus" and the "1812 Overture", maintaining the high standard which has come to be a feature of the occasion. Later in the year, the orchestra competed in the Ilkley Festival where we achieved third place, gaining a merit certificate with 84 marks and providing younger members in particular with valuable experience.

The end of term marked the end of an era with the retirement of Mr. Lyons, in whose time the music department of the college saw considerable improvements, the most notable of which was the building of the music centre.

With the new year and the arrival of the new Head of Music, Mr. John Moseley, came the announcement of an ambitious programme of concerts which began in November with the production of a concert performance of the operetta "He Who Says Yes", by Kurt Weill, in which the newly-formed Chamber Orchestra and Chamber Choir set a high standard for all subsequent performances. The first of these came soon afterwards at Christmas with a full stage production of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera "Trial by Jury". When it is borne in mind that the opera was staged after less than four weeks of rehearsal, one realises what a great credit to all those involved the performance was.

Having auditioned in November of last year for the international BBC competition for choirs, "Let The People Sing," the Choral Society was invited to compete almost at the last minute. Although we had little time to prepare, we

recorded a programme at the Milton Hall in Manchester in February. Despite being judged the best of the North West entries, the adjudicators did not feel that we had quite reached the high standards necessary to go forward to the national finals. However, we have been invited to take part in this year's competition. Following the annual Speech Day concert, the choir took part with the Brass Group in a deanery mass for vocations at St. Cecilia's Church, and in July we played a part in the farewell concert for Mr. Lyons in the Ley Hall.

The Brass Ensemble were again busy during the Christmas season, when they played at carol services at the school and at the Cathedral, and entertained the residents in old people's homes. They also took part with the Choral Society in the Academic Mass at the Cathedral and at the mass at St. Cecilia's Church.

In recognition of sustained personal effort in contributing to the musical life of the school, the following awards were made:

Full Colours: Causey J., Fazakerley R., Higham A., Ireland J., Kenny J., McGrath J., Nolan D., O'Donnell J., Parry D., Salib M., Speed S., Walker N.

Half Colours: Allen M., Carmichael D., Furlong D., Griffiths D., Hewitt J., Kerr A., Lomax D., McCoy J., Moorhouse N., Nickson M., Norris P., Soulsby T.

DESMOND O'KEEFFE
Leader of the Orchestra

EDUCATIONAL CRUISE, 1980

On the 26th September, 1980, the S.S. Uganda set sail from Southampton with some 85 assorted pupils and staff from St. Edward's amongst the 900 or so passengers.

Nearly everyone set off in good spirits though with some trepidation, especially at the prospect of crossing the Bay of Biscay. As it turned out the Bay of Biscay was fairly calm but the English Channel was far from it and most of the boys spent

the second day at sea being sick. The other major problem early on was finding our way around the ship with so many stairs, corridors and gangways and so many out of bounds signs. One additional problem which some people never mastered was the food, but to be fair it did improve and was generally quite passable.

We were generally woken at ten past seven by a blaring record on the tannoy, quickly followed by a

ship's officer and later by one of the teachers. By half past eight the majority of us were dressed, had made our beds, washed and had breakfast and ready to start our daily routine at nine.

We were divided into groups for all activities and during the day we would have lessons from our teachers; a lecture from the ship's staff; a deck games period and a private study period. During the morning the captain checked the dormitories, giving marks for each one—noticeably St. Edward's did not win a prize for the best kept dorms. During some of our free time we were expected to work on a project and keep our log books up to date.

At night there was a variety of entertainment. The common room was available with its juke box and table tennis; there were quizzes and competitions, films, and the ever-popular discos. We had to turn in by 9.45 and lights were out by 10.15, though generally few people went to sleep for some time.

Lisbon was our first port of call in lovely sunshine. We had a coach tour of the traditional sights in the morning and in the afternoon we could either go to the beach or wander and shop around

the city.

The next port was Malaga (not very impressive), but in fact we spent all our time visiting Granada to see the ancient Moorish Palace of the Alhambra. This was most impressive with its sumptuous rooms, fantastic mosaics and beautiful gardens.

Ajaccio, the capital of Corsica, was our next call. The journey to and from the ship was by motor launch and the town which was Napoleon's birthplace, was quiet and pretty, with a lovely beach just by the harbour.

Civitavecchia was the next port on the list with a full visit to Rome with its notable sights and statues.

Finally, after a short stay at a small Greek port of Gythion, we landed at Athens, but unfortunately time was short and after a quick visit to the Acropolis it was out to the airport for our flight back to Gatwick and home to Liverpool.

So, overall a memorable and enjoyable holiday with many happy memories of places, sights and new friends made.

D. CONNOLLY, 4D
S. WHITFIELD, 4M

"IT WASN'T ALL PLAIN SAILING" Recollections from the boys' log books

After several repetitive choruses of "the Death March" from the brass band we sailed at 5 o'clock.

The Food:

The food tastes like polythene bags.

Food is worse than at school.

Then I had my breakfast (Maltesers).

The Staff and Crew:

I'm sure the captain is the only Englishman aboard.

Mr. Smith was making a fool of himself at the disco, as usual.

Mr. Smith joined in the dance but Mr. Olsen said he was too old (I agree!).

Entertainment:

Doherty asked a girl to dance but she said something I could not repeat.

I have just had deck hockey and I am now minus

one leg.

In the disco I was introduced to a rather plump girl, luckily managed to escape before the next dance.

In the disco I was after this girl but didn't have the bottle to ask her out.

Port Visits:

The Acropolis is the main feature in Athens and stands out like a sore thumb.

The Coliseum was of course packed with tourists and wild cats.

I'm glad I went to the beach because most of the women were topless and some were bottomless as well.

No sight or smell has ever greeted my eyes with the pungent smell of boiled octopus before.

Disappointed with Rome—the whole city is

practically made up of old ruins.

We were told to practice our Spanish and so I asked for a bag of crisps. But he couldn't understand me and asked me to speak in English.

The Italian driver drove with a technique unknown to me—using the horn instead of the brake.

By this time we had got stuck with . . . and I can tell you that this was not a very enjoyable experience.

Account of the Trevi Fountain: If you throw three coins you'll come back to Rome, get married and get divorced as well.

Bought the "Sunday People" off Mr. Smith for 10p (tight thing!) and found out it was the Southern edition, i.e. no Everton report.

Not So Happy Times:

Sick all day; didn't go to breakfast, dinner or tea:

Miss my mum's food now!

This morning was one of the worst of my life. I was sick six times and I just felt like dying.

This morning we got up at 6.40 a.m.—It gets worse, doesn't it?

I am really looking forward to fish and chips, pilchards and spam and tomato ketchup butties.

Goodnight world! This could be the end! But it isn't. Breakfast was actually quite good this morning (God forgive me!).

The vomit covered the floor with a lumpy sheen from dawn till way after dusk.

On the second morning we awoke to the sound of "Sailing", by Rod Stewart. The other sound was that of a lot of people being sick.

I've had enough of the sea and the sun. Give me rain anyway; it is much cooler and doesn't smell like sweat.

I missed breakfast because I did not want to be sick, but someone told me if you don't eat breakfast you will be sick. You can't win!

Getting Home:

Luckily the teachers were lazy and said we didn't have to go to school till lunchtime.

Home at last! Slept in till 1.45 p.m.

EDUCATIONAL CRUISE

On 26th September I arose very early. It was the day of the school cruise.. For nearly one and a half years I had waited for this day, and now it was here.

The journey down to Southampton was very long and tedious. There were frequent stops at cafes to enable us to satisfy our stomachs and to relieve ourselves.

When we finally arrived at Southampton, some eight hours later, everybody was looking at every boat in the harbour and saying that they were our cruise ships. When we finally did see it, we were all excited. This was the beginning of our two week holiday. When we did get on the ship, after a wait of about half an hour, we were directed to our dormitories and given our instructions for the day. These started with unpacking. This was very hectic. The dormitory was a mess by the time everyone had finished, with clothes all over the place.

On the first two days, the weather was pretty bad. It was very cold and also windy. On the

Saturday, though, the weather was unbearable; most people were sick and around every corner you could see a pile of sick bags. All people were advised to carry one of these around with them, in case of emergency. As the ship was nearing France, it grew sunnier. It was as if our dreams had come true. This is what we had imagined the weather would be like. The top deck of the "S.S. Uganda" was full of sun-bathers. It was remarkable to think that just a few days ago this deck was wet, slippery and deserted.

On Monday, 29th September, we arrived in Lisbon, Portugal. The weather was brilliant. We started the day by taking a tour around the city. In the afternoon we went to the beach. This one day alone made the one and a half years of waiting worth it.

We were all waiting eagerly to see if our second port, Malaga, would be as good as the first.

On Wednesday, the 1st October, we arrived at Malaga, Spain. In the morning we travelled for three hours to Granada. There we found the

beautiful Alhambra, a sultan's palace from the 13th Century. In the late afternoon we travelled back to Malaga and had two hours of looking around the shops. The weather wasn't quite as good as in Portugal, but it was still very hot.

It was to be three days before we would see land again, but it didn't really bother us as there was plenty to do on the ship. There were lessons every day, but these only took up half of the day. In the afternoon we would go on top deck and sunbathe.

On Saturday, 4th October, we arrived in Ajaccio, Corsica. It was a pity we arrived so early, as most of the shops were shut. Towards the afternoon they were all open and the fantastic sun began to show itself. This day was a shopping day, whereas in other ports we had spent touring days. In the late afternoon we were all back on the ship and ready to make our way towards the next port.

It was only a day before we arrived in Rome, Italy. The whole day was a disaster. It rained constantly. Our guide told us that it was the first rain for 63 days. I am sure we would all have thought better of Rome if it had been sunny. The ancient forum and Colosseum were very interesting, as were the Vatican and the other sights of the beautiful city. In the late afternoon we returned to the ship and set sail for Gythion at 9.00 p.m.

We arrived at Gythion on Wednesday, 8th

October. In the morning we went on a tour to Sparta and visited the medieval city of Mystras. Before we set out for Sparta, we were advised to wear shorts and tee-shirts, as the weather would be very hot. It wasn't. In fact, the weather was almost as bad as in Rome. None of us was sorry when we returned to Gythion. The weather here was slightly warmer but as it grew later in the afternoon it was quite sunny. In the afternoon we went shopping and returned to the ship.

The holiday was nearly over. Just one more port to visit, Athens. Through the port-holes we could see the sun beating down. This was the saddest day of the whole cruise, as it was time to say goodbye to all the friends we had made in those two weeks.

Athens was very hot. Inside the coach was like a sauna. We were all glad to get out. The first stop was the Acropolis. It was very interesting. Then we went to a few shops to buy the last of our presents. At about 1.00 p.m. we were ready to fly back to England and at about 3.00 p.m. we arrived there. As usual, it was raining and it seemed very odd to think that, just a few hours ago, we had been hundreds of miles away.

In full, the cruise aboard the "Uganda" gave us the chance of a lifetime to see countries which we may not have been able to see if it hadn't been for the cruise.

BARRY SCOTT, 3 Mersey

EDUCATIONAL CRUISE 26th September—9th October

Southampton: Sail at 1600 Friday, 26th September.

Lisbon: Arrive 0800 Monday, stay 16 hours. A most elegant city, Lisbon is studded with reminders of its golden age of exploration: the Monument to Prince Henry the Navigator, the Belem Tower marking the spot where Vasco Da Gama left in 1498 on his journey to discover India. Its Avenida de Liberdade is one of Europe's widest thoroughfares and Jeronimos Monastery (1502) among the finest in Europe.

Malaga: Arrive 0800 Wednesday, stay 13 hours. A tour of the City of Flowers will show you the impressive Cathedral and other fine churches, the beautiful 18th century Bishop's Palace and the 11th century Moorish Alcazaba palace-fortress. Or you may drive through fine countryside, with striking mountain views, to Granada to visit the fabled early 13th century Alhambra, chambers and courtyards and arches and fountains. In the evening you will perhaps see some flamenco, the gypsy music and dancing that belongs to Andalusia.

Ajaccio: Arrive 0800 Saturday, stay 6 hours. There are vineyards, olive groves, ochre-washed houses, wild peaks and waterfalls, brilliant wild flowers in Corsica, the island where Napoleon was born (and which he still dominates). You will have ample time to explore the colourful town, set on its curving bay and backed by impressive mountains.

Civitavecchia (for Rome): Arrive 0700 Sunday, stay 14 hours. An epic day. You will tour the mighty Forum and the Palatine Hill (where Augustus, Livia and other "I Claudius" figures had their palaces; which are viewable). You will see the Colosseum, the Circus Maximus, chariot-racing arena, and other classical remains. Also the Castel San Angelo (read Cellini's Autobiography) and the Basilica of St., Peter's, the Spanish Steps and the Trevi Fountain, the "wedding cake" Victor Emmanuel Monument with the Capitoline Hill

behind and the elegant shops off the Via Veneto. You will see a vibrant, exciting city where past and present exist together in good-humoured confusion.

Gythion: Arrive 0700 Wednesday, stay 11 hours. The district is Sparta, but little of the famous Dorian city remains and the real delight is the extraordinary ruined medieval city of Mystras. The castle, ramparts, churches and chapels and houses, in their crumbling Byzantine splendour, evoke times of drama and passion. The monastery of the Perivleptos has some striking frescos, exceeded only by those of the Pantanassa (whole nuns are guardians of this extraordinary ghost-town).

Athens: Arrive 0800 Thursday, 9th October. Time to see the Pathenon, the Agora, the colourful plaka. Fly p.m. to Gatwick.

KINTBURY

When I said "Yes" to the Headmaster's question asking me if I would like to go on retreat for a few days, I can quite honestly say that I didn't have a clue as to what I would be letting myself in for. For starters, I had no idea what "retreat" meant—I merely had a few vague images of people spending all day and all night praying and not being allowed to talk among themselves, or sitting and standing through Mass after Mass in some cold monastery. Well, as you can see, my overall feeling at that stage, having just said "Yes" was one of deep regret.

Eventually we arrived at what I discovered to be an old converted farm or country home, which was situated about half a mile from a small village. When we arrived I was absolutely fed up—even the thought of missing three days from school was no longer consoling: after all, I had realised just how much work I would miss and have to copy up on our return. We were met by a very friendly chap who gave me the impression that he was a super-religious type, a very pious freak who seemed to confirm my initial prediction that this was going to be a trip to forget. He then introduced me (and the

other four Sixth Formers who were with me) to several more of these apparently pious "drippy, freaky" individuals, as I had come to regard them. Well, I think that by now you will understand how negative I was feeling to this retreat. However, the next twelve hours—less, in fact—were to change those feelings totally, as I began to understand the workings of the St. Cassian's centre.

I could give an account from here on of everything that happened, but I shan't. I shall just try to express to you how I was re-formed.

I was wrong, you see. I fell into one of the major traps of our time and society: I judged these people, and indeed the whole idea of going on retreat at face value, merely using the few second-hand images I possessed; I had never been on retreat, yet I made the mistake of thinking that I could judge its value without experiencing it. By the same measure, I also believed that I could judge these new acquaintances simply on the first few seconds of encounter, without even bothering to find the real persons within them. Oh; how wrong I was!

The idea of the retreat was to make people a form of "Good News" to all members of society, if possible—a very difficult thing to do in this day and age with the attitudes of so many towards religion of any form. However, having spent some time at Kintbury, I am quite willing to give it a try. Everyone is different; we all have our individually characteristic problems. In Kintbury we learnt how to share these problems with other people by building up strong relationships with them and placing all our trust in them. Those other people consisted of five from St. Edward's, about twenty from De La Salle and twenty-five to thirty from a mixed school, St. Thomas More's School, Chelsea, London. The only way to form these relationships is for all the people concerned to be completely honest with one another. From my experience, which I am quite sure relates to ordinary life outside Kintbury, we all hide things from people and the main reason we do so is that people are not trusting and hence not trustworthy; also, people being so self-conscious refuse to take the risk of relating personal information with the chance of discussion at large. Hence, we build up "barriers" round the "no go" areas of our thoughts, words and deeds.

In Kintbury, the idea was to become aware of these fears within us and to accept the fact that we are not honest enough or trusting enough, even with people very close to us. This makes us all masters of disguise and so we are continually on our guard, trying to appear what we are not. Once people make the effort, however, it becomes quite easy to overcome the fears and trust people to a much greater extent. Therefore in practice, this firm foundation of trust and freedom from inhibitions was the main aim of Kintbury. From here a strong structure may be formed, the people bringing the "Good News" being this structure. Once the base has been set, then the things which follow come in the form of a chain-reaction which sweeps over you at whatever rate you want it to.

The people who run St. Cassian's were there simply, as far as I could see, to provide a source of very vague guidance to direct our channels of thought in one general direction—the direction in which we can help most. From the firm base of

self-awareness from which our trust forms, we moved into a condition of awareness of people around us—at first only people in our little individual groups and their needs, but then to a broader spectrum—all the people of the whole world. All the time, we were becoming a very close-knit community, uninhibited, mixing freely and working together for each other's benefit.

Up to this point, you will have noticed that I have not mentioned prayer. Well, we did pray, not all the time as I had first suspected; we prayed at morning, when we asked for guidance from as well as thanking God. This helped to bring our minds to a condition suitable for the task ahead. We also took very active roles in three Masses. For me they were the three most enjoyable, spiritually profitable Masses I have ever been to. All these Masses evoked a marvellous atmosphere which showed in the fact that everyone was willing to take an active part. Yet, even in these relatively lively Masses, we were given a lot of time to pray privately, and there was no sense of hurry or the need to finish at any pre-set time. The whole mood created was one complementary to prayer.

Everyone who went to Kintbury believes that he learnt something about himself and about people which has brought a change in him for the better. The whole experience brought me closer to God. It made me more understanding and sympathetic towards people around me, and I believe that the eventual result will be that I shall become "God News".

During the retreat, a day was set aside for reconciliation. This brought about another significant change for me which has left me more at peace with myself and others.

Now that I am back home, I must try to practise everything that I have learnt. This will be a very hard process, consisting generally of translating all that I discovered in the idealistic situation of Kintbury into the everyday language of life.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who helped me to get to Kintbury, and all those who helped when I was there.

PETER MOBBS, VI B

FOOTBALL RIOTS

Though a minority do their best to create havoc, football fans in Britain are generally well behaved. The same cannot be said of those in some countries, however. In the Latin countries especially, the moats and netting that surround the pitches are an indictment of spectator violence.

In Buenos Aires in 1968, for example, 73 fans died in the stampedes that resulted when youths threw burning paper at each other.

Peru has probably the worst violence in the world. In one international match the fans were so passionate that a maniac shot the referee's head off!

The worst riot in the history of soccer happened in Lima, in Peru, when the national side was playing Argentina on the 25th May, 1964. It was sparked off when the referee disallowed a Peruvian goal. When this news was heard outside the stadium, hundreds of fans rioted, smashing windows and setting buildings on fire. Inside the ground, police had to use tear gas to repel mobs from the pitch. Others in the crowd rushed to get out, only to find the gates locked. In the ensuing panic and fighting with the armed police, 300 people lost their lives and many hundreds were injured. It was the blackest day in football history.

When a World Cup qualifying match before the 1970 World Cup between El Salvador and Nicaragua was being planned, there were many disputes. So intense were these disputes that a war started between the two Central American nations. Even when El Salvador reached the World Cup fans watching their match against the U.S.S.R. started lighting bonfires in the stadium!

M. CLARKE, 3H

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME IN THE SCHOOL

This last year, a new activity has started within St. Edward's: the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. Although it has a long and serious name, it is, in fact, a very enjoyable and rewarding activity.

Basically, it consists of a fifteen-mile hike, camping out overnight, participation in a sport, following an interest for six months and completing a service project. There are three levels in this scheme, Bronze, Silver and Gold. At each level there are the same things but harder.

Last summer half-term, several of us went up to Malham Tarn in the Dales. On the first night we walked round Malham cave. The next night, with full packs, we started on part of the Penine-Way over Fountains Fell and past Pen-y-Ghent and camped overnight at Horton-in-Ribblesdale. When we woke up the next morning, expecting to behold the beautiful Yorkshire morn, rain was pouring down. So that day's hike was cancelled and it was away back home.

Then, at the beginning of the summer holiday, ten of us went up to Coniston with an army of teachers. We started in two groups to do a practice hike. The weather was the usual Lakes weather: pouring rain. As a result, the hike was called off and one group pulled out. After waiting four hours for the other group to turn up, we intelligently decided they were lost. Whether it was Astles' skill with the map and compass or Gibbons' affiliation with horses we shall never know, but they turned up in the morning after having spent a comfortable night at the Y.M.C.A.

A more or less successful venture took place this last half-term when we went to Great Langdale near Windermere. One group planned a fifteen-mile hike down Borrowdale to Keswick. The other group abandoned their hike and spent a peaceful night floating down the valley in tents. The next day, a Liverpoolian army converged on Ambleside, complete with Green and his "coat an' a 'alf".

I know everyone will join with me in thanking Mr. Coupe, who got the scheme going, and makes the camping trips successful. Another special thanks to the fellow who installs Space Invaders in the motorway services; it would not be the same without him.

P.S. No-one spotted any of Mr. Snape's green post boxes in Borrowdale, but it was not for want of trying!

N. FLETCHER, 4H

IN THE NEWS!

Sometimes newspaper headlines, without the printers realising it, can be very funny if you think about them. Here are some examples:

"Police Found Drunk in Shop Window" (Sussex Courier); "New Shocks on Electricity Bills" (Barnet Press); "P.G. Police Say Detective Shot Man with Knife" (Washington Post); "Pressmen gather to see Royals hung at Windsor" (Sunday Times); "Catering College Head Cooks for Queen" (Ulster Commentary); "Man in Thames had Drink Problem" (Reading Chronicle); "Violence—Judge Hits Out" (Nottingham Post); "Council Decide to Make Safe Danger Spots" (Evening Post); "Asians Settle in Well" (Telegraph).

JOHN RAWLINSON, 3Hope

PROBES TO THE PLANETS

Although man has only travelled as far as the Moon, robot space travellers have flown to the four nearest planets to Earth—Mercury, Mars, Venus and Jupiter, as well as Saturn, which is now being observed from "Voyager One".

The "Voyager One" probe has already travelled past Jupiter and it is now surveying the ringed planet, Saturn.

The probe uses the huge gravity of the giant planets to get a boost on the way to the next planet. It travels at approximately nine miles per second and as well as harnessing the giant planet's gravity, it adds this to its present speed.

It is scheduled to reach Neptune in 1989 and after this twelve-year marathon, there will only be one planet in the solar system that Earth's scientists have not examined closely: Pluto, at the very edge of our solar system.

There are no definite plans for a trip to the planets by astronauts, as yet. A huge spacecraft would be needed because of the amount of food, water and air needed for the year-long journey to and from Mars.

Large living quarters would also be needed,

much larger than those of the Moon lander. Finally, the spacecraft must have enough fuel to carry the astronauts an enormous distance. But there is little doubt that one day the journey will be made, and a human being will step onto the surface of Mars, or perhaps, even further.

MARK SMITH, 3 Domingo

THE BRITISH GUIANA ONE CENT

Although the "Penny Black" may be the most famous stamp in the world because of being the first stamp ever issued, it is certainly not the most valuable stamp in the world. That characteric is held by "The British Guiana One Cent".

The British Guiana One Cent was issued in the year of 1856. At that time, there were very few of that stamp issued. The few British Guiana One Cent stamps that were issued were issued by a small post office in British Guiana and a couple of years later there was only one copy of the stamp still in existence.

The first owner of the only copy of the stamp was a Scottish boy of nine years old and after receiving some pretty approvals from London, he decided to sell the stamp to a very famous Scottish philatelist of his time, to get enough money to buy the approvals. From then to 1931, the stamp has changed owners many times. In 1931, though, the first auction for the stamp was held and after the final bid, the price reached twenty-five thousand pounds.

Since 1931, each time the stamp has been auctioned it has fetched a few thousand pounds more than the previous price. The most recent auction for the stamp was held in April, 1980. The stamp was auctioned by Sotheby's of London in New York and the buyer of the stamp paid just over half a million pounds for it. It is thought that an American philatelist purchased the stamp.

With the stamp being valued at half a million pounds now, could the price of the stamp be valued at a million pounds some years from now? And are we losing our sense of values?

CHRISTOPHER COLEBOURN, 3 Hope

APATHY SOCIETY REPORT

In the summer of 1979, the idea of a society within the College where boys could come and do nothing at all was put forward. Plans in detail, however, were only finalised in the summer of 1980.

Under the guidance of Michael Taker, Paul Higham, Chris West, Simon Collins and myself the St. Edward's College Apathy Society (S.E.C.A.S.) was formed.

Since its birth the Society has attracted some seven hundred members from the first through to the sixth form. Our main aim is to stimulate interest in all forms of apathy.

Our major triumph in 1980 was organising a trip to New Brighton but this idea was met with total indifference (showing the Society has been well and truly established!).

Meetings of the Society are held every Wednesday but all our members are too apathetic and never attend.

In closing it only remains for me, on behalf of the Society, to thank my colleagues, various teachers, parents and old boys for their completely indifferent, disinterested and apathetic attitude towards the Society.

It is my sincere hope that the St. Edward's College Apathy Society will flourish for many years to come.

MICHAEL T. F. BACON, President
Assisted by MICHAEL TAKER, Chairman

A TYPICAL HISTORY LESSON

or

"The Glazed Look"

or

"Ken Dodd's Morality Play"

You have all day-dreamed at some time, well this following essay analyses the stages involved, in detail. It is not true but no attempt has been made to change any names and my reference to characters is completely deliberate, so if anyone wants to hit me, they can do (sometimes)!

Parliament had become a poor representative of

the country, partly due to a population boom, and partly due to outdated parliamentary systems, e.g. In the South of England 70% of the Members in Parliament represented 30% of the population . . .

And as I become more and more bored with this trifling endurance deemed to be a history essay I shall drift away into that region of nothingness known as day-dreamland or land of nod, limbo or to some, even, noddy-land.

Yes, I have attained the level of boredom necessary for the aforementioned to happen. My eyes glaze, focusing on nothing, my attentions drift. My eyelids become drowsy, I begin to float away. Away, away, softly away.

I am arrived! Now unaware of the realities about me I become a top-class cricketer. I have bowled out Geoff Boycott. Oh, joy! But no, the umpire does not give him out! My look of joy becomes one of anguish and then one of anger. There is a thud as the umpire falls. (Well, anything is possible in my dreams.)

I move to a football field. Liverpool play Birmingham. I receive the ball, "skate" round Bertchin, "waltz" around Gemmil (I wouldn't say he was small but he has turn-ups on his underpants) and "whack" the ball home. The crowd roars with laughter as it is disallowed and I am sent off for hitting the umpire in the last scene who happens to be a part-time referee of football matches, my match, in fact. Again, I feel anguish, "Noddy land isn't working today," I think.

What is this? Someone is calling me! "Roxborough, Roxborough, Roxborough!" The mist lifts from my eyes, they focus, I glimpse a hazy figure of authority. "Are you with us, Roxborough?"

"Yes, Sir," I reply drowsily but remembering the courtesy.

"Well, let's take a note then! Metternich's foreign policy."

I must return to that world before the note being. Quick, quick!

"What's the title, sir?"

"Shut up, Ord."

Laughter, and too late, I begin the note.

A. ROXBOROUGH, 5 Domingo

MURDER ON VENUS

A lone figure scrambled through the labyrinth of streets, perspiration glistening on his forehead as he stumbled blindly on. A few minutes later, he paused for a rest.

"Why," he thought, "Oh, why did I have to rob a bank? On this planet the penalty is death!"

Just then, a laser bolt whizzed past his head. "Police!" he thought. "But I'm not giving up without a fight!"

Running, he leapt and landed behind some metal barrels, whipped out his blaster and prepared to fire.

The lead policeman of a group of six yelled, "Spread out!" then, "Give yourself up, Rydon, you are surrounded!"

"Never!" came the reply.

One unfortunate policeman, trying to circle round the back, was spotted in the corner of Rydon's eye. Rydon whipped round, aimed and fired at the astonished policeman, who glowed bright red and vanished. Rydon was so horrified at what he had done he leapt up and was immediately vapourised by the five remaining policemen. He did not know that his blaster was set on kill.

PAUL MEANEY, 1 Hope

EMBARRASSMENT or "A Trunk Call"?

One of my most embarrassing moments was during a swimming match in the school.

I had just joined the swimming club and was not expecting to have to go to the upcoming match, but, when I looked at the noticeboard on the Friday morning, I was entered for number three in the freestyle relay.

After explaining my situation of having no kit to Mr. Gibbons, I received a sharp rebuke and was told to be at the school gates at five past four where I would take the coach to the match with all the other swimmers. I protested, again telling him that I was completely bereft of a swimming kit, and received another sharper rebuke, this time

accompanied by "Shut up and be there!" or words to that effect.

At four o'clock, I was standing at the school gates when a coach pulled up and Mr. Gibbons told us all to board. I did so, not wanting to go through further sufferings, and off went the coach.

Some time later, we arrived at our destination and were all told to go to the changing room and wait for our events.

It was almost time for the second year freestyle relay, and the sweat was pouring off me; I did not know what to do. Suddenly, Mr. Gibbons walked in and threw an old pair of trunks at me, saying, "Hurry up and get changed!"

I obeyed, but soon found out that the trunks were a little bit oversized and there was no elastic in them. I was still worrying about the trunks when my race was called, but, regardless of the difficulties, I walked out of the changing rooms.

The race started; I dived in at my turn; off came my trunks when everyone was watching; I had to swim the rest of the race with one hand, amidst roars of laughter from everybody. It is a good job the water was there to stop me blushing.

P. LLOYD, 3M

AN IRISH MOTHER WRITING TO HER SON IN NEW YORK

Dear Son,

Just a few words to let you know I'm still alive. I'm writing this letter slowly because I know you can't read fast.

About your father; he has a lovely job. He now has 500 men under him. He is cutting grass at the cemetery.

There is a washing machine in our house, but it isn't working too well. Last week I put twelve shirts into it, pulled the chain and I haven't seen the shirts yet.

Your sister, Mary, had a baby this morning. I haven't found out if it's a boy or girl, so I don't know if you're an aunt or an uncle.

Your Uncle Dick drowned last week in a vat of whiskey. Some of his fellow workers dived in to save him, but he fought them off bravely. We cremated the body; it took three days to put the fire out.

I put a bottle of castor oil in your father's beer at Christmas. It kept him going until New Year's Eve.

I went to the doctor and he put a tube in my mouth. I had to keep it in for ten minutes. Your father bought the tube.

It rained twice last week. First for three days, then for four. It was so windy our chicken laid the same egg four times.

We had a letter from the undertaker yesterday. He said if we don't pay the last installment on Grandmother, up she comes.

Your loving Mother.

P.S.: I was going to send you \$10.00 but I already sealed the envelope.

GERARD BECKETT; 3H

THE THIEVING MAGPIE

The magpie is a cunning bird,
He takes what sparkles, so I've heard.
He's black and has a yellow beak.
What tales he'd tell, if only he could speak!

He hides the loot up in his nest,
And people think that he's a pest.
But oh! I'd like so much to see
What he has there, up in the tree.

BELOW

I often sit and wish that I could be,
A diver, diving in the sea,
And with my flippers on my feet
I'd explore the wonders of the deep.

J. TARPEY, 2M

JOE THE FIST

Long ago in the wild, wild west,
Lived a very tough man, who was the best.
His real name was Joseph Mist,
But his friends just called him "Joe the Fist".
He'd solve any problem, at any time,
So he was made Sheriff, the solver of crime.

Now, one hot day, as Joe sat down,
He looked to his right with a questioning frown.
"Oh, bless my soul! Not him again!
Yes, I'm afraid it's that terrible pain!
Phil the Fiend is raiding the place,
His gang an' all with grinning faces!"

As quick as lightening he stepped right out,
And warned them all with an alarming shout,
They took no notice and robbed a bank.
So Joe went at them like a roaring tank.
He made sure they'd steal no cash;
They'd finish off like soggy mash!

So Joe plunged in with his mighty fist.
They hit back, but always missed.
With a whack and a bang and a thud on the floor,
Phil went home, very sore!
Joe was heralded as strong and brave
And poor old Phil is sulking in his grave!

ANDREW GREENE, 2M

LIMERICKS

There was an old man from Peru,
Who found he had nothing to do.
He sat on the stairs,
And counted his hairs,
And found he had seventy-two.

There was a young man from Leeds,
Who wore round his neck ladies' beads.
His friends called him soft,
So he hid in the loft,
And only came out for his feeds.

I. KIRBY, 1 Mersey

THE HILL'S TREE THROUGH THE YEAR

When I was young, we lived by a hill;
 I liked that hill, I would go and climb
 that hill, until I reached the top;
 On the hill there was a tree and I didn't
 know its kind,
 But from this tree, my favourite tree, I would
 gaze for miles around.
 In summer when the tree was green, as green as it
 could be;
 That would be a sight for you to see,
 like green arms the branches stretched
 out, over the side of the hill;
 Wildlife was not uncommon, sparrows nested in
 the tree, squirrels in their dreys;
 I liked those squirrels, red with bushy
 tails, scampering all around.
 When the autumn came and the leaves
 turned tawny and red.
 The tree shed its leaves to make a carpet of
 brown, russet and red.
 The squirrels suddenly disappeared to find some
 stores, but when they came back again it was
 time to go asleep.
 Then the winter came, with icy winds, hail, rain,
 sleet and snow;
 The tree was bare, and could have been dead for
 all I know;
 Battered by storms, the hill stood it's
 ground;
 As it had done for years before,
 Then a light came from nowhere to bring the
 spring.
 Everything came alive.
 The squirrel awoke.
 It was time to start a rota for the year to come.

DAVID MORAN, 2M

ME, MY TROUBLE, AND STRIFE

Rain hammers down—no frolic today.
 Leave here early—there's no need to pray!
 Rather be elsewhere—run away—or,
 Jump a train—but I'd have to pay!

Do any of this? Well, I'll need a job.
 But if I stay up here I'll continue to sob;
 Leave school—unemployed—another job in the
 mob,
 Can't afford a thing, but I'll mind I don't rob.

Both agreed—we're both adored, but,
 "It's much too early—Now, THAT you CAN'T
 afford."
 Feelings, 'till now've been long stored.
 But now, attempts to publicise—we're still
 ignored.

"You're in love? Well, that's tough!"
 "Sweet's a dove? Now hey, that's enough!"
 "Perfect match? Fit like a glove?"
 "Stop all that—you're too young for that stuff."

Don't listen; when you say no-one cares,
 Just "For you, son, we really despairs."
 Don't listen; when she says she's in love,
 Just "At your age, lass, that's just *too* much."

Hope this won't be the way for the rest of my life,
 It could be ended with one flick of a knife;
 But now I can see, despair would be rife,
 And I still care too much for me, my trouble and
 strife.

STUART ST. V. FITZGERALD, 6AM1

SIR CLASH AND THE MONSTER

Once in a land that was terrorised,
 By a little green monster with three red eyes,
 Came a young knight both brave and bold,
 (Or at least that's what I was told)
 Whose name was Sir Clash.
 He would have a bash at anything that came.
 Most people, and I tend to agree, thought he was
 insane,
 For once he fought an army and, though without
 a scratch,
 He lost,
 But won in the rematch,
 But to get back to the point, he decided that
 the monster would have to be slain,

So he started off with his trusty steed down
 the old cobbled lane.
 But just before he reached the end,
 The king a messenger did send.
 Who said, "The king says you can wed his
 daughter,
 If that monster you do slaughter."
 "Do you mean I can have his daughter," said
 Clash, "if I kill this monster?"
 "Yes," he said.
 "Well, I don't want her!"
 For his true love was Angela Sugly.
 And besides, the king's daughter was ugly!
 But when he reached the monster's lair,
 He discovered that it wasn't there.
 "Oh dear!" he said, "My luck is out."
 But suddenly he heard a shout.
 And then he heard a piercing scream as the
 monster came to the scene.
 He looked at Clash then looked some more,

And said, "Alright you! Let's settle the score.
 If you beat me, you get glory but I will get the land
 if I beat you."
 Said Clash, "I'm going to get you, monster, just
 wait and see what I do."
 Said the monster with three red eyes, "Look out!
 Here is a surprise."
 And the monster breathed his fiery breath.
 Which nearly burnt Sir Clash to death,
 But luckily he moved out the way.
 Then with his sword he made it sway,
 And cut the monster clean in two.
 Then he took it to the king and said, "Here,
 it's for you."
 And in return he was given half the land,
 And the very next day he and Angela were married
 hand in hand.

DAMIAN FITZSIMMONS, 2M

THE DAY VESUVIUS ERUPTED

I am at home
 Eating.
 I hear rumbling,
 Ground trembles!
 Houses crashing down!
 People running for their lives.
 Black smoke fills house,
 Lava!
 I run.
 Lava gaining.
 Fall over.
 People trample on me.
 I just escape lava.
 Run faster,
 Jump into houses;
 Climb onto roofs!
 "Help! Help!"
 Lava rises,
 Mountain explodes.
 Hot ash showers over people.
 They get buried.
 Surrounded by lava.
 Run onto higher roofs.
 Lava rises.
 Burning stone!

People screaming,
 Watching people being buried.
 Air black with smoke.
 Climb up church.
 Lava rises.
 Lose balance . . .
 Buried!
 Someone grabs me,
 Tries to save me!
 Pulls himself in.

 In heaven,
 Looking down,
 Seeing people
 Dying . . .
 Screaming,
 Dying.
 Everyone dead.
 Lava still flows.
 Nothing left.
 I catch a glimpse of my hand in the lava,
 Burnt.
 Vast nothingness,
 The end of Pompeii!

NICHOLAS HARTLEY, 1 Hope

MY FAMILY

My mother is gentle and kind.
 My sister is the oldest child.
 My brother is the youngest and a pest.
 I'm in the middle and the best.

I do the hard work.
 My brother does the easy work.
 My sister stands and bosses,
 While my mum stands and washes.

PAUL ALTHAM, 1 Hope

AN AWAKENING

And as I drained the last red drops of comfort
 From the youth of my cough mixture,
 And said goodnight to books asleep on drunken
 chairs,
 And sat to think about anything but the bruise on
 my left elbow,
 Or the tomes I should have eaten, still alive,
 I tasted into the tear-ducts of my mind,
 And saw that it was twisted out of shape.

Dillyn Thomas (courtesy of the magic roundabout)

C. COLFORD, 6AM1

MY FAMILY

Dad: Dad's the boss, the one in charge, he pays the bills and works very hard.

Mum: Mum is gentle, loving and kind. She is one of the best you will find.

Barry: Barry's the runner, he runs like a hare, and never walks from here to there.

Paul: Paul is the youngest, football's his game, to play for Everton is his aim.

Me: I like rugby, swimming and all and because I'm the eldest I help them all.

BRYAN CURD, 1 Hope

THE MOON

The moon looks unwelcoming on a cold and wintry night,
 But in summer it's a very pretty sight.
 It looks like a ghost as it ripples across the seas,
 And it looks very eerie as it shines through the trees.

The moon gives light to you and me.
 It also has a face for all to see.
 It changes shape at different times of the year.
 I see it as warmth, and certainly not fear.

D. FLATTERY, 1H

THE THRUSH'S NEST

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
 That overhung a mole-hill large and round,
 I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
 Sing hymns to sunrise, while I drank the sound
 With joy; and, often an intruding guest,
 I watched her secret toils from day to day—
 How true she warped the moss to form a nest,
 And modelled it within wood and clay;
 And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
 There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,
 Ink-spotted over shells of greeny blue;
 And there I witnessed, in the sunny hours,
 A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
 Glad as that sunshine and the laughing sky.

GEORGE O'NEILL

I LOVE . . .

I love mathematics,
 I love maths teachers, too.
 I like to do maths homework,
 I love it—why, don't you?
 I love to do my classwork,
 I do it every day—
 I even love the men in white coats
 Who are taking me away.

M. BACON, 4 Domingo

THE WITCH

Here I am, all twisted and bent,
 Plotting my spells with great content,
 I come out of my cave into the light,
 And what do I see, to my great delight?
 But toads and worms and long-legged things,
 And mice and rats and butterflies' wings,
 These I will have to boil and brew,
 And weave a spell—that's what to do.

EVERYDAY THINGS

Millionaires, presidents—even kings,
 Can't get along without everyday things.
 Were you president, king or millionaire,
 You'd use a comb to comb your hair.
 If you wished to be clean, you would, I hope,
 Take a bath with water and soap.
 And you'd have to eat, if you wanted to eat,
 Bread, vegetables, fish and meat.
 While your drink for breakfast would probably be
 Milk, or chocolate, coffee or tea.
 If you wished to make a reminding note,
 You'd take a pencil out of your coat.
 And if you wanted to read, you'll be sure to look,
 At a newspaper, magazine or book.
 If you had a cold I can only suppose,
 You'd use a handkerchief for your nose.
 When you wanted to rest your weary head,
 Like other folks, you'd hop into bed.
 Millionaires, presidents—even kings,
 Can't get along without everyday things.

BARRY SHIELDS, 3 Domingo

VOLUMES THREE

There are three books in volumes three,
 The past, the present and the yet to be.
 The first is written and laid away,
 The second we are reading day by day,
 The third and last of volumes three,
 Is locked from sight, God Keepeth the Key.

JOHN HAUGHEY, 1 Hope

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR**Winter:**

The wind is fast,
 The snow is crisp,
 The trees are like skeletons,
 The rain is hard, it's very cold.

Spring:

Bright nights are beginning now;
 Trees begin to blossom,
 Everything comes back to life.
 The flowers are coming out.

Summer:

The sun burns your face. It's really hot.
 The children are playing on the sand.
 Lolly ices, water, buckets and spades.
 It's very hot.

Autumn:

The trees begin to shed their leaves.
 It's beginning to get cold.
 Walking to school and walking through the
 leaves, and also playing conkers—
 That's what autumn's all about.

PHILIP EMERY, 1 Hope

KIWI, THE DOG OF YORK

(To the tune of "Greensleeves")

The Duke of York he was brave and bold,
 And he frightened men both young and old.
 But his one weakness was caring for
 His little pet poodle called Kiwi.

Chorus:

Kiwi is the Dog of York,
 The pampered poodle that ate royal pork.
 Kiwi is the Dog of York,
 And she is the pride of the city.

Now this poodle it was small and fat,
 And its hairs were used in the front door mat.
 And every time the dog seasoned,
 The mat got some two inches thicker.

It was late one night, it was getting dark,
When Kiwi was making her late night bark.
When Death the Disastrous knocked on the door,
Of the good Duke of York called Charlie.

Now Charles was annoyed at the sight of death,
Who came to relieve him of all his breath,
So he hit him with the front door mat,
That had Kiwi's hairs tied on to it.

The Duke of York this story he told,
Of Kiwi the dog with the hairs so bold.
For you know his one weakness was caring for
His little pet poodle called Kiwi.

PATRICK ALLEN, 2M

ADVERTISEMENT

Johnny: Mummy, your hands are so soft—why don't you ever do the dishes, you lazy cow?

Mummy: Oh! shut up, or I'll nail your other foot to the floor.

Johnny: No, Mummy, that's the wrong joke. I said "Why don't you ever do the dishes?" not "Why do I keep running round in circles!" Still, I suppose "dishes" and "circles" both contain the letter "i", and that's probably where the confusion arose.

Mummy: Wait a minute! What's that hollowed out rat doing splayed obscenely on top of my new Easter Candle?

Johnny: Oh! That's just my Furry Wick Lid!

C. COLFORD, 6AM1

JOKES

Boss: "You should have been here at 9 o'clock this morning."

Office Boy: "Why—what happened?"

Policeman: "You were driving at 85 m.p.h., Miss."

Lady: "Isn't that marvellous, Officer? And I only passed my test yesterday!"

Doctor: "Nurse, did you tell Mr. Duncan he's the father of quads?"

Nurse: "No, I didn't, Doctor, he's still shaving."

Question: How do porcupines make love?

Answer: Very carefully.

Then there was the man who painted one side of his car red and the other side blue. He loved to hear witnesses contradict each other.

Did you hear about the pub in Aberdeen that offered free drinks to pensioners, providing they were accompanied by their parents?

Little Boy: "Mummy, are you sure this is the way to make a pizza?"

Mother: "Shut up and get back in the oven."

Bookseller: "This excellent book will do half your work."

Schoolboy: "Good! I'll take two!"

Man: "Waiter, there's a funny film on this soup."

Waiter: "Well what do you expect for 15p—Star Wars?"

Teacher: "What do you know of the Ark?"

Schoolboy: "Please, sir, it's what the 'erald Angels sing."

DAMIAN FITZSIMMONS, 2M

LLECHWEDD SLATE CAVERNS, WALES

Llechwedd (pronounced Lek-wed) is a slate quarry not far from the famous town of Blaenau Ffestiniog.

When getting off the train at Blaenau, you are immediately confronted by a sign giving the gradient, which is 1:8. After you have climbed this slope, the slate caverns are a mile walk up hill. When you get to the caverns, you decide which of the trips you want to go on, the miners' tramway or a trip into the caverns. I chose the trip into the caverns and after queueing for two hours(!) finally went down.

Wearing a safety helmet, you get into a specially constructed "train" and prepare for a jolt and a trip down a 1:2 slope. When you reach the bottom, a guided tour takes you round some of the most breath-taking caverns in the world.

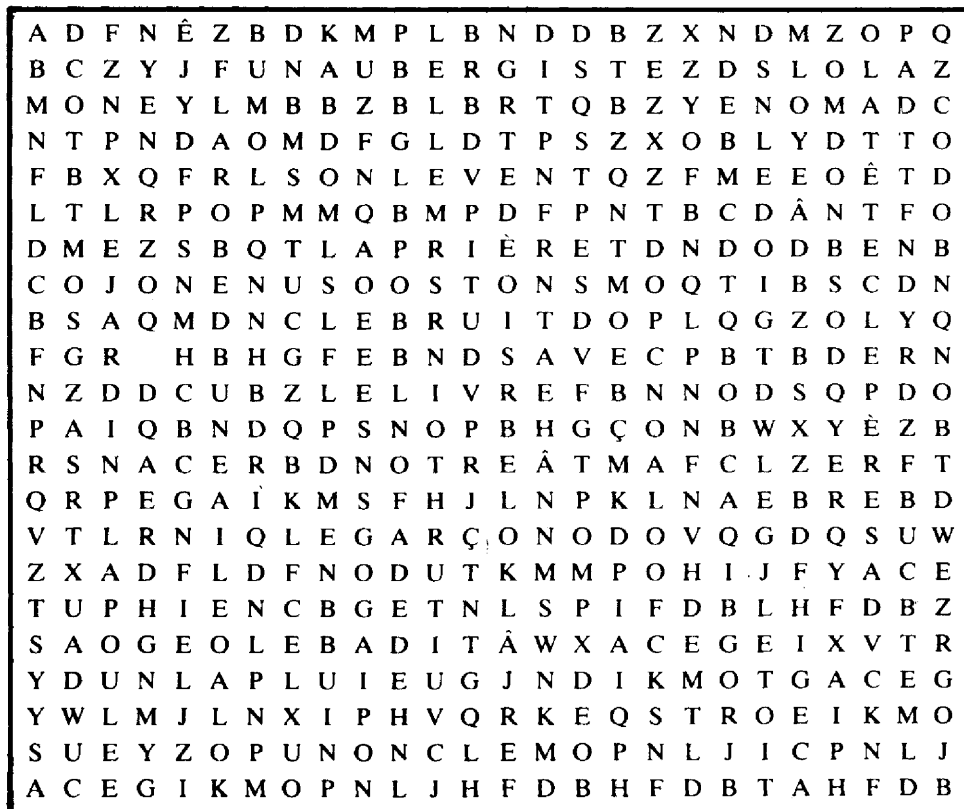
Eventually, you descend four hundred and fifty feet below the surface. It seems amazing that such huge cavities could have been created without the use of any electrical appliances at all. Then, after seeing an underground lake at 450 feet below the

surface, you climb into the "train" again which takes you back up the 1:2 slope and into daylight.

After a trip to the cafe and a look round the cheap souvenir shop, you can go and get some free slate from the mountains of the stuff, some reaching at least 700 feet high. Then it was time for me to go back down to Blaenau and catch the train home.

M. HILL, 2 Mersey

FIND THE CORRECT FRENCH WORDS IN THE WORD MAZE

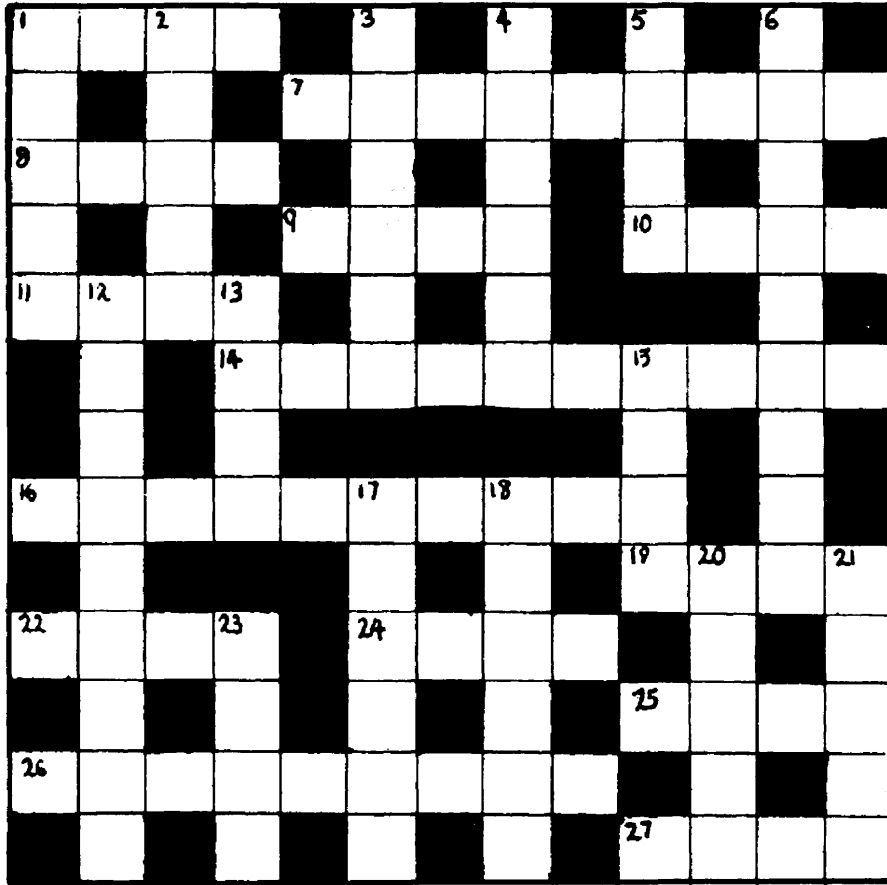


a wing
the finger
with
the dress
the wind
the roof
the voice
the head

an uncle
the hen
prayer
the rain
our
The book
an innkeeper
the boy

a donkey
the noise
the father
the robber
the garden

JOSEPH DARCY, 2M



CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1. Dismiss (4); 7. Driven (9); 8. Summit (4); 9. Finished (4); 10. Be listless (4); 11. Minus (4); 14. City (10); 16. Killers (10); 19. Notice (4); 22. Pace (4); 24. Grumble (4); 25. Read (4); 26. Irish (9); 27. Fruit (4).

DOWN: 1. Garment (5); 2. Plant (5); 3. Cowardly (6); 4. Scanty (6); 5. Shellfish (4); 6. Despairing (9); 12. Crank (9); 13. Mark (4); 15. Shrub (4); 17. Gypsy (6); 18. Sailor (6); 20. Surpass (5); 21. Caper (5); 23. Verse (4).

A. KERWIN, 3 Domingo

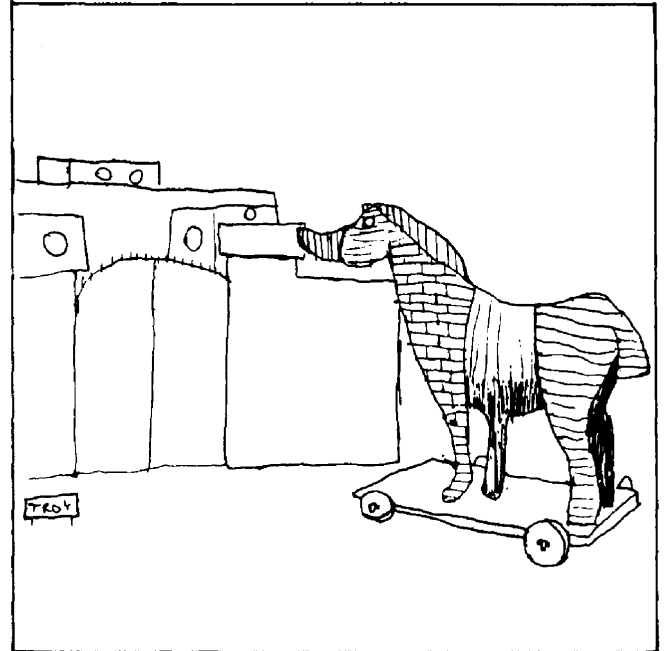
ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD

DOWN: 1. Shawl; 2. Cress; 3. Craven; 4. Sparse; 5. Clam; 6. Desperate; 7. Eccentric; 8. Scary; 9. Over; 10. Mope; 11. Less; 12. Step; 13. Scam; 14. Canterbury; 15. Rush; 16. Seaman; 17. Romy; 18. Seaman; 19. Notice; 20. Excel; 21. Dance; 22. Pace; 23. Verse; 24. Grumble; 25. Read; 26. Irish; 27. Fruit.

ACROSS: 1. Sack; 2. Plant; 3. Cowardly; 4. Scanty; 5. Shellfish; 6. Despairing; 7. Propelled; 8. Apex; 9. Over; 10. Mope; 11. Less; 12. Step; 13. Scam; 14. Canterbury; 15. Shrub; 16. Gypsy; 17. Gypsy; 18. Sailor; 19. Notice; 20. Surpass; 21. Caper; 22. Step; 23. Verse; 24. Grumble; 25. Read; 26. Irish; 27. Fruit.



"Must have been rubbish on telly last night—I've never had so much homework from 2D!"



"That's just too bad—you should have gone before you got in!"

K. O'DONOVAN, 2D

JOKES

- Q.—Which animals eat with their tails?
A.—They all do. They also sleep with them.
- Q.—Where do you find tigers?
A.—Depends where they were lost.
- Q.—How long should elephants legs be?
A.—Long enough to reach the ground.
- Q.—What do you do if you see an angry gorrilla?
A.—Hope it does not see you.
- Q.—What did one grape say to the other?
A.—Nothing, grapes can not talk.
- Q.—What is green, then purple, then green, then purple?
A.—A pickle that's part-time as a grape.

C. WATKINSON, 2M

SILLY BOOKS

- "North Winds Blow" by Gail Force.
"Woodwork" by A. Carpenter.
"Little Money" by Arthur Cent.
"Chinese AbstractArt" by Hoo Flung Dung.
"Crosseyed" by Al Cohol.
"Colony" by Major.
"Viruses" by Ann T. Body.
"Rare Poisons and Cures" by Ann T. Dote.
"Ski-ing" by I. C. Slopes.
"Toothache" by D. Kay.
"Dangerous Roads" by Z. Bends.
"Nuclear Power" by A. Tom Mick.
"Hooked" by Nick O. Teen.
"Killing Germs" by Ann T. Septic.
"Carpet Fitting" by Walter Wall.
"Old Furniture" by Ann Teak.
"Keeping Dogs" by Al Satian.

DARREN MOON, 3D

RUNNYMEDE

* * *

RUNNYMEDE SPORTS

Football: Junior Four played some attractive football during the season but were not quite up to championship standard. Junior Three were more successful, winning their league and reaching the Semi-Final of the Cup.

Cross-Country: The cross-country team had their most successful season ever. They won every competition they entered and had four boys selected to the City Team.

Swimming: Swimming was very much curtailed due to problems with the pool but in spite of this the team won the Intermediate Championships and came second in the City Championships.

Athletics: For the first time for some years we had a most successful athletics team. They came first in their area championships, second in the Intermediate Championships and fifth in the C.B. Championships. Three boys have been selected for the City Team.

Cricket: Cricket was again played in the Prep. School after last year's absence and some enjoyable matches took place. Some of the boys showed great potential.

* * *

Andrew Edwards, of Junior Four, has been chosen as the goalkeeper of Liverpool Schoolboys this season. He has trained hard for this and we are all very proud of him. Well done, Andrew!

* * *

The boys of Junior Four performed the musical "Oliver" at the end of the summer term. They put on a most professional show with John Walker as Oliver and Michael Gibson as Fagin giving outstanding performances.

* * *

THE RUNNYMEDE CANAL TRIP

Our canal holiday started on the first day of the Easter half-term. We all came to school and got on a coach and off we went. We arrived at Eggbridge Hire Cruises' boat yard at about 12.30 p.m., and unloaded the coach. We did not get on the boats till about 4.30. We all got a life jacket for safety. We started moving at around 5.30. We stopped at about 6.30, just before our very first lock (it was a double lock). After tea Mr. Sweeney took us all to the lock and showed us how it worked. We got up at 7.00 a.m. on Sunday and had breakfast consisting of cornflakes, toast and coffee. The lock and rope crews had to be ready that morning for

the first lock. We were on the Shropshire Union Canal with double locks all day. Then on Monday we went onto the Llangollen Canal with only single locks that could mean long waits at times.

On Tuesday we came to Grinlybrook staircase lock, this is a few locks joined together at steep land. The same day we came to a lock which had a small farm on one side and a goat tied up on the other and the goat butted a boy.

On Wednesday we came to a small village and we spent some pocket money on presents. That day we came to a few swing-bridges and the top of the boat just missed the swing-bridge. On

Wednesday night we got to Llangollen and spent some more pocket money in town.

On Thursday we, meaning the teachers, were up at 5.00 because we were in a hurry. Mr. Sweeney's boat brokedown and he had to phone to get a man to repair it. That night we all, except the teachers, went to play football on a big field. That night when everyone was asleep Boat Two's mooring rope was cut and drifted half way across the canal. In trying to get the boat back across to the other side we broke a barge pole, in the end we had to get towed back across.

On Friday we had to hurry because we were behind schedule.

On Saturday the teachers were up at 5.00 and the children awoke at 6.00. We were still rushing. We arrived at the boatyard at 11.00 and the coach was there to meet us. We got on the coach at 11.30 after a most exciting and hard working trip. So on behalf of everyone who went, thank you, Mr. Sweeney and staff.

PAUL DALEY, Junior 4

AUTUMN AND WINTER

In Autumn we find conkers,
Fallen down on the floor.
Scattered leaves across the garden,
We have no room for more.

In Winter there is lots of rain,
Splashing down on the window pane,
Every eve and every morn
The world is cold but we are warm.

ALEX McCANN, Junior 1

BIRDS

There was once a bird,
A very fine bird.
His name was Cock Robin.
He sings the nicest song you ever heard.

He swoops to catch a little worm,
That crawls out of his home in the dark
down below,
With all the seeds
That into flowers will grow.

MICHAEL ALDCROFT, Junior 1

LIMERICK

There was a young Girl called Priscilla,
Who lived on the top of a pillar,
She fell down one night,
And died of a fright,
Because she had seen a gorilla!

ANTHONY POVAH, Junior 2

THE MOURNFUL FISHERMAN

The day was very calm and cool,
And I was on my way to school,
I heard a sob and wet boo-hoo,
And a mournful fisherman came into view.
He said, "I went down to the brook,
Into the current dropped my hook.
I hoped for something for a meal,
But caught a large electric eel.
And now although I'd like to try him,
I haven't got a place to fry him."
"Plug his tail into his head,
And let him cook himself," I said.
He gave a sob of utter joy and said,
"I think I will, my boy."

LEE SHANNON, Junior 4

MY DOG

My dog Jack
He likes bones.
He chases balls
And digs up stones.

My dog Jack,
He lives in the back.
He barks at our cat, Mack,
And Mack spits back.

PETER JONES, Junior 1

CATS AND MICE

Mice are small, mice are squeaky.
Mice can be a little bit creaky.
Mice hate cats, too, you know,
Mice make tracks in the snow.

Dogs hate cats, they chase them round
Until they're scraping along the ground.
I wouldn't like a dog, but would like a cat,
To come and sit on my fireside mat.

MARK ENGLISH, Junior 1

SPRING

The birds do sing,
Because it is spring.
They love to fly
So high in the sky.

The flowers peep through,
And the buds do, too.
The leaves are almost bursting through,
Making such a lovely hue.

The farmer plants his corn,
And baby lambs are born.
Boys and girls love to play,
Happy in the sun all day.

ANTHONY SHONE, Junior 1

MR. TALL

Mr. Tall is so tall he's bigger than the China Wall.
He's bigger than Mount Everest and it takes ages
for him to sit down and have a rest. His trousers,
they're 5,000,000 feet long, they're even bigger
than King Kong, and now here's a hint that I must
say: If you see him any day, if I were you I'd run
away.

DANIEL CONNOR, Junior 3

WINTER

At Winter it is very cold, it covers its blanket of
snow across the country near and far. I wish the
sun would glow. The trees are bare, the plants
won't grow, the car won't start. Oh, no, I can't wait
for Spring to come and for the Summer sunshine to
glow.

DANIEL CONNOR, Junior 3

SHOES

Ballet shoes,
are soft and slippery,
Made to point the toe,
So prettily.

Football boots,
Are hard and tough,
And made to play a game,
that's rough!

MY PIGGY BANK

What did my little piggy bank take?
I think he has a tummy ache.
He must have eaten too much money,
No wonder he is feeling funny!

CHRISTOPHER McIVER, Junior 3

CHRISTMAS TIME

The snow falls down without a sound,
As boys and girls make snowmen,
And laugh and play and run around,
And have a snowball fight then.

People dash about the shops,
Buying gifts for friends,
Turkeys, pies and lollipops,
The shopping never ends.

Then at last the day is here,
We thought it would never come.
We all enjoy the Christmas cheer.
And nobody feels glum.

ROBERT LAIRD, Junior 1

AUTUMN

In autumn when some leaves are brown,
Some are yellow and some are red.
The winds do blow, the leaves fall down,
And cover up our flower bed.

As we walk along the road,
The autumn leaves are thick and deep.
The gardener has a heavy load,
And stacks them all up in a heap.

MATTHEW MORGAN, Junior 1

WINTER IS COMING

Autumn is leaving,
Winter is coming,
Leaves stop falling,
We need more clothing.
Down comes snow,
As we all know,
Autumn is leaving,
Winter is coming.

MATHEW BIRCHALL, Junior 2

AUTUMN

Once there was a little leaf called Jack. Jack was hanging on his branch one day when he thought he was losing his grip on his twig. He thought: "Oh, oh, autumn is coming!" Jack had been dreading autumn all the year. When suddenly SNAP! He fell down to the ground. OUCH! He had landed straight on his bottom. So he started walking along. Soon someone stamped on Jack.

"Ouch, watch where you're going, stupid person," he said.

Soon he met a red leaf.

"What is your name?" said Jack.

"I am Linda," said the leaf. "What's yours?"

"I'm Jack. Will you come with me?"

And off they went. After two weeks they found a very old leaf called Peter. He had dropped off his twig last month. They found out that Peter was a priest and so they got married and lived happily every after.

GARY SHANNON, Junior 2

MY NEW SCHOOL

I am a new pupil at St. Edward's College. My name is David Coombes and I came from Broughton Hall, with seven other boys.

I like this school better than Broughton Hall because it has more sport activities. We have lots of sports such as football, rugby and running.

Our school has its own swimming pool and we swim twice a week and I hope to get some certificates.

DAVID COOMBES, Junior 1

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION REPORT

The Parents' Association contribution to the College Magazine is, because of the magazine's printing date, something of a "half term" report in regard to our year's activities, but we have progressed sufficiently far for us to be able to say that we continue to play a full part in the life of the College Community.

All will be aware of the change in status of St. Edward's, and more information on that topic will be forthcoming from other quarters in the near future, but the work of the Parents' Association is still, and will be, as relevant as ever it was. Our current project is the provision of funds to help pay the cost of the new Sports Hall, and we are hopeful of your continued support.

Any living organisation such as ours is subject to change, however, and this last year has seen several alterations to our committee.

Mr. Mike Hickman retired as Chairman after many years of unstinting hard work with us and the Association owes him a debt of gratitude for the way in which he maintained all the best traditions of his predecessors.

Other retirements during the year were those of Terry Baker, Philomena Jenkins, Pat McGill, John O'Hara, Jim Preston and Bob Wynn. Our gratitude is due to all of them for their hard work and enthusiasm over the years.

In their places we are pleased to welcome Philomena Brocklehurst, Bob Grace, Dennis Larkin, John Murphy, Hugh O'Rourke, Nina Webster and Alison Wynn. These new "recruits"

have settled in so well and with such a will that we are again enjoying a successful year.

The Socials are very well attended, often sold out, and here tribute is due to the hard work, efficiency and imagination of the Bar and Social Sub-Committees.

If the Socials are our "shop window", however, no less tribute is due to the backroom boys (and girls) of the 200 Club and Finishing Touch Pool Sub-Committees for their diligent efforts throughout the year.

The Fairs and Fetes Sub-Committee recently put on another "best ever" Christmas Fayre, and thanks are due here to all of our helpers and friends, and perhaps most important of all, the people who came along on the day, in spite of a bus strike, to support our efforts.

We depend a great deal on help freely given from many quarters and we are grateful to Br. Gillespie and the Brothers in the Community, the College Secretaries, the Staff, Mrs. O'Brien and her Canteen ladies, and the boys for their continued help and encouragement. Perhaps a special word of thanks to Br. O'Grady, the College representative on our Committee, for the gift of so much of his limited free time and his interest in our affairs.

The present committee is listed below; please do not hesitate to contact us with any suggestions or queries.

D. E. NOLAN

COMMITTEE 1980/81**President:**

Rev. Br. W. Gillespie

Chairman:

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

Vice-Chairman:

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

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. D. Bannon, 102 Broadgreen Road, L13 228 1887
 Mrs. P. Brocklehurst, 143 Leyfield Road, L12 228 2966
 Mr. F. Colquitt, 5 Woburn Drive, Cronton 424 2162
 Mr. M. A. Fitzsimmons, 4 Ladyfields, Central Drive,
 Sandfield Park, L12 220 6544
 Mr. M. Gallagher, 128 Leyfield Road, L12 228 0670
 Mr. J. Glover, 24 Regents Road, St. Helens 74 25842
 Mr. R. H. Grace, 49 Druids Cross Gardens, L18 428 1498
 Mr. P. Green, 72 Acacia Avenue, Huyton 489 1980
 Mrs. D. Hill, 36 Fairfield Avenue, L36 489 0964
 Mr. G. Keenan, 1 Sandforth Road, L12 228 4581
 Mr. P. Lacy, Broomfield, South Drive, Sandfield Park,
 Liverpool 12 259 3121
 Mr. D. Larkin, 12 Exley Walk, L6 260 3305
 Mrs. A. Marrs, 91 Swanside Road, L14 228 3971
 Mr. C. Melia, 54 Swanside Road, L14 228 7870
 Mrs. A. Moran, 26 Menlove Gdns. North, L18 722 6022
 Mr. J. Murphy, 10 Well Lane, L16 737 1653
 Mr. M. Naylor, 640 Queens Drive, L13 220 2791
 Mrs. A. O'Grady, 57 Malvern Avenue, m L14 480 9336
 Mrs. T. O'Hara, 17 Mossley Hill Road, L18 724 2822
 Mr. H. O'Rourke, 12 Agincourt Road, L12 228 0769
 Mr. J. Potter, 40 Upton Bridle Path, Widnes 423 1059
 Mr. K. Stephenson, "The Ranch", Sandfield Park,
 Liverpool 12 220 9973
 Mrs. P. Thornton, 5 Palmerston Road, L18 724 1687
 Mrs. V. M. Webster, 41 Chedworth Road, L14 228 2542
 Mrs. A. 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 at 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 (Ticket Sales) John O'Hara, 724 2822.

Pools: Jim Glover, 74 25842.

Fairs and Fetes: Perry Lacy, 259 3121.

200 Club: Phil Green, 489 1980.