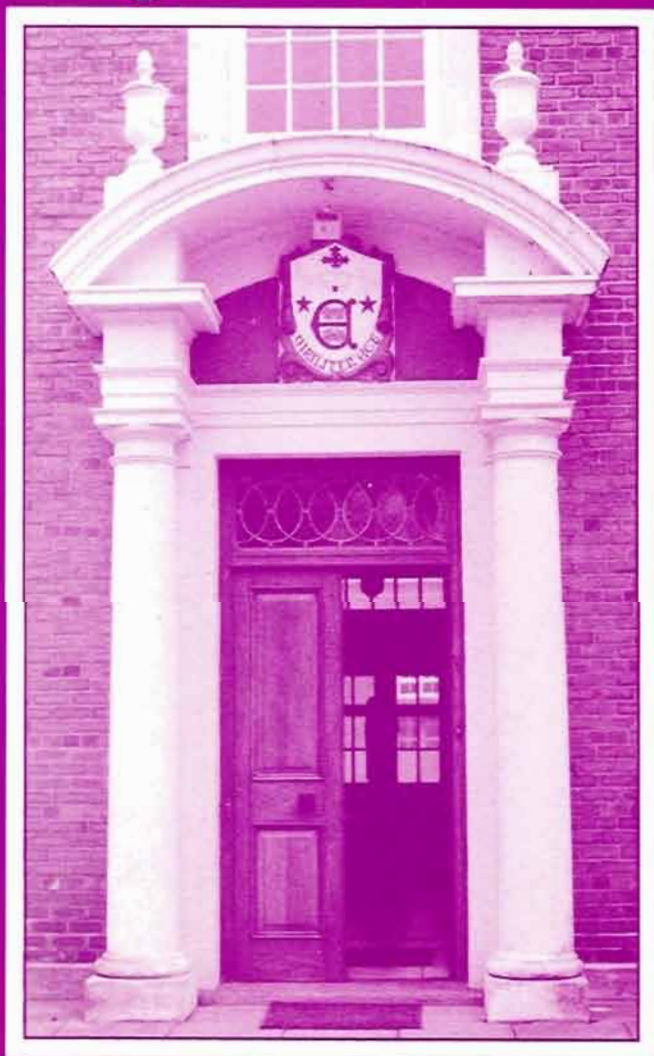


SEC

magazine



MURDER!

LATE last night the old style school magazine was found murdered. The cause of death is not known, but the police wish to interview two men: Mr John Moseley and Mr Terence Duffy, who have been openly campaigning for its demise.

The deceased was found in the Music School by its close associate for many years, Mr Young. Attempts at revival were unsuccessful, and at ten minutes to midnight it was pronounced clinically dead.

**By Our West Derby
Correspondent,
T. Grace**

Mr Moseley is known to be safe in Spain (no extradition). When approached by our man

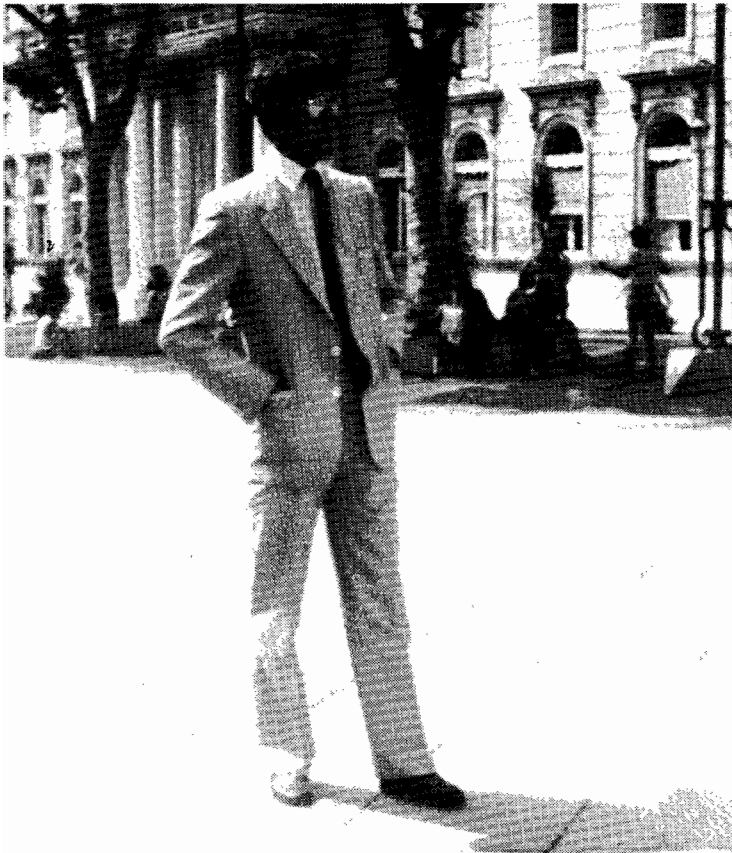
in Marbella his only comment was, 'The Old Style is dead, long live the New!' He consented to pose for our photographers.

Unsubstantiated rumours suggest that the other suspect, Mr Terence Duffy, has

claimed sanctuary in the Metropolitan Cathedral.

An anonymous letter has been received claiming that all will be forgiven when the brilliant New-Style Magazine is published.

The two murder suspects hope then to escape any legal proceedings, and enjoy a triumphant return to Sandfield Park.



◀ Our reporter's photograph of the suspicious Moseley.



▲ Police identikit of Old Style School Magazine's face.

Editorial

We have made changes. When Brother Gillespie initiated the suggestion that Messrs Moseley and Duffy take over the editing of the school magazine from Mr Brian Young, we felt that, since the existing lay-out had been in service for some half-a-century, it was time for a new approach. We have divorced the magazine from the Prize Day Programme and attempted to modernise the design. This issue covers the period September 1983 - March 1985, but, in future, will run from Easter to Easter and be published on Colours Day.

Our objective was to produce a magazine which reflected the differing aspects of school life and to organise it so that the reader may, at a glance, find those articles which immediately interest him or her. There will be those who are disappointed. Anything new is bound to come in for its fair share of criticism. Indeed we, as an editorial body, regret the lack of some activities' reports and Art Work and Creative Writing in general. A magazine can only be as good as its contributors make it. If there are omissions, then we would ask you to rectify them in time for the next issue.

At our regular meetings over the past weeks, we have become increasingly conscious of the work done by our correspondents and we would like to thank them for their cheerful undertaking of often thankless tasks:

Mr Edward Coupe — Recreation and
Photography

Mr Mark Davies — Religious Life and
Community

Mr Andrew Derbyshire — Arts and Recreation

Mr Frank Linnet — Art Work

Mr Simon Morgan — Sport

Stephen Torr — Photography

If you have any worthwhile comments to make on this issue — good or bad — please address them to a member of the editorial committee:

Mr Terence Duffy

Gregory Hughes

Mr John Moseley

Catherine O'Grady

Michael Prenton

Ann-Marie Quill

Mark Senior

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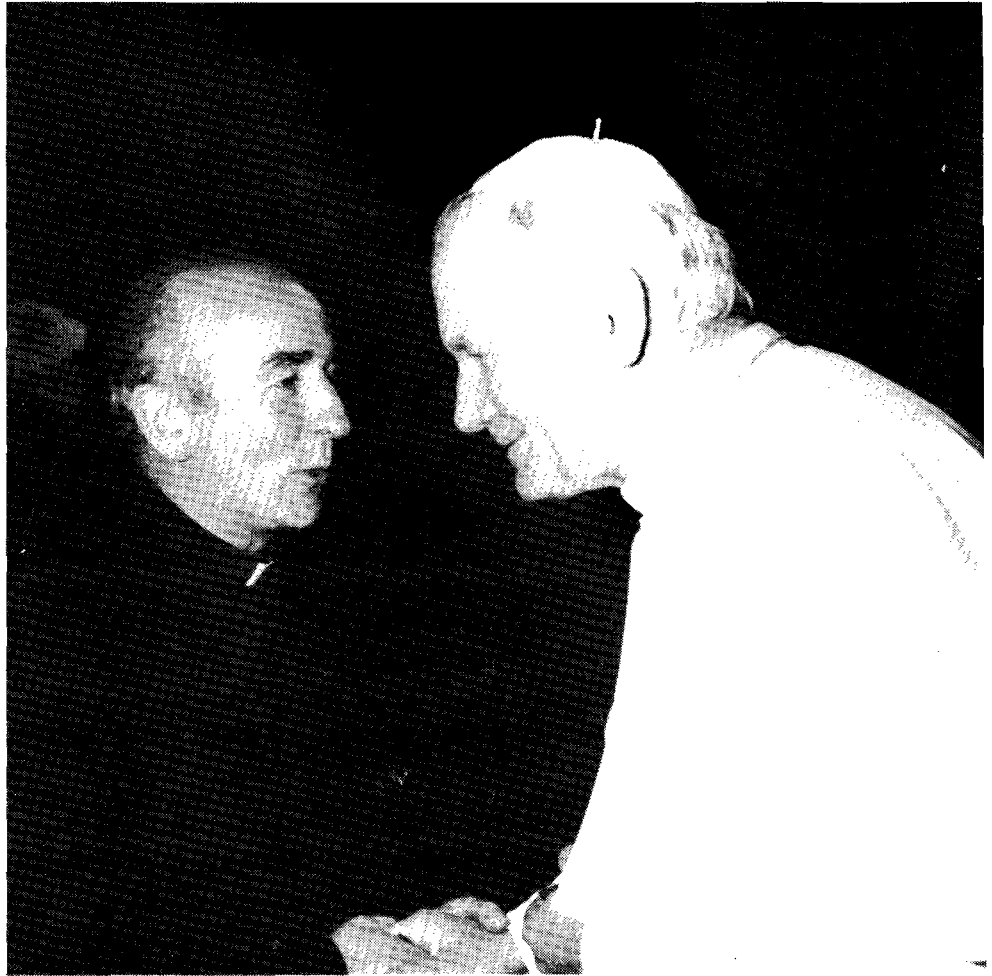
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School News



*Brother William Gillespie with Pope John Paul
Photograph by L'Osservatore Romano.*

Comings and Goings

After a preliminary year as deputy headmaster, Brother William Gillespie was appointed Headmaster in September 1979 and in the normal course of events would only have relinquished this post in July 1985 had it not been for his election as Provincial of the Christian Brothers in England. Their gain is undoubtedly our loss. We were pleased to welcome Brother Bernard Sassi as Headmaster in September 1984 and trust that he will not be the victim of any future elections! Hitherto a governor of the school, Brother Sassi must have the low-down on some of us at least on his arrival . . . Later in this section of the magazine one can read appreciations and potted biographies of the former and the present Headmaster as well as of other members of the staff who have left and joined the school family.

Mr Simon Morgan began teaching here in September 1983 (having already done some teaching practice here beforehand). At the end of the academic year, Mr Bernard Traynor took early retirement in July, 1984, the staff common room losing one of its notable wits. Mr Julian McMullen and Mr Terence Sweeney, both former pupils, joined the Physics and History departments respectively in September, 1984. Mr Timothy Allen, also a former pupil, joined us temporarily for a term before going to the Liberian Mission early in 1985, together with Brother Thomas Dee who had been teaching History, Latin and Religious Studies. Mrs Rene Mercer retired as Middle School Librarian at Christmas and Miss Catherine Beer took over her post in January. At the same time, Mr Stephen Wells joined the English department and Brother Aaron Kiely began working in the Latin and Religious

Studies departments.

Father Peter Crowther was appointed school chaplain in September, 1984, taking the place of Father John Joyce who had been appointed assistant priest at St Mary's, Douglas, in the Isle of Man, where a previous school chaplain, Monsignor Peter Ryan, is dean and parish priest. September also saw Brother Kieran O'Grady taking up his part-time appointment as a chaplain to Walton Hospital, assisting the clergy of Blessed Sacrament parish.

We have also seen changes in the scientific technicians' ranks: Mrs Ethel Neill retired from the Physics staff, Mrs Valerie Redburn taking over her post. The biologists lost the services of Mrs Hilda Roach but gained those of Mrs Muriel Fryer.

Immediately before Christmas, 1984, we were shocked and saddened to hear of the death, in an accident with a horse, of Mrs Valerie Hastie, daughter-in-law and wife respectively of Messrs Nicholas and Ian Hastie, the school's electrical contractors. Ian's sons Simon, Richard and David are all recent former pupils. To the Hastie family we offer our sincere condolences and the assurance of our prayers.

Brother William Gillespie we knew to be a deeply spiritual man and a true Christian and no higher praise could we give him, nor would he want. He made a considerable impression on all he met and in our community we saw a tremendous increase in both the formal and informal prayer life of the school. Not only did he invigorate the teaching of Religious Studies, but he founded prayer groups, introduced Religious Studies as an A level subject and developed a room specifically for that

department. His evident goodness came across in his relationships with staff, parents and pupils. Always responsive, friendly and so patient, he listened and gave you the benefit of the doubt every time; you felt you mattered. He was so accepting (to my way of thinking perhaps a little too much on occasion) but then he had never acquired the harder veneer of the career teacher. Not having had a great deal of teaching experience, he brought a refreshing balance to my own attitudes to the various priorities in the school situation, often helping many of us to see more trivial matters with a greater sense of perspective and proportion.

Assemblies led by Brother Gillespie were a joy. So profound and yet so apparently simple: 'I want to tell you a story' or 'I had a dream' . . . What stories were told and in such a delightful way. I have never heard anyone speak so matter-of-factly about death and its inevitability, nor of each individual's uniqueness, of God's love for each and every one of us. He spoke simply, with deep conviction and much faith; he was so optimistic.

A basically shy man, he preferred to be helping at table or collecting glasses at a social, to work behind the scenes, yet when it was needed he never failed to give a lead from the front. This impressive man we miss greatly and I personally owe him a great deal. We offer him our support and our prayers in his demanding role as Provincial.

AHE



Brother Bernard Sassi is a native of Sunderland. His parents are both still living (his father having come to England from Italy as a child) and he has two older brothers and a younger sister. After being a pupil at St Aidan's school, he joined the Christian Brothers and pursued studies in Theology in Rome and Modern Languages in Dublin, finishing with a PGCE in Oxford. Previous teaching appointments have been at Gibraltar for over three years, Birkenhead for a further five years and the Deputy Headship at St Joseph's, Stoke-on-Trent for six years. Passions include cricket and Mozart.



pupil and in his discussion groups, particularly those dealing with religion, he had, often through calculated digressions, that enviable characteristic of the true pedagogue, the ability to persuade every boy to make his own contribution to the topic under discussion.

In the Staff Common Room his unassuming manner concealed a great fund of learning; he was a man whose reading was patently extensive and his quietly spoken yet penetrative comments were appreciatively received by his colleagues. His love for cricket, rugby-league and crosswords was obvious to all and his knowledge of these pursuits was often expounded in comments that were not only factually accurate but contained an acid wit that could verge on the sublimely droll. He was, and still is, a natural raconteur.

Many young teachers in the first year of their profession were greatly impressed by his friendliness and his helpful advice made their early days less onerous than they might have been. He always gave them encouragement and they recognised him immediately as a man devoid of pomposity or falseness.

Despite personal crosses that the Almighty gave him to bear, Bernard remained a man of immense charm, sincerity and humility and a profoundly committed Christian. His own personal adversities never evoked from him any rebellious outbursts against the vicissitudes of life. He confined his sufferings to the privacy of his own recollections and accepted them with a serenity of composure that was admirable to witness.

It is much regretted by his colleagues that ill-health prompted him to retire prematurely and we sincerely hope that he will be able to come and see us occasionally so that we might once more see the merriment of his eyes and hear the joyful quip from his lips. Vale atque multis otii annis fruere.

JF



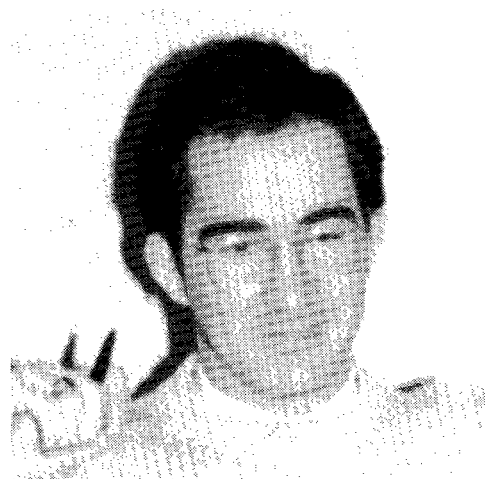
Mr Simon Morgan comes from an extensive Bootle family (a 'clan' he calls it). He followed a four year BEd course at Christ's College in PE and Biology before joining the school staff. Amongst his likes he lists playing sport, visiting breweries and assembling staff football teams at 4pm on match days! Dislikes include arrogance, sober personalities and Mr Fraine's duffel coat.

Mr Bernard Traynor — 'Bernie' to his many friends, retired in July, 1984 after many years of valuable service.

For the younger boys of the College he was a teacher whom they could approach in confidence for advice on many matters — and they did so repeatedly. His friendly manner and simple directness appealed to the young as a man they could trust unhesitatingly. He gave them that priceless quality, his own time. Consequently their affection for him was of the highest degree.

In the classroom he manifested a deep and genuine concern for the academically weaker

Mr Julian McMullen hales from Widnes from a family of seven children. He was a pupil at SEC and went on to further studies in Physics at Sheffield University and a PGCE at De La Salle College, Manchester. Besides teaching physics he is involved in both rugby and cricket coaching. His interests include following Manchester United (to the dismay of some colleagues), listening to and playing the electric guitar (having more than once been likened to Eric Clapton!), travelling by British Rail and on



the Widnes coach. Dislikes being called a 'Woolly-back'.



Mr Terence Sweeney was born in Liverpool and after seven years as a pupil at SEC he went to Oriel College, Oxford in 1981 to study for a degree in modern history. After graduation Mr Sweeney returned to his alma mater as a member of the history department. Pupils are warned that whilst at Oxford, Mr Sweeney 'furthered his interest in amateur boxing' which remains his principal hobby . . .



Brother Thomas Dee 'and Brother Dee got up and danced, of course!' How often has this been said of any event at St Edward's over the past few years? Pantomines, parents' socials, parties at the College or in private homes were all enlivened by Brother Dee's presence and by his dancing. For pupils, parents and colleagues, to be in Tom Dee's company was a pleasure and a privilege. It was a sure recipe for

entertainment, endless mirth and countless anecdotes, not forgetting a dance or two.

As he leaves us to work in the Brothers' school in Gbarnga, Liberia, it is appropriate to highlight some of the other qualities in him which we were privileged to enjoy. Behind the humour and sociability lies a very genuine interest in people of all ages. Brother Dee never forgets a face and makes phone calls and visits out of a true desire to cheer people up and listen to them talk. The dizzy exterior masks a shrewd enough judge of human character. When he arrives an hour late, it is because there was someone in need of a visit *en route*, or someone to be driven about first, or someone once met, never forgotten by him, but neglected by the rest of the world.

No-one can deny that his enthusiasm and willingness to help is second to none. The rugby, cricket and badminton departments have all lost a team coach, and the third form a form-master. The parents' pools organisers are without a helper and the handicapped club have need of another driver. We must not forget the gap in the ranks of the Latin department as well!

Inevitably the scheduling of such a man went slightly, but slightly, awry on occasions. But the sincerity and cheerfulness were never in doubt. We enjoyed and appreciated his company and wish him well. The first report of St Patrick's Night in Liberia has already reached us, 'And Brother Dee got up and danced, of course!'

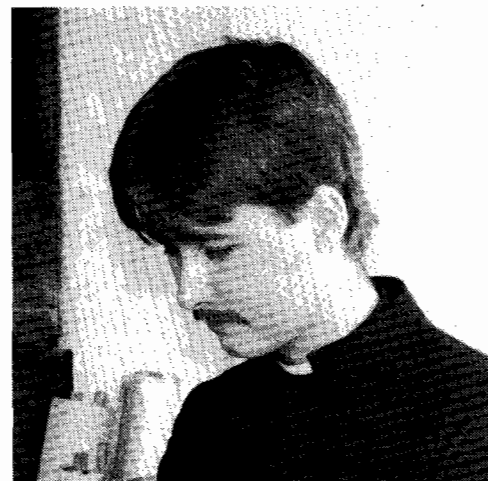
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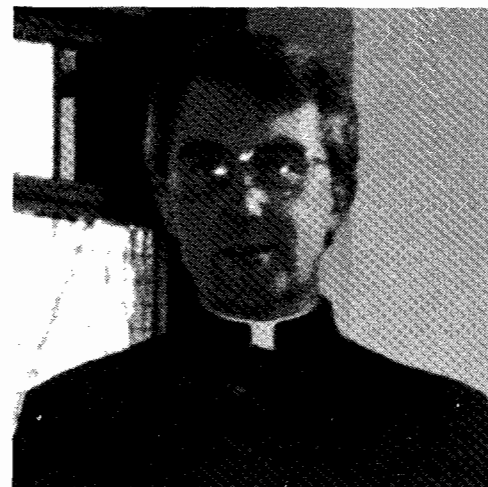
Mrs Rene Mercer was Middle School librarian and she came on a part-time basis to SEC in September 1963 before becoming a full-time member of staff in 1967. Although her work in the library took up a good degree of time, Mrs Mercer could often be found in the school office helping out when pressure was on and her face was regularly seen at the enquiry window. Her other major role was as a sort of 'matron' when pupils complained of feeling unwell or had suffered an injury at games or in the yard. Mrs Mercer was also a regular member of the congregation in the chapel. She has left behind one very strong memory — her son who teaches in the Chemistry department!



Miss Catherine Beer can be seen every morning braving all weathers under a yellow cycling cape, as she hurtles down the flyover from Wavertree to St Edward's, whose staff she joined in January 1984. In 1970 she took her BA degree in English and European Studies, and after her year's Diploma of Education in Cambridge she taught for three years in London. Then something completely different — seven years in Italy, two teaching English as a foreign language in Florence and five spent as secretary and translator at the Sacred Congregation for the Oriental Churches in the Vatican. In 1983 she returned to England — a newcomer to Liverpool, being originally from Oxford. After spending a term at the Nugent High School, she joined our staff officially as Middle School Librarian but much of her time is also spent in secretarial work, some English teaching, and in dealing with regular ailments such as nosebleeds and rugby wounds as well as other more interesting ones (such as those which vanish miraculously after the Latin test!). So we can well understand her comment 'It's the most interesting job I've ever had — you never know what's going to happen from one moment to the next!'



Brother Aaron Kiely was born in Stoke-on-Trent but brought up in Plymouth. After A levels he joined the Christian Brothers and studied in Liverpool and Manchester. French is his main subject, but he has also studied Spanish and Italian. Interests include music and the cinema.



Father Peter Crowther was born in Birkdale in 1942 and was educated at St Mary's College. After qualifying as a teacher he taught at St Joseph's College in London, a De La Salle grammar school. After studying theology at the Beda College in Rome he was ordained priest by Archbishop Beck in 1971. He has served as an assistant priest at St Mary's, Douglas and Holy Name parish, Liverpool before being appointed chaplain to the mentally handicapped at Thingwall Hall in 1981. Besides his duties as chaplain, Father Crowther is at present assisting in the Classics department.



Mr Stephen Wells is another Liverpoolian, suffering the slight handicap of having been educated at De La Salle, leaving there in 1980 to become an undergraduate at Salford University. This was followed by a PGCE at Christ's and Notre Dame College, during which he was lucky enough to be sent on teaching practice to SEC. After a term's teaching in Kirkby, he was appointed to the English department staff.

Reflections on Six Years at St Edward's

Brother William Gillespie

When I was asked to return as a Brother to St Edward's in 1978 I was not overjoyed. My schooldays had not been the happiest years of my life — only the rugby had been truly enjoyable for me — and there was a tangible fear in my heart during my first term back. By the end of that first term I wrote in my diary (December 31st 1978): 'I seem to have come back to learn simple things. At the final Mass of the term I felt at home, without fear.'

For the next five and a half years I felt at home in St Edward's. I remember after the first few weeks thinking, 'This place can't be true . . .' I couldn't believe that the dedication and friendliness of staff and boys was real. I expected to see the snags within a few months. I didn't. I repeat what I said on many occasions: my admiration for staff (teaching and non-teaching) and pupils increased as the years went by. I have never anywhere else experienced that feeling to such an extent.

Nor did I ever experience the loneliness often associated with the position of Head. I was blessed with the support of a great Christian Brother Community. I was supported especially by Deputies and senior staff whom I could rely on not simply for dedicated co-operation but also for honest communication of thought and feeling.

Time runs on so quickly and the six years seem now to have gone more quickly than any other period of my life. Perhaps that's a sign of age. Mind you, there are six former Heads of St Edward's who all appear quite well — so maybe it's a job that promotes long life . . .

There were many occasions during the six years when I felt proud to be associated with St Edward's. These occasions were usually linked with music or sport. But if I try to think of one occasion when I felt the reality of the community of St Edward's in a very special way it would be, curiously, one morning after the Pope's (1982) visit when staff, boys, and workmen set about cleaning up the mess and graffiti after an attack by an extreme anti-Catholic organisation.

Each year I was also moved by the St Edward's Day Mass in the Cathedral. In a way it seemed to me a symbol of what St Edward's is called to be — an extended school community centred upon Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life. That is the theory. In practice, of course, I left St Edward's wondering (as I do about every Christian school), 'How many young men have we actually helped to educate to accept Jesus? Do the majority of pupils leave school convinced that the love of God and others is the most important thing in their lives?

Or is the quest for money and status the dominant motivation?' Jesus said you can't serve two masters — God and money. I often wonder how many think they can . . . Yet I'm hopeful that in a few years' time I will see some of the young men I knew in school dedicating their lives in a special way to the service of God and the poor. And I hope that the mind and heart of every pupil who goes through St Edward's will know that there is a meaning in life and that in some way his or her life is linked to an infinite and loving God.

Trust Fund Association

Brother Andrew Rock

When the Direct Grant System was being abolished St Edward's had to declare its intent to join the state system or become an independent school. It opted for the former which would involve joining the diocesan scheme. When the Assisted Place scheme started the Parents wanted the decision reversed but it was not until they undertook to establish a Trust Fund which could provide its own Assisted Places that this was agreed.

The Brothers and the Parents wished to preserve the character of St Edward's as a school offering a wide range of academic and other opportunities to pupils from a variety of parishes and social backgrounds. Without some financial assistance many of these would be excluded because their families could not afford the fees.

So a key factor in the decision to join the Assisted Places scheme was the pledge by a group of parents to set up a Trust Fund and raise a million pounds for this fund. This would provide assisted places and bursaries if the Government scheme was withdrawn. Once the target was reached any surplus could be used for Capital improvements to the School.

The fund made a good start with many donations and seven year covenants. However there have been few new covenants since 1982 and the money pledged so far will total less than £300,000 by 1987.

A Trust Fund Association was set up in 1984 to raise more money for the Trust Fund and so help to guarantee the future of St Edward's. At present there is a small group of hard-working amateurs. The Association needs more help with fund-raising activities and more contributions, especially in the form of covenants.

Covenants have ranged from £1 a month

upwards with an average of about £150 a year. A covenanted contribution of £150 a year is worth £214 to the Trust because, as a registered charity, it can claim back the tax from the Inland Revenue. Those paying tax at a higher rate than 30% can make an even greater contribution for a given cost to themselves. In effect their contribution is from their net income after tax and the value to the Trust Fund is the corresponding gross income before tax.

The Association needs more help in its task of assuring the future of St Edward's. Anyone who is interested in helping the Trust Fund Association with contributions of time or money should contact the Secretary through the College (or ring Brian McDonald on 051-722 8485). Members of the Association will be happy to visit them and explain the options which are available — including the paperwork for covenanting.

There is a general meeting of the Association at the College in the Summer term which parents and others interested in the work of the Association are welcome to attend.

Parents' Association

Mr Anthony Gibson

The Parents' Association welcomes Brother Sassi as their new President and would like to thank Brother Gillespie for his co-operation during his years as President.

In May 1984, four members of the committee retired after serving the association with vigour and we would like to convey our thanks to, Mr K Stevenson, Mrs A Moran, Mr J Collins and Mr G Fraser for devoting their time and effort to the association.

We would like to welcome, following their election to the committee, Mrs S Dempsey, Mr A Muir, Mr K Waddington, Mr P Effiong and Dr Chakrabarti (co-opted).

The Social and Bar committees have again worked hard to ensure that the monthly socials provided at reasonable prices a relaxed and friendly evening for parents and friends, music being provided by a mixture of bands and discos.

In November, Finishing Touch agents were once again invited by the Headmaster to the Annual Agents' Social as a token of appreciation for their efforts over the past year. The 'Pools' had another successful year and the committee wishes to thank the Agents and their members for their support.

The '200 Club' continued to thrive with a full membership over the last year with £1,200 being paid out in prize money. Each year new members are required and all enquiries are welcome.

The Fayres and Fetes committee once more ensured that the 'Summer Fete' and 'Christmas Fayre' were both enjoyable and more importantly successful.

Activities for parents are held on Monday evenings throughout the school year. We have swimming with tuition available for non-swimmers at 8.30pm. Badminton at 9.00pm in the sports hall and a new venture in ballroom dancing classes in the dining room at 8.15pm. These have all proved to be successful events, once again thanks to the support of the parents. All are welcome — beginners or experienced. Come along and enjoy yourselves.

The parents cricket team also continues to thrive. Matches are played on Sundays throughout the summer. Net practice is available on Tuesday and Thursday evening. Further details from Mr C Ackerley (051-486 2107).

Various other events were held during the year the most notable being a Cheese and Wine evening coupled with a talk and showing of the video 'The Shroud of Turin' which was well attended by parents and friends.

Finally a thank you to Brother Sassi, the brothers, staff of the College and parents for the help and support given to us over the past twelve months.

Old Boys in Music

Mr Terence Duffy

One of the less satisfactory aspects of being involved in education is that whilst one comes into contact with many young people (in my case, about 4,000 to date), one tends to meet only a very small percentage of them after they have left school, completed their education and begun their careers. Working on the production line, as it were, one rarely sees the finished product. (This is just one of the reasons for introducing a section in the magazine given over to news of past pupils.) Perhaps musicians tend to remain more in contact with their fellows in the profession and as I am this year much involved with producing the magazine, this has served as the catalyst in producing this round-up of past pupils who are professional musicians. I must admit that I had the idea for this article about seven or eight years ago! In receiving letters from the alumni mentioned below, one very clear message became clear — the sense of joy and fulfilment which these musicians have found in their chosen careers. For simplicity the order of listing is alphabetic.

JOSEPH CAUSEY (a pupil 1978-80) joined the sixth form from Cardinal Allen school. He was a chorister in the Cathedral Choir and won an Organ Scholarship to Selwyn College, Cambridge. After obtaining his Post Graduate Certificate in Education at London University, he was appointed Director of Music at the Birmingham Oratory Church.

GERARD DOYLE (1955-63) A BA in Music from Manchester University was followed by free-lance violin playing in London orchestras. Obtained a B Mus from Liverpool, later lecturing for that University and also for Lancaster and the Open Universities. Appointed Lecturer 1972 (later Senior Lecturer) at St Martin's College in Lancaster. Pursued doctoral studies in USA, supported by the Arts Council and the Musicians' Union. Married with son Justin a chorister at Westminster Cathedral and a 5 year old daughter.

JOHN DUFFY (1949-52) Won the school music prize in 1951; joined the Halle Orchestra as double bass player. In 1960 transferred to London Symphony Orchestra, becoming Personnel Manager in 1971. Holds same position for European Community Youth Orchestra. Deals in stringed instruments as hobby and has travelled the world with his double bass.

PHILIP DUFFY (1950-62) played cello in the school orchestra and intended to follow a career in electronic engineering but changed his mind and studied at the Royal Manchester College of Music, obtaining his Post-graduate Certificate of Education at London University. Having been a founder member of the Cathedral Choir whilst a sixth former, he was appointed Acting Choirmaster eight months before the Cathedral opened and then Master of the Music; responsible for building up the musical tradition and in particular for training its fine choir. Composes liturgical music; made a Knight of St Gregory by the Pope for his work in National Pastoral Congress and papal visit. Chairman of diocesan Liturgy Commission Music Department, member of Bishop's Committee for music, classical music radio presenter.

TERENCE DUFFY (1949-58) brother of Philip, played the violin, piano and organ at school. Studied and later taught music at Upholland College. Obtained teacher's certificate at former C F Mott College and Associateship of Royal College of Music. Began playing the organ at the Cathedral in 1963, a post he holds 22 years later. Has given recitals at many English cathedrals and churches, concert halls and in France. As Organist and Assistant Master of the Music, he helped found and develop the musical tradition of the Cathedral, now internationally recognised. Organist of Liverpool University, chairman of national Catholic Organ Advisory Group; plays regularly with Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. Joined music staff at SEC on a part-time basis in 1971: still there 1985! Wife is a local General practitioner and they have a son of 7 and a daughter of 6.

ALAN FEARON (1959-67) turned down the offer of the post of timpanist with RLPO in order to study music at Durham University, where he came into contact with the Northern Sinfonia Orchestra and began playing timps for them, as well as percussion for other major British orchestras. After university he began to play timps and harpsichord regularly and formed the Sinfonia Chorus. Settled in Newcastle and now conducts the orchestra regularly, as well as playing in chamber groups and also conducts various opera groups and choirs in the North East. Recently became involved in providing music for silent films such as 'Napoleon' and 'The Italian Straw Hat'. Hobbies include Roman history and music, pet hates Mrs Thatcher, Lord Gowrie and private education. (But he did present Colours a little while back! — Ed)

MICHAEL HALL (1953-60) Now is principal second violin with BBC Radio Orchestra. After leaving school, studied at the Royal College of Music. Became a member of the Royal Opera House orchestra in 1963, then free-lanced with LSO, London Philharmonic and BBC Symphony and Concert orchestras, teaching violin at Westminster School.

PAUL KELLY (1954-66) Joined the Merseyside Youth Orchestra as trumpeter. BA in psychology at Swansea University, PGCE at Birmingham. Taught in this country and in Barcelona, before obtaining BA in music from Liverpool. 1975-77 Head of Music at St Mary's College, Wallasey. Director of Music at Whitefield Fishponds School, Bristol 1978-80. Now Head of Music at John Ruskin School,

Croydon. Founded and directs John Ruskin Choral Society, Banstead Opera Group, Croydon Opera Group and conductor of Croydon Junior Schools orchestra.

JONATHAN KENNY (1973-80) was a chorister in Cathedral Choir during which time he sang the role of Miles in Britten's 'Turn of the Screw' with Scottish National Opera, appearing in Scotland and Germany. Choral scholarship to Exeter Cathedral and University; currently studying with James Bowman at the Guildhall School of Music. Sang Oberon in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' there, in 'Judas Maccabeus' at Cathedral, earns a living as usher at the Coliseum!

ANDREW KERR (1974-81) BA in music from Exeter University, specialising in early music and learning both the recorder and the viol. Pursued further viol studies at Royal Northern College of Music and in London. Now free-lancing (and visited the school earlier this year to demonstrate the viol).

BARRIE MOORE (1948-57) began violin lessons at school with Helen Hogg; joined Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra at age of 19. Now deputy leader of City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, also performs chamber music and as a soloist. Adjudicates and works with youth orchestras. Has travelled to Italy, Japan, USA but lives on the slopes of the Malvern Hills. Married to a singer and has one daughter. Owns a 1716 Gagliano violin; recently played in Italy; Japan and USA shortly.

DAVID NOLAN (1956-65) Joined RLPO as violinist and in 1967 went to the RMCM, joining the LPO as a first violinist in 1971. Went on their historic tour to China. In 1973 he undertook post-graduate studies in Russia on a British Council Exchange Scholarship to Georgia State Conservatoire. Then violinist with LSO for two years, becoming leader of LPO in 1976, a post he still holds ten seasons later. Has worked with the great names of the musical world and is pursuing a solo career. Visited Japan, Korea, Hong Kong, Australia, USA, China and Europe.

FRANCIS NOLAN (1956-62) Brother of David, was a pupil in secondary school for only three years. A flautist, who trained at RMCM, afterwards joining the Halle Orchestra for three years. Spent the next five years with the BBC Symphony Orchestra before joining the LSO as principal piccolo, a post he has held for the last ten years.

PETER O'HAGAN (1956-64) is now Senior Lecturer in Music at Roehampton Institute of Higher Education and an examiner for the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music. He is a free-lance pianist, having given solo recitals at the Purcell Room and Wigmore Hall in London and the Bluecoat Hall in Liverpool (as well as at SEC!) and also in Barcelona. Other recitals given throughout the UK and is due to perform with Patrick Williams, flute (ex SFX) in Crosby Civic Hall in October.

STEPHEN PRATT (1955-65) played clarinet at school and then trained as a teacher at Christ's College, returning to teach at SEC for a short time. Resumed studies at Reading and Liverpool Universities, studying composition. Compositions include a Piano Sonata, 'Star and Dead Leaves' (for the Fires of London), 'Winter's Fancy' for clarinet and piano. First orchestral piece written for RLPO in 1980 'Some of their Number'; 'Harbour' for voice and chamber ensemble, Horn Trio; currently completing a new work for the Cathedral orchestra. Since 1972 has lectured at Liverpool Institute of Higher Education, with part-time posts as Preston Polytechnic and Liverpool University. Writes for the Guardian and 'Classical Music' and conducts frequently in North West. Married with three children.

PHILIP ROBERTSON (1962-66) played the flute at school and emigrated with his family in 1965 to Australia. Although he gave up music, more recently he has returned to it and after obtaining a degree in music is now conducting and teaching piano at the Brisbane Conservatoire in Queensland. (Information came from David Nolan who bumped into Philip after a concert in Brisbane).

MIGUEL SERRANO (1947-51) was a pupil for only a short time whilst his father was a consul in Liverpool. He is a violinist with the Florida Orchestra of which he is also the Personnel Manager. (Report by John Duffy who met Miguel whilst on tour.)

STEPHEN WARDLE (1954-65) went to RMCM to study piano and percussion, graduating in 1968. In the same year he became co-principal percussion with the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra. Three years later he returned to England to free-lance until 1974 then becoming sub-principal with RPO. Since 1978 Stephen has been sub-principal with LPO and has enjoyed a variety of work from 'Star Wars' to Glyndebourne Opera. Has travelled extensively throughout Europe, Scandinavia, Russia, Mexico, USA, Canada, Hong Kong, Japan, Korea and Australia.

A number of past pupils are currently studying music:

Stuart Wright (1971-82), ex Cathedral chorister studying singing at RCM.

Keith Kenny (1976-83) horn player, at Goldsmith's College with special interest in modern music.

Robert Mann (1972-83) ex-chorister studying voice at RAM.

Michael McGuire (1972-83) ex-chorister also studying voice at RCM.

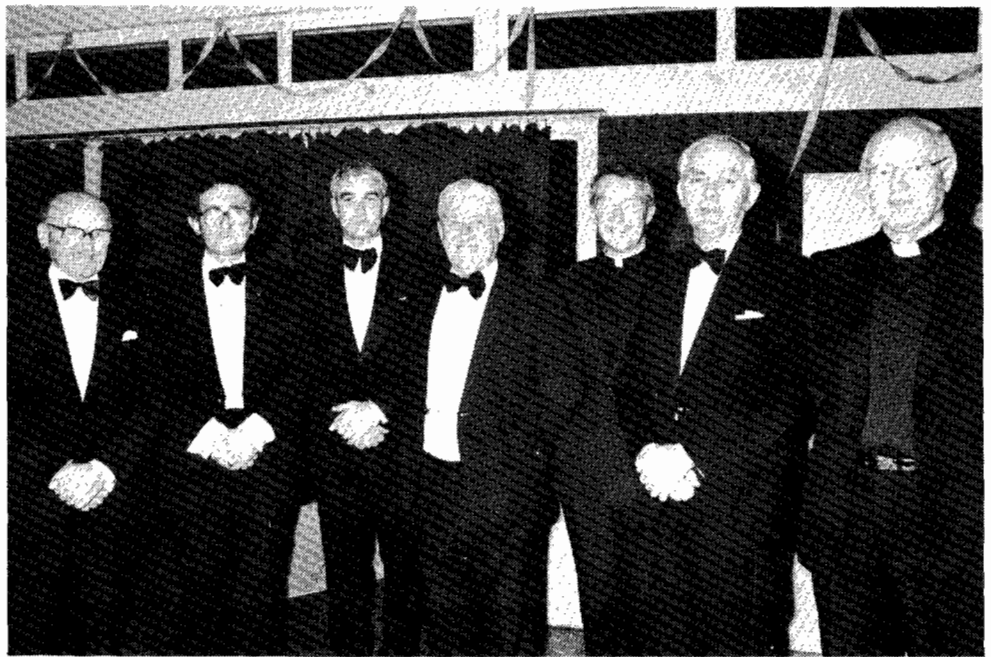
Amanda Middlehurst (1983-84) one of first girls studying singing at RNCM.

I offer my apologies to anyone inadvertently omitted; please will they let me know. In conclusion, almost every one of the above former pupils asked to be remembered to Miss Helen Hogg, recalling the encouragement she gave them. This year Helen completes her 40th year as a member of the music staff!

Old Boys' Dinner

Mr Terence Moorhead

The Old Boys' Dinner is experiencing a notable upsurge in its fortunes. The 1984 dinner was a complete sell-out and was attended by 150 former pupils whose ages ranged from 80-20 years with twenty-five Brothers as guests (their ages ranging from 200-20!) Early booking is advised for the next dinner, to be held on Friday, 11th October. The present dinner committee consists of the writer, Jim Johnson, Jim Moran and Tom Wolfenden and they take this opportunity of thanking the retiring members, Frank Navein, Ted McGuinness and Bernard Byrne who had kept the tradition alive for many years. This year saw a departure from



usual when outside caterers provided the meal; thanks are due to Mrs O'Brien for her co-operation and for the help she has given over many years. If as a former pupil of SEC you have never attended the dinner, now is the time to kick your bad habits and to treat yourself — you'll enjoy it!

Left to right: Bernard Byrne, Terry Moorhead, Tom Wolfenden, Frank Navein, Father P. C. Crowther, Ted McGuinness and Brother Brennan at the 1984 Old Boys' Dinner.

Photography: Catholic Pictorial.

News of Old Boys

JOHN CUNNINGHAM (1953-65) Lecturer Dental School of Liverpool University, leading a team of researchers in work to find new type of amalgams for fillings, with government grant of £250,000.

PAUL FEELY (1961-69) living in Wales and married to a teacher. Own company 'Pressurefast Components & Design'.

PAUL SANDERSON (1972-79) BSc from Leicester in '82. Senior Executive, Derbyshire County Council. Now in senior management, Marks & Spencer.

AIDAN MANLEY (1967-74) BSc(Hons) in urban land economics, ARICS, now facing a big challenge as Commercial/Estates Manager, Wavertree Technology Park.

ANTHONY HENRY (1948-55) graduate Liverpool University, Chartered Civil

Engineer. Resident Engineer new road and bridge schemes for Lancashire County Council. Lives in St Mary's parish, Leyland and is a widower with three teenage children.

MARTIN DOOLEY (1969-76) married with one son. Graduate Sheffield Polytechnic in Analytical Chemistry now working in animal feed production; interested in systems analysis and computer control.

GERRY MANGHAN (1949-56) has five children and three grandchildren. Living in Leyland and working in computer systems.

RAYMOND AHEARN (1942-45) Consultant Anaesthetist, Royal Liverpool Hospital. Three of his five children (including a daughter) at SEC.

DONAL MURPHY (1946-53) Consultant ENT Surgeon at Wigan Infirmary, President of Wigan BMA '84-'85.

WILLIAM REILLY (1973-80) married Christina Parry in August '84.

PETER QUINN (1964-75) a solicitor working in Rex Makin partnership.

SALVATORE FERRIGNO (1944-53) is a Pharmacist Director and has two children, Silvana (16) and Carl (10) at SEC.

PETER TIBKE (1966-73) married with one child. Graduate Liverpool University, B Commerce, currently Finance Officer Liverpool Archdiocese.

NICHOLAS MANLEY (1968-79) BSc (Hons) Durham in Physics, passed intermediate exam Chartered Institute of Patent Agents. Presently working for W P Thompson & Co Liverpool.

MICHAEL CLARK (1965-69 & 73-77) teaching English and French in Swanley, Kent after 11 months in Grenoble.

JOSEPH GRANBY (1970-79) managing shops in family's butchery business and studying for membership of Institute of Meat.

PHILIP ADDISON (1948-56) Pharmacist with two sons, one a pharmacist himself, the other a medical student, one daughter married, the other a schoolgirl.

FRANCIS POTTER (1971-78) MB ChB Manchester 1983 and currently Senior House Officer in ENT surgery, Royal Liverpool Hospital.

MARK SEDDON (1966-78) BA(Hons) Liverpool in Modern history and Politics. Stockbroker and Councillor, Knowsley Council, Conservative spokesman on Education.

EDWARD JOHNSTON (1943-50) Legal Adviser to Hong Kong City Council.

TREVOR HAINES (1965-75) working in Stoke-on-Trent as industrial engineer for Michelin Tyres. Was married in May 1985.

It is hoped to expand news of former pupils on to a much larger scale. Old Boys, their families and friends are urged to send any news to the magazine editor at the college. Ed

Cathedral Choir Report

September 1983 — March 1985

Mr Philip Duffy

To pick out some events of the choir year as 'highlights' is easy — because they happen outside the normal weekly round of rehearsals and services — but to do so is in some way misleading, because it is that weekly round which is itself the highlight: about 160 services sung in a year, and in preparation for them, nearly 500 rehearsals. It is this regular devotion to the liturgy, the 'Opus Dei' of the Church that is the choir's *raison d'être*.

However, the diary shows some unusual, or outstanding events: the Royal School of Church Music Choirs' Festival in the Anglican Cathedral was the first, in October '83. We enjoy our ecumenical activities, and we believe that music has a real part to play in ecumenism. On the feast of St Nicholas, we sang Philip Duffy's Mass of St Nicholas at the Church of Our Lady and St Nicholas, Liverpool (Anglican) Parish Church. The first Sunday in Lent saw us join forces with the Cathedral Cantata Choir and the Cathedral Orchestra as hosts to the choir, choral society and orchestra of the Anglican cathedral in a joint performance of Bach's great St Matthew Passion, a celebration which replaced Evening Prayer in both cathedrals, and which was introduced, with prayers, by Archbishop Worlock and Bishop Sheppard. For all of us who took part, it was a memorable spiritual experience. The Anglican cathedral choir joined us again in May for a two-cathedrals service on Pentecost Sunday: the tradition of pilgrimage from one cathedral to the other was begun by the Queen, in her jubilee year (1977) and continued by Pope John Paul in 1982, and it is being maintained by local people each Whitsun.

Concerts include 'Christmas in Vienna' a recital of seasonal music for the jubilee celebrations at St Mary's, Lowe House, and a concert for boys' voices and orchestra. Two fund-raising concerts were held: the first at St George's Hall Concert Room, in aid of the choir's European Tour, and the other (in conjunction with the National Trust) at Erddig House, near Wrexham, in aid of the Choir Endowment Fund. The new academic year saw concerts at St Anne's Church, Manchester; in the cathedral (French Music for Boys' Voices and Organ, which included Poulenc's exciting *Litanies à la Vierge Noire*), and at Christmas.

Unusual services included the eight special deanery Holy Year pilgrimages to the cathedral, when we were privileged to lead the worship of some ten thousand people altogether; a Mass for Peace, at which we gave the world première of Edward Cowie's 'Missa Brevis: for Peace'. That he wrote for us as part of the Royal



Liverpool Philharmonic Society's 'Contemporary Composer Seminar'. The music proved a little too avant-garde for some ears, although it was interesting to perform (perhaps particularly so, as the completed manuscript arrived only a fortnight before the performance date).

When the choir chaplain, Father John Walsh, proposed a choir retreat, someone was heard to groan 'Oh, not again!' However, on checking, it turned out to be twenty-one years since the last choir retreat, and the few days spent at Bollington were enjoyable in several ways. We were looking forward to the next retreat in 2006, but the tradition has been broken, and we are to have a holiday-retreat at Ampleforth in the summer.

The International Garden Festival had a special ecumenical opening service, in which our choir took part. The service was oversubscribed and had to be repeated, so great was the demand for seats. We began to sing Evening Prayer each Wednesday. This has been continued since the Garden Festival ended.

Two BBC broadcasts of Evening Prayer were made, one live, in May, and one recorded, for transmission in July.

The Cathedral was invited to join in 'Tippett at 80', the Philharmonic Society's celebration for Sir Michael Tippett's 80th birthday celebrations, and we agreed to include in a Sunday celebration of Evening Prayer not only the motet *Plebs Angelica* and the *Preludio al Vespro di Monteverdi* for organ, but also *Tippett's Magnificat & Nunc Dimittis* (originally composed for St John's College Choir, Cambridge).

Several times in the year the choir was joined by the cathedral orchestra (which now includes sixth-formers Vincent Needham among the violins, and John Cullen as second bassoon). Those occasions included concerts, and Solemn Masses on the feasts of Christ the King, Christmas, Easter and Pentecost, and a Requiem (music by Fauré) for All Souls' Day.

The major event of the year was our European Tour — a report of which appears below.

In March 1985, twenty-five boys from eighteen schools applied for places in the choir (and school), and those accepted as probationers were Neil Barratt (St Anthony of Padua's School, Mossley Hill), David Cook (St

The opening service at the International Garden Festival 1984.

Malachy's, Liverpool), Nicholas Mulroy (Runnymede) and Daniel O'Brien (Our Lady of Good Help, Wavertree).

Leavers were former Head Choristers Michael Byrne (after seven and a half years' service as a treble — a new record) and Damon Simmons, together with Shaun Cassells, Paul Felicetti, Christopher McIver and Brendan Rawlinson; helpers Paul Casey and John Cullen. Simmons has since reappeared as 'novice-master' to the probationers, and Rawlinson as a librarian. Nicholas Hartley has taken over as assistant to the organist and Adrian McDonald has become head librarian.

The Cathedral Choir as at 14 April 1985

Head Chorister: Anthony Walker

Deputy Head Chorister: Matthew Byrne

Prefects: James Armstrong, Matthew Morgan, Graham Smith, Andrew Hanlon.

Leon Evans, Mark English, Paul Garrity, Kevin English, Graham Colleran, Kevin Beckett, Steven Dobbins, Karl Lee, Jonathan Parr, Jude Rafajac, Michael Wallace, Michael Loftus, Raymond Pulling, John Walsh, Francis Jarvis, David Owens.

Probationers: Allan Preston, Christopher Walsh, Andrew Redden, James Rand.

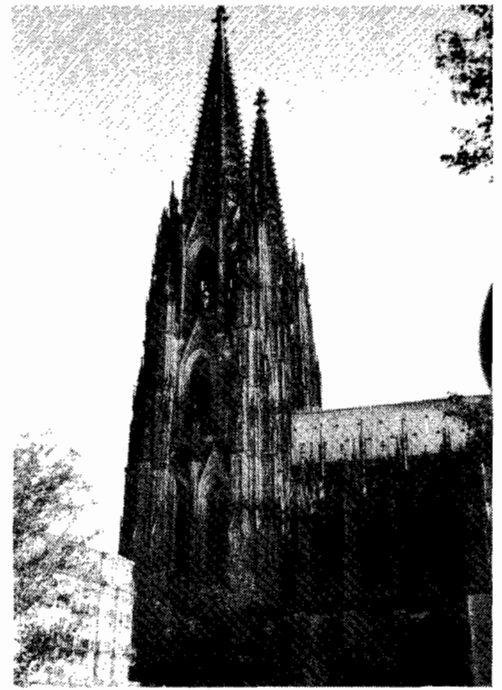
Cathedral Choir European Tour 1984

Andrew Hanlon and
Matthew Morgan
Form 1

Right: Appearing on German television from the Town Hall, Cologne.

Far Right: Cologne Cathedral.

Below Right: Matthew Morgan (left) and Andrew Hanlon.



applaud in Aachen Cathedral, so we were delighted when they not only applauded but stood up to do so.

We got up at 7.15 on Thursday morning, and after a guided tour of Aachen Cathedral we departed for the City of Echternach, in Luxembourg. There were lots of posters around Echternach, advertising our concert, but when we arrived at the Basilica of St Willibrord, we discovered that the Dean had gone to America and forgotten to tell the staff at the Church that we were expected. However, after a lot of talking we were able to practise some of our programme. Meanwhile, driver Wally had discovered that it was his turn to leave something behind: he had left all his travel documents and four hundred pounds of cash at the Luxembourg Customs Post, so he had to race back to fetch them. After practice, we had a good meal in a super restaurant, then it was time for our concert. Afterwards, we went back into Germany, to Trier where we were to stay two nights. We went to bed straightaway as it was very late.

On Friday we enjoyed a lie-in on account of being so late to bed. After breakfast we had time to do some shopping around Trier, which turned out to be a delightful city, and then we met at a brewery for lunch. The men seemed to enjoy the beer. Next we went to St Matthias's Abbey to rehearse for our concert, the last of four and probably the best. We had a lot of applause, and our final standing ovation.

On Saturday we left Trier for Cologne (Liverpool's twin city) and we arrived at the modern and large Youth Hostel in time for lunch. After it we went off to the Rathaus (Town Hall) for a civic reception. We were met by the Deputy Burgomeister, and we presented him with a letter from the Chairman of Liverpool City Council, and a framed picture of our Cathedral. The Burgomeister told us how similar Cologne is to Liverpool, and he compared the damage both cities had suffered during the war. We also recorded a short concert for German television in the ancient hall of the Rathaus. Later we played football and pinball and other games until it was time for bed, but after going to bed, we sat up to watch a



great firework display which was going on over the river Rhine, it was very good indeed, and we did not get much sleep.

Sunday. We woke up at seven o'clock, too excited to be tired. After breakfast we departed for Cologne Cathedral where we sang Solemn Mass, an experience I will never forget. A free afternoon followed, with swimming for some and cycling for others. Some went up the twin towers of the Cathedral, from where there were breath-taking views.

Monday was the day to return home. Travelling through Germany and Belgium, we arrived at Ostend in the early afternoon, but the boat's time for departure was delayed by an hour-and-a-half. We arrived late at Dover, but we had had dinner on board to save time. It was our first really decent meal for a whole week, and not one bread roll in sight, either.

After we disembarked it took over an hour to get through customs. Eventually we set off for Liverpool, and after a long journey through thunder and lots of spectacular forked lightning, we arrived at about 4.00am. Our parents were there to meet us and it was good to see them again. We all said goodbye to each other and went home for four weeks' holiday, tired but very, very, very, happy indeed.

On the 23rd July 1984 at half past one, a Merseyside Transport new 'Laser' coach drew out from the Cathedral Car Park. On it were the Choir plus Choirmaster, Mr P Duffy, Organist, Mr T Duffy, Chaplain Father Walsh Interpreter Mr N Mars, and helpers. So began a week of touring Europe which we would never forget.

We arose from our bunks at 6.30am feeling very tired indeed. However, we could rest during our drive from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, which was our first venue. We got lost in Amsterdam's one-way system and chaotic traffic several times during the day. Fortunately Wally, our driver, turned out to be rather an expert and he got us out of some tight spots. Then it was time for our first concert, in the Dominicuskerk. There were a lot of people there which encouraged us to a great singing performance. This gained for us a standing ovation, the first of several to come.

The next day we departed for Germany to the city of Aachen, once the capital of Charlemagne's Empire. At our Youth Hostel we changed into school uniform, and it was then that our Choirmaster discovered he had left his shoes behind in Amsterdam. Before the concert we had been told that people never

'The Culture Bunker'

Brian Montrose
Form Six

Photograph by Stephen Torr, Form Six



Think of Liverpool in terms of its music and the immediate reaction would almost certainly be **The Beatles** and 'all those other groups of the sixties'. It may surprise many, therefore, to learn that there are many more bands in Liverpool today than there were in those heady days of the Cavern.

Liverpool's music dates back to the days when sailors from all over the world brought their own songs to the then bustling port, and although the city long ago ceased to be a major port, the ability to create music has remained. In terms of 'pop' music, **The Beatles** were in fact the beginning and not the end . . .

The 'second wave' of Liverpool music arose out of the ashes of the punk explosion of 1976; many were inspired by such bands as **The Sex Pistols** and **The Stranglers**, when they played at the notorious Eric's club. Thus many decided to form bands, among whom were the three major figures of this time, namely Julian Cope, Pete Wylie and Ian McCulloch, who for a short period performed as one under the guise of **The Crucial Three**. Soon, however, they went on to front their own bands: Cope formed **The Teardrop Explodes**, McCulloch formed **Echo and the Bunnymen**, and Wylie founded **Wah!**. Within eighteen months, all three had earned national recognition, with the **Teardrop's Kilimanjaro** and the **Bunnymen's Crocodiles** albums both being hailed as classics.

Many other influential figures emerged from Eric's between 1977 and 1978. David Balfe, Bill

Drummond, Budgie and (the now famous) Holly Johnson got together to form **Big In Japan** — a group who recorded very little but are very well remembered in Liverpool for having so many legendary figures within the band.

Big In Japan were one of many groups who recorded some of their best material on a compilation album; along with *Dalek I Love You* and *The Turquoise Swimming Pools* they appeared on the **Zoo** compilation — *To the shores of Lake Placid*. Other compilation albums included tracks by such groups as **OMD**, who first showed the world how to use a synthesizer, and have since become one of the most well-known bands in the world, being renowned for producing 'pop' songs of real substance.

However, the re-birth of Liverpool music did not just end with those bands who emerged from Eric's. When the club shut down many thought the lack of venues in the city would lead to a dearth of new talent. This fear was very soon dispelled however as it soon became apparent that the success of **OMD**, the **Teardrops** and the **Bunnymen** had encouraged many to follow in their footsteps. New bands began to release independent singles, such as **China Crisis' African and White**, **The Icicle Works' Nirvana** and **Cook Da' Books' Piggie In The Middle Eight**.

By 1983 the Press was beginning to recognize Liverpool as having a wealth of musical talent, as **China Crisis**, **Wah!** and others found their records reaching the upper-heights of the 'illustrious' Top Forty Charts. Success did not tend to come immediately to the local bands, hard-work with long tours and much local gigging being the order of the day. Such an example are **The Icicle Works** who became widely known only with the release of their third single and numerous live dates up and down the country. This has also been true of **Dead or Alive**, who having formed three or four years ago, are only now reaching a mass audience.

The one notable exception to this trend is of course that great marketing exercise of the 1980's — **Frankie Goes To Hollywood**. Their

very first single *Relax* went to number one as did their next two records — a feat only previously achieved by another Liverpool band **Gerry and the Pacemakers**.

Of course much of the talent present in Liverpool remains relatively undiscovered, although there are many who have every chance of earning recognition in the future. Some such bands include **Cook Da' Books** — truly the greatest talent in the city, **Western Promise** — who prove that not all that flows from the Mersey is wimp-rock, **Black**, **Personal Column**, **Ex Post Facto**, **This Final Frame** and also the very promising **South Parade**. Any one of these could become 'the next big thing' — given the airplay which is so often unavailable to those bands on an independent label.

Finally, a mention for a couple of bands with whom several members of our own sixth form have been or are involved in. Stephen Webster was involved with **De Stijl** and Patrick Duffy used to front **Crack the Ice**, with whom Stephen Downey is however still very much involved. With Howard New in **Macabre Days** it seems there is no lack of interest within the school, although all have a long way to go to reach anything nearing 'fame'.

There seems little doubt that Liverpool will continue to be the centre of musical innovation for many years to come and whoever does continue the tradition will have a great reputation to live up to.

Merseyside Youth Orchestra

Vincent Needham,
Form Six

Music Society

Mr John Moseley

Since 1972 the Merseyside Youth Orchestra has been administered by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Society. Behind concert performances, the MYO have weekly rehearsals every Sunday, at the Philharmonic Hall, and also use the hall for auditions all year round.

In the past, the orchestra has toured around Switzerland, France, Germany and Israel. In 1982, it represented the 'International Gala Concert' in the Royal Festival Hall, as part of the 'National Festival of Music for Youth', on the South Bank. In 1979 the MYO appeared at the 'Schools Prom' in the Royal Albert Hall, London. In 1983, they were the host orchestra of the 'Aberdeen International Youth Festival' and appeared on Grampian Television several times during the festival. Their main concert in Aberdeen was recorded by BBC Radio Three for transmissions on the 'Youth Orchestras of the World' series.

The orchestra is financially supported by the Merseyside Arts and donations are made to it through a Sponsorship Scheme. Membership to the MYO is open to anyone aged between thirteen and twenty-three, who passes an audition — applicants should be at least Grade VI for strings and Grade VIII for wind, brass and percussion.

David Storer, double-bass player, believes that the social side to the orchestra could be better. Lynne Rylands is String Registrar to the Members' Committee, and when asked what the technical standard of the MYO was, she answered, 'This needs careful thought. A lot of players are good, however, there are some, not including myself, who are holding us back!'

The members of the MYO are very grateful to Sandra Parr, Administrator; Geoffrey Cowie, Chairman of the orchestra, and Sir Charles Groves CBE, Honorary President.

Can you imagine a school where boys in the Combined Cadet Force are given live ammunition in mistake for blanks and consequently kill a group of sheep while the officer-in-charge (master) is snugly embedded in a local hotel with his mistress? Or where some months later, the same group of pupils blow up — (again by accident) part of the Headmaster's garden during the annual Garden Party? Or where the entire school was brought to a standstill by the invitation to lunch, by a few 6th formers, of girls from the sister-school? Three hundred arrived. Only at the end of the day was the last girl found: I won't say what she was doing.

Well, I don't think you'll recognise St Edwards from the above description, to the relief, no doubt, of many. Our offenders are more in the line of litter-droppers, plant-maulers, blue-tack-snatchers and desk-scribblers. If we do harbour more serious deviants they are the Indifferent. Those pupils who contribute nothing to any of the activities described in this magazine: and I write as one who does not particularly suffer from this malaise since a fair proportion of the school is involved in music.

I was very surprised, therefore, to be accosted by a pupil who usually lurks unseen in the depths of Form Four and asked the following question: 'How do you choose the pieces the orchestras and choirs perform? There are certain obvious points of reference: the capabilities of the musicians; variety; the make-up of the anticipated audience. Contrary to popular opinion a conductor sometimes has to present works which he does not particularly like, but which his audience might and which he feels the musicians under his control should get to know. The more unconventional modern music is a case in point. Audiences tend to dislike it. To musicians it is often far more problematic than Beethoven or the latest popular style, both of whose idioms are well established. Yet it exists and, if it is good, it will not go away, so it does no young musicians any good to ignore it.

A glance at the list of events presented between September 1983 and March 1985 will show how much or how little variety we achieved in the past few months:

Wednesday 14 September 1983

Ley Hall

Lunchtime Recital by members of Peripatetic Staff

Tuesday 25 October 1983

Ley Hall

Concert by Chamber Choir and Orchestra

Palestrina: Missa Papae Marcelli
Stockhausen: Tierkreis

directed by Terence Duffy & John Moseley

Tuesday 29 November 1983

College Hall

Concert by School Orchestra

Beethoven: Overture 'Prometheus'
Romance in F for violin and orchestra
Symphony no. 1 in C

Simon Mahon, violin
conducted by John Moseley

Tuesday 13, Wednesday 14, Thursday 15 December 1983

College Hall

'Tin Pan Ali',
the Jazz Musical

produced by John Moseley

Wednesday 21 March 1984

Ley Hall

Gustav Holst Anniversary Concert

Brook Green Suite
Fugal Concerto
Psalm CXLVIII

Gerald Coakley (flute), John Hennessy (oboe)
Chamber Choir and Orchestra
directed by John Moseley and Terence Duffy

Sunday 8 April 1984

Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool

Prize Day
included concert for music by Mozart and
Beethoven

School Orchestra and Choral Society
conducted by Helen Hogg, Terence Duffy,
and John Moseley

Wednesday 16 May 1984

St Mary's Church, West Derby

Concert by School Orchestra, Choral Society
and Chamber Choir

Britten: 'Rejoice in the Lamb'
Fauré: Requiem

conducted by Terence Duffy and John Moseley



The School Orchestra and Choral Society in the Philharmonic Hall. Photograph by Stephen Torr, Form Six.

Wednesday 18 July 1984

Arena Theatre of Garden Festival Site

Short Concert by Chamber Choir and Orchestra (two performances)

Elgar: Salut d'Amour
As Torrents in Summer
Delius: 2 Pieces for Small Orchestra
V. Williams: Linden Lea
Fantasia on 'Greensleeves'

directed by Terence Duffy and John Moseley

This concert was part of the official International Garden Festival Programme.

Wednesday 12 September 1984

Ley Hall

Lunchtime Recital by members of Peripatetic Staff

Admission free.

Wednesday 24 October 1984

Ley Hall

Concert by Chamber Choir and Orchestra

Tippett: Crown of the Year
Purcell: Suite 'The Married Beau'
Four songs
Anthem 'Rejoice in the Lord Alway'

Damian O'Keeffe, bass
directed by Terence Duffy and John Moseley

Wednesday 28 November 1984

College Hall, St Edward's College

Concert by School Orchestra

Schubert: Overture 'Rosamunde'
Mendelssohn: Capriccio Brillant op. 22 for piano and orchestra
Schubert: Symphony no. 3 in D

Peter Hedges, piano
conducted by John Moseley

Monday 17 Tuesday 18 December 1984

College Hall

Woyzeck, a play with music
by Georg Buchner

produced by John Moseley

Monday 18 March 1985

Philharmonic Hall

Sir Michael Tippett
80th Birthday Celebration

Crown of the Year

Chamber Choir and Orchestra
directed by Terence Duffy and John Moseley

Sunday 24 March 1985

Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool

Prize Day
included concert of music by Handel in celebration of the 300th anniversary of his birth.

School Orchestra and Choral Society
conducted by Helen Hogg, Terence Duffy,
and John Moseley

Wednesday 27 March 1985

Ley Hall

Concert by Chamber Choir and Orchestra

Brahms: Liebesliederwalzer op. 52
Wolf: Songs from the Mörike Collection
Gluck: Orfeo (excerpts)

Mark Nugent, baritone
Stephen Webster, baritone
Peter Flattery, flute
directed by Terence Duffy and John Moseley.

Pop? Rock? Largely ignored, though a full-scale Jazz musical 'Tin Pan Ali' was presented, a review of which appears elsewhere. We gave no music written before 1550. Some effort was made to bring us up to date: Tippett, Britten, Stockhausen; the former as part of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society's Tippett Seminar. Handel, Beethoven and Holst had concerts devoted to their work, the Holst being

the most enterprising since it included some neglected pieces. For the Garden Festival concerts, for which we were 'official' not 'fringe', an English programme was chosen, mainly of popular works since an 'international' audience was expected. In fact English music was well represented throughout, our concerts having 'equal billing' with the German and Austrian masters, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms etc, whose music is still the mainstay of the repertoire. Sadly, we gave only one French work, but that was the lovely Requiem by Fauré, which, suprisingly, had not been performed by the school for many years.

People usually have favourite pieces which they ask me to include. These are often outside the resources of a school. They will even encourage me to 'fit it in' to an existing programme, without realising that the balance and symmetry of a programme can be very easily fractured. A perfectly good piece of music can be ruined by being placed next to another work which doesn't suit it. The same is true when trying to 'match' a soloist with a particular work. We have continued to encourage our best players to give concerted works, but if a busy sixth-former is going to spend hours learning a concerto or a group of arias then the music must be worthwhile and temperamentally as well as technically within his grasp. None of our soloists:— Coakley, Flattery, Hedges, Hennessy, Mahon, Amanda Middlehurst, Nugent, O'Keeffe and Webster, let us down in either of these respects, or any other. Neither did any of the orchestras or choirs, nor the string quartet which played so well in the concert organised by the Schools' Chamber Music Trust.

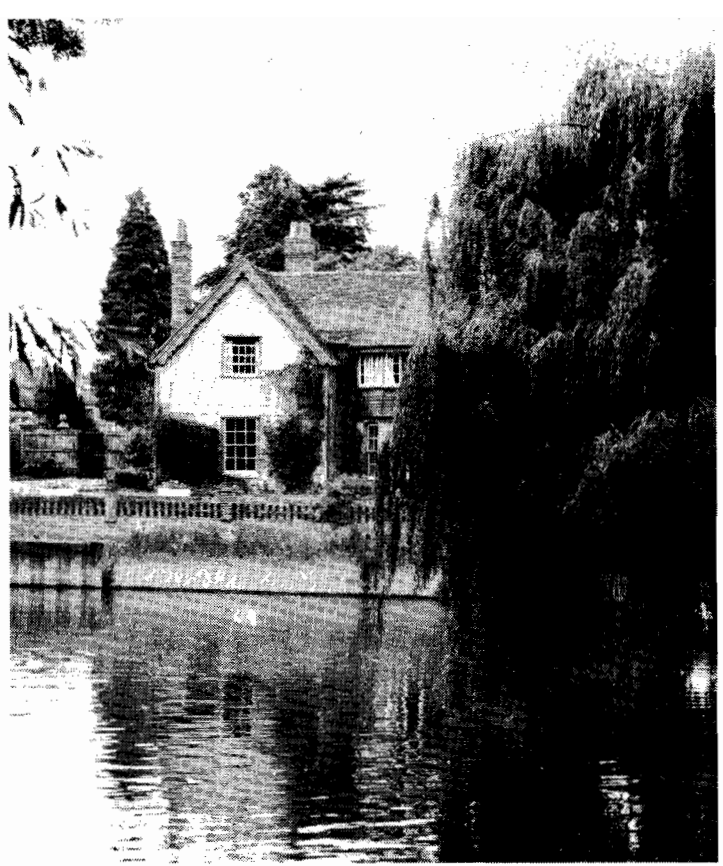
Structurally, our top floor has been modified to provide extra practice and teaching rooms and one large space for Prep music and Cathedral Choir rehearsals. The Preparatory School now has a Head of Music, Miss Clare Faux, who is co-ordinating things to a much better degree than the previously unsatisfactory situation where the classes were shared by three teachers.

Taken as a whole then, this has been a satisfactory season, if we ignore the Indifferent to whose attention I would bring the readers of this article. The school I wrote about at the beginning **does** exist. The events described actually occurred. And not only were the more creative aspects of school life left to the boys. One master, an Indian of aristocratic lineage, produced, in those idle moments shared by most Common Rooms, two books which continue to amuse even his most recalcitrant pupils, namely 'It's a Wog's Life' and 'Brown Tom's Schooldays'. Worthy of praise? Yes! Because every pupil and master took part in some activity.

But also No! because they were not given the choice to opt out. St Edward's is more responsible than that and I have to say that if I were not a member of the Music School or PE Department, I would probably be sending curses in those directions for what must seem like constant interruptions. So why do we bother? Because we believe we teach a useful skill, one which combines the physical, intellectual and emotional and which once learnt is with one for life. At the same time we help promote the school as a cultural establishment at a time when these things are often little regarded. I would ask staff and pupils for their continued support in this venture.

Photography

Mr Trevor Critchley



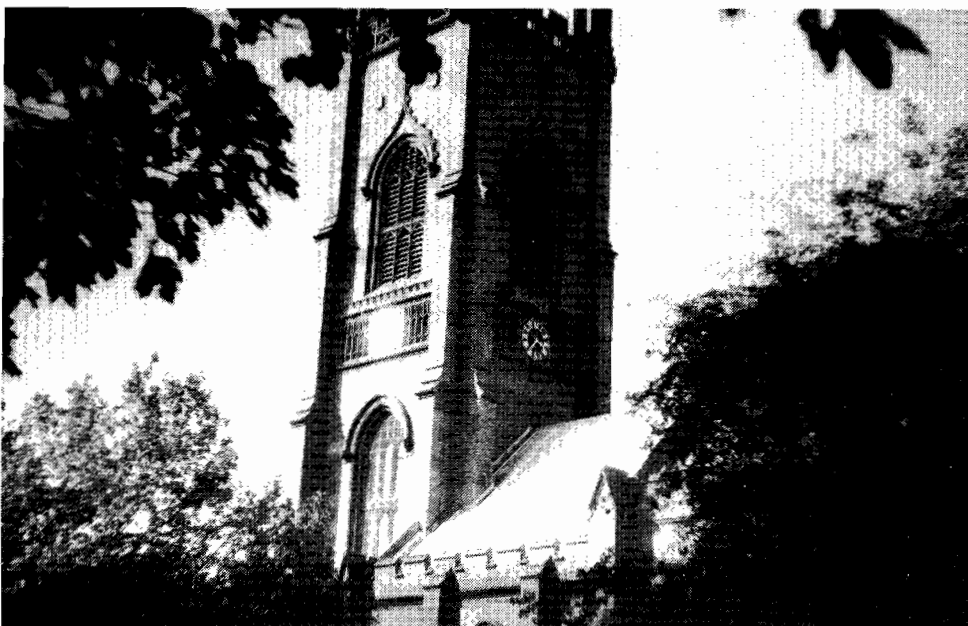
We have now set up a photography darkroom to enable pupils to develop their own films and gain expertise in printing from negatives. Senior pupils are also using the facility to help them with their 'O' and 'A' level art course, especially with the fundamentals of elementary composition.

The accompanying photographs, taken and developed by sixth form pupils are intended to provide material for pictorial composition as well as providing valuable subject matter for their sketch books.

*Above: Goring-on-Thames
Photograph by John Bridson, Form Six*

*Left: Old Oak on Stand Farm, Croxteth
Photograph by Joseph McCarthy, Form Five*

*Below left: St Mary's Church, Walton
Photograph by Jason Homan*



Poetry

A Girl's Eye View of St Edward's

It's perfectly symmetrical, built 'round a square, —
But of tripping across it you'd better beware!
Found at each corner, (bar one I confide),
Stands a staircase, so inviting to ride —
But protruding from the rail, of the finest wood,
There pokes at equal intervals, a bright golden stud!
Then at your peril, traverse the herringbone floor,
So slippy and shiny, — you'll fall for sure!

Around all sides, adorning each wall,
Stand beefy men — so broad and tall.
If at first, this, a paradox may seem,
A clue! — many belong to a sporty team!
For they have represented the school far and near,
Bred from fine stock, the men(?) are here!
The results of their game are read out so clear,
On Monday morn, by 'headboy' — king of his year.

Bizarre and outrageous in dress is no go,
So don the purple, or home thou shalt go!
Inside find a hatch with a slide-back door,
Knock quietly and wait — Once! no more!
A head will appear right out of the blue,
To see, if something for you it can do:
Shined on by a spotlight, over a door,
A plaque is modelled, — 'tis tasteful decor.
A badge and fine words 'gainst a purple foil,
To this glorious motto all (?) must stay loyal.
Viriliter Age, is the thought for the day,
Except for us girlies, we hope and we pray!
A flag-pole arises out near the street,
The flag's at half-mast when the first team get beat!

Throughout the world, the tide of male chauvinism is turning,
Especially in St Edward's — that noble establishment of learning!!???

Tricia Bradley
Helen Davies
Form Six

A Mad Poet Trapped Inside A Computer

I don't like the poems they're making me write,
I really don't like them at all.
Heirograffiti I don't understand scrawled on a silicon wall.

I feel like a Software malfunction,
I really don't like it one bit.
Dictating a mysterious message for this machine to transmit.

I don't like the poems they filter through me
using words I never would use,
like Micro, Transmitter, Cursor and Prom.
I'm enslaved by an alien muse.

This stupid and looney Computer
has me trapped without hope of escape.
A poet adrift in a Microcosmos
of an endless loop of tape.

You can do whatever you like,
When I'm at your beck and call.
You can walk the dog or swing the cat,
I'm your Servant and don't like it at all.

Sean Doran
Form One

The Age of Division

The left wing hate the right wing, the right wing hate the left wing
The moderates are nowhere, and they don't know what to do.
This pluralist society has just one disadvantage,
Whatever you believe in, there's someone hating you.
'God is on our side', the men from the White House yell.
'So let's go build a star wars' gun to blast bombs from the sky.
And if the commies build more bombs, then we'll build more and
more,
We have enough to be blown to hell, but no one dares ask why.
Meanwhile below the streets of Moscow, subversives lie in a daze,
Beaten to a pulp. The Russians don't care for human rights these days.
The twin capitals of the world, dominated by force,
To think of agreeing with one another is ludicrous of course.

Can anybody hear the scream as Britain breaks its heart?
Polarised beyond redemption, shattered, torn apart.
Militant cry 'no surrender', the right wing makes the laws,
All they ever seem to do is lock what were once open doors.
Scurvy politicians of all colours fight the wars,
'Thinking nothing of the hate and bitterness they cause.
No one wins, no one loses, just a list of those who ran.
Please God help those left behind, there's no one else that can.

We have to have the proper hairstyle, badges and uniforms,
To know who to and not to mix with, what is and isn't form.
We can't unite together, we're brainwashed to divide.
It really could be easy, but we're taken for a ride.
Tolerance is all it takes, you can't be always right.
There are two sides to every story, it's never black and white.
Change yourself before you change the world, it can be done.
Smile the next time you see someone you hate, smile at everyone.

Mark Senior
Form Six



Lost Heroes

In the trenches nerves are tingling,
Hardly dare to take a breath,
Watching, waiting seems an eternity.
Almost deafened by the silence.

A shot rings out and breaks the silence,
Your instincts tell you it's time to go,
Out to fight for Queen and country,
Out to kill your fellow man.

A stray shot hits a lucky target,
Death's cold hand grabs you by the throat,
Dying like a noble hero,
Soon forgotten by the nation.

Andrew Hanlon
Form One

Painting by Martin Murphy, Form Five

Big Versus Small

As the stars of the sky from their sleeping bed rose,
A faint shadow of movement was seen from the road.
As they advanced, their bodies grew larger,
And shone in the moonlight like stars on the water.
I deduced they were horses bearing soldiers of some kind,
And realised they were Roundheads on a midnight ride.

Of course, as you know, I do not think as they
And I do what I can to protect our own way.
I woke the bodies of our sleeping troops;
They raced to their stations and put on their boots.
They unleashed their steeds with incredible speed
And went on with hope and no fear did they heed.

The Royalists battled with tremendous vigour,
With faint hope of winning against the bigger.
Parliament fought to the nth degree
And massacred many of our army.
But as the smaller with their brains
Thought and thought for several days
About a solution to this terrible game
Of war between our country.

One day at last a captain said,
'Why not trick them to think we're dead!'
This statement was met with wild applause
From the king and his cohorts.
They said, 'We'll put it into action as soon as comes the morn'.

The white flag was hoisted, the Parliament laughed.
They dropped their swords, their shields, their armour
And strode to their camps for a very good sleep there.
While the Parliament slept, the Royals awoke,
They sharpened their swords and loaded their guns,
Then set outside into the night
To kill their enemies with a fright.
They plunged their swords deep into their hearts and marched into
the night.

Alexander McCann
Form One

Mawdryn

Moonlight strikes the cobbled courtyard,
Bouncing off the pebbled ground.
The church-bell tolls across the village,
Ringing out its sonorous sound.

After twelve has struck its death-note,
Echoing out round and round.
Flag-stones covering long-gone graves
Are pushed away from underground.

For when Beltane and Halloween come,
The undead stalk the earth again,
To hunt and feed on living flesh
And exalt horror to its rein.

But then the sun-rays stroke the evil;
To purge and purify the land.
Church-bells start the new day dawning,
Protecting earth from Satan's band.

James Sangster
Form Three

The Demon

The demon goes out hunting tonight,
And if you see him you'll get a fright.
With his blood-red eyes and his blackened teeth,
He prowls around on his slimy, silent feet,
His tail like a scorpion's waiting for the sting.
Never in your life have you seen a more gruesome thing,
He'll creep up the stairs and snatch you out of bed,
For all the little demons are waiting to be fed.
But the demon is a creature of the night,
It lives for darkness, it can't stand the light,
And so if you see it, turn and run away,
Or maybe the consequences you just might have to pay.

Andrew Hanlon
Form One

The Kop

On the Kop and into battle,
Sing our songs and wave our rattle.

In the punch-bowl stir and shake
Feather of left-footed drake,
Shoe-lace of a Chelsea fan
Sun-baked in the Isle of Man,
Scarf of blue from Everton
Added then for extra fun.

On the Kop and into battle,
Sing our songs and wave our rattle.

Add a length of railway sleeper
Wrapped around West Bromwich keeper,
Eye-brow of Brazilian star,
Stir it well in bowl of tar,
Melt it all in giant's tear;
The FA Cup is ours this year.

On the Kop and into battle,
Sing our songs and wave our rattle.

Matthew Morgan
Form One

The Unknown Pupil

with apologies to W H Auden

He was found by a vote in the staffroom to be someone over whom no
teacher lost sleep,
And the comments upon his report card agree in the colloquial sense
of the word
He was a creep.

For in all that he did he served the community,
And continued to do so until he left school,
Rarely defying the slightest school rule
But he wasn't a weirdo, a scab or an oddity,
Every lenten day he put eight pence in the charity.

And our social psychology workers found
He got on with the people with whom he hung round,
His reactions to homework were normal in every way,
Felt sad on a Monday and rejoiced on last day.

He had everything he needed for St Eddie's young men,
Two pencils, a rubber, and blue Parker pen
Was he free? Was he happy? Was there nothing wrong with him?
If there was when he applied we would not have let him in.

Anthony Maden
Form Four

The Scientists

Metrical patterns, order in confusion;
Even I am guilty.

He broods in his sabbatical bliss, chalking endlessly:
Thinks; thinks again — chalks.
At length he emerges, a snowy down encapsulating his mind.
He speaks and the world listens, intent:
'If x is x and z is z,
TSR to the fourteen power is 74 to the n.'
Y is unknown.

Another lectures in a hall, scratching his Freudian scalp;
Talks; talks again — walks.
He frets, he spits, he extrapolates and then —
He speaks and the world listens, eager:
'Men have legs: elephants have legs.
Elephants are not men: therefore logic is a farce.'
Y is still unknown.

Another writes his treatise, he sucks his bitter pen:
Writes; writes again — sucks.
He scribbles, devises, hunts the 'well-chosen' word, then —
He publishes and the world reads, exuberant:
'Lear is mad, but, of course, he isn't;
Hence, Edgar must be extremely weird.'
Y is still unknown.

And they think, these madmen, endlessly,
And talk and chalk and write.
But still they fail, still they're wrong;
And Y is still unknown.

Paul Connolly
Form Six

Seminars

Mr Terence Duffy

The school has had the good fortune, during the last four years, to be involved in the Seminars organised by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Society, devoted to some of Britain's most important composers: Peter Maxwell Davies, William Mathias, Edward Cowie and Michael Tippett. Members of the Chamber Choir and Orchestra and of the Cathedral Choir have had the very rare experience of performing for three of these composers and in two cases have impressed them enough for the composers to write works for them; Cowie for the Cathedral Choir and Maxwell Davies for the Chamber Choir and Orchestra. This new music is awaited with great interest and some trepidation, since the premiere of a work by such a distinguished musician as Maxwell Davies will be of national significance to the musical world.

Short Story — The Night of the Damned

Michael Hennessy
Form Five

It was a night that would wake even the dead. Thunder rumbled ominously; lightning madly flailed the earth momentarily lighting the bleak landscape — twisted trees and bare rock, all for this split second bathing in the fury of elemental light. Occasional glimpses of the wan moon, which, this unholy night, seemed grotesquely bloated, brought with it a dim white light. Storm clouds, dark and sombre, loomed overhead. The atmosphere seemed oppressive; rain lashed irresistibly against the already scourged earth. Rock glistened wetly; trees shook in the furious gale like things possessed. Shreds of torn mist floated by like ghosts, blown by the fierce gale.

Upon a lonely crag, perched high above the moor, a squat chapel stood. It was an ancient building, originally the site of a sacred well, now sealed behind a thick door, nailed shut. Within the chapel an old monk piously did penance for his past life. He knelt before the altar; his fingers, numb with the bitter cold, weakly grasped the beads which hung limply from his belt. As the monk muttered quiet prayers, his frosted breath rose before his weary eyes like sweet incense.

Suddenly, the tranquillity was shattered. The dull clang of metal against stone seemed to reverberate throughout the chancel. The monk slowly turned and stared in horror. From around and through the door was seeping a blood red glare, and inexorably, the iron nails were being pushed slowly from the rotten wood by some unseen hand. The last nails fell. All was silent. Then, with the grinding of rusted hinges, the oak door swung open. Out poured a viscous crimson mist. The smell of death was thick in the air choking and engulfing him in its charnel grip. Despite his terror, he felt drawn towards the room. He stepped forward into the mist and through the door beyond. The blood red fog swirled around him: a moving shape could be faintly discerned in the room's corner where the mist belched forth from the well's gaping mouth . . .

The monk's dying scream echoed round the room until it faded away into nothingness. From within the chapel light shone dimly, acting as a beacon for miles around. Up the worn stone steps stumbled a weary traveller. With a leather-gloved hand he rapped impatiently on the door. His sodden cloak hung dejectedly from his shoulders, its cloth torn and stained with mud and fastened at his throat by a golden brooch shaped in the form of a cross. Rain seemed to fall in a solid sheet behind him. Without warning, the heavy oaken door silently

opened. Light from the doorway shone forth. The rain which fell before his eyes was transformed into an iridescent haze of colour, sparkling and bright. A monk's dark form could be faintly discerned within, his black hood obscuring his face. With a soundless gesture he beckoned the wanderer into the chapel.

Several other people could be seen seated in the pews or kneeling on the cold stone floor. The monk, his face still shrouded in shadow, pointed to an empty seat at the rear of the building. The traveller took his place there, as indicated, and at once busied himself with removing his drenched hood and cloak. With this done, he knelt, crossed himself, and silently began his prayers.

He remained thus for many minutes, straining to keep his heavy lids open and from succumbing to the utter fatigue he was feeling. Without warning, the tall candles flickered out, whether by a gust of wind or some quirk of fate he did not know. The chapel, far from being plunged into darkness, was lit with a violent crimson glow that came from each and every person in the room save himself; even the monk exuded this unholy glare of bloody colour. With this recognition came the stench. It hit him like a blow, causing him to gag and retch until his self-control mastered his nausea. It was then that he realised, with bleary eyes, that from all around, creatures were advancing towards him, arms outstretched, mouths gaping horribly and the empty sockets of their eyes gazing blindly at him.

Momentarily confused, it took him a few moments to react. Grabbing his cloak from the oak pew, he turned and ran for the nearest door. He tore it open with a mad violence and raced through into — blackness. Instead of the moor, he was in what seemed to be a room. He barred the door quickly behind him and then leant against it, eyes closed for a few moments. When he re-opened them, they had adjusted to the darkness and he could dimly make out a shape in one corner. From the door, sounds of the scrabbling of claws came. Wearily he stumbled across the room. The shape he had seen was a well, of that he was sure; yet from its unknown, unseen depths he heard a moan. In terrified confusion he leant over the edge and stared right into the face of one of the creatures from the chapel. He staggered back across the room, and it was then that the door burst open.

He felt paralysed with fear. His mind refused to accept what was happening and he felt sick with horror. Deathly cold hands clutched at him, their razor sharp nails gouging his skin and tearing his flesh. Struggle was impossible. He felt himself borne up and slowly carried over to the well. Grinning, insane faces leered down at him; clouds of red mist swathed him in damp iciness. As he was carried into the well's gaping black maw, he passed out.

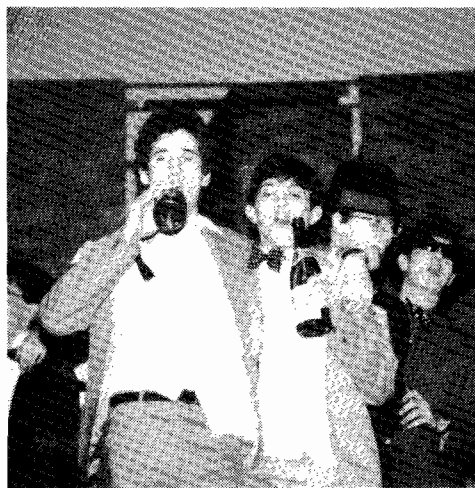
As the young sun's rays scintillated off the wet rock, the weary traveller screamed his last scream and drank his last breath.

It had been a night that had woken even the dead!

Tin Pan Ali

An insight into the production

Andrew Sanderson
Form Six



In the final analysis, you can always tell just how much time and effort, both by cast and production team, has gone into a performance. This was particularly evident in the Christmas 1983 production of 'Tin Pan Ali'.

The applause of the audience was a gratifying reward for the incredible amount of time spent in preparation. When people first auditioned for and offered to help out with the show, I do not think they realised just how complicated a production 'Tin Pan Ali' was put together, particularly in a school hall!

'Tin Pan Ali' was originally written for and performed by the Children's Youth Theatre at the Edinburgh Festival. Our production was only the second time the show had been performed in England. Knowing this placed an extra burden on everybody involved — we knew we had to get it right.

Night after night, week after week, cast attended rehearsals and the production team made preparations. Tempers frayed as the same things went wrong again and again. This, however, was only to be expected as teaching

fifty-four people to 'Turkey Trot', 'Charleston' and 'Hula' in a limited space is exceedingly difficult. Set design, painting and construction had to be updated constantly because of restrictions in time for scene changing. However, Mr Robinson and the team worked diligently.

Mr Duffy and the lighting team worked arduously to perfect the lighting and atmosphere for the show. Realistic sound effects proved to be a problem, but with the help of a professional sound engineer and sound system, any difficulties were soon overcome. The make-up, house management and programme teams should be proud of themselves for the way they handled their respective tasks.

We were plagued by illness right throughout rehearsals for the show. In the last week of rehearsals, we thought disaster had struck. John Cullen, who played a leading role in 'Fatimoma', developed a throat infection. As prompter, I was asked to step in to take his place, five days before the actual performance! This did nothing for my nerves and the thought of it still makes me go cold. Fortunately, however, both for the cast and myself, John arrived for the dress rehearsal and was able to continue in his most suited role.

Naturally, we had a few mishaps during the performances. On the first night, the burglar alarm was set off during the performance. I personally thought that we would have to stop the show, but the cast were so confident they continued as if nothing was happening. On the final night a string of pearls which Margaret Oakley was wearing, snapped, and the pearls went rolling off the edge of the stage and into the orchestra pit. Late on in the performance, a special effect went wrong and a cloud of smoke

enveloped the stage, choking both Mandy Middlehurst and Stephen Webster.

Margaret Oakley, Stephen Webster, Mandy Middlehurst, John Cullen, Paul Casey, Cathy O'Grady, Akim Mogaji, Damian O'Keefe and Mark Nugent should all be congratulated for their professionalism in the show.

The whole cast and production team should be proud of themselves for the fine performances given over the three nights. I would like to take the opportunity to thank, on behalf of the cast and production team, not only Mr Moseley, for the amount of time spent in preparing the show, but all the staff, musicians and parents for all their time and effort spent in helping to make the show a success. I would also like to thank the audiences for their support — we had a full house for each night's performance.

I think I speak on behalf of everyone involved when I say that we all thoroughly enjoyed being involved with 'Tin Pan Ali' and it is a show which we will all remember with a great deal of fondness for a long time to come.

Photographs by Brother Andrew Rock.

Song — With Rue my Heart is laden

Words by A. E. Houseman
Music by Mark Nugent
Form Six

Andante (♩ = 70-80) mp

With rue my heart is la-den For

mp mf

gol-den friends I had, For many a rose-lipt nai-den And

p f mf

many a lightfoot lad.

mf

By brooks too broad for lea-ping The lightfoot boys are laid; The

mf *mp*

p *mf* *mp*

l.h.

8ve

rose-lipt girls are slee-ping In fields where roses, In

mp

ten. *p* *pp*

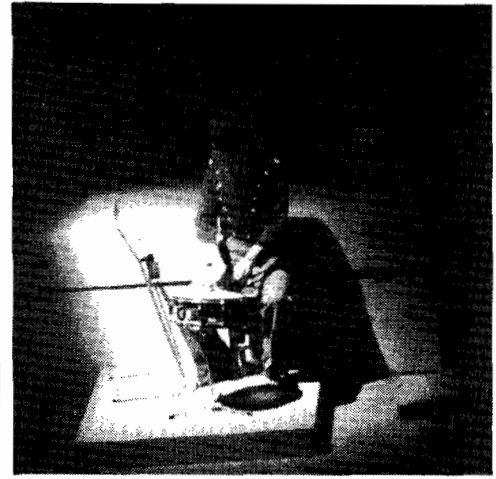
Fields where ro-ses fade.

p *mp* *rall* *pp*

p *8ve*

Woyzeck

Mr Ian Wylie



When Alban Berg's opera *Woyzeck* was first performed in 1925, it was generally supposed that the story of an unhinged soldier, the plaything of doctors and superiors, who murders his unfaithful wife and destroys himself, was a grim contemporary tale of social realism and political protest in post-war Germany. It was not. *Woyzeck*, the play on which Berg's libretto is based, was written by George Büchner, a young lecturer in natural sciences who died of typhoid in 1837, his play scarcely completed. Created a century before its time, it is one of the most cogent and focussed accounts of the poverty and isolation, the folly

and the dignity of ordinary human beings ever written. It is also marvellously entertaining theatre.

One should not, however, underestimate the difficulties of staging this play for its 24 short scenes, some of which are perilously brief, often require 50 actors on stage. Büchner's compatriots regarded it for many years as unperformable, and even now it is rarely staged, lying instead in the shadow of Berg's masterpiece.

John Moseley's production in the translation by Victor Price convinced me that *Woyzeck* is a very great play which can and should be performed. Duncan Bouch in the title role played without sentimentality, finding that immediateness and integrity which make the hero one of the finest tragic figures of modern drama. The leading players, particularly Mandy Ryan as Marie, responded most

sensitively to his carefully understated performance. Most impressive too was the way in which each scene was so quickly established by all the cast, allowing the audience to retain the continuity and thrust of the drama throughout. Herein lies the real difficulty of staging *Woyzeck* and it is to the credit of the production and all the players, particularly the chorus, that it was so successful.

Dare one hope, after such a rewarding excursion to where the angels of professional theatre tread so fearfully, that productions of force and merit might be forthcoming?

Rehearsal photographs by Mr Matthew Brown top left, bottom row.

Production photographs by Brother Andrew Rock, top right, centre row.

Ian Wylie was educated at St Peter's College, Oxford and is now Liaison Officer for the Inner London Health Authority

Angry?

Anthony Lappin
Form Six

I find myself angered: in fact, very angry. Moreover, I am furious: extremely so. What I wish to vent my feelings on is the contentious subject of the colour scheme of the school corridors. This colour is not conducive to learning and limits our freedom of self-expression (and any embryonic self-experimentation on the persona of the individual which accompanies this) by being too heavily formalised and reflecting the over-authoritarian nature of the highly regimented 'status quo' which, due to the psychologically and emotionally depressive effect (and I trust that I am not over-simplifying the case), gets us down.

I suggest (from the humble position of an Angry Arts student) that we allow each age-group to choose a colour for their corridor (by secret ballot, of course: we cannot allow self-expression to be limited by peer-prejudice against certain colours or heretofore said hues). Additionally, to further enhance and/or encourage the appearance of self-realisation, I suggest that portraits of their favourite pop-stars (Cliff Richard, Boy George, Jimmy Hendrix, Nik Kershaw . . .) should be painted in bubbles (thereby emphasising the importance of illusion and emotive response in relation to our living space and ambience) of a mutually harmonising colour to the specific, democratically chosen, aforementioned backdrop, done at a small cost by the Art Departmental Group as practice for drawing bottles and complex lumps of machinery. Various aspects of other study fields could be incorporated into the design: music notes, Davey lamps and words from foreign languages, such as 'comunidad'.

From Little Acorns

Tall oaks from little acorns grow

Brother Andrew Rock

In 1981 St Edward's had a computer room containing one Commodore 'Pet' which had been in use for some years and had inspired the computer department in at least one other school. In 1982 we decided to buy one BBC Micro with a cassette recorder and a monochrome monitor to enable the staff to decide what potential it offered.

In 1983 we opened a new computer room with 8 BBC micros where pupils could learn about programming and ways of using the facilities on microcomputers. We used second-hand TV Sets for most of the display units. After increasing the number to ten computers we had 12 regular classes each week on a voluntary basis outside normal class periods.

The results of this work were so encouraging that we set up a new computer room which could take a class of 30 pupils. This opened in September 1984 with 18 BBC microcomputers. By spring term 1985 we had these linked in an 'Econet' to two others in another room. One of these is a 'fileserver' and material stored in this is rapidly accessible to the other computers. Most sets now use colour monitors.

The big advantage of this is that a whole class can work, not more than two to a computer, on programmes and other material taken from the filesaver. They can store their results for future use if necessary and each person (or pair) can work at a suitable pace, independent of the rest of the group.

As yet computing does not appear on our timetables. It is hoped to use computers as tools in teaching a number of topics in different subjects. The present voluntary use already means that many of our pupils have a fair knowledge and experience of what computers can do and, more important, how to instruct them to do the required work.

Further planned expansion will enable single computers to be used in other rooms and still have access through the network to a wide range of programmes and other material. The same BBC micros have also been used for a number of administrative tasks.

We have moved in stages, trying out ideas on a small scale before planning anything on a larger scale. However in three years our one acorn computer has certainly developed branches.

Iuveniliter Age

Sixth Form Magazine

Iuveniliter Age, Editorial Board

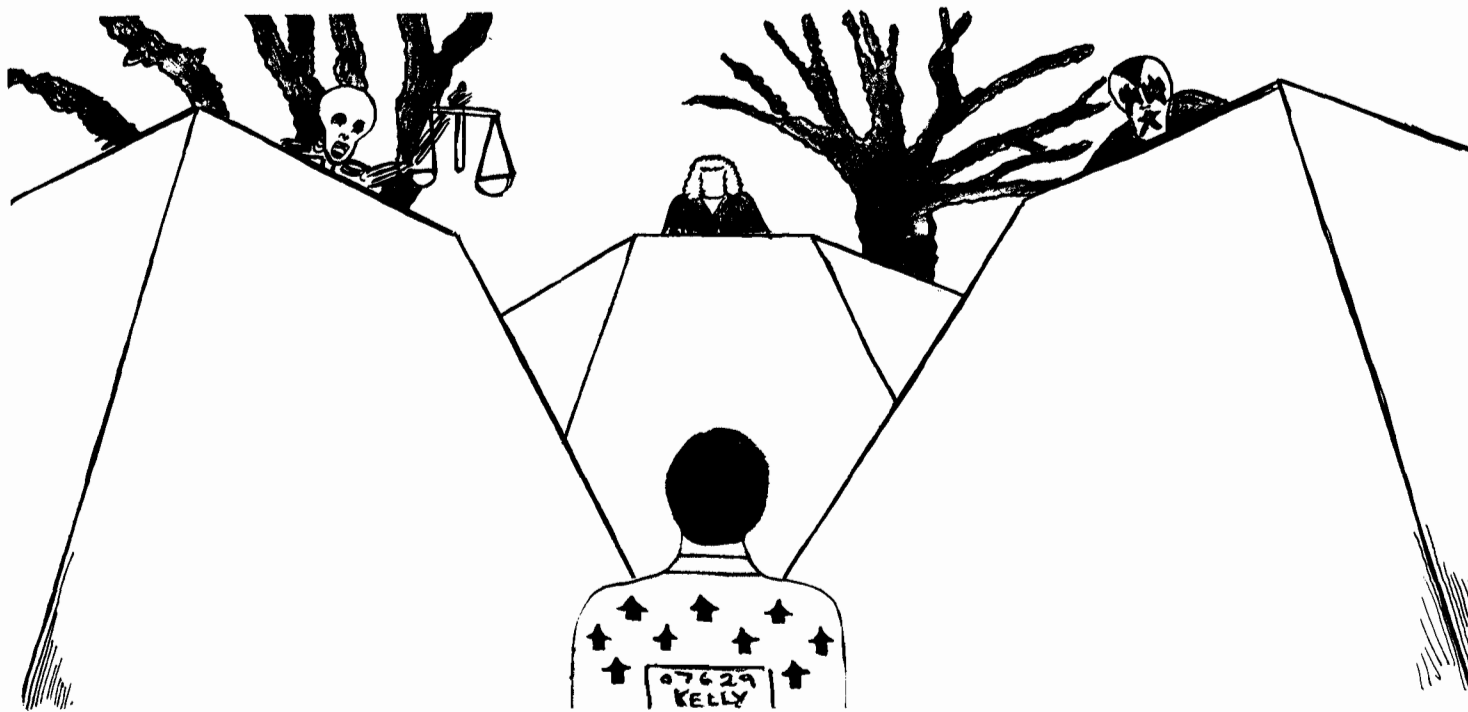
1985 sees the emergence of a new sixth form magazine, 'Iuveniliter Age'. The development of I.A. can be likened to that of an apple tree. The traditional School Magazine and the sixth form Debating Society are the non-core-digesting apple-eaters who spit their seeds out of the window. The 1984-1985 (86?) Miner's Strike is the favourable wind which blows the seeds on to fertile ground. This fertile ground is the highly-politicised current 6B, which would sooner discuss Theology and Thatcherism to Love-Lives and Lolly-Licking, (well nearly anyway). And as the apple-tree begins to spring out of the ground, so I.A. has dared to raise its ugly head in public.

I.A. is essentially a serious magazine, compromising politics, attempts at humour and even a teeny-weeny bit of gossip. It is different to the School Magazine in that it is (will be!) published more frequently, is not as big (or expensive) and, of course, not compulsory.

I.A. gives an opportunity for the 'armchair orator', who is too timid to stand the abuse from the howling masses in the Physics Lecture Room, to have his/her points of view aired. In short, Shakespeare's self-conscious cousins need stay in the shadows no longer.

I.A.'s Editorial Board wishes to thank Mr Young, whose invaluable aid in this project made all things possible. (It was, when all is said and done, on his suggestion that the photocopier was plugged in.) May we also stress that I.A. is not in competition with the School Magazine. After all, we wouldn't want to put the Music Department out of a job now, would we?

We wish our junior colleagues success with this venture and hope that their publication flourishes. — Ed.



This familiar slogan is daubed on various buildings and constructions throughout the city of Liverpool, and has appeared in other forms, such as when the words were carved in two foot high letters in the turf of a golf course, the night before an important tournament.

Dennis Kelly was convicted to a life sentence for murder on June 13th 1983. Many believe that he was innocent of this heinous crime, and so a campaign has been established to clear his name, and gain his freedom. No one knows who is guilty, except for the murdered or the murderer.

The murdered man was one William Osu, a half-caste, a father of five, a newsagent of somewhat dubious reputation. He was murdered in the early hours of 16th November 1982, at the Kowloon Club (now closed) on Nelson Street, at the beginning of Liverpool's China town. Stabbed in the heart, he staggered from the club to be found by a taxi driver, who took him to the Royal Infirmary, where he died shortly after arrival.

Senior detectives, aware that people had left the club before the arrival of police, placed a plea in the paper next day for any information about these people and their whereabouts. It was in this manner they discovered Dennis Kelly, father of six, an acknowledged small-time thief, previously tried for murder, when a verdict of self-defence was brought. Kelly was found in a flat in S.W. London, with £1200 and a passport, four days after the crime was committed. Kelly was apparently trying to leave the country, which further aroused police suspicions. He was brought to trial and found guilty.

However, much of the case does not appear to have been soundly or satisfactorily resolved. Mr Paul Rooney, Kelly's solicitor, claims that Mr Justice Caulfield told the jury that they did not necessarily agree with their verdict. The 'Echo' reported senior detectives as saying they were 'unable to comment on the matter now he has appealed against conviction, but it is believed that they will look at any fresh evidence if it is forthcoming'.

Kelly and another man were described as

Free Dennis Kelly?

Catherine O'Grady
Form Six

Drawing by Mark Senior, Form Six

attacking Osu in the basement of the Kowloon Club, armed with a hammer, bottle and knife. Tony Blye said 'I saw Kelly punch Osu in the stomach, but it didn't look like a punch'. Rooney believes this is one of the main pieces of evidence on which Kelly was convicted. Blye had previously made a statement in which he said he saw nothing of the fight. Also, the blow described was to a different part of the body than that of the fatal wound. This blow became a stabbing motion in court. On the 22nd February 1985, Blye made a fresh statement, which he declared his previous evidence was false. One person said that Kelly, bottle in hand, was involved in the fight. However, several statements described the fight as a one-to-one situation between Osu and Austen McCormack, Kelly's cousin. Henry Orr said 'The next thing I saw was Austen McCormack fighting with Willie. I didn't see Dennis Kelly fighting'. Helen French said 'There was a fight taking place between Austen McCormack and Willie Osu'. David Price said 'The first time I saw Austen and Dennis that night was when Austen was fighting with Willie, and Dennis after the fight'. Michael Elliot said 'I saw Austen McCormack stab down at him with something. I don't know what it was, but it was clearly a stabbing motion'. The latter was not called as a witness.

Helen French also gave conflicting evidence. She made six statements declaring Kelly had not been involved in the fight, but suddenly reversed her decision at the trial, where she was one of three people who had previously failed to identify Kelly as involved, but pointed him out in court as a murderer. These three — French, Blye and Sharrock — were friends of Osu, and were also black, which could have influenced their evidence. It is an unfortunate characteristic of our society that much prejudice exists between races and religions, and frequently people will ignore truth and morality in favour of 'sticking together'.

Blye and Sharrock, both of whom left the Kowloon Club before questioning were arrested in different parts of the country, one on a robbery charge, one on a burglary charge. McCormack was apprehended in Bristol in April 1984, but he jumped bail. He was arrested again in January 1985, and was questioned by police, who described him at the time of the murder as a man of 'violent disposition', also saying, 'we urgently want all the information we can get about this man'.

I do not know whether Dennis Kelly is innocent or not. His trial appears to have been conducted without all the necessary or available evidence. But if innocent, why did he leave Liverpool, equipped to leave the country? His violent tendencies have already been shown in his previous trial for murder? The evidence is so conflicting, one side must be lying, but we have no reason to believe the witnesses for the defence before those of the prosecution. I would question the attitude of Mr Justice Watkins, the judge who dismissed Kelly's application to appeal. He said that the jury would not have believed the fresh witnesses, but is there any point in having a jury if a judge is able to decide what it would or would not believe?

The capture of Austen McCormack and the fresh evidence of Tony Blye will hopefully bring about a new trial, in which the present verdict of guilty will become more firmly based upon fact, or a fresh verdict will be brought upon the true identity of the murderer of William Osu.

How to Attain Street Credibility

Annamarie Quill *Unclassified*
Form Six

Drawing by Seamus Dunne, Form Five



Street Credibility is an extremely intricate concept, which is almost impossible to attain with complete success, since its criteria are forever changing. Briefly, to attain Street Credibility, do anything that the majority of people do not do, and never do anything twice.

It would be a contradiction in terms to try to define Street Credibility, since such a definition would lose all its credibility simply by being a definition. However, some help can be given to the potential Street Credible Person. Firstly, it is essential to be able to classify people into groups. The following groups have no credibility, therefore they are incredible groups.

SCALLY *Plural-scallies, noun: Masc. or fem.* Male scallies are, at the moment, wearing semi-flares and suede shoes. Labelled clothes, track suits and scarves are OUT. Scallies congregate each Saturday to watch football matches, and to sing their latest chants. They move around in small groups and frequent Public Houses everywhere, and also are fans of 'The State'. They love records like Madonna (she is a record isn't she?) and call each other by initials, eg 'Larry T'.

Female scallies are now wearing canvas boots, leather jackets, sovereign rings and rolled-down socks. A distinguishing feature is their frizzy hair which is held by a big metal slide. They can be sighted in hoards almost anywhere, and can be spotted twisting their chewing gum around their fingers in St Johns' Market. They are noted for their admiration of 'Frankie Goes to Hollywood'.

MEPHS *an abbreviated noun — the longer version has been dropped with usage.*

Mephs are slowly becoming an extinct group due to the rise of Alternativism. Most Mephs are unconsciously attaining Street Credibility, since it is trendy to be different. Wearing kagooles, liking the Four Tops and sporting angora cardigans is to say the least, different.

PLASTIC TRENDIES *also called Plazzies, Frauds or boys in 6A*

Male plastic trendies (or even plastic male trendies!) buy all their clothes from Top Man, Next and Burton. They wear baggy trousers and pink shirts and often have highlighted hair. They smother themselves in Givenchy After Shave, and saunter along, rather than walk. Often they are Conservatives.

Female Plastic Trendies are harder to discern, since they vary from mephy-plazzy to

ultra-plazzy. Usually they have gelled cultured hair, plastic earrings, beads and foundation (the brown stuff that covers their spots). Their musical tastes vary enormously from Wham to Spandau Ballet (note the diversity). Some claim to 'be into' more credible groups like the Pale Fountains, but on inspection have only heard a few singles.

NORMALS *an adjective employed as a noun* Normals are not easily sighted because of their distinctive normality. They buy sensible shoes from Curtess and 'quite like the charts' and 'that new one by Phil Collins'.

MANKS *an abbreviation of Mancunians* Manks was once a term used to describe people originating from Manchester, a city near Liverpool, but it has evolved into a name used by Scallies to describe anyone they disapprove of. To quote a famous 6B Scally 'A Mank is just a sad person'. NB *sad* does not mean melancholy but means 'making you cringe' or the like.

SOUTHERNERS

These are people who come from the South, who do not come from the North.

WOOLLIES *an abbreviation for Woollybacks also called 'Sheep'*

These people come to school on a coach, call sweets 'toffees' and pronounce the letter 'a' as 'aehyh'. Quite a few are the hearty types who play rugby, and . . . play rugby.

Having classified all of these, I will now try to describe Street Credible People (SCPs).

SCPs have no distinctive dress but generally wear old clothes, other people's clothes, clothes bought at Summer Fairs, or items that are not classed as clothes by the OED (Oxford English Dictionary) such as blankets. *Alternative* is the keyword. Some wear plasters, metal glasses or 'Brill' cream. It is essential to look pale and unhealthy, for a tan brings one dangerously close to being a scally. One must say 'one', and one must be interested in 'the Arts'.

Street Credible People regularly go to Art Galleries and to the theatre (do *not* sit in the Stalls which have no connotations of trendiness whatsoever). Use words like 'whatsoever' and 'notwithstanding' and 'erstwhile' and be able to quote with ease 'Tennyson, Scargill, James Dean, Ken Livingstone, Martin Luther King and Voltaire'. Also be aware of who is saying what, for example, what Edwina Currie is

saying about the Languedoc Canal. A profitable phrase to adopt is 'I'm a great admirer of . . . Alistair Burnett/Alan Bennett/Solzehnitzyn', or whoever is street credible at the time. Essential reading matter are 'The Guardian', 'The New Statesman', 'Private Eye', 'The Beano' and D H Lawrence, or to be totally different read the 'Liverpool Star', since nobody else does. One must frequent Sefton Park (beware of Scallies who hover there too), The Crest Hotel, Cavern Walks and Lark Lane. It is a fallacy that the Armadillo, the HMV shop and Wimpy Bars are trendy. And as for the C.I. . . .

To sum up, lately, Street Credible People have been: watching Brookside, Newsnight, Channel Four and listening to Radio 2; being anarchists; having their hair cut at the barbers; buying artificial flowers, wigs and lollipops; using pencils in preference to pens; wearing duffel coats and blowing their noses with cotton handkerchiefs.

However, this is all likely to change. Some people just cannot keep up with CC (Credibility Criteria), and they are still asking for Southern Comfort in the Everyman, when everybody who is anybody knows that Pale Ale in the Students' Union Bar is *The Thing*.

To be truly street credible is to be always one step ahead. If nobody else is doing something, do it. Even if it means going to the C.I.

A Typical Day

Christopher Power
Form Five



Lesson 1 — Art

By the time everybody had got their paints and equipment ready, and had had a little chat with their friends, the lesson had finished. Mr Critchley was heard to say 'Pussy-Four-Corners the lot of you'.

Lesson 2 — Chemistry

SIX green boxes! Reached Section 'A' third time round. Mr Bamber made an 'eerh' last for 27 seconds. Did an exciting experiment — solubility tests. (Safety specs all round, radioactivity suits, thigh-high waders and welding masks.)

Break

Power brings in five pounds of sweets, and is mugged. He is left with a half-sucked one which he found he had trodden on, and which is stuck to the bottom of his shoe. Everyone sees it and dives for it, but he gets it in his mouth in time. Everyone calls him a 'stingy basket' and shares his dinner out.

Lesson 3 — English

Mr Wells limbo-dances under 2 inch gap under door, bursts into song, shouts 'Is this a dagger I see before me', and recites Julius Caesar's dying speech. (Drama classes Monday, Wednesday and Friday for those interested.)

Lesson 4 — Maths

Rumour has it that Mr Wells has been sacked by the headmaster for making fun of him. He claims he looks nothing like Julius Caesar!

Lesson 5 — Physics

When asked to draw a $\frac{3}{4}$ line at the end of his page, someone drew a tiger with no head.

Dinnertime

Mr Moseley is carried out of Ley Hall on a stretcher, saying 'I knew I shouldn't have been a conductor'. He was complaining that his arms had come out of their sockets. Pete Mercer was seen wandering around the school with his new toy — a sub anti-natal sawn off cruise missile. He did not demonstrate it, however, as he

thought that his own personal invention — the 'kneeling on the window pole' torture proved much more effective.

Lesson 6 — Geography

12 pages of notes. Someone given 100 lines — 'I am a schoolboy, not a Murray Darling Lowland'. Docker asks has anybody got an old double tape stereo vertical wall mounted hi-fi, with built in television, video, computer, multigym and exercise bike they don't want. Preferably brand spanking new, still in the box.

Lesson 7 — PE

Someone forgot their kit, so had to go running with a pump on his left foot, a football boot on his right foot, no socks, a pair of ancient shorts with no back or elastic and something that looked like the top half of an 18th century swimming suit. Kit provided courtesy of Mr Gibbons.

Lesson 8 — Maths

Mr Bates puts his head round the door and hollers something nobody (not even he) understood.

Newsflash

At four a.m. . . . was carried away by men in white coats (and no, they weren't ice cream men).

We should like to express our thanks to those members of staff, pictured above, who generously consented to being made lampoons of ribaldry. — Ed.

Photograph by Stephen Torr, Form Six

The Case For Change

Paul Connolly
Form Six

The world in which we live is composed of three major elements. They are:

1. *The Western Democracies.* These are the democracies of the progressive world; 'western' is merely a term of convenience since this category includes Australia, Japan etc.

2. *The Eastern Bloc.* This is the advanced Communist sector, comprising the 'Warsaw Pact' countries and China.

3. *The remnant.* This third sector (referred to usually as the 'Third World') is the embodiment of those countries the economies of which are not sufficiently developed to permit their classification with either of the above. The sector is characterized by widespread poverty, over-population and spasmodic, evanescent dictatorships.

Given this structure as criterion for analysis, the following can be deduced:

a. The inherent differences of the three sectors could be the potential for conflict. Collisions of interest, chauvinistic bigotry and xenophobic conceptions of an external enemy could arise, leading to blind dedication and intransigence.

b. The relative progress that has been made by sectors 1 and 2 must have been made at the expense of sector 3 (for example the exploitation of sector 3 for mineral and crop wealth by the powerful, mobilized multinationals of the industrially developed world). This gives rise to concerns about equity and morality.

Dispensing with this tone, but nevertheless noting its conclusions about the intrinsic fallacy of the extant system, we can come to conclusions that are, perhaps, more important and thus deduce that genuine change is necessary.

It is the failure of sectors 1 and 2 that they are not sufficiently introspective to see that that which they criticize in each other is prevalent in themselves — if they do see this, and make deliberately hypocritical expostulations, then this is to their enormous discredit. Given the helplessness of sector 3, it is the failure of these two to take positive steps towards any solution that has led to the status quo with which we are all forced to contend.

Now, consider the following questions:

If a man is subjected to the will of others, can he be free?

If a man is dehumanized to the extent that he is in symbiosis with his machines, can he be free?

If a man is in possession of only peripheral knowledge of a subject, is he always able to make the correct decision?

The answer to all of these questions, as I am sure you will agree, is in the negative.

The people of the Western Democracies believe themselves to be free. Note, however, the following:

1. People of the West have their powers to choose limited by the nature of their education. They are not taught to criticize but to digest. The majority do not receive further education. This paucity of knowledge and lack of objectivity brings freedom into question.

2. The information that they are presented with after their education, related to political and social issues, is limited. Capitalism has given rise to commercialization. It has also created an economic 'power elite'. Western politics is dominated by those who are able to influence the commercial mechanism, to wit, those with economic power. This mechanism is allied to profit. Due to the capitalist ethic of time being money, the presentation of political cases is likely to be brief to the point of being simplistic. Given the nature of those who possess power, a power which they have an insatiable desire to preserve, given the nature of propaganda — it's being assertive rather than logical — freedom once more has doubts cast upon it.

Taking the world's largest Western democracy, America, as an example, we can make direct correlations with the above. Americans are presented with an electoral choice between two highly monopolistic parties, orchestrated, as they undoubtedly are, by big-business concerns. Vast sums of money are involved in the political transactions of these parties; the presence of the dollar in such quantities is certain to lead to corruption and the 'buying of truth'. The average American, having been educated in a subjective environment, in which the 'Stars and Stripes' and turkey on Thanksgiving Day are the symbols of moral purity, and having been trivialized by vast quantities of soap operas and candy-bars, has the views of the minority-dominated parties propounded to him in a sixty second commercial break. How will this well-meaning, slightly dyspeptic pillar of the Western world react? consider:

- i. On what criteria he will base his electoral decision.
- ii. Whether he is being presented with the whole truth.
- iii. The implications of his selection.

Interesting conclusions? Or are they frightening?

The people of the Eastern Bloc are constantly reminded of their equality and freedom.

Note, however, the following:

i. These people have their education structured in such a way that it leads to subservience to the state. They are indoctrinated and misinformed, the Utopia of Marxist idealism being the 'justification' for their subjection.

ii. Marxism, it is claimed, is the science of egalitarianism. Yet the Eastern Bloc has witnessed the emergence of a series of elitist hierarchical structures, in which a self-perpetuating ruling caste uses direct suppression, the Siberian deterrent and censorship of the press as their means of keeping political variance minimal.

iii. The division of labour, with its heretofore noted cloning effects, which Marx himself condemned, exists as much in the East as the West.

Using the process of reasoning which this

essay has established, it is easy to bring liberty and equality once more into question. Average Russians are unable to exert the sort of influences on their society that a truly emancipated individual would be able to; members of the ruling elite are liberated to the point of licence: the Marxist dream of equality replaced by an Orwellian nightmare.

Questions: While both societies claim to be different from each other, is the only difference one of structure? Is Orwell correct in the case of the East and Huxley increasingly correct for the West? Are you or your Russian counterpart free? Answer . . . ?

While we, the enlightened, search for the answer, the two bloc-leaderships turn their attention away from issues of freedom and try to find more efficient ways of killing each other. Both deprecate the other in order to hide their own inadequacies; they are mutually incompatible they contend, but like the men and pigs in the final chapter of 'Animal Farm' they are becoming distinguishable only in form — their end is the same: the preservation of elitism via corruption and the exploitation of mass ignorance.

Meanwhile, sector 3 undergoes accelerating economic decline: its people starve. It appears, however, that it will exact a bitter revenge. For its endemic disease — overpopulation — is spreading. This is, perhaps, the greatest threat to our freedom. In a world in which production is being streamlined to the point of actual output depreciation, in which inefficient employment of available resources is a criminal reality, population is expanding at rates which we will be unable to cope with sooner than we think.

Question: Are hungry men free?

Question: Is the diminution of space conducive to freedom?

Thus, learned reader, the facts are as follows:

1. Freedom, which is exiguous anyway, is declining since:
2. Millions starve in a world which has the output potential to feed them.
3. Mass poverty will become increasingly widespread unless the population problem is solved.
4. Poverty and despotism are mutually productive, causing a cycle of freedom — erosion.

5. Those who have the power to change all of this practise war-games and play with satellites, having absolutely no desire to alter the situation.

If this is not a conclusive argument for change, what is?

Where do we go from here?

I do not offer any immediate miracle cures: I cannot; no one can. I realize, however, that intellectually speaking, the readership of this article is likely to be highly privileged. Thus, it will have the means to exert some sort of influence on society; in that regard, it is the duty of us all to aspire, through our actions, to make desirable changes in the structure of our lives. This article was not written to inspire you with apathetic resignation, but to imbue you with a spirit of reform; armed with the truth, we can defeat the enemies of freedom I have described. If we do not, two courses remain:

1. The extinction of the human race.
2. Totalitarianism.

On the basis of the facts presented, take your pick.

The Interview

Mr Maxwell Pettitt

In these days of government cut-backs in Higher Education any Sixth Former gaining an interview in respect of a degree course is a privileged individual. The very offer of an interview means that the institution is genuinely interested in the candidate. The student will have successfully obtained the requisite O level subjects and will possess a favourable report from the Headteacher which includes appropriate A level grade predictions. As there are more students than places the interview provides the already promising student a chance to sell himself. How is this to be achieved?

While no two situations will be identical there are, however, certain areas in which many excellent students fall by the wayside. The most frequent stumbling blocks occur in matters of personal confidence; integrity; knowledge of the institution and enthusiasm for the chosen subject to be studied.

Some students fail to realise that they stand an excellent chance of acceptance, they feel that their school is against them. In fact I have never read a bad Headteacher's report, they were students once and may well see a one-time school misfit as a potentially good degree student, since not all people develop best in the disciplined school regime. At interview they express a low opinion of themselves, mumble, look away from the interviewer and are noticeably uncomfortable. Alas, not encouraging attributes.

Other students fall down in matters of personal integrity. They try to bombard the interviewer with all the things they think he will want to hear. This is easily noticed. If you prefer another institution then say so. If you have no real career intention at present be honest. If asked about areas of your subject you have not covered at school or do not yet fully understand then be truthful. In no way will these matters necessarily result in a rejection.

Perhaps the most important aspect of the interview is that which gives the student a chance to show enthusiasm for his subject. No tutor will set out to trick the student with intellectual one-up-man-ship. Your interest may not be one that is part of your present exam syllabus. That is no matter, one is looking for a love of the subject. After all, you can hardly waste three years of your life on something which has no real interest for you.

Finally the student should pay some attention to the Prospectus/Syllabi of the institution and its geographical location. If your interest is in Medieval Literature and the course is exclusively post-1600 then you will have problems. The interviewer will wish to allot places to those who both best deserve them and who are most likely to make the best use of them.

Maxwell Pettitt was educated at Bangor University and is now Senior Lecturer and Admissions Tutor at Nene College of Higher Education.

Manipulating Maggie

Anthony Chadwick
Form Six

Early in 1980, Mrs Thatcher began her first five year plan. With care and gentleness, she set about pruning the whole British economy. Her adage was 'if it's uneconomical, chop it off'. On first hearing this, Denis Thatcher had walked around Downing Street with a very worried look on his face.

The mad axe-woman, as she was known to her friends, set about the economy with her axe, cutting loans here, grants there. Soon economy was booming and everybody could afford to eat caviar, that is if they had a job.

This was the situation in late 1983 when a senior Labour M.P. had a nervous breakdown. Malcolm Kenneth Bartholomew Rauner, a once rubicund, portly, jolly man changed almost overnight into a white-haired, gaunt, stooping wreck. Members on both sides of the house shook their heads in dismay, seeing this once fine man reduced to a political ruin. His breakdown had been caused by his repeated failure to bring down a government which seemed to be perpetually on holiday. He realised he had perhaps, one last chance to bring down a government which he found morally abhorrent. He knew he must try to prove the real identity of Mrs Thatcher.

The following passage is from Sir M K B Rauner's memoirs recounting his meeting with the PM at 10 Downing Street.

'After a two week delay, I finally obtained an audience with her. She always referred to her appointments as audiences, but then she had always had an inflated opinion of her own importance.

'I was shown into her parlour by a servant in a strange, grey uniform. In a large leather chair sat Mrs Thatcher, a cigar in one hand and a glass of the drink that was all the rage with the upper classes at the time — Spirit of the Falklands, distilled in the Falklands using the finest penguin guano, subtly mixed to produce a strong, smooth spirit. In the background one of Marlene Dietrich's records played. "Would you like one?" she mocked, knowing full well that my doctor had told me I must refrain from all alcoholic beverages.

"No, thank you," I replied, "I want to join the Tory Party."

'Even she was unable to contain her surprise and her eyes suddenly widened from the tiny slits they had been, a sardonic smile spread across her face. "Why do you want to join us?" Underneath her impeccable speech I thought I caught the hint of a foreign accent, I could not be sure. "I have seen the light; I know your policies are right; I want to rectify the mistakes made by the Labour government which

introduced the NHS and the DHSS at the end of World War II”.

‘At this, the left side of her body began to tremble and twitch uncontrollably as if she were apoplectic.

“Don’t mention the war!” she screeched, in what was now quite a noticeable German accent. “How do I know I can trust you?” she asked, calming down.

‘At this I drew out a series of files from my briefcase. “This is a dossier proving that your husband, Denis, has been spying for the Labour Party for the last five years.”

‘She flicked through the pages her stoney features remaining impassive. Then she leaned over to her desk and spoke into the intercom. “Hans, bringen der Schwarzkopf in here!” (Schwarzkopf was her pet name for Denis).

Two minutes later, Denis came in flanked by two servants in the strange, grey uniforms. In his hand was a half-empty bottle of gin. “What do you want, girl?” he slurred. The guard slapped him on the face. “Do not talk to our leader like that!” Denis quickly became sober.

‘Mrs Thatcher’s face lit up and a cruel grin spread across her face. “Darling you have let me down, you know the cost of treachery.” I pitied the man as he dropped to his knees and begged for mercy. This lady, however, was not for turning and she stared at him intransigently.

‘Suddenly the floor opened underneath him and he fell from view.

“Where has he gone?”

“Let’s say he’s gone for a swim with some of my little furry friends.”

“Furry friends?”

“Gremlins,” she laughed. “Guards — go.”

“I knew that the tape recording I had now would nail her. I applied the coup de grâce. “Heil Hitler!” I barked. She stamped to attention. I was certain now that she was, in fact

Eva Braun, Hitler’s mistress, who had supposedly died with Hitler in his bunker in April 1945. I pressed the button in my jacket. “Now, lieutenant!” There was a crash as the window broke open and in jumped Lieutenant Ponting, Corporal Kinnock and Private Dalyell. At the same time, three of her servants came in but now they were carrying sub-machine guns. I realised with horror that they were crack Waffen SS troops. One threw a smoke bomb into the room. Eva was escaping.

“Throw me your sten gun, Tam!” I shouted. I pumped a magazine into her at point-blank range but the bullets just bounced off her. She was like an iron lady — invincible. I suddenly realised the danger of grenades. “Get out through the window!”

‘Just as we got outside the room it erupted and smoke belched from the window. Then, above the din I heard the sound of a helicopter. Looking up, I saw it ascend into the deep, blue, Whitehall sky. She had escaped. Where would she go on holiday this time?’

All characters in this story are fictitious and any resemblance to any real persons living or dead is purely on purpose.



‘Jolly Hockeysticks’

Colwyn Bay Style

Denise Mahoney
Form Six

The alarm (sometimes the faulty fire alarm but mainly my Westclox), would shriek at 6.30am each dawn and my day would habitually start with a scream from Suzanne — she’s laddered her tights and, yes, she knew it was only 6.30 but would I mind getting out of my nice warm bed and finding her a pair she could borrow . . . PLEASE . . . I would inform her in polite boarding school terms that, yes, I minded.

For, (wow! I hear) that’s where I spent the last three years of my jet-set life: holding conversations with the rich and famous: mixing drinks with royalty: rubbing shoulders with the Orientals: and failing my ‘mocks’ with fellow intellectuals, in a small Catholic boarding school in Colwyn Bay. There were four of us when we began school in 1981. It was heaven. We did what we wanted, when, where and how we wanted. It depended on the day. For example on a Monday we had a really energetic ‘aerobics’ lesson, on Thursdays we had ‘Legion of Mary’ and on Wednesdays we had netball/football practice . . . your choice. As you can gather my social life was positively hectic! Endless amounts of discos, trips to the heady nightspots of Rhos-on-Sea, abseiling and Duke of Edinburgh trips to . . . Llandudno!!

I managed to drag myself away from the fast pace, leisure-seeking life style of the North

Wales coast and every weekend came home to regain my strength for another week of jam-packed exhilaration. By 4pm on Sunday I’d be itching to be back at Rhos and would hop aboard the ‘Colwyn Bay Express’ to join my blazer hugging, scarf-saluting schoolies.

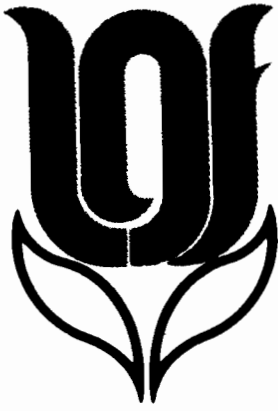
My school trip to Paris was educational to say the least, and on discovering the versatility of the past historic tense, I decided to make French my second language. That was on a Wednesday. On the following Friday I decided French was too common and embarked upon Russian. By the Saturday morning I turned patriotic and decided to stick to English.

My intellectual nurturing was aided by the steadfast determination and hearty encouragement of the Letts ‘O’ level revision aids and also by excellent teaching.

As I attended a mixed boarding school it’s hard for me to imagine what an all girls’ school would be like. We were 16 girls living together 24 hours a day in a converted hotel, sharing a room with a ‘suitable’ partner picked for us by the house mother. I shared with German, Chinese, French, Spanish, Nigerian and Irish girls. I find each nation has its own cultural habits. Don’t let anyone con you (Enid Blyton for example) with stories of midnight feasts and pillow fights — the after-dark pastimes of a boarding school are perhaps not as innocent as these and ‘Mallory Towers’ has a lot to answer for. I could describe them in colourful detail but the editor would never print them.

I made many friends at school and to this day I receive (poison pen) letters. I have invitations from all around the world or as far afield as Birmingham. I have lasting memories of staff and pupils, of exams, of the ‘food’ so it was described, the Valentine’s dances and the inevitable leavers’ social. Although I love being at home now I do get a nostalgic lump in my throat when I hear of St Trinians but the memory of diluted milk helps to wash away these thoughts.

Photograph by Stephen Torr, Form Six



International Garden Festival Liverpool 1984

A Personal View Mr Fergus Pryce

Fergus Pryce was construction co-ordinator for Norwest Holst Management Contracting Ltd.

WHEN I joined Norwest Holst in early 1983 I was very aware of the potential and impact that the International Garden Festival would have on Liverpool and the country at large. What I did not expect was the total involvement of myself and colleagues in executing our duties as 'project managers' in our own respective fields. Construction of the Festival became a way of life, demanding total commitment and in return giving tremendous satisfaction of achievement.

The project was one of the most talked-about contracts ever undertaken in this country, so the challenge was on everyone. A vast amount has been written on the Festival — its concept, how it was first envisaged, the method of construction on a derelict site, etc, but not the 'lighthearted' moments which made this particular project very special.

My first encounter with co-ordinating the elements of work were lengthy discussions with the national theme garden designers and independent builders; sometimes they were most unorthodox in their approach and understanding of programme timetables etc. Dealing with ten emancipated women in the Witches' Garden was an education in itself. These women did not want any involvement or assistance (except monetary) from males at all. Sometimes our section managers and supervisors would think again before treading the path to their garden for fear of a spell being cast if they felt in a particularly bad mood!

The Liverpool Quiz Garden in the Community Section also required diplomatic handling. Labour from the unemployment register, together with a local community building firm provided a sometimes hostile and ironically amusing site team.

Another anomaly experienced in the Community Section was the arrival on site of the Yellow Submarine. This large, uniquely shaped vessel weighed 19 tons, was 53ft long and 16ft wide. The conning tower was 25ft high, and this meant it could not travel on local roads. In order for it to be delivered to the site by 29 February 1984 (the last day for major construction elements), the contractors had to float it across the River Mersey from Cammell Laird's in Birkenhead. It travelled on a barge at the highest tide of that day, at 6.30am. Cranes were positioned at the Brunswick Dock to lift the submarine on to a low loader. From there it was slowly driven along the access road to the west entrance to the Festival, at Herculaneum

Dock, where a minor dismantling operation had commenced.

The original plan was to airlift it into position, as some nearby work had been completed. The temporary buildings already built had to be removed for the day in order that the vessel and two 45-ton cranes could be driven in and placed in position either side of the Beatles' Maze Garden. This stage was prior to a major earthmoving and replanting operation which had been undertaken at the head of the footpath leading to the garden. At last, at 5.30pm the same day, the Yellow Submarine was in position. The actual lifting and placing time was approximately ten minutes. A once-in-a-lifetime experience and a very exhausting day.

Sculpture played an important part in the overall Festival complex: the most famous is the Henry Moore bronze statue which is on the Festival Hall Piazza. This piece, insured for millions of pounds, has travelled the world. It needed very careful crane handling and precise timing to set it on a prepared base. Other items of sculpture had to be carefully co-ordinated and monitored, as the people supplying or creating them had no knowledge of the site or how a complex construction system works.

The most interesting and amusing element of the Festival construction was the International Section. I could write a full chapter of experiences and anecdotes concerned with people from the countries taking part — but space is limited.

Japan was one of the first major countries to start negotiations on site. Simultaneously in Tokyo and Liverpool, programmes were drawn up for the construction of their garden and the last visit by the Japanese team highlighted the fact that these programmes, compiled separately and without consultation, were identical.

The problem on site arose when the Japanese, obviously eager to make a start, arrived 1½ months too early. My colleagues and I came out of our weekly management meeting to find six Japanese workmen, with architect and interpreter, sitting on my desk!

Within a few hours the Japanese had 'moved in' and within a day an enabling construction contract had been drawn up. The extent to which we had to cater for the Japanese ranged from an extensive programme to obtain the correct type of rock for their garden, to providing an electric rice fryer and cooking facilities.

The Chinese arrived in December 1983 — January 1984, after their 120 tons of equipment had arrived 'off a slow boat from China'. These

The major event on Merseyside last year was the International Garden Festival. St Edward's was closely involved in this venture in that an old boy, Fergus Pryce, was construction co-ordinator and the chamber choir and orchestra represented the school by giving two concerts in the Arena Theatre.

In the following articles, four people give their opinions about the Festival: Fergus Pryce, as 'project manager', Simon Inch and Michael Stubbs as members of the chamber choir, and Alison Light as a visitor, who had never been to Liverpool before.

seven Chinese technicians had never before been away from China and had been shown video films, two months before, on how we English work and live. Again, they needed special attention, from finding Chinese cooks to obtaining 15 gallons of pigs' blood from the local abattoir, necessary as the 'vehicle' for their paint pigment.

For all the countries with a language barrier, we were fortunate in having lady interpreters who became more than assistants, they were co-ordinators in their own right. The Chinese and Japanese construction teams became favourites among the local work-force employed on site and both sets of operatives experienced the benefits, albeit not to be found in any dictionaries, of local building terms — I leave the rest to your imagination!

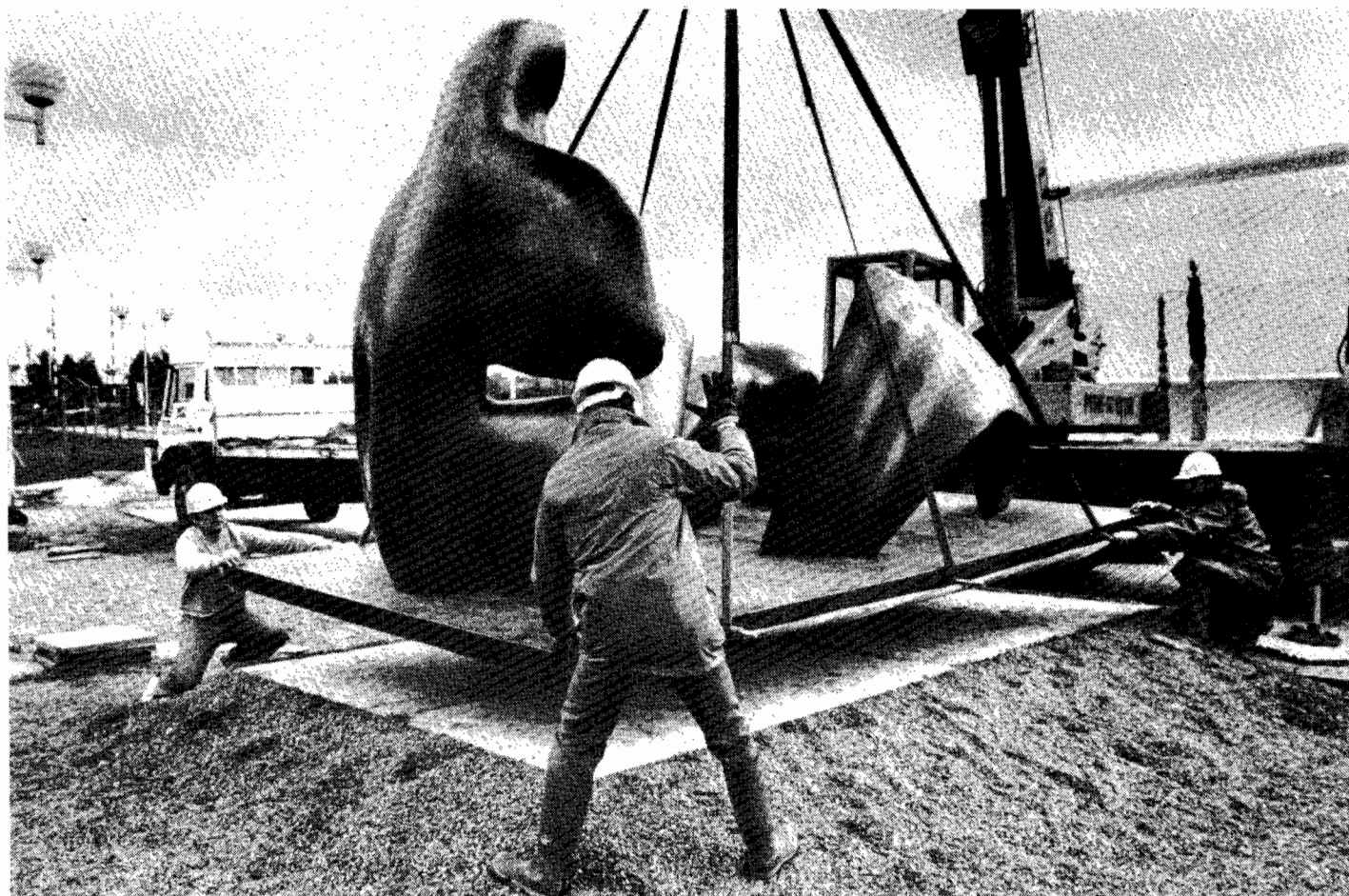
Although requested to arrive no later than February 1984, the Italians arrived some ten days before the Royal opening. Four juggernauts came to the service entrance with the Italians arm-waving and shouting about not being able to offload in their garden. It was obvious to all on site, including other internationals, what the difficulties were, but not to the Italians. Much wine drinking, late night working and barbecues were observed going on in their garden but they still managed, after begging, borrowing, and possibly 'stealing' dumpers, peat, stone, etc, to provide the Festival with a marvellous exhibit.

Turkey was another country which had difficulties when their construction team arrived in Liverpool. German border guards thought the vehicle carrying all the marble, glass and timber for their central kiosk was carrying 'unorthodox commodities'; the driver was imprisoned for three days and the lorry impounded. Much damage was done and marble smashed; it was even reported that the vehicle's tyres had rather obvious, visible holes. After arranging extended visas and greatly assisting with the Turkish construction, we managed to complete their exhibit while they were flying back to Ankara.

All the countries had their problems, their funny, amusing moments and arm-waving sessions; but it was for me a most satisfying part of my job that I shall cherish for the rest of my life.

For me the international exhibits made the Festival. The comradeship and goodwill experienced are not to be forgotten. I am sure readers will appreciate what has been achieved in such a short time and how it was done, and that they enjoyed their day when they visited the Garden Festival.

Photograph by courtesy of Fergus Pryce



Got Fergus Pryce from Henry Moore

The Garden Festival — a performer's view

Simon Inch
Michael Stubbs
Form Two

We had arranged to meet outside the Fulwood entrance in the late afternoon. It was very hot, lovely weather to view the gardens in but not so good for singing, or playing. After we had found the amphitheatre where we were performing and had set-up the music-stands and chairs, we were able to wander about the surrounding displays, which included everything from the Festival Hall to the International Pavilions and shops. There was not much time for this, however, since we were 'booked' to give two performances. Soon it was time to go on stage. The 'stage' was a semi-circle in front of rows of terraced seats. After the orchestra had tuned, the spot-lights were

turned on to us which made us even hotter and we wondered how the players were going to keep in tune. The eyes of the audience were upon us. The performance began. At the end, we waited with anticipation for our audience's opinion. Fortunately they applauded. We weren't quite sure if the Japanese people would respond in this way. We took our bows and filed out.

We were then free for about half-an-hour and were able to explore and get a drink. Our second performance went as smoothly as the first. We were thanked and then allowed to stay on the site until evening. There were no hitches. The back-stage team knew what they were doing as did the porters and the men on the door. They were all expecting us and had made the necessary arrangements. In the face of this efficiency we were glad that we knew our music. With people from all over the world in the audience, we didn't want to let anyone down. We hope we didn't!

Up the Garden Path

Miss Alison Light

Alison Light was educated at Churchill College, Cambridge and is now a Lecturer in English at Brighton Polytechnic.

As someone who rarely goes north of the Watford Gap (of necessity rather than choice), my trip to the Liverpool Garden Festival was to be a big event in more ways than one. The Festival had been proclaiming its attractions from lurid posters in the London underground for several weeks before I finally went at the beginning of June, visiting an old friend, and making my first-ever trip to the city. For, even more frequently than the Festival, Liverpool itself had loomed in and out of newspaper headlines and articles over the last couple of years. Riven by riots, fraught with political dissension, here it was spending millions of pounds on — of all things — an over-grown flower show! — no wonder the event was the subject of debate. Coming to the Festival as a Southerner and a very feeble gardener, I was bound to experience it, then, as the site of many contradictions; the excursion offered me a mixture of cultural tourism and social realism and a taste of the tension between different Liverpools, that was expressed even in its physical location, a horticultural retreat there on the dockland boundaries of the inner city. And it was these contradictions which I took away with me again at the end of my trip, together with the inevitable potted plant.

If I was anything more than a very feeble gardener I'd have known that early June would not be the best time to visit. The Festival was barely underway and so were the plants. Weeks of drought hadn't helped and neither, of course, had the media hype which brought me, no doubt like countless naïve others, with expectations of a display of vegetation somewhere between the Hanging Gardens of Babylon and the Dutch bulb fields. What confronted me in fact was a scrubby, windblown landscape more reminiscent of the derelict housing we'd just passed than of an arboreal paradise. Row upon row of waiting rose bushes, struggling conifers and nameless unblooming shrubs — the best sight of all, a herb garden which most consciously resembled a building site, red-brick, ashes and all. As a vulgar tourist, expecting a lavish show of 'colour' I was bound to be disappointed, and perhaps rightly so.

Of course, there were herbaceous pleasures to be had though these can be more lovingly and convincingly described by others better equipped than myself. I liked many of the international gardens, the Japanese, Viennese, Canadian, managing somehow to convey something of their national differences despite the fierce June sun and the Mersey chimneys opposite. All around was evidence of the enormous amount of work and cultivation that was needed to stage the event.

Indeed what struck me most was the energy that must have gone into planning the Festival, the range and variety of interesting ideas, many of which were still to come to fruition, and some which seem to have started life as someone's



brainwave only to have been abandoned and left half-explored. Witness the row of terraced houses that appeared out of nowhere (a replica of 'old' streets in Liverpool!) and which, as a very minimal illustration of local urban history, had as much point as a row of dolls' houses. Walking round and across and up what were actually very small hills from several directions in the course of the day, I felt more and more like Alice-through-the-looking-glass, happening upon an equal number of delightful and disconcerting events. Stumbling into Zadok the Priest (so to speak) in a shaded tarpaulin, devouring mammoth Dutch (?) ice-creams, discovering the art of bonsai, and being inexorably lured into entirely furnished Barrett and Wimpey homes with eager young-marrieds — what a bizarre and multifarious day it was! At best the Festival seemed an intriguing pot pourri, at worst (to mix metaphors) a rag-bag of various novelties, a kind of 'Chelsea Flower Show meets Ideal Home Exhibition on a bomb-site in the midday sun'. There was, however, plenty to eat and drink and in that sphere much to enjoy.

And lest I sound altogether begrudging and satirical I should stress what for me was the main pleasure of the day, the relaxed and friendly 'atmosphere' — a notoriously difficult substance to pin down. Everywhere people were strolling along the banks of the Mersey and taking in the sun with the luxuriant air of holiday, much as their Victorian ancestors had in mind when they built the promenades of New Brighton. Like well-ordered extras in a film, smiling at each other and slowly circling the site, families, couples and lone ramblers, residents and tourists alike, seemed caught up in some special spell of ease and well-being; even the children seemed good-tempered and the gin-and-tonics came well-iced. What impressed me, as I sat ruminating in the walled garden (one of the best places to be), was the ever-present capacity of human beings to enjoy the old corny things — fresh air, sunlight, bits of grass and water — and to share that pleasure with total strangers, creating for an afternoon or a day a real sense of community. For

community feeling was there, however temporary and however much it might hide all sorts of contradictions and inequalities, and that seemed to me very important. For if the Liverpool Garden Festival was anything more than ostentatious, then it was in this experience of community that perhaps it worked. It's tempting to romanticise such a public event in such a troubled city and it would be consoling to see it as simply a sort of oasis in a desert of disagreements; still the experience of holiday shouldn't be underestimated. I don't know whether the Festival became tacky and disgruntled as it wore on but in June it was in many ways, despite its disappointments and confusion, a good and calm place to be. It was easy, of course, on such a languid afternoon in the sun to put aside the big question with which I had stepped off the train: whether the Festival was really the best way of creating that sense of community, of giving as many of the people of Liverpool as possible what they needed to improve their lives. It seemed small-minded to wonder how the energetic youths who relentlessly cycled bags of litter to and fro all day would fare after their seasonal work (or YTS scheme) was over, or to ask how much of a priority a news sports' and concert hall was for the city's homeless; such thoughts only surfaced again in the cool train on the way home, as I sat laden with boxes of bonsai seeds and a shrub for the salty climes of the southern coast.

Now as I write this, back home in Brighton, in February weather of minus three degrees it's that same shrub, a Santolina, which is the only thing visible above the layers of snow in my garden. I hope that when the Garden Festival has long since been forgotten, the city of Liverpool with all its different communities will thrive equally well and flourish, whatever the odds.

Since these articles were written, we have heard that the Garden Festival is to continue, albeit on a reduced scale. The Chamber Choir and Orchestra have been asked to give another concert, later in the summer. — Ed.

Painting by Colm Walsh, Form Six

Wembley 1984

Robert Lacey
Form Six

At about 5.00pm on Sunday 25th March 1984, referee Joe Worrall from Warrington blew his whistle and the first-ever all-Merseyside Wembley cup-final ended with the result Liverpool 0 Everton 0. Among the crowd were some thirty boys from St Edwards, many visiting Wembley for the first time, who had travelled down together. This is their story.

On the day after Everton defeated Aston Villa in the semi-final of the Milk Cup, a coach was booked, and the boys waited impatiently and excitedly for the 'big day'. When that arrived, the group assembled outside the 'Jolly Miller' on Queen's Drive. It was well before opening time and so there was nothing to do but stand around and wait for the coach. When it eventually arrived, it was greeted by a host of some very imaginative insults. I will admit that it was not the most pulchritudinous vehicle I have ever seen and there was some doubt as to whether such a vintage model would get us to Burtonwood service station, let alone Wembley.

Unperturbed, everyone boarded the coach and headed for the infamous 'back seat'. The driver seemed a little surprised, and somewhat dismayed at the fact that no member of the party was over eighteen years of age. He started the engine, muttered something or other to himself, and we were off!

The journey south was a quiet one — all the boys learning their French vocab, sipping their cans of bitter lemon, or just chatting to one

another. Well it was like that for the first five minutes anyway, as soon as we were on the motorway, on went the ski-hats, out came the beer and then (inevitably) someone started the singing. Unfortunately, there were very few members of the choral society on board that day, and both music and lyrics left much to be desired.

Hundreds of coaches, packed with supporters from both teams, passed us. As they did, we exchanged waves and signs and gestures and things with their passengers. We made three stops along the motorway. The scenes at the service stations were incredible — a sea of red and blue — both sets of supporters mixing without any sign of trouble. It was easy to see why the game had been dubbed the 'friendly final'.

It was not long before we reached the North Circular Road, which runs from the outskirts of London into the Wembley complex. Perhaps the most memorable part of the day was when our coach turned into Wembley Way: the famous twin towers lay straight ahead and on either side of us marched thousands of supporters. It was a very emotional moment. Our coach rocked as everyone burst into a chorus of 'Scousers here, Scousers there, Scousers every everywhere'. Even the driver sounded his horn in time to the chant.

The coach pulled up next to one set of turnstiles and we all got off, the driver telling as that he'd park it in the coach park situated right next to the ground. Unfortunately it had started to rain quite heavily, and to save getting wet, we all went into the ground as quickly as possible. There is very little I can say about the match that hasn't already been said. Liverpool was robbed and Everton were lucky to get away with a draw — I think that is a fair assessment of what happened and any other neutrals who saw the game would no doubt agree with me. When the game ended, the chant of 'Merseyside, Merseyside' rang loud and clear around the famous stadium; just that made the whole day worthwhile.

We faced our biggest problem when we were outside the ground. There must have been nearly a thousand coaches in that bus-park: only one of them was ours. It was raining very heavily, and by the time we found the coach, we were soaked. The last person to get on was so wet that he had to take all his clothes off and travel home with nothing but an Everton flag draped around his waist — the only dry thing he possessed!

Half-way home and the cabaret started. Act 1

was a competition to find the sickest passenger on board. The winner was an alcoholic I shall call 'Plug', who put on a wonderful demonstration of how not to behave on a coach. Everyone knew it would be difficult to follow such a performance. However, a contender known to his friends as 'Shippy' came forward, and put on a wonderful display of breakdancing/body popping in the two foot wide aisle. He rounded off his act with a spontaneous song about school-life, which included some memorable verses dedicated to certain members of staff and the sixth form girls. By the end of this, everyone on the coach was standing up applauding this true artist. The fun continued all the way back to Liverpool. The coach pulled in at about one in the morning at the 'Jolly Miller'. We were all tired out and yet 'made up' to have been a part of such a historic day.

It really had been Merseyside's big day out, the day when a third of the males of Liverpool went south, and showed the rest of the country how football should be played and supported. Or as a scally might say — 'It was just a better day, la!'

NB — All you Evertonians — Milk cup final replay Wednesday 28th March, Main Road, Manchester. — Everton 1 Liverpool 1. *All characters in this article are purely fictitious. Any similarity to members of the coach party is totally coincidental and unintentional — honestly!*

Letters

Dear Sir,

While the school is spending large amounts of money on certain facilities in the school, such as equipping the computer room, it seems bizarre that during the winter some classrooms are very poorly heated. It would cost comparatively little to fix the temperamental, inadequate heating devices, and so maintain the working environment at a reasonable temperature. As it is, pupils and teachers are working less efficiently in the cold. A suitable allocation of resources?

I agree that some classrooms are cold in the winter, especially when the east wind is blowing. But have you ever felt the radiators on such a day? They are more than adequately heated.

It is, of course, very difficult to satisfy everyone's whims and fancies — I often see windows wide open on a cold winter's day — even when the classroom is empty.

Incidentally, the annual cost of heating this place is about £40,000.

Brother Sassi

Dear Sir,

I would like to complain about the uniform of this school. I think the idea of school uniform is a good one, but not the idea of wearing a purple blazer. This picks us out of the crowd and leaves us open to remarks, being pushed, and it is a terrible colour anyway. I think we should all wear black blazers, not just the fifth and sixth forms. These would also be easier for our mums to keep clean.

I must admit to some sympathy with you on this score, and I'm glad you see the point of a uniform as such. However, I wonder if the reason you sometimes receive abuse is because of the colour of the blazer, or rather because you are generally smartly dressed, and simply because of the fact that you go to SEC? Furthermore, I think the change of colour for the fifth and sixth form marks a transition and a certain privilege.

Brother Sassi

Dear Sir,

Why can't the lower school stay in their classrooms at dinner time? The sixth-form have common rooms and can also stay in their classrooms. I think the lower school should be able to as well. It is often boring and cold in the yard, and I am fed up with this situation.

I have strong views on this one. I do not think it would be a good idea. If you stayed inside, there would have to be supervision in case of stealing, damage and horse-play. The staff are already doing much supervision for games, music and societies. In any case, fresh air is good for you. If you are cold or bored, join one of the many lunchtime activities available at SEC. In some schools, pupils are locked out of the school premises altogether and have to roam the streets. Would you prefer that?

Brother Sassi

Dear Sir,

The first, second, third, fourth and fifth forms wish that there should be girls in the lower forms. We have asked various boys in the lower forms for their opinion towards girls being in this school, and most of them agree.

I personally agree with this, although probably not for the same reasons as you! As there is no Catholic independent girls school in Liverpool, I think a good case could be made for making SEC co-educational. However, this, would be a major change in the character of the school, and one that could not be made lightly. Many people would have to be consulted.

Brother Sassi

Dear Sir,

I would like to question the usefulness of insisting on signing in and out of school by Sixth formers, who are otherwise supposed to be responsible adults, responsible that is, for all actions undertaken by themselves. The system appears to have become nothing more than a bee-in-the-bonnet of many of the more officious members of staff, masters and librarians both, and is merely a hindrance in many cases.

During school hours, the school is responsible for its pupils — even sixth formers. Therefore, we need to know who is in the school and who is not. Furthermore, the fire regulations demand some system of knowing who is in the building. Once the register has been taken, this seems to me a useful and not too burdensome method of checking.

Brother Sassi

Dear Sir,

I am writing to criticise the petty attitude towards school uniform which is present in this establishment.

If a boy is wearing black trousers, grey jumper, suitable shirt, and, of course, his blazer, does it really matter if plain white socks are worn? I should say these are much more tasteful than some of the revoltingly patterned socks affected by certain pupils. Also, certain members of staff will not allow boys to remove their blazers in class without also removing their jumpers. They may, however, wear their blazers without their jumpers. Quite ridiculous! I also object to the fact that girls don't wear a proper school uniform, and wear jewellery and cosmetics without any reprimand.

I think the point at issue here is uniform per se. Some general rule has to be accepted. If we allowed white socks, why not pink, or iridescent green? As for the girls, as far as I know, they do wear a school uniform. And isn't it more usual for girls to wear jewellery rather than boys?

Brother Sassi

Dear Sir,

I want to know why we have to wear all-white kit in the sports hall. I can see that shoes or trainers with black soles would mark the floor, but this hardly applies to shorts and top.

There are a variety of reasons as to why I specify kit for use indoors during physical educational activities. They are all important, but I note some of them in no particular order:

1. Parents like to be guided as to what kit is suitable for use, and it is my job to give them that guidance. This is particularly so when boys are entering the school and it is obvious that we need to carry on whatever is started at that time, throughout the school life.

2. The cheapest kit is a plain white 'T' shirt, plain white shorts without any trade logo what-so-ever. I therefore only make compulsory the basic requirement that will cost the least.

3. I like white kit.

Mr Gibbons

Food for Thought

James Blower,
Paul Davis
Form Six

Nervous eyes glanced at watches as the crowds gathered in the Ley Hall foyer waiting for the action to start. 7.30pm came and went with no sign of panic from the organisers as they'd coped with these situations before and they knew that the later the start, the more intense would be the anticipation. Then suddenly everyone started piling into the Ley Hall (everyone consisting of a varied group of about which 40% were from the college and which consisted of young ladies from the age of 16 to old men of around Brother Sam's age).

The evening was introduced by Mark Davis who had organised the agenda, arranged the music, put the chairs out, made the tea, personally tested the biscuits, prayed for good weather but who was still unable to provide plastic covers for the music sheets which did mar the good atmosphere by a tenth of a degree.

Mark raised his arms and the room went silent (you could have heard a rosary bead drop) as the congregation prepared itself. The crowd which had gathered, however, was enthusiastic and easily excitable and was not prepared to let any undermining influence spoil the atmosphere (Oh, what an atmosphere, I love a party with a happy atmosphere). Accordingly, the crowd soon broke out into song, led by the group of musicians which had been gathered together in an efficient 'Join — or else' campaign which Mark had effectively led.

As the crowd sang and joined together a remarkable feeling of community built up between the gathered ensemble and this feeling was carried on throughout the whole proceedings and so the community listened as one as the guest speaker for the night gave us some food for thought. On this particular occasion it was Brother Gillespie, who had achieved notoriety in the school as headmaster. Brother Gillespie, in his talk was forthright in his challenge to us — ie we could only become true Christians by denying ourselves and 'somehow making ourselves poor'. A well known theological point, but one which was put over in such a way as to be a direct challenge to each and everyone present and which surprised many by defining poor not just as a lack of material wealth.

It was after Brother Gillespie's speech that proceedings came to a head or more precisely, a nose as Mark Davis took control once more. The congregation was split into discussion groups of about eight or nine in number, and within these groups discussions developed not only on Brother Gillespie's challenge but on any subjects which the group cared to discuss.

After we had finished our discussions we met

up in the Music School foyer for tea, coffee and Jammy Dodgers and we talked and talked and talked (not necessarily in that order). Then the group met up again for the last time in the Ley Hall and we sang, we prayed and we enjoyed the feeling of being one with everybody else present.

At about 9.45 the proceedings finished and the crowd of over 100 disbanded and winded their way home, happy but also challenged by the questions which had arisen throughout the evening. It is an undoubted fact that you never leave a Lenten Evening with the same views that you went with, and accordingly attending a Lenten evening is a must not only for enjoying the sense of community which is built up, but also for the effects which it has on one's views, not only for religion, but of life.

St Anne's

A personal view

Mr Malcolm Sharpe

St Anne's is in Overbury Street, in the Edge Hill area of Liverpool, on the crest of a hill overlooking the city centre and like many inner city parishes today, it is facing serious problems. This particular parish, however, has not always been in this situation, in fact St Anne's was once the premier parish in Liverpool. Prior to the Second World War, the BBC regularly broadcast their 'Sunday Service' programme from the church, such was the quality of the singing from both choir and congregation. In 1985 those halcyon days are only memories and the reality is a church built to hold ten times the average congregation of today and a parish struggling against the inner city problems of poor accommodation, vandalism and apathy.

Unlike most parishes, however, St Anne's is different because it can boast of accommodating a community of Christian Brothers to supplement the work of the parish priest. The community moved into the parish in October, 1977 although the order has had associations with the parish since the last century. The main reason for their presence here is that the Brothers teach in the local school, the Nugent High School (formerly Cardinal Godfrey) but with the decline in the parish's fortunes, it would *not* be inaccurate to say that, for the Brothers, St Anne's is very much a missionary

situation with their aim being to revitalise the parish and to have a beneficial effect on the surrounding area.

My own role in this work is a very small one. I left St Edward's in December and since January, I have been working in the parish on a voluntary basis. Primarily I have been working with the young people getting them involved in their parish church, helping the Youth Leader launch the new Youth Club, but parish life, as I soon learnt, is a many-sided affair and you tend to become embroiled in many varying projects and schemes not all of which are aimed at your own field.

In a situation such as exists at St Anne's, the key factor in achieving success is continuity. There needs to be a steady involvement over a considerable period of time before the fruits of all this hard work can be recognised. Today there are clear signs at St Anne's that the parish is changing for the better but the Brothers have been here for eight years, all the time laying the foundations for what has just begun. For this reason, the need for continual involvement, the real importance of my being here, is not in respect of what I might be able to do here personally, but in terms of paving the way for the involvement of St Edward's College, and particularly the sixth formers, in the continual development of the parish. I am only here until the summer but St Edward's will hopefully be involved in St Anne's for many years to come and it is this involvement, this sharing of resources, which promises to be of so much benefit to St Anne's and also to St Edward's.

It is very much a two-way process, on the one hand the St Anne's parish will benefit from being able to call on the experience and the abilities of the people in St Edward's, and on the other hand, those from St Edward's who become involved here, will find that they are doing something which is directly benefiting others. Speaking from personal experience, I have found my involvement in St Anne's to be the most constructive and rewarding thing I have ever done. I can see that what I am doing here is worthwhile, and that all the hard work is having some effect.

Already the links between the school and the parish are being forged. In December, a spectacular Mass in St Anne's Church was arranged and staged by St Edward's, a monthly Youth Mass has been established which is organised by the young people of St Anne's but generally supported by members of the sixth form and particularly a lower sixth form music group. These are hopefully only the beginnings of the college's involvement but at the same time, they are very promising. The December 'extravaganza' will not have been quickly forgotten by anyone who attended and in April, the Midnight Vigil on Easter Sunday will be a very special occasion for us all, hopefully furthering our links.

Personally, I see the future for St Anne's looking bright, the people here, particularly the young people, have shown themselves to be very special and St Edward's is fortunate in having such talent and generous people in its sixth form and on its staff. The potential for growth is tremendous and what makes it all the more rewarding is that this growth will be mutual. There is a world of difference between St Edward's and St Anne's and as each community is able to look through the other's eyes then those involved will learn so much.

The Gateway Club for the Mentally Handicapped

or 'Nothing Great was ever achieved without enthusiasm'

Julia Kemp, Damian Loftus
Form Six

1984, it must be said, was the greatest year for St Edward's Mentally Handicapped Club by virtue of its winning of the Dettol Youth Caring Award organised by BBC's 'Pebble Mill at One'. Not allowing success to go to our heads, however, the club also had many other ventures during the year.

News that the club was amongst the finalists for the award brought great excitement to the members and helpers alike because, not only had we won £1,000 (with a chance of £5,000 for the winner), Pebble Mill representatives were coming to film us. Stardom!

The big day arrived, along with cameras, lights, microphones, cameramen, technicians and presenters. Instructions were given for everyone to act naturally, but this was difficult when we were surrounded by the imposing equipment. Filming took place most of the day — was it worth the effort for twelve minutes of screen time? All our doubts were allayed when, on the 'Day of Judgement' Robert and Peter were presented with the award by HRH Princess Anne. As well as receiving a trophy and a certificate, the Club received the £5,000 which subsequently paid for the club holiday and a new minibus.

1984 was also the year the club became a registered charity in order to raise funds for the running costs of the club (presently £7,000 per annum). An expanded committee was formed with the intention of delegating some of the vast responsibility from the few long-standing helpers.

Several dances were held during the year for the parents of the members and helpers which were well supported and which proved to be an enjoyable form of fund-raising. Not so enjoyable fund-raising was the sponsored walk to Southport at Easter by helpers of the club. The only words to describe the venture were 'long' and 'hot'. Unfortunately, some poor SOLES 'fell by the wayside' (gave up), others relinquished their struggle along 'the straight and narrow' (hitched a lift) yet a few battled through adversity and achieved their goal — Southport.

Having recovered from their ordeal, a number of helpers and members visited Alton Towers, the Garden Festival, and, later in the year, Blackpool — all of which were most enjoyable. In September, Pen-y-Groes, Wales, was the venue for the annual holiday which proved to be great fun for all involved.

Several discos were organised during the year which are always popular, notably the fancy dress disco at Halloween (judging by the 'horrors' dancing around). 1984, however, was

not without drama, well, to be more precise, the annual club pantomime performed by the committee. This year 'Aladdin' gave new meaning to 'art-form'. Sadly, it will not be moving to the West End (better Land's End). Our members also presented their own Nativity Play for their parents which was a superb effort by all of them.

Unfortunately, in September 1984, Robert Hughes (one of the founders and club leaders) left us for twelve months to study in Spain. Another notable absence from the club has been Brother Dee (he has joined the community in Liberia) who made a wonderful Captain Bird's Eye in Aladdin and who will be missed by us all.

In conclusion, a sincere thanks is extended to the brothers of the community and staff who give their time to drive the mini-buses every Sunday, and to all who give us their support.

The New Creation Community

Mr Gavin Evans

Having been asked to write a few lines on the New Creation Community by Brother Chincotta, I feel I am well qualified to do so, being a member of the community myself. Actually, some of you may remember us — we've run various retreats for your school over this year.

Anyway, let's start at the beginning. Four years ago now, Brother Ray Raine began to get involved in conducting retreat work in Christian Brothers' schools around the country. At the time, young men Rule and Nugent from St Edward's, who had just finished their A Levels, volunteered to help him in his work for a year. In the following year two other lads in the same position also gave of their time to help him. And then last year, Brother Ray got consent from the Congregation to set up a community — the New Creation Community — to continue this work. So four young lads from Liverpool and Manchester, who had just finished their A levels, took a year off to help Ray in his work around the country.

And now this year — well there are eleven of us living in community here at Westcourt, one of the Christian Brothers' residences in Birkenhead. Our community includes three Christian Brothers and eight young men. Having

finished school, we are taking a year off before going on to employment or further education this October. I myself am from Plymouth and others come from Manchester and Stoke-on-Trent. Quite an assortment.

But we all have at least one thing in common. We all consider our faith to be important enough to us that we can spend one year of our lives living in community — and even though we have no intention of entering the religious life ourselves.

So how exactly are we spending this year out? Well, first of all, we consider the experience of living in community to be of primary importance. It is a chance to discover not only one's faults and failings, but more our strengths — in fact to realise one's true gifts in life; to discern one's mission in life as a Christian. By sharing our lives together, our meals, our prayer and of course our work, we have come to know each other and ourselves more fully, growing individually and as a group.

And indeed we see our work as essential to this community vision, as well as an expression of our faith. Our main work is our mission to the schools, running voluntary and compulsory days and weekend retreats. Here we see the opportunity to share our faith with other young people, in the hope that they too may grow in their faith. Our main work is in Christian Brothers' schools around the North-West, although we do undertake a fair amount of travel around the country. Venues so far have included Plymouth, Stoke, Bath, Twickenham, Salford, Altrincham, Sunderland and even Dublin.

However, not all our time is spent praying and running retreats. Much of our time is free, giving us the opportunity to exercise our own initiative by becoming involved in community service, in whatever capacity and to whatever extent we choose. Dave and I help out in a youth club in inner-city Liverpool for example, and fairly regularly we all get the chance to give the Mother Teresa sisters a hand with their work for the homeless. Some of us help with the local prayer groups. Others visit the local primary school and help at the nearby youth club. And all of us are encouraged to help out in the local parishes, visiting old and lonely people or helping out the parish priest.

But apart from all this, we do have time for our own personal study and reflection. Two mornings a week we set aside for a few lessons on topics ranging from the Prophets to John's Gospel to the Psalms to Vatican II — an invaluable opportunity to reflect upon and consider the full implications of our religion as applicable to our future lives. And time is provided for us to read up on those topics which particularly interest us, of course not forgetting those subjects we are due to be reading as from October!

For me, my year off is providing me with a golden opportunity to step back from the 'rat race' before rushing headlong into life. Furthermore, that I have chosen to spend a year in a Christian community is of particular significance. It is a chance to be of service to others through the work the community undertakes, and also a chance to reflect upon and consider my own mission in life — how best I can live my faith in my future life. Indeed I consider this year to be part of my education — an education for life. I believe the New Creation Community is worth considering — it could be for you.

And on the same point in fact, Brother Chincotta has just asked me to add that Birchall and O'Keeffe from St Edward's Upper Six will be joining the New Creation Community next year in its new venue of St Michael's, in the inner-city of Liverpool. It is also hoped that next year there will be four such communities in Liverpool, one in Manchester and one in Cambridge, some in the eighteen age range, some postgraduate communities and some actual university student communities. So there's a good deal coming up in the near future for the New Creation Community . . .

The Kintbury Experience

David Birchall
Form Six

The thing which first strikes you when you finally reach Kintbury after an arduous journey is the peacefulness of it all. The house appears to be completely silent and the whole atmosphere lends itself to quietude. Not that Kintbury remains silent; as soon as the group of the twenty or so on retreat has eased aching limbs back into life, the house fills with the sounds of relief and joy (if only to be able to relax for a few days away from the pressing cares of school).

The silence is one of the most significant aspects, for me, of Kintbury. As a retreat, a certain amount of contemplation is invaluable, of course, but as important is the fact that in order for Kintbury to function it is necessary to cut out so much of the background noise which is a seemingly constant feature of school and much of home life. While at Kintbury you are requested not to play radios or cassettes, and there is no television. What music there is, therefore, is produced by the people themselves and by those musicians among the staff who live in and run the retreat centre. As this generally consists of guitar playing and accompanied singing, there is a feeling of gentleness in the sound of Kintbury which is appropriate to the beautiful Berkshire surroundings.

There is plenty of room at Kintbury for everybody, and it is here that the secret of its attraction lies. You have opportunities for quiet reflection, in the comfortable and soothing 'Quiet Room', with its mats, stools and cushions. The gentle rolling surroundings provide ample space in which to wander alone, and the house itself is so large that there is inevitably an empty room in which to spend some time. As an outlet for rest from the problems of life, Kintbury is an effective refuge.

Conversely, for those who are looking for something more sociable, Kintbury is a very enjoyable experience. Our party of pupils and staff will come into contact with similar small groups from other parts of the country (mostly girls, I'm glad to say) and the chance to mix and get to know these fellow prospective Christians is one of the most valuable parts of the Kintbury experience. At first, inevitably, the rival parties all sit in their own clumps, but gradually the groups start moving until the common bond of Christianity breaks down shyness. This process is mysteriously aided if there are some particularly beautiful girls at Kintbury from other schools. Surprising really. By the end of the all-too-short retreat, indeed, the groups have lost almost all sense of separate identity and the regularity of correspondence between people who met at Kintbury shows how well everyone gets on after the initial shyness.

Socially, in the evening there is much merriment in the common room and in fact the whole retreat is carried on in a remarkably friendly atmosphere. Nevertheless, the retreat is much more than a social event; the Kintbury experience is not dominated by social considerations. Central at all times, even in the rowdier moments, is the fact that for people to go to Kintbury is above all a personal effort to find God and grow in faith.

Spiritually, Kintbury is an extremely beautiful experience. The openness and understanding which is at first given by the young men and women working at Kintbury gradually spreads through the whole group, until even the quietest person knows that he can open up in an atmosphere of trust, honesty and understanding. The group at Kintbury is split up into smaller groups (some nine or ten people) in which discussion is carried on in conditions of complete confidence and respect. Whatever you want to say, there is someone willing to listen. If you want to gripe, there will be people who understand and have probably felt the same way, whereas if you want to laugh there is someone to share your joy.

One of the three most beautiful aspects of the many spiritual benefits to be gained from Kintbury is the celebration of Mass. For those whose experience of Mass is a dull service on a Sunday, the Kintbury experience will be refreshing. The words are not spoken by rote but because they are meant. When you say 'Thanks be to God' at the end, you say it with a real feeling of thanksgiving and joy. The simple joy (privilege, indeed) of entering into the body of Christ is infectious.

Also extremely effective is the Emmaus walk (see Luke 24 for inspiration), a shared walk with a randomly selected member of your group. The talk on these walks brings these two people closer together and the knowledge that whatever you say will be listened to with kindness and trust helps open communication.

Finally, on the evening before your departure, there is a session in which everybody in the group says the good things which they have noticed in each other, an affirmation of each person's good points and value to the group. This is both embarrassing and encouraging, certainly worthwhile.

Kintbury is inspirational and helps whoever goes there. It is best to have few pre-ideas before going, as Kintbury seems to offer each person different things. These details are the points which struck me, I suppose every person going to Kintbury could write a different story, just as good. All I can suggest is that you take the opportunity to find out what the Kintbury experience is for yourself. Rest assured, however, if you go there honestly, you will not be disappointed.

God of Fire

Michael Elston
Form One

As a spark may grow into an uncontrollable fire,
A small boy, Jesus became the world's Messiah.
He is the light piercing all dark.
All glory radiating from one single spark.
From a flame spreads smoke dense and curled,
As God's love illuminates all our world.
His great goodness will never tire,
God of glory, God of Fire.

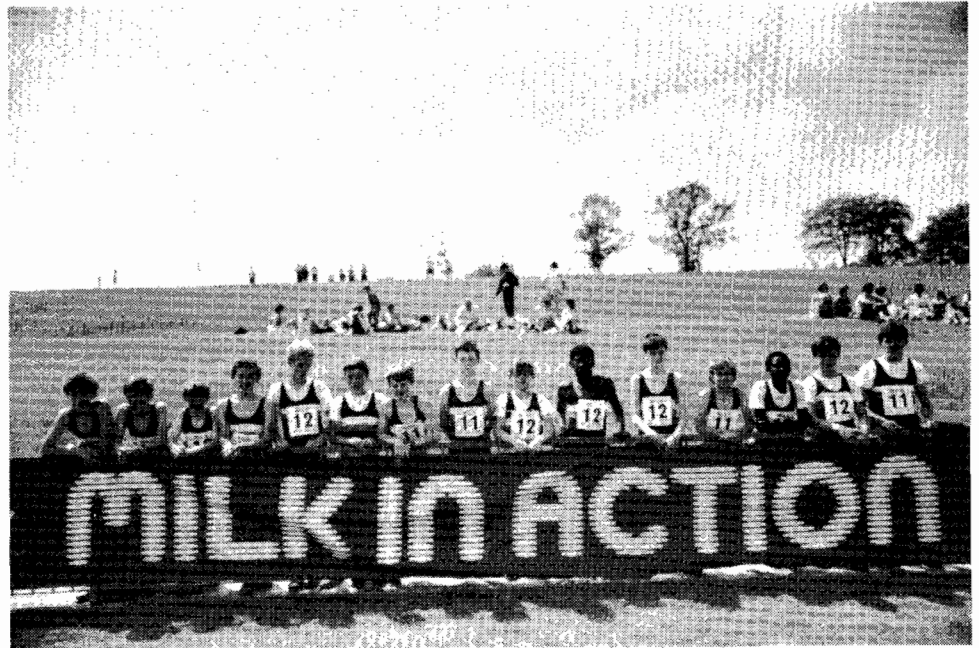
Athletics Report



Mr Austin Gibbons
Mr Simon Morgan

With the departure of last year's 6A's, the school saw the end of an athletics' era. The athletes who left were of outstanding calibre — the like of which had not been seen at St Edward's for over twenty years. During the seven years in which they were here, they won every school match and every championship in which they competed.

However, those high standards will be maintained by the lower years. Last year's U15s and U13s performed extremely well in all their championships, but notably the English Schools Milk Cup. That competition tested the all-round athletic ability of the competitors. The U15s reached the regional finals at Stretford, with excellent performances from Coffey, Kemp, Farrell and, for the wrong reason, Darcy. Through dedication and

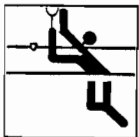


Photograph by Mr Edward Coupe.

determination, the U13s reached the Final at Derby. They finished seventh out of over three hundred schools that entered. Excellent performances were produced by all of the team, with exceptional displays from Collins, McGerty, Smith and McIver.

We hope that the coming athletics' season will produce similar successes to last year. The talent is there in all the years, but only hard work will develop that potential.

Badminton Report



Paul Plunkett
Form Six

1984 was quite a successful year for badminton in St Edward's. The skill level and enthusiasm continued to thrive and this was rewarded in the annual Liverpool Schools' Championship at Maghull. For the first time ever the U19 boys doubles final sported all four players from St Edward's.

Doyle and Banks narrowly defeated Plunkett

and Green in an exciting three-set final, which was settled by a tie-breaker. Green also reached the singles final but lost to a county player in two straight sets.

Also, the U19 'A' team won their league without losing a match; the team of Doyle (captain), Banks, Plunkett, Green, Walker and Clayton must be the strongest team the College has ever had. The U19 'B' team, however, did not find it so easy. They were defeated by Bluecoat School in a play-off (6-3) after both teams finished the season on the same number of points. Fortunately the shield came to St Edward's after the U19 'A' team beat Bluecoat 8-1 in the final.

The standard of girl's badminton has vastly improved during the past eighteen months. Although they lost every game in their first season against much more experienced sides, they have improved to second in the league this season. Captain Erica Othen and partner Julia Kemp this year reached the semi-finals of the Liverpool Schools' Championship losing narrowly in a match which underlined their vast improvement over a very short time.

The U16 team were unlucky to finish

runners-up for two consecutive seasons after captain Coffey had played exhilarating badminton throughout the season. Coffey and his comrades will undoubtedly battle just as hard next season.

One of the players to emerge from the lower part of the school was Burke, captain of the U14 'A' team. He brilliantly fought his way to the final of the Liverpool Championship's singles. Although he lost, Burke's enthusiasm and sportmanship made him many friends and he is a credit to St Edward's. His leadership has earned the U14 team their first success by winning their section of the league convincingly.

The U19 'A' team have lost both league games at Bluecoat this season and will finish runners-up. The 'B' team under the leadership of Campbell are currently placed fourth in the league but with players of Lappin, Connor and Campbell's standards, they should enjoy a successful season next year.

The excellent facilities, the enthusiasm of the youngsters and the staff's willingness to give up their time to coach all ensure a promising future for badminton in St Edward's.

Bridge Report



Paul Taylor
Form Six

Bridge in St Edward's has now shaken off the belief that it is a very complicated and difficult game to play. In fact, it is very similar to chess in that the set of rules are very easy to learn but take a lifetime to master. The club has become a flourishing society in the college and now boasts of at least 25 members.

As we are not yet part of the Merseyside Bridge League, which we hope to join later, our match play this year was limited to Staff v. Pupils, and one-off competitions. However, from these matches we have gained valuable experience which should help us establish ourselves in the League.

Recently, we played in the 'Daily Mail' cup in Manchester and came up against vastly more experienced teams from Wirral Grammar, Bluecoat and Merchant Taylor's. However, we managed to finish a respectable 7th out of 16. Other competitions have included the Merseyside Championship, the Oxford International simultaneous pairs and an inter-school match against Preston Grammar — which we won.

I would hope that more pupils take up the challenge of the game and help St Edward's to win all its matches in the future. Finally, on behalf of all the members I would like to thank Mr Robinson for all the time he devotes to the club, not only at lunch-time but also after school.

Chess Report



Martin Bates
Form Six

1983-84 was a moderately successful season for the various chess teams. St Edward's reached the semi-final of the Merseyside Zone of the 'Times' Knockout' competition, but were beaten in that semi-final by St George's. The Under-18s, captained by Bates, finished second in the league to Bluecoat.

The Under-15s, led by Morrison, were undefeated in the qualifying section of their league, but lost two important matches in the championship section. Good results were achieved by Morrison, Moran and Clancy, all of whom were selected to play for their county last season. In the Under-15 'Individual Knockout' competition, Moran and Morrison both reached the semi-finals.

The Under-13s, under the captaincy of Mitchell, won seven of their twelve games. Consistent performances from Mitchell and Sharma helped achieve this.

On Colours Day, full colours were awarded to John Hennessy, and half colours to Bates and Kelly, for their contribution to chess at St Edward's.

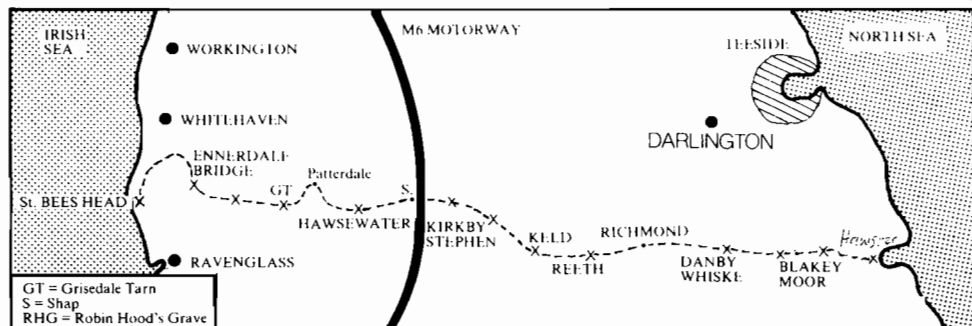
The Chess Club itself is still proving to be as popular as ever, with over one hundred members enrolling last year. The club normally opens each lunchtime, and can expect up to forty people attending each session. Thanks are due to Mr Bamber and to Mr Mullen for running the club and organising the various teams.

Coast to Coast

Stepping Across England

Paul Taylor
Form Six

'Kidsty Pike, overlooking Haweswater, or the lack of it due to the drought. Where is Mr Coupe? — Oh, he is taking the picture.'



The summer of 1984, in the series of Mr Coupe's epic adventures, saw the turn of the Coast to Coast walk — a pleasant stroll across northern England from St Bee's Head to Robin Hood's Bay; Irish Sea to the North Sea.

Out of a group of about a dozen willing pupils, only four undertook the challenge of this 192 mile trek, Taylor, Smitton, Mann and Cain, accompanied by Mr Coupe, Mr Morgan and Mr Bilko. Also, two Dutch friends of Mr Coupe's, brothers Ignace and Franz. However, Messieurs Coupe, Morgan and Bilko insisted on much more friendlier terms. Eddie, Si and Norman — well we are not in school now!

The day arrived, Monday, 23rd July, the day we were to swop our cosy beds for a tent and to take to the hills. The path we were to follow was a step-by-step guide as described by A. Wainwright in his book. We would pass through the heart of Lakeland, cross the West Moorland, then Swaledale and the Vale of Mowbray onto the Cleveland Hills and finally the North York Moors. The basic aim of each day was to walk between 15 and 20 miles and then to pitch the tent within walking distance of a pub, preferably in the back garden — which we managed four nights out of the 11.

At St Bee's we met Norman, Ignace and Franz and set off at a blistering pace in the blistering heat leaving behind civilisation and perhaps sanity. We walked 14¼ miles and camped at Ennerdale Bridge, a small village near Ennerdale Water. In the morning, we walked along the lake and took a refreshing dip. A pleasant day of walking brought us to Borrowdale and Rosthwaite. Our main complaints at this stage, apart from the sore feet, were sun burn and midge bites. A stop in

Grasmere on day three was an opportunity to visit a chemist. We carried on to Grisedale Tarn and we got caught in a downpour — so much for the sun cream. We camped at the tarn, it was the only night we could not get to a pub.

Thursday (day 4), fortunately the weather had cleared up, we started out on our longest day yet, 20½ miles to Shap, the M6 and the end of Lakeland. We completed the first 50 miles and climbed to the highest point on the walk — Kidsty Pike 2,560'. Shap, a great place — it had a chip shop! Luxury, no cooking that night!

Day 5, Shap to Kirby Stephen. Day 6 on to Keld, the halfway mark, but no pub. Eddie decided to jog the six miles to Tan Hill ('Everest' Advert) and back, to get the necessities; very thoughtful of him. Day 7, a rest day. Only 11¼ miles through the mining area of Swaledale to Reeth. We needed the easy day because the longest day was to follow, 25 miles to Danby Wiske and the most boring, a tramp across the flat Vale of Mowbray. The reward was great, only 10 yards from pub to tent.

Day 9 a diversion from the beaten track to camp at Swainby in the Cleveland Hills. Early next morning Eddie, who was suffering from a very sore ankle, left before us. This was not to slow us down; but he arrived at the Lion Inn, Blakely, hours before us. That was his 1,000 miles of long distance walking — and what a night...

The end was drawing near. Only 30 miles to go which we stretched out to 2 days, arriving in Robin Hood's Bay on 3 August. What a relief! What an achievement! This called for a celebration, which lasted until the early hours.

1st XI Cricket



Mr John McCarthy

In 1983, the 1st XI enjoyed one of its most successful seasons ever under the excellent captaincy of Kelly, winning eighteen successive matches before losing their only match of the season in the final of the Merseyside Senior Schools' Competition. Mannion, Ford, Hunt, Jacobs, Jolliffe and Sweeney were awarded colours for their major contributions to the side's success.

In contrast, 1984 was a very quiet year with several of the best players unable to play in many of the games through holiday commitments. In spite of this the side managed to win more than half of its games including a very exciting match against Ormskirk Grammar School when Gibb and Newell scored 110 runs in the last 16 overs to win on the very last ball. The side was ably captained by Gibb with support from De Asha, Connolly, Hill, Newell, Rudkin, O'Leary and O'Rourke.

Cross Country



Mr John Miles

ended when Butler finished 66th, a fine effort which gave us a winning margin of 10 points. Murphy, Riley, Evans and Snape ran consistently well throughout the season and there were notable contributions also from Butler, Rooney, Hancock and Dwerryhouse.

The Under 16's also enjoyed a very successful season, with the fourth-year half of the team responsible for much of that success. The Under 15's won two local Cup races by convincing margins, but were seen at their best in the Milk Cup. An easy win in the first round at West Park was followed by an impressive one in the Regional Round in Oldham. The final was held in Peterborough in early December, with the 24 survivors of the original entry of 292 schools participating. An exciting race saw St Edward's emerge victorious again by a margin of 12 points. Our four counters were Farrell (6th), McIver (14th), Gibson (17th) and Armstrong (30th), with Downey and Griffiths the other members of the team. The Under 16 team won the Merseyside League in very impressive fashion, with their 'B' team finishing equal second in the League. Other notable performances were the team's third place in St Anselm's Jubilee Races and third place in the National Catholic Schools' Championships. Our most successful fifth-year runners were McIver, Othick and Walsh.

The Under 14's had a rather disappointing season and rarely did themselves justice. Griffiths was an enthusiastic and reliable captain — he was first counter in every race in which he ran — but the rest of the team lacked consistency and, in some cases, enthusiasm for running.

The 1984-85 Senior team continued the success of their predecessors and at full strength were rarely defeated. Their victory in the Liverpool Harriers' Sangster Cup Race was particularly pleasing, as it was our first success in that event since 1971. This was followed by another victory in the Sutton Park Relay and our third successive win at Stonyhurst. The absence through illness of Riley meant that we had to settle for second place in the National Catholic Schools' Championships, held in six inches of snow at Princethorpe. We were consoled by the fact that Evans was an outstanding individual winner and that for the first time ever we won the Aggregate Trophy in

this event. The team scored an emphatic victory in the Merseyside League, winning all three fixtures by a big margin. Evans and Riley were again selected for the Merseyside team in the English Schools Championships, while McIver and Dwerryhouse both enjoyed a fine season.

The Under 16's did not possess the same strength in depth as a year earlier, but nevertheless enjoyed a successful season. They were a little unlucky to finish only 2nd in the Marple Hall Relay early in the season, but went on to win the Merseyside League convincingly and to achieve a second successive win in the Sandfield Park Road Relay.

Farrell again ran consistently well — he achieved an outstanding 2nd place in the Northern Schools Championship at Lyme Park — and was selected for Merseyside. He was well supported by McIver, Gibson and Ahearn amongst others.

The Under 14's enjoyed a reasonable season, with much enthusiasm and a fine team spirit evident. Locally they face strong opposition, so their achievement of fourth place in the Merseyside League was creditable. Collins ran consistently well and was selected for Merseyside, with Evans and McIver providing valuable support. Other runners to catch the eye were McGrath and McGerty.

The Under 13's experienced the same problems that plagued them as Under 12's last season. There are many good runners in the year, but most of them play rugby. Consequently the cross country team has had a pretty lean time over the last two years. It is clear that the talent does exist within the year for results to improve dramatically if a few new recruits can be found to bolster the team. Darren Pierce proved the most enthusiastic of the small number of regular members of the team.

The Under 12's of 1984-85 have proved our strongest for some years. They looked impressive in winning all three fixtures in the Merseyside League and in their victory in the Tryfan Trophy race. In addition, they won all their inter-school fixtures. Doran, Spellacy, Shreeve and Evans all enjoyed a successful season, and they received enthusiastic support from the many other members of the team.

Cross Country running has continued to flourish at St Edward's during the past two seasons. In 1983-84, the Senior team proved our most successful ever and the culmination of their season was victory in the Northern Schools Championships. The Under 15's won the English Schools' Milk Cup — a wonderful achievement. The 1984-85 season has seen our Senior and Under 16 teams again doing well, and one of the most heartening features of the season has been the emergence of a strong Under 12 team. All three of these teams finished as Merseyside League Champions — a very healthy sign in view of the fact that Merseyside are currently one of the strongest counties in the country.

Our 1983-84 Seniors carried almost everything before them. Local Cup and relay victories were followed by an impressive win against strong opposition in the Sutton Park Relay and by victory for the second successive year in the Stonyhurst Invitation Race. An exciting relay in snow-covered Coventry ended with St Edward's 3rd, our best position ever in the King Henry VIII Relay. Convincing victories were also achieved in the National Catholic Schools' Championships and in the Merseyside League. The season was brought to a successful conclusion in the Northern Schools Championships at Lyme Park — our first ever win there in the Senior age group. Our first three counters were well placed — Murphy finished 4th, Riley 6th and Snape 17th — and the anxious wait for our fourth counter was

Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme

Mr Simon Morgan

The Duke of Edinburgh Scheme, which began within the school six years ago, is now attracting greater numbers than hitherto as it begins to find its niche amongst the many leisure activities offered by the school. The scheme attempts to stimulate interest in four categories: service, skills, physical recreation and expedition. To obtain the Bronze, Silver and Gold Awards, the participants must display enthusiasm, dedication and, most of all, enjoyment.

The expeditions are usually the most enjoyable facets of the scheme when under canvas or within the walls of a warm Youth Hostel. We hope that the participants experience something of what the 'Outdoor

Life' is all about.

This year's Fourth year recruits certainly experienced this on their first trip. They were literally thrown in at the deep end in the Langdale Valley. This normally serene valley has a habit of providing St Edward's boys with delightful camping trips. Mallon and King found that tents used for summer nights in the garden are not the best sort of protection against

the torrents. They baled out at 2.00am and found comfort and dry clothes with more sensible campers. Despite a whole weekend of appalling weather, when we arrived back at St Edwards, the question was 'Did you enjoy it, lads?' The reply from Ainsworth? 'Great fun!'

That is what the Duke of Edinburgh Scheme is all about.

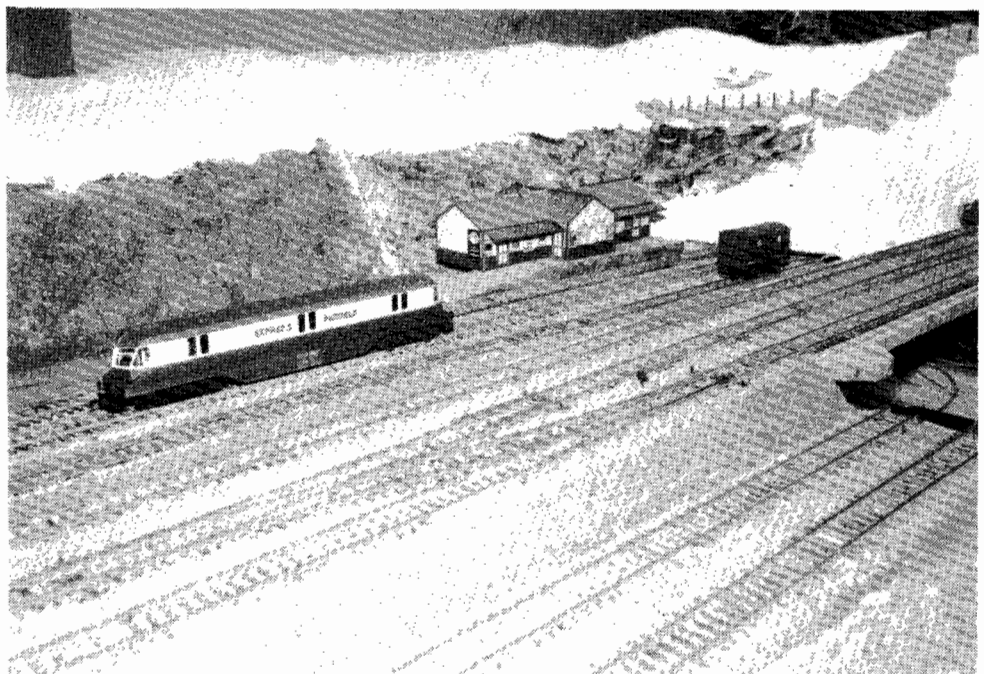
Photograph by Mr Edward Coupe.



Model Railway

Mr David Stewart

1984 turned out to be a very frustrating year. After a very pleasant trip to the Severn Valley Railway before the end of the Summer term, we left the clubroom in good order for an effective start to the Autumn term. When we returned in September, it was to find that we had had unwelcome visitors: thieves had stolen all our rolling stock during the holidays, and had damaged the trackwork. Instead of progressing to new work, we had the discouraging job of restoring the old. Because of the complexities of the insurance claims, and the inefficiencies of suppliers, we still have not replaced all that was lost, but appeals to model manufacturers were generously received, and we are very grateful to Ian Kirk Models, the Scale Link Company and Dart Castings for making gifts to keep us going.



While train services on the line were truncated as effectively as if Dr Beeching had been at work, progress was made in carpentry and scenery. The foundations have been laid for quick progress during the coming year: the baseboards are complete for the extension to Llanpumpsaint and Cardigan, the track is waiting to be laid, and the base for the scenery is complete around Pencader. Viewed in perspective, we are constructing our railway

much faster than the Carmarthen and Cardigan Railway Company built theirs! The photograph gives some idea that Pencader station itself will soon reach an acceptable standard, and although model railways are long term projects, we should complete our work before the centenary of the line arrives.

Photograph by Mr Edward Coupe

Public Speaking and Debating



This year's report is two years' report, covering our activities from 1983-5. During the two seasons the College has participated in an increasing number of competitions, and more pupils have taken part, both in externally judged competitions and in internal debates. The partisan enthusiasm which has been aroused may be seen in the accompanying report from the 6th Form Debating Society. The two years have seen advances then in quantity and quality of our public speakers.

Regular lunchtime debates have been conducted in front of packed houses. Indeed, it has been necessary to close the doors early to avoid danger of suffocation. Many students tried their hands, or tongues, in performing before their very critical colleagues, but the most consistent contributions probably came from Connolly, Taylor, Chadwick and Walker.

The variety of topics under consideration and the differing viewpoints expressed can be judged from the accompanying report. On a more light-hearted note, and there were many funny moments, an upside-down balloon debate hailed President Reagan as the most incompetent man in history. This house, it can be confidently asserted, believes that the debating society will continue to be popular and successful.

In formal competitions we have had our usual mixture of results, the most important being that our speakers have learned that rhetoric is not the art of developing one's ego but the tactful establishment of mutual respect between speaker and audience. Some have even learned to be stoical about adjudications, recognising that being faithful to one's standards may be more rewarding than possessing the ability to please the judges. In the ESU 1984 season, Bacon, Collins and Chadwick reached the Merseyside final, as did Senior, Walsh and Lappin in 1984. Unfortunately neither team did itself justice in the final. In each year, I am pleased to report, the College came close to having all three of its teams in the final, and had a female representative: Margaret Oakley in '84 and Mandy Ryan in '85. Margaret won a 'Best-Performance-outside-the-Winning-Team' award, as have Chadwick, Connolly, Sharpe, Walsh and Welsh. Twice we have narrowly lost in the 'Observer' Mace, being represented by Bacon, Peters, Taylor and Connolly. Chadwick and Connolly were finalists in the Liverpool University debating competition in '84; two teams, Walker and Carter, and Connolly and Taylor, reached the '85 finals, which the latter team won. In the KSC, Carroll, Carter, Darcy and Walsh won the '85 final, and the College represented Merseyside in the Northern Final, coming second.

Such performances are not attained without careful preparation and practice. Neither are they possible without the support of the Staff, and our thanks are due to Messrs Allen, Sweeney and Wells for their enthusiastic assistance.

Messrs Michael Fraine and
David Stewart

Lower Sixth Form Debating Society report

The Society took on a new form in 1984: from chaos came order. The winter term was graced with four debates. The first dealt with the controversial issue of the miner's strike, heralding further direct clashes between Connolly and Taylor. Indeed, some would take the view that debates have become direct contests between the two. The result of the first debate was a sizeable victory for the left. Then followed the famous feminism debate 'God is to man as man is to woman'. Six male speakers participated! The sexist motion was unanimously defeated.

The ensuing local authority debate was poorly attended. A new executive of the society (not the authority) came into being and by increasing question time during debates ensured that even the well-aired subject of the monarchy could stimulate interest. (The monarchy was effectively removed!)

Some of the more choice quotes follow:
'I am not renowned for my directness' — Connolly.

'I am not famed as a supporter of equality. I cannot account for this.' — Taylor.

'Although I am not doing A level maths, but I think that 51% is more than 50% (which is a half) and is thus a majority.' — Chadwick.

'Facts are correct and therefore must be true.' — S. Robinson.

'I am Emperor now and I want pudding for breakfast.' — Lapping.

Paul Connolly & Annmarie Quill
Form Six

Rugby



Mr Philip Thompson

1st XV Report

A season of mixed fortunes for the 1st XV: there were games, particularly towards the end of the season which were a joy to watch with the quality of the rugby of the highest standard: good possession coming from the forwards and the backs moving the ball well to score some fine tries. There were other games, however, which were frustrating to watch: experienced players doing daft things and looking very ordinary. In the early stages of the season, the backs did not perform as well as might be expected and many scoring opportunities went begging. Things improved gradually, and the most memorable game for good back play was the one against Marple Hall whom we beat 56-4. In the backs, the outstanding players were Johnstone and Atherton who created many attacking positions, and the most improved backs over the year were Glover and Clayton.

The forwards were very well led by the captain Parker, who gained a lot of good possession from line outs and in loose play. Unfortunately, this possession was often not made good use of because of a lack of cohesion amongst the forwards; in particular players not doing the basics of protecting or supporting the ball carrier. When such basics were done, the pack looked impressive especially the likes of Kelly, Cunningham, O'Shea, Birchall, and without doubt, the player of the year, Naylor.

In the Sevens' Competitions St Edward's again showed their skill and aptitude for running rugby by winning two of the three finals in which they appeared, and by coincidence, meeting Birkenhead School in each one. It was pleasing to see the second seven reach the semi-finals in their two tournaments. In the Rosslyn Park sevens, St Edward's reached the last sixteen for the sixth successive year — a record which very few other schools have achieved and which maintains the school's fine tradition at this particular type of rugby.

The season ended with a highly successful tour to Portugal, winning two and losing one by the narrowest of margins.

2nd XV Report

This season was quite an enjoyable one despite having only a fifty per cent success rate. The constant problem with this 2nd XV was the same as the previous few years, but to a larger extent: that of trying to field a regular team of fifteen from a very small squad. All too often only a handful of boys turned out regularly for training, the better players having moved up to



the 1st XV squad, and many of the rest simply not bothering.

There was a marked lack of cohesion amongst the forwards but a few individuals showed fair promise. Fox was probably the one player who made most progress throughout the season and was duly rewarded with a 1st XV place. In the backs, the centre combination of Lunt and Brown was a strong asset, and they with the two wingers, Critchley and Devlin, provided much of the attractive rugby by the team occasionally produced.

Under 16 Report

The U16s enjoyed another very successful season, losing only three matches. The main reason for this success was the overall fitness of the team. In fact, the entire squad of players must be commended on their attitude to training: turning out at virtually all sessions, whatever the weather.

The large, some would say enormous, pack dominated most games and this enabled the backs to play good open rugby, Massey and Haines being particularly impressive. In the forwards, Thompson, Moran, and Carroll played consistently well.

Under 15 Report

The U15s began the season with a fair amount of promise, but no luck. In the first few games both Webster and Humphries suffered broken collar bones, and with only a small squad of players, it was difficult to compensate for these injuries. Although never heavily defeated, the side lost the majority of their matches.

Fortunately, the enthusiasm and commitment of the side remained throughout the season with most players turning out regularly to practise. Players who showed considerable promise were Elliott, McCormack, Coffey, Kemp, Humphreys and Curd.

Under 14 Report

The team won 11 of their 16 matches, a much improved record on recent years. The morale of the squad was good because several dedicated players showed good leadership qualities, trained willingly and kept themselves fit. Among these leaders were the captain Coleman, pack-leader Wills, top scorer Roche, and also Bracken and Pattinson. Tribute must also be given to Jeffrey, Cannon, and Shuttleworth for their courage and loyalty, and sympathy to Scott and Simmons who suffered painful long-term injuries.

Under 13 Report

The team won 10 of their 20 games with McIntyre and Dunne playing in every match. The 'squad' was made up of a number of very talented individuals, always present at training and who always gave of their best. The remainder, however, had a poor attitude to training and as a result a consistent 15 could never really be found to form a true team. Without doubt, the talent is there — let's hope that attitudes improve and players give of their best.

Under 12 Report

The first years made a most encouraging start to their school rugby careers. Their success, which was so well deserved, was based on considerable skill, speed, enthusiasm and application. Though the whole team performed well, the backs were slightly stronger than the forwards and amongst a very talented group, Bracken was a fine captain, with Donafee, Ward, Symon, Brunskill, and Stalker outstanding. In the forwards Williams, Slavin, Hetherington, and Carroll were consistently prominent.

Tour of Portugal, April, 1984

The tour consisted of three matches: the first against Cascais, the local club (won 22-19); the second against C R Tecnico at the Estradio Universitario de Coimbra (lost 17-19), and finally against a Spanish side calling themselves Arcitectura (won 45-22).

The various statistics of points scored, etc. would not be of great interest, nor does space allow for anything more than a glimpse of what really went on! It is probably best, therefore, to simply reproduce a couple of paragraphs from the original very witty diary. The first extract concerns the 'After Match Frolics' enjoyed after the first game, and the second is one of the sixth formers' summary of his experience of the tour.

'We met up with the foe at the bar shortly after the game, tongues hanging out and Sahara-type hallucinations to be contended with. After a swift glass of foreign fizz, we boarded the coach to set off into the sunset to enjoy a most memorable and occasionally hilarious evening. The hospitality of the home teams was first rate. The host captain escorted us to an 'English Pub-Restaurant' (which had absolutely nothing English about it) with all of us suffering from starvation, only to be asked to be patient for another hour. At this point Kelly started to froth at the mouth a bit, and Atherton sat down and whimpered quietly in the corner. The meal came and very quickly went, and we sat on, still starved, but were plied most generously with beer, wine and cognacs. The highlight of the evening was to come after several exchanges of various rugby songs, with the appearance of Naylor on top of one of the tables. This shy, retiring and nervous young gentleman won everybody's heart with his 'dancing'! Finally, Parker lead the group in a merry chorus of 'Singing in the Rain', managing to cross all language barriers with the happy refrain of 'Roochicha, Roochicha, Roochichacha — Cha! After a brief stop at another pub, we returned exhausted to our beds.'

Well, was it worth all the effort? Let one of the sixth formers answer that. Blower has written the following, which probably faithfully echoes the thoughts and feelings of most of us:—

'To me the tour has been a success, perhaps not so much concerning the matches, which, if not won, were closely fought, but in that the common experience of being 22 strangers in a foreign land, has brought a great feeling of comradeship amongst the team, and brought people who would not socialise with each other, together. The journeying abroad has been of great benefit overall in that it has been a chance to experience at first hand a different culture; way of life, train of thought, etc — even if, in my case, it has proved to me that England was right after all.

Finally, the matches themselves have been something to experience — such an urge to win was never to be found in England — as people have realised that they are representing not only their school and City, but their country also. In England, never was such dejection after a loss; never such elation after a win.'

Mr Michael Fraine

Going Dutch?

Tour to Holland February 1985

The team arrived in Holland in a condition that was hardly conducive to playing good rugby as a result of some excitable frivolities on the overnight ferry. The quality of the first game, versus Hague RFC, was bound to suffer owing to the icy conditions and an extremely hard pitch. Furthermore, the opposition provided our team with an awesome challenge to say the least; a result of their being fed on a diet of frankfurters!

Although the match ended in a 17-3 victory, the ties being scored by Parker (2), Critchley (1), and Moon 1 penalty and 1 conversion, it was marred by poor line out play and a disappointing lack of confidence in the forwards, initial bad communication in the backs, and widespread injury in the team with Homan and Craven sidelined for the remainder of the tour.

The second day of the tour was free of rugby commitments and so it was decided to go on a sightseeing expedition. For reasons known only to themselves the Management committee, in their wisdom, chose Amsterdam as the location, even though it was quite obvious that the team would have opted for the greater delights of the bulbfields of Arnhem! Nevertheless, everyone enjoyed the day, and as well as providing the opportunity to do some shopping, the trip offered an educational aspect by way of some very enlightening 'sightseeing'.

The team was thrown into a state of panic at the beginning of the third day when the 'Committee', who had become very popular after Amsterdam, announced that there would be a training session on the beach. A number of hitherto unsuspected 'injuries' suddenly made themselves felt but the figure was drastically reduced when it was announced that a 'hangover' did not qualify as an official injury! After an exhausting session, some players were 'helped' back to the hotel to prepare for the afternoon trip to a clog factory.

Attitudes were much improved for the second game against Diok RFC, which was played under floodlights. Greater determination and skill was shown by the majority of players in recording an excellent 16-0 victory, with tries from Atherton, Brown, and Haimes and 2 conversions from Moon.

A high speed motorway dash followed the initial post-match celebrations when it was realised that the party might have some difficulty in reaching the only available 'night-spot' in time to gain entry! The following morning saw very few members of the party taking part in early breakfast!

The squad set off for the final match in a confident mood, determined to record another victory. This proved to be the hardest game against a side made up of the best players from five Regional Dutch teams. Once again, however, the team played with great fire and determination, to produce a very satisfying 16-6 win with tries from Cartlidge, Brown and Fraser, with two conversions from Moon.

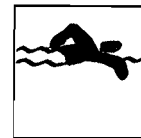
The outstanding feature of the three victories was teamwork — this applied not just to the squad of players who performed on the field, but also to the 'Committee' who played their part by organisation and motivation. Team spirit could hardly have been bettered and the festival mood was maintained for the whole

journey home. For the sake of discretion there will be no details of the actual celebrations except to describe them as 'enjoyable'!

Everyone in the tour party regarded the Tour as a great success and the results were an added bonus. Enormous credit is due to Messrs Thompson, Critchley, and McMullen for their organisational skills in making the tour possible and so enjoyable to take part in. We would also express our grateful thanks to the Headmaster and everyone who provided invaluable help with fundraising.

Patrick Thompson
Form Six

Swimming



Mr Austin Gibbons

Unlike some other sports, swimming is a specialist activity which demands great dedication and long hours of training in order to achieve any real success. This may be the reason why it is a rather exclusive club and confined to less numbers than take part in many of the other team sports, though the First Form are usually an exception.

The mainstay of our activity is the weekly fixture against other schools and, as last season, we have had an excellent year, winning all but one of the fixtures. The results from the Liverpools Schools' Championships were the best ever, with five individual championships and two team events won.

Once again, the team of Curd, Grace, Kellett and Rigby of the present Third Form, have been outstanding as were last year's Fourth Form Team. Trotter represented Great Britain in the European Schools games, and he, together with Curd, Hesdon and Smith reached the final of the English Schools' Relay Championship.

Thanks are always due to the student officials of a club and the Captain, Earl, and Secretary, Cusco, deserve special thanks this year for their help in the general organisation of the club, particularly on away matches.

Endpiece

Mr John Moseley



Left to right: Philip Lloyd, Howard New, Michael Grethé, Mandy Ryan, John Robinson, John Bridson.

In preparing this magazine I looked through over one hundred examples from Independent Schools all over Britain. I learnt a great deal. A few I found to be of exceptional interest, even to someone unconnected with that particular establishment. In one of these I was particularly struck by the way the editors had concluded their latest edition: by inviting leaving 6th formers to contribute a page on whatever subject(s) they wished. Some were nostalgic, others flippant, many had illustrations. With due acknowledgement to King's School, Bruton, I have asked some of our leavers to do the same. Here are the results — a fittingly varied conclusion, we trust, to this magazine, and one in which we hope the few stand for the many.

Photograph by Stephen Torr, Form Six.

They disembarked in '45
 and no one spoke and no one smiled
 there were too many spaces in the line
 gathered at the cenotaph
 all agreed with the hand on heart
 to sheath the sacrificial knives
 BUT NOW
 she stands upon southampton dock
 with her handkerchief
 and her summer frock clings
 to her wet body in the rain
 in quiet desperation knuckles
 white upon the slippery reins,
 she bravely waves the boys goodbye again
 and still the dark stain spreads between
 his shoulder blades
 a mute reminder of the fenny fields and graves
 and when the fight was over,
 we spent what they had made
 but in the bottom of our hearts
 we felt the fencil cut.



—ONE FLEW EAST
 ONE FLEW WEST
 ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST—

LEAVING

BY P. LLOYD GASC3.

... MY FRIEND, YOU WOULD NOT TELL WITH
 SUCH HIGH ZEST
 TO CHILDREN ARDENT FOR SOME
 DESPERATE CAUSE,
 THE OLD WIFE: DULCE ET DOLORUM EST
 PRO PATRIA MORI.

NOW, HE WILL SPEND A FEW SICK YEARS IN INSTITUTES,
 AND DO WHAT THINGS THE RULES CONSIDER WISE,
 AND TAKE WHATEVER PITY THEY MAY DOLE.
 TONIGHT HE NOTICED HOW THE WOMEN'S EYES
 PASSED FROM HIM TO THE STRONG MEN THAT WERE WINDLE.
 HOW COLD AND LATE IT IS! WHY DON'T THEY COME
 AND PUT HIM INTO BED? WHY DON'T THEY COME?

FROM "DISABLED" BY WILFRED OWEN.



RING DOWN THE CURTAIN—
 THE FARCE IS OVER.

It has always seemed to me a great pity that it is only as one must give something up that one finally realised the goodness of that thing, the virtues having been previously shrouded in a veil of complaints and petty gripes in which we seem to be far too lost to realise and appreciate that which lies underneath. It is with great regret at having committed such selfish and self-centred acts that I view the years which I have wasted in this place — it is only now that I realise what a centre of development it can be if used to its full capacity, but, notwithstanding this, I would like to thank all those who at least tried to open my eyes to see this latent potential.

P. Lloyd

PREJUDICE.



CHE GUEVARA'S BODY: HE WAS SHOT BY BOLIVIAN POLICE IN 1967

DON'T KILL SOMEONE THAT YOU CAN LOVE INSTEAD, BECAUSE YOU CAN'T LOVE SOMEBODY WHEN THEY'RE DEAD
IF A MAN HAS A DIFFERENT COLOUR, CREED OR WAY OF LIFE THEN DOES HE DESERVE TO BE SPAT ON, KICKED, BEATEN, KNIFED? - (New)

“And he said, ‘why what evil has he done?’ But they shouted all the more, ‘Let him be crucified.’”

MATTHEW 27:8



I wouldn't like to admit that I'm a nutcase I'd like to think that I was a genius but most people think I'm an asshole

I HATE TO ADVOCATE DRUGS, ALCOHOL OR INSANITY TO ANYONE BUT THEY'VE ALWAYS WORKED FOR ME (JIM MORRISON)

“The Road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom” (Blake)

“THE IMAGE OF OUR DREAMS” - H. NEW.

Buy a big car, you won't get far, on the road? perhaps, but your soul will collapse.

If you want money, and shiny stuff, You won't be better - Just better off.

Cleanse your doors of perception, your inlets of the soul For, opening up your senses, Is the only way to know.

We build our cities in the image of our dreams

If a man must change, then his world It seems, will change with him. For we rule our lives,

In the image of our dreams.

INFANT SORROW - Blake

My Mother groaned! my Father wept Into the dangerous world I leapt: Helpless, naked, piping loud: Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

“THE WORLD CAN ONLY BE RULED BY FEAR” (Hitler)

“BUT THEN IT IS THE CURSE OF THE GREAT TO HAVE TO WALK OVER CORPSES” (Heinrich Himmler)

Struggling in my father's hands, Striving against my swaddling bands, Bound and weary I thought best To sulk upon my mother's breast.

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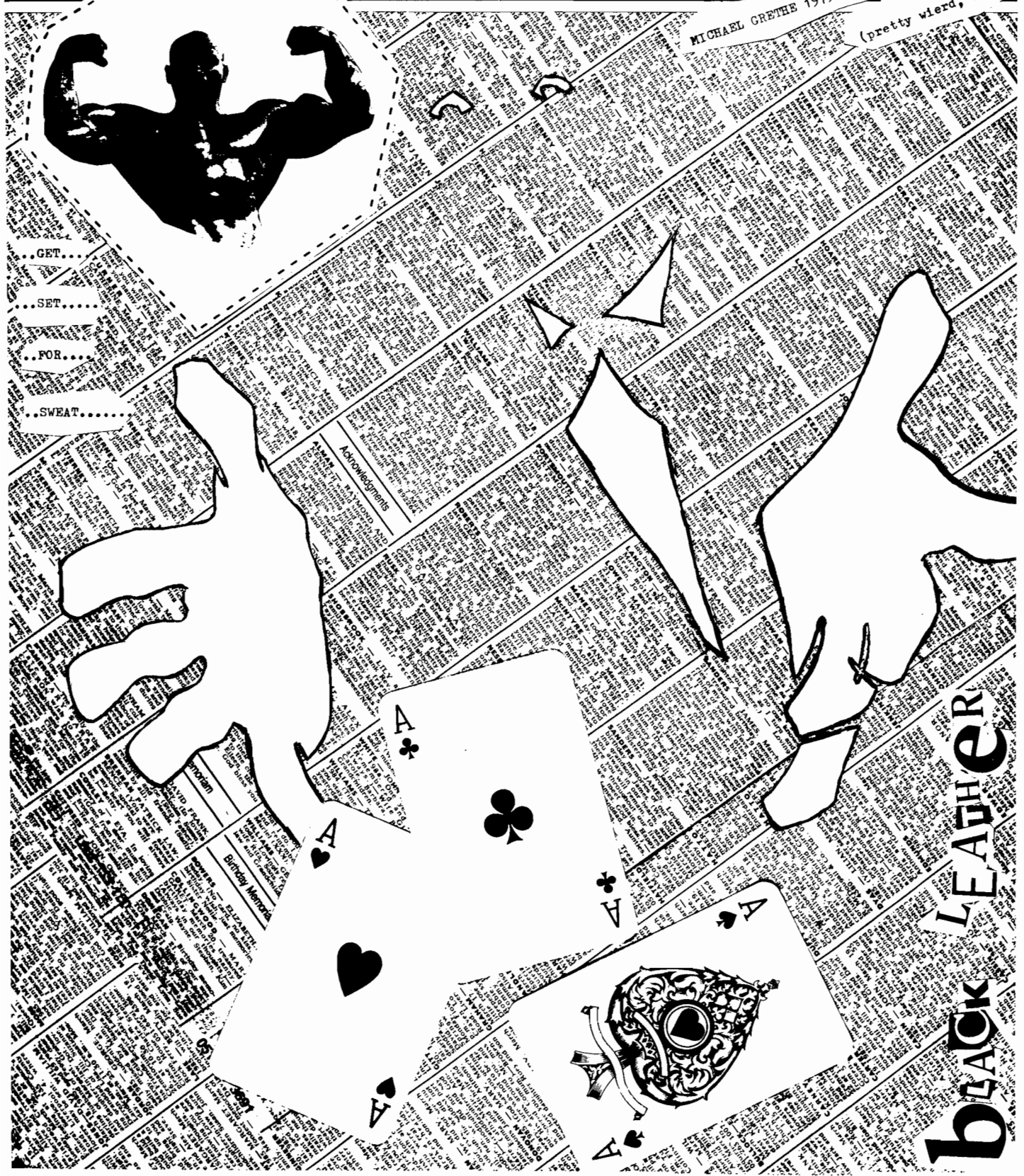
TRACKS

Chica
*
FEATURES ON THE FREE LIMITED EDITION 7" FULL COLOUR FLEXIDISC



STEREO

MICHAEL GRETHE 1979 - 1985
(pretty wierd, eh?)



BLACK LEATHER

◆ Vanity is so secure in the heart of man that everyone wants to be admired; even I who write this, and you who read this. (Blaise Pascal)

† NEVER BE SO DROWNED IN YOUR SORROW, AS TO FORGET THE JOY OF THE RISEN CHRIST ~ MOTHER TERESA

But wishes to all for the future Mandy x.

1985

WARNING!
"A YOUNG MAN CANNOT BE FIT IF HE TAKES ALCOHOL" - SIR FREDRICK TREVES -

[What is life worth without wine; It was needed to make men happy] Ecclesiastes 31:33

"There is only a peace movement because of the inevitability of war"
- D. H. Lawrence -

"There is a theory that if ever anyone discovers exactly what the Universe is for and why it is here, it will instantly disappear and be replaced by something even more bizarre and inexplicable."

◆ THE AIM OF EDUCATION IS TO MAKE THE PUPIL LIKE AND DISLIKE WHAT HE OUGHT - ARISTOTLE -

◆ Commit a crime and the world is made of glass, some damning circumstance always transpires (Ralph Waldo Emerson. Compensation)



LITTLE CHANGES TOWARDS THE END

There is no school magazine poetwee on this page.

is this meant to be funny?

It's a pity he can't detect his own typing errors.

There are some samples of words and associated atmospheres detected by the writer during the last twelve months; and, in some cases, experiences which have occurred many times over a much longer period of life in school.

Too pompous: awkward expression. get to the point!

DEFENSE: SMALL AND WHITE

Probatious nonsense!

Resemblance between images on this page and any persons or characters, living or dead, is probably coincidental. There is no need for this

CONTINUE

Paul has gone to grandma's house again. Both the Harries have got a sponsorship.

PROGRESS

What are you talking about?

"...so, if we proceed by changing all the m's to n's, the solution should be clearer..."

TOMORROW

This is all meaningless!

"We break up tomorrow so I couldn't be bothered, and I've just won twenty spondoolies..." (bad vibe on your loons, Howard).

CHRISTIAN

What sort of expression is this?

"Go, sell everything you have and give to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven. Then come, follow me."

At this the man's face fell. He went away sad because he had great wealth."

(Mark 10:21-22)

This is extremely arrogant! Never try to preach!

THE END

"I hope we get off early..." (the 'sensible fellow').

More meaningless rubbish!

LATE SCORE

UCCA:5 Robinson:0

This is in very poor taste. Are you proud of your failure? Do you really think this is funny?

After a late start, the final whistle has been blown on this bizzare match, in which the entire Robinson side was shown the red card shortly before kick-off. A crushing defeat.

This is an excuse for a piece of work. I should not have to mark rubbish like this.

CONTROL

What is this supposed to mean?

Go back to the start, and ruin it.

0/10 See me

and at the end it seems that too many people's eggs are inflated (or deflated) and they have begun to take themselves far too seriously.

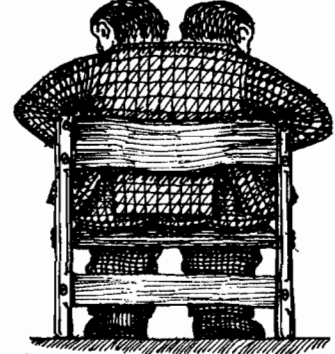
What is your god? Love, or money?

This is getting all uncool and heavy; and so I'll stop.

... blup... blup... blup... blup... blup... both the Harries hard at work in their desk...

No member of Pink Floyd has ever seen a waltz. Arthur Scargill never said anything of this sort.

QUIZ ANSWERS:-



Whatever can have happened? So many little changes...

No more wasting time: there is much to be said and done before the end.

Now take your pen and improvise in the space below.

I've run out of time and there is work to be done. Time to go.



These are very silly

"It looks so
 harmless, but
 The fast way to
 JOY,

THAT was

BETTING ON A LOSER.



He paid

LIP SERVICE



Alan Bickson

TO his own conscience....

Instead faced with THE QUESTION:
 'Is it enough?'

he has begun to think....

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CLUB CAPTAIN

C. Falconer 1979

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A. Spencer 1939

B. Pearce 1949

J. B. MacNamara 1946

F. Nelson 1947

J. Shelley 1955

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D. Coleman OXFORD 1981/2/3

P. Simmonette OXFORD 1984

Any past pupils of CB or other schools are most welcome to join us. Meet at school Tuesday and Thursday evenings; Bishops Court later. Interested? Complete and return the form below to the above address, or call

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